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# **PUNCH**

**Vol. CXLVI.**

**JANUARY—JUNE, 1914.**





# Punch.

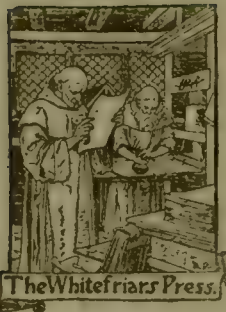


VOL. XLVI.

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1914.





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London and Tonbridge.

# PUNCH



1914

# ALMANACK

PRICE SIXPENCE





— by far the most fluid and  
reliable inks in the world.

Punch's Almanack for 1914.

# ALMANACK



## Calendar 1914.

### January

S	...	4	11	18	25
M	...	5	12	19	26
Tu	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
Th	...	1	8	15	22
F	...	2	9	16	23
S	...	3	10	17	24

### February

S	...	1	8	15	22
M	...	2	9	16	23
Tu	...	3	10	17	24
W	...	4	11	18	25
Th	...	5	12	19	26
F	...	6	13	20	27
S	...	7	14	21	28

### March

S	...	1	8	15	22
M	...	2	9	16	23
Tu	...	3	10	17	24
W	...	4	11	18	25
Th	...	5	12	19	26
F	...	6	13	20	27
S	...	7	14	21	28

### April

S	...	5	12	19	26
M	...	6	13	20	27
Tu	...	7	14	21	28
W	...	1	8	15	22
Th	...	2	9	16	23
F	...	3	10	17	24
S	...	4	11	18	25

### May

S	...	3	10	17	24
M	...	4	11	18	25
Tu	...	5	12	19	26
W	...	6	13	20	27
Th	...	7	14	21	28
F	...	1	8	15	22
S	...	2	9	16	23

### June

S	...	7	14	21	28
M	...	1	8	15	22
Tu	...	2	9	16	23
W	...	3	10	17	24
Th	...	4	11	18	25
F	...	5	12	19	26
S	...	6	13	20	27

### July

S	...	5	12	19	26
M	...	6	13	20	27
Tu	...	7	14	21	28
W	...	1	8	15	22
Th	...	2	9	16	23
F	...	3	10	17	24
S	...	4	11	18	25

### August

S	...	9	16	23	30
M	...	8	10	17	24
Tu	...	4	11	18	25
W	...	5	12	19	26
Th	...	6	13	20	27
F	...	7	14	21	28
S	...	1	8	15	22

### September

S	...	6	13	20	27
M	...	7	14	21	28
Tu	...	1	8	15	22
W	...	2	9	16	23
Th	...	3	10	17	24
F	...	4	11	18	25
S	...	5	12	19	26

### October

S	...	1	8	15	22
M	...	2	9	16	23
Tu	...	3	10	17	24
W	...	4	11	18	25
Th	...	5	12	19	26
F	...	6	13	20	27
S	...	7	14	21	28

### November

S	...	1	8	15	22
M	...	2	9	16	23
Tu	...	3	10	17	24
W	...	4	11	18	25
Th	...	5	12	19	26
F	...	6	13	20	27
S	...	7	14	21	28

### December

S	...	6	13	20	27
M	...	7	14	21	28
Tu	...	1	8	15	22
W	...	2	9	16	23
Th	...	3	10	17	24
F	...	4	11	18	25
S	...	5	12	19	26

12/25/1913





THE WAR IN THE AIR.

*Subaltern (in observation balloon).* "I SAY, ARE YOU THERE? I THINK YOU'D BETTER GET ME DOWN, I'M NOT DOIN' A BIT OF GOOD, AN' THEY'RE SIMPLY RUININ' THE BALLY BALLOON!"



*Native of Sierra Leone.* "'ULLO, JACK; ANY NEWS FROM 'OME?"

*A.B.* "'OME? WOT D' YOU KNOW ABOUT 'OME? YOUR 'OME'S UP THAT BLOOMIN' PALM TREE!"





THE LION-TAMER'S WIFE HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.





*Fair Injured One* (continuing long tale of woe). "AND THE BURGLARS HAD RANSACKED EVERY DRAWER IN MY DRESSING-TABLE AND SCATTERED EVERYTHING IN A MOST ABOMINABLE LITTER ALL OVER THE FLOOR!"

*Bored Listener.* "YES, UNTIDY CREATURES; NO WONDER THEY'RE UNPOPULAR."



IN A RASH MOMENT HANS BLUTHSTEIN IS REQUESTED TO PLAY SOMETHING FOR MUSICAL CHAIRS. THE CELEBRATED PIANIST, AS HE IMPROVISES, FALLS IN-LOVE WITH HIS THEME AND FORGETS TO STOP FOR FULLY TWENTY MINUTES, SUCH BEING HIS EMINENCE THAT NO ONE DARES TO INTERRUPT HIM.



# Punch's Almanack for 1914.

## A REVISED VERSION.



*The Manager (at rehearsal). "NOW THEN, 'ON HEARING THE NEWS THE QUEEN FALLS FAINTING IN THE ARMS OF A SOLDIER.'"*



*"TAKE A REST AND LET'S HAVE A DIFFERENT SOLDIER."*



*The Author. "I'VE GOT IT!"*



*"ON HEARING THE NEWS THE QUEEN FALLS FAINTING IN THE ARMS OF THE SOLDIERS [PLURAL]."*

Frank Reynolds



# MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

THE choice of a Christmas present is always a matter of some difficulty. The thoughtless youth who sent a lady acquaintance a little volume recently issued, entitled, "How to be Beautiful," has lost a friend.

\*\*\*

*Tempora mutantur.*

Not only is headway being made by the proposal that the time of our summer holidays shall be changed, but it is now suggested that Christmas shall be held in August instead of in December. It is felt that it would be more satisfactory if Christmas Cards with pictures of snow and ice arrived on a sweltering summer day than at a time when one is trying to keep warm.

\*\*\*

A correspondent who writes from Hanwell mentions that he is at work on an article on the history of Christmas Cards. He has made a careful search but can find no mention of them in literature of the B.C. period, and would be grateful if anyone could help him in this respect.

\*\*\*

It occurred in a little third-rate curiosity shop in a little third-rate street. A prospective purchaser was examin-

ing a "Madonna by RAPHAEL." "A copy, I presume," he said, "of the famous picture in the National Gallery?" "Well, to tell the truth," whispered the dealer, "and between you and I, I'm not so sure that the one in the National

Gallery is the original, and that's why I can't take less than ten shillings!"

\*\*\*

We are asked to say why artificial eyes are made of glass. The answer is, so that you can see through them.

\*\*\*

The gentle art of making conversation. The young Albert was told to go and talk to another small boy whose mother had brought him to tea with her. "What's your name?" asked Albert. "Wilfrid," came the answer. "How old?" "Five and a half." A pause—and then, "A bachelor, I presume?"

\*\*\*

"Well, Sir," said the wig-maker, "I will only say this about the quality of our goods, that a customer of ours went the other day to a barber's to be shaved, and the operator, misunderstanding him, began to cut his hair!"

\*\*\*

The toast of the Evening—a pale, nervous young man with long hair—had been drunk, and "For he's a jolly good fellow!" was being sung, but in a half-hearted manner. At which up jumped the resourceful chairman and, raising his hand, "Try this," he said: "For he's a *fairly* good fellow!" It went much better then.



Lady. "I'M SURPRISED AT A GREAT STOUT FELLOW LIKE YOU BEGGING."  
Carpenter Tramp. "MR STOUTNESS 'AS BEEN ME DOWNFALL, LIDY. I USED TO PLAY THE BIG DRUM, BUT I LOST ME JOB. YER SEE I COULDN'T 'IT IT IN THE MIDDLE."

## AN ANTIDOTE FOR CHRISTMAS.

If Boxing Day finds you dyspeptic and worn  
And a little bit peevish perhaps;  
If Christmas has left you fair reason to mourn  
Some sad gastronomical lapse;  
Come out across country—the going is good—  
And your festal-board sin you may shrive,  
For the beagles are meeting at Waddington Wood  
At 12.45.

There's dew on the meadow, there's scent with a sting,  
There's wire (don't forget) in the fence,  
There's sport with the "jelly dogs" fit for a king,  
Though a "cap" is your only expense;

There's a hare in the roots, there's a holloa, a view,  
And the pack like a torrent is running,  
And there'll always be glimpses of "hound work" for you  
If you like to run cunning.

If the puddingy plough tries your patience and pluck  
You can make up a lot down the hill,  
And, helped by a cheek and a "circle," with luck  
You can shout your "Whoo-whoop" at the kill;  
Though hot and dishevelled and palpably blown,  
And mud-spattered up to your middle,  
A Boxing Day run with the beagles, you'll own,  
Makes you fit as a fiddle.



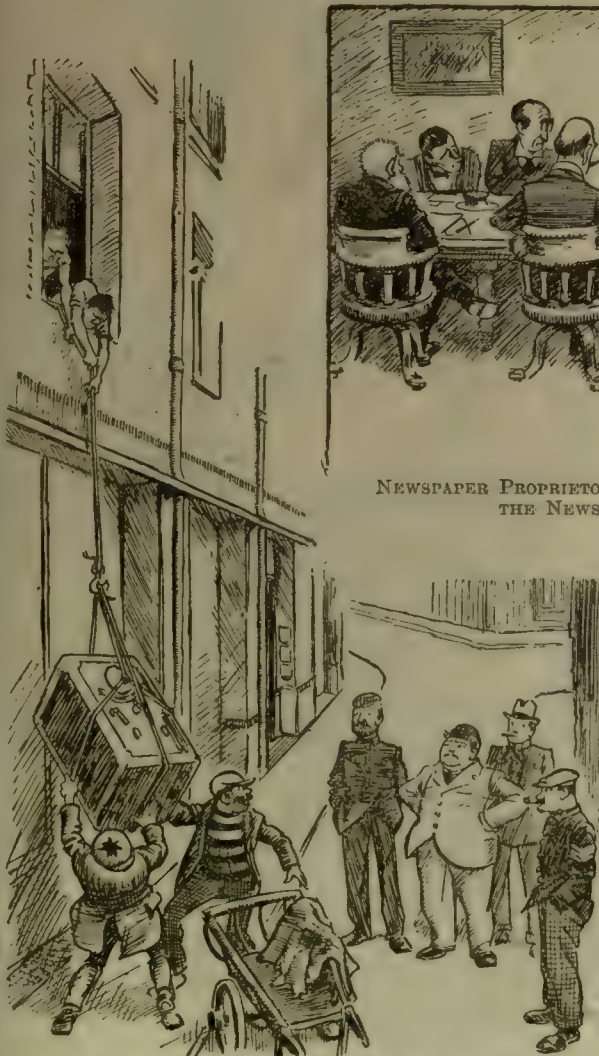
A FEW PROMISED STRIKES FOR THE NEW YEAR.



HOUSEHOLDER GREETING A GROUP OF PICKETS DURING THE STRIKE OF RATE-COLLECTORS.



BUTCHERS' ASSISTANTS ON STRIKE MOUNTING GUARD OVER A FINE BULLOCK.



POLICEMEN ON STRIKE WATCHING BURGLARS REMOVING A SAFE.



NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS MEET THE DELEGATES OF THE NEWSBOYS' UNION.



PROFESSIONAL BOXER SECONDING HIMSELF BECAUSE ALL THE SECONDS HAVE STRUCK.



CLERGY ON STRIKE PREVENTING A BLACKLEG TAKING A SERVICE.



DANCING NOTES.



TEN YEARS AGO.



TO-DAY.



DANCING NOTES.



TEN YEARS AGO—11.30 p.m.

He. "WELL, I SUPPOSE IF WE'RE GOING TO THE DUMPSHIRE'S DANCE WE 'D BETTER BE STARTING."

She. "NO HURRY. NO USE GETTIN' THERE BEFORE TWELVE; THEY WON'T BE HAVIN' SUPPER BEFORE THEN."



TO-DAY—4.10 p.m.

Guests. "I SAY, WE'RE A BIT LATE, I'M AFRAID. THE MOTOR BROKE DOWN, OR WE'D HAVE BEEN HERE ON THE DOT."

Hostess. "BETTER LATE THAN NEVER. I DESSAY YOU'LL FIND SOME PARTNERS; IF NOT YOU'LL HAVE TO DANCE WITH EACH OTHER. GLAD TO HAVE SEEN YOU—TA-TA."



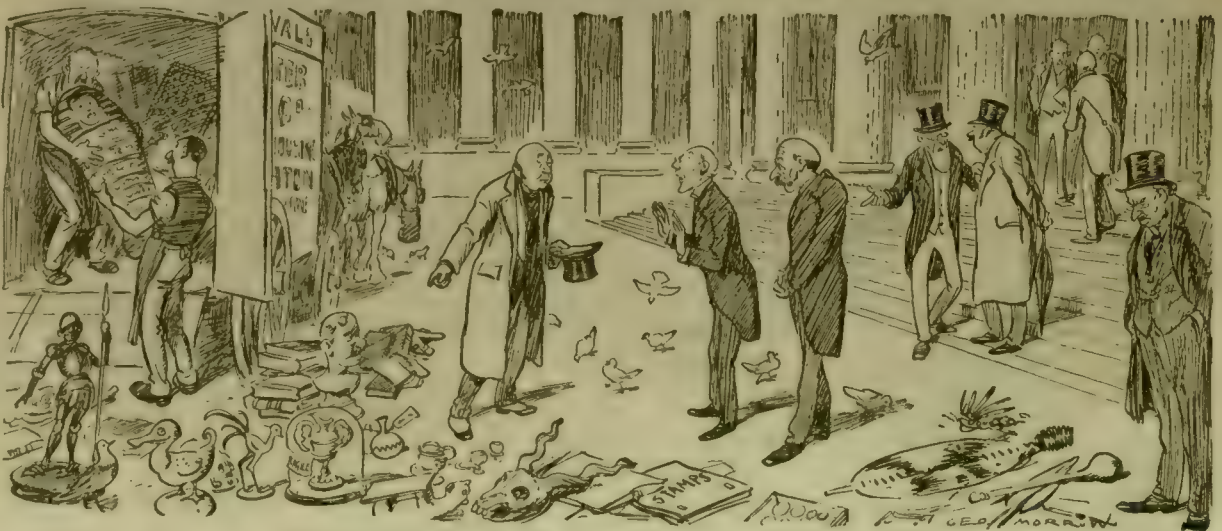
UNKNOWN LONDON.



EXPULSION OF A MEMBER FROM A FASHIONABLE WEST-END CLUB.



CONDUCTORS OF UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS LEARNING THE MISPRONUNCIATION OF THE NAMES OF STATIONS.



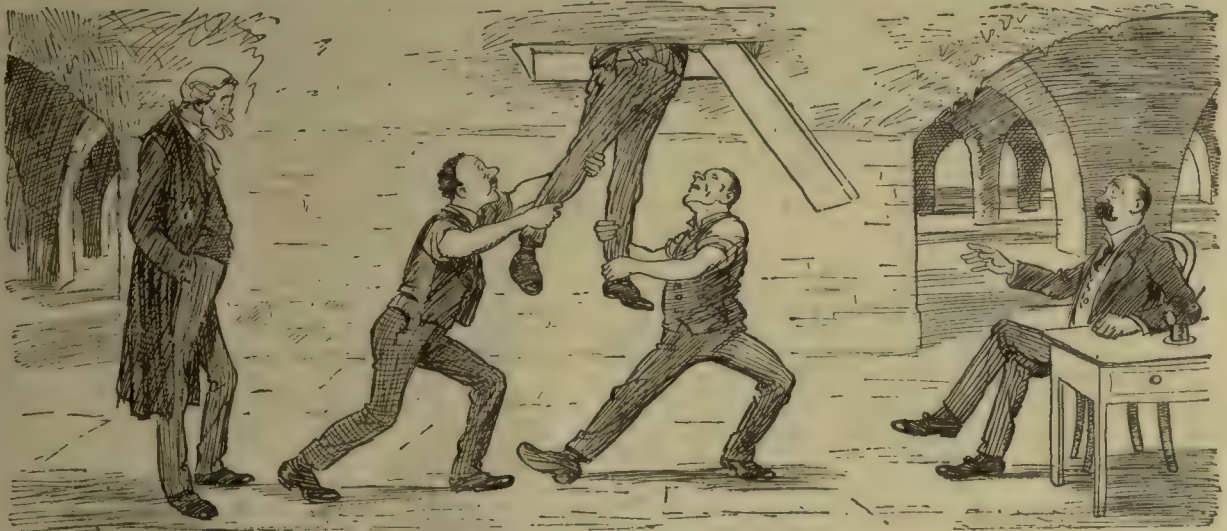
BRITISH MUSEUM OFFICIALS REFUSING TO ACCEPT A COLLECTION.



UNKNOWN LONDON.



BACK ENTRANCE TO A LARGE WEST-END EMPORIUM. SHOP ASSISTANTS SUFFER A REACTION FROM THEIR CUSTOMARY DIGNITY.



THE CATACOMBS AT THE LAW COURTS. WITHDRAWING A JUROR.



INVENTORS WAITING TO INTERVIEW WAR OFFICE AUTHORITIES.

GEO. MORROW.



THE LITTLE SITTER.

[Reflections of a sportsman who is given a day off for golf in the midst of a series of mixed shoots.]

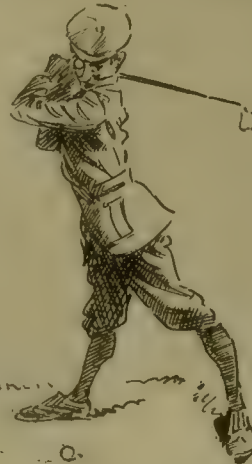


A TRUCE to blood! To-day with careless breast  
The jocund cock shall laugh as though 'twere June;  
The partridge gives his jumpy nerves a rest;  
The pigeon wheel above his woods immune;  
No feathered thing shall curse, in act to die,  
My fatal gift of eye.

A truce to blood! To-day no squatting hare  
On my account shall prick an anxious ear;  
No rabbit, issuing from his earthy lair,  
Review the scene to note if I am near:  
No beater, as he hears my weapon's blast,  
Regret his godless past.

All these, I say, shall have this one day off.  
Yet not for their convenience alone  
I take this little interlude of golf—  
The game has pleasant features all its own;  
Less sudden in its joys, it suits, I find,  
My tranquil cast of mind.

Birds are so restive—always prone to flight.  
Compare with them this sedentary ball  
That waits upon my pleasure, sitting tight,  
And not concerned about itself at all;  
Making it optional for me to strike  
Just when, and where, I like.



As, for example. . . Topped the thing! Tut, tut!  
Yes, force of habit; must have swung too quick;  
Mistook its whiteness for a coney's scut  
And shot a bit ahead—a useful trick  
With targets on the run, but not with those  
That keep a firm repose.

So to 't again. . . Ah! hit the silly ground!  
I took my eye off, did I? Then I erred  
By sporting instinct; I have never found  
Much good was done by dwelling on a bird.  
Of course, a ball is different; as you say,  
It wouldn't move away.

Now for another. . . That's a fairish knock,  
Full in the tail-piece. Mark him, mark him down!  
A runner—in the gorse there. Where's old Rock?  
I hate this dog's work. . . Bang goes half-a-crown!  
I might have laid a score of pheasants flat  
For less expense than that.

\* \* \* \* \*  
[After losing his temper and three more  
balls, the speaker resumes:]

Frankly, your golf is not a sportsman's  
game;  
It hurts my finer British sense to hit  
A stationary mark, too small and tame  
To stand a chance against my strength and  
wit;  
I do not care to strike at little things  
With neither legs nor wings.

Match me with foes more mobile, more my  
size—

The raging hare, the rabbit on the prowl,  
The partridge swooping under windy skies,  
The savage duck and other desperate fowl—  
That lend a larger scope for manly skill  
Than yonder paltry pill.

O. S.



L. RAVENHILL



# Punch's Almanack for 1914.



*Family Ghost.* "NOTHING—NOTHING WILL CLEANSER THESE HANDS OF THEIR AWFUL STAIN."  
*Mr. Ponks (the soap millionaire—a guest).* "LOOK 'ERE, NAME YER FIGGER FOR ALWAYS ADDIN', 'EXCEPT PONKS'S SOAP—FIVEPENCE PER TABLET; BOX O' THREE, ONE SHILLIN'."



*Stranger.* "I DREAMT LAST NIGHT I WAS SITTING AT A TABLE COVERED WIV ROAST TURKEY, SAUSAGES, PIES, A LOVELY PLUM PUDDING AND FOAMING BEER IN JUGS. I WAS JUST GOING TO HAVE THE MEAL OF MY LIFE WHEN I WOKE!" *Policeman.* "WELL, WOT ARE YOU TELLIN' ME ABART IT FOR?" *Stranger.* "I THOUGHT YOU LOOKED THE SORT O' BLOKE WOT 'UD SYMPATHISE!"





AN INTELLIGENT NUMBER-PLATE.



LUCK AT THE RACES.

*Gipsy.* "LET ME TELL YER FUTURE, PRETTY GENTLEMAN."

*Pretty Gentleman.* "NO! CLEAR OUT OF IT. I DON'T WANT TO KNOW MY FUTURE."

*Gipsy.* "THEN LET ME TELL YER 'IDEOUS PAST!'"



Punch's Almanack for 1914.

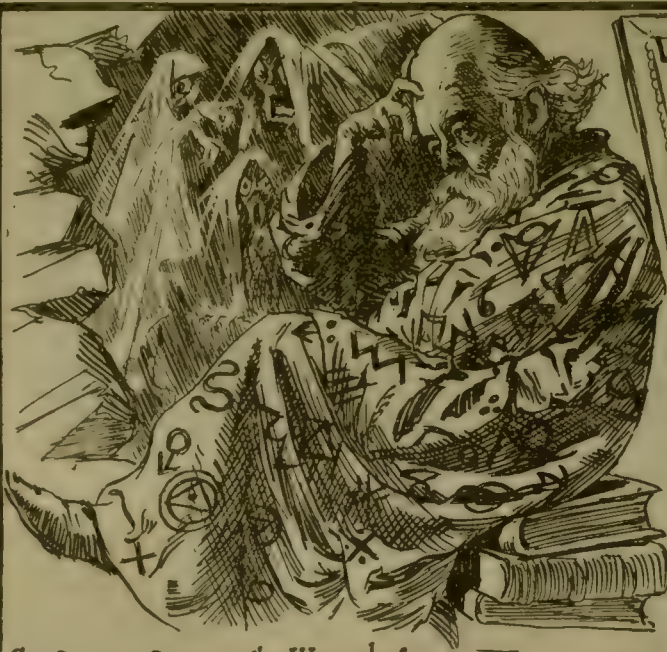


'Enry (finding broad hints of no avail). "LOCK 'ERE, 'ERBERT, TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, YOU'RE *A PROPOS*! TWO'S COMPANY AND THREE'S NONE."



Tender-hearted Lady. "I NEVER TAKE CAVIARE. I THINK IT SO CRUEL TO THE POOR GOOSE."

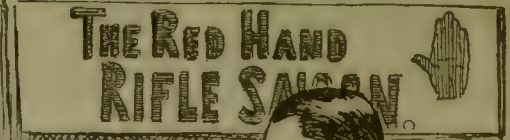




Sir OLIVER LODGE, the Wizard of  
"The CAVE of MYSTERY"



The Hon. JOHN COLLIER obliges with  
a few "PROBLEM SILHOUETTES."



Mr CHURCHILL  
wins the  
Hat-trimming  
Competition.

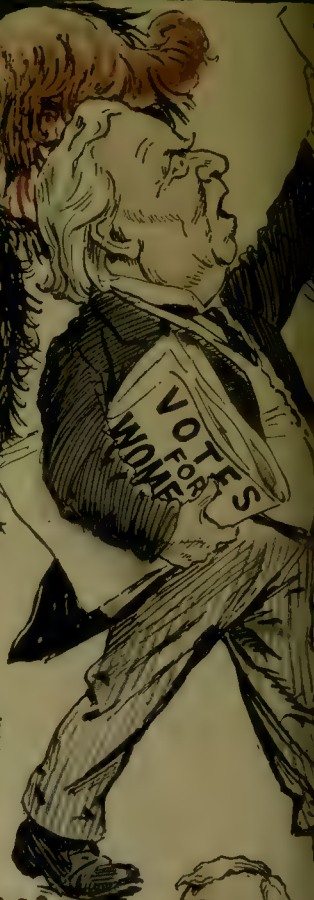
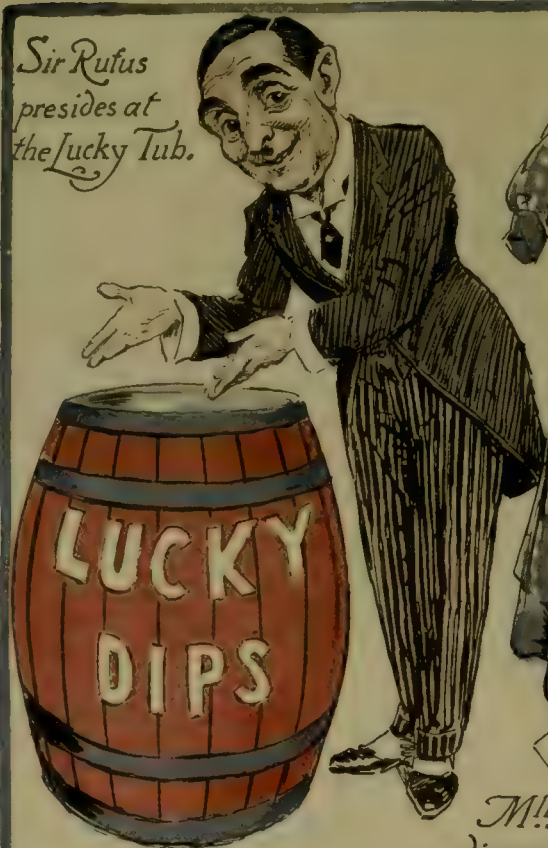


Sir E. CARSON  
& Mr E. SMITH  
cater for the  
sportsman.





*Sir Rufus  
presides at  
the Lucky Tub.*



*Mlle Gaby Deslys  
dispenses overalls.*

**MECHANICAL TOYS.**



*At the Sign  
of the  
Shamrock.*

**MURRAY'S  
OIL STORES**



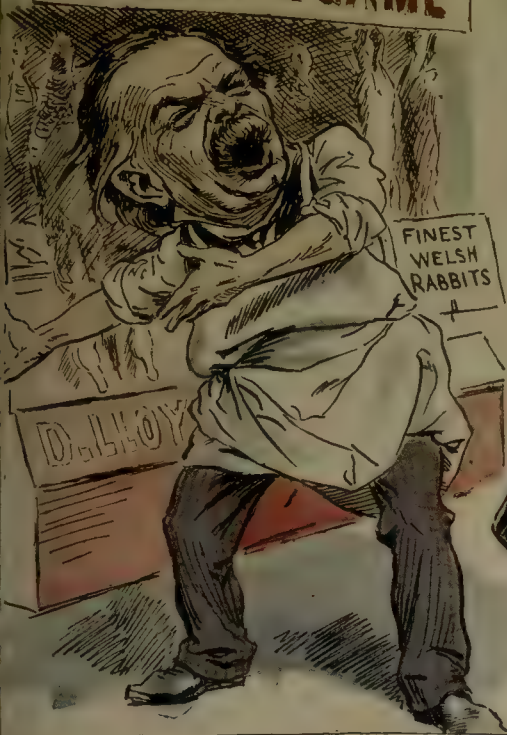
*Ro  
only*

*Ticke*

**Mr. Punch's Christmas**



# POULTRY & GAME



Church  
&  
Stage.



# CONCERT OF EUROPE! NOW PERFORMING!



# AMERICAN TEMPERANCE BAR KEPT BY TEDDY, THE CONVERTED ROUGH-RIDER.

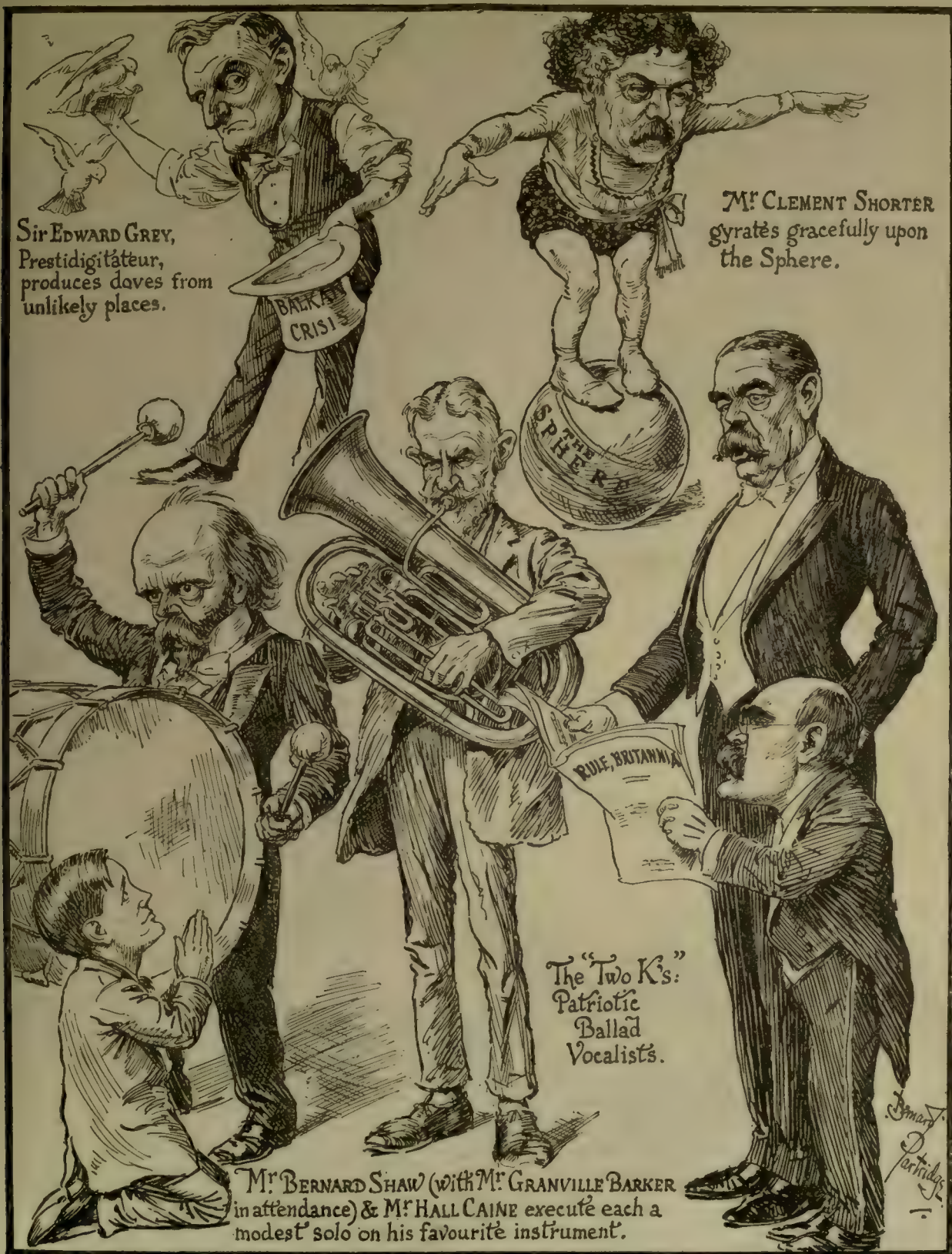
concert may be obtained from the Balkan Brothers.

Bazaar & Fancy Fair.









MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS BAZAAR AND FANCY FAIR.

THE CAFÉ CHANTANT AND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.



# THE HALO THEY GIVE THEMSELVES.

[NOTE.—*Mr. Punch* is in the extraordinarily fortunate position of being able to present to his readers a story specially written for him by Mrs. FLORENCE BARCLAY (author of *The Broken Halo* and other imperishable works) and Mr. HALL CAINE (author of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* and kindred masterpieces) in collaboration. The meeting of the two famous writers took place at Bouverie Street, each of them expressing considerable surprise at hearing that the other wrote books also. After they had compared sales and methods of advertisement, they arranged that their new story for *Mr. Punch* should be written in alternate spasms. By an unfortunate error of judgment, however, the illustrations were left to an artist who had never read a word of either author in his life, and who insisted that it was much too late to begin now. Luckily the half-dozen drawings he sent in were such that they could easily be made to fit the text; and in the result *Mr. Punch* feels that the story is at least as well illustrated as the average story in the magazines.]

## CHAPTER I.—SUNDAY MORNING.

(Mrs. BARCLAY begins.)

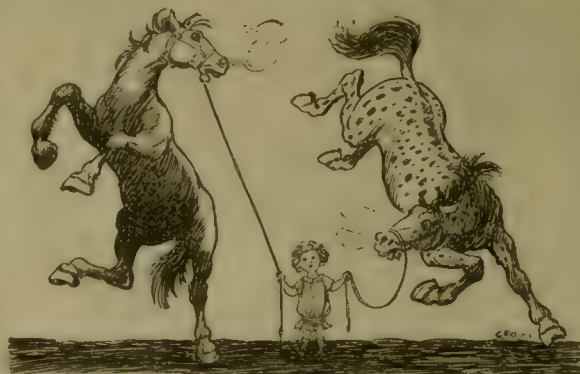
It was a beautiful Sunday morning. All nature browsed in solemn Sabbath stillness. The Little Grey Woman of the Night-Light was hurrying, somewhat late, to church.

Down the white ribbon of road the Virile Benedict of the Libraries came bicycling, treadling easily from the ankles. He rode hokily, with only one hand on the handle-bars, the other in the pocket of his white flannel cricketing trousers. His footballing tie, with his college arms embroidered upon it, flapped gently in the breeze. To look at him you would have said that he was probably a crack polo-player on his way to defend the championship against all comers, or the captain of a county golf eleven. As he rode, his soul overflowing with the joy of life, he hummed the Collect for the Day.

It was exactly opposite the church that he ran into the Little Grey Woman of the Night-Light. He had just flashed past a labourer in the road—known to his cronies as the Flap-eared Denizen of the Turnip-patch—a labourer who in the dear dead days of VICTORIA would have touched his hat humbly, but who now, in this horrible age of attempts to level all class distinctions, actually went on lighting his pipe! Alas, that the respectful deference of the poor toward the rich is now a thing of the past! So thought the Virile Benedict of the Libraries, and in thinking this he had let his mind wander from the important business of guiding his bicycle! In another moment he had run into the Little Grey Woman of the Night-Light!

She had seen him coming and had given a warning cry; for, though as a child she had been fond of horses, bicycles had always filled her with alarm. It was too late. The next moment he shot over his handle-bars; but even as

he revolved through the air he wondered how old she really was, and what, if any, was her income. For since the death of the Little White Lady he had formed a habit of marrying elderly women for their money, and his fifth



"AS A CHILD SHE HAD BEEN FOND OF HORSES."

or sixth wife had perished of old age only a few months ago.

[HALL CAINE (waking up). Who, pray, is the Little White Lady?

Mrs. BARCLAY. His first wife. She comes in my book, "*The Broken Halo*," now in its two hundredth edition

HALL CAINE (annoyed). Tut!]



"THEY WERE HAVING TEA IN THE GARDEN."

"Jove," he said cheerily, as he picked himself and her and his bicycle up, "that was a nasty spill. As my Aunt Louisa used to say to the curate when he upset the milk-jug into her lap, 'No milk, thank you.'" His brown eyes danced with amusement as he related this reminiscence of his boyhood. To the Little Grey Woman he seemed to exhale youth from every pore.

"What did your Aunt Louisa say when her ankle was sprained?" she asked with a rueful smile.

In an instant the merry banter faded from the Virile Benedict's brown eyes, and was replaced by the commanding look of one who has taken a brilliant degree in all his medical examinations.

"Allow me," he said brusquely; "I am a doctor." He bent down and listened to her ankle.

It did not take Dr. Dick Cameron's quick ear long to find out all there was to know. His manner became very gentle and his voice very low; and, though he continued to exhale youth, he did it less ostentatiously than before.

"I must carry you home," he said, picking her up in his strong young arms; "you cannot go to church to-day."

"But the curate is preaching!"

Dr. Dick murmured something profane under his breath about curates. He had, alas! these moments of irreverence; as, for instance, on one occasion when he had spoken of Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER's noble picture-play quite

shortly as "Jos. Bros."

"I will carry you home," he said gently. "Tell me where you live, Little Grey Woman."

She smiled up at him bravely. "The Manor House," she said.

His voice became yet more gentle. "And now tell me your income," he whispered; and his whole being trembled with emotion as he waited for her reply.

[Mrs. BARCLAY. There! That's the end of the chapter. Now

it's your turn.

HALL CAINE (waking up). I don't know if I told you that in my last great work of the imagination, in which I collaborated with the Bishop of London, I wrote throughout in the first person. Nearly a million copies were sold, thus showing that the heart of the great public approved of my method of telling my story through the mouth of a young



and innocent girl, exposed to great temptation. I should wish, therefore, to repeat that method in this story, if you could so arrange it.

MRS. BARCLAY. But that's easy. The Little Grey Woman shall tell Dr. Dick the story of her first marriage. I did that in my last book, "The Broken Halo," now in its two hundredth edition.

HALL CAINE (annoyed). Tut !

## CHAPTER II.—UNDER THE CEDAR.

(MRS. BARCLAY continues.)

They were having tea in the garden—the Little Grey Woman and Dr. Dick. More than six months had elapsed since the accident outside the church, and Dr. Dick still remained on at the Manor House in charge of his patient, wishing to be handy in case the old sprain came on again suddenly. She was eighty-two and had twelve thousand a year. On the lawn a thrush was singing.

"How fresh and green the world is to-day," sighed Dr. Dick, leaning back and exhaling youth. "As the curate used to say to my Aunt Louisa, 'A delightful shower after the rain.'" He laughed merrily and threw a crumb at the thrush with the perfect aim of a good cricketer throwing the ball at the wickets.

"My dear boy," said the Little Grey Woman, "the world is always fresh and green to youth like yours. But to an old woman like me—"

"Not old," said Dick, with an ardent glance; "only eighty-two. Mrs. Beauchamp, will you marry me?"

She looked at him with a sad but tender smile.

"What would my friends say?" she asked.

"Better your friends."

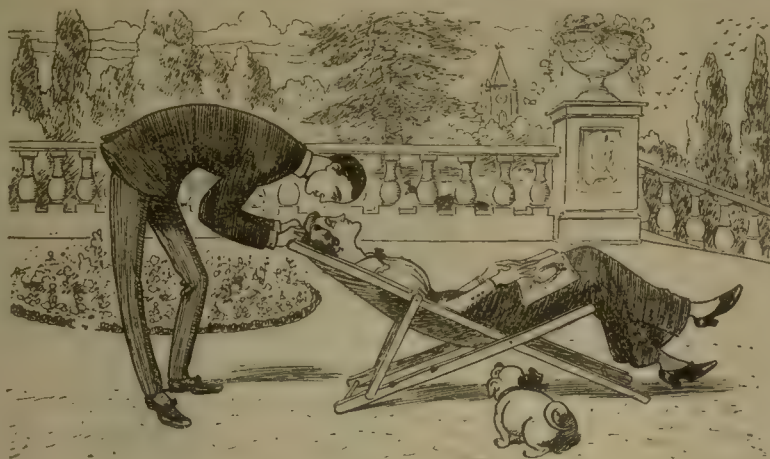
"My dear boy, you would be considerably surprised if you could glance through an approximate list of the friends I possess to-day. Do you know that if I marry you I shall be required to make an explanation to several royal ladies—that is, if they graciously grant me the opportunity so to do."

"But I want your mon—I mean

I love you," he pleaded, the light of youth shining in his brown eyes.

The Little Grey Woman looked at him tenderly. Their eyes met.

"Listen," she said. "I will tell you the story of my first marriage, and then if you wish you shall ask me again."



"THEIR EYES MET."

Dr. Dick helped himself to another slice of cake and leant back to listen.

[MRS. BARCLAY. There you are. Now you can do Chapter Three.

HALL CAINE. Excellent. It is quite time that one got some emotion into this story. In "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," of which more than a million—

MRS. BARCLAY. Emotion, indeed!

my father ask, on the day when I was born, whether it was a boy or a girl. When they told him "a girl," he let fall a rough expression which sent the blood coursing over my mother's pale cheeks like lobster-sauce coursing over a turbot. My father, John Boomster, was a great

advertising agent, perhaps the greatest in the Island, though he always said that there was one man who could beat him. He wanted a son to succeed him in the business, and in the years to come he never forgave me for being a girl. He would often glare at me in silence for three-quarters of an hour, and then, letting fall the same rough expression, throw a boot at me and stride from the room. A hard, cruel man, my father, and yet, in his fashion, he was fond of me.

It was not until I was eighteen that he first spoke to me. To my dying day I shall never forget that evening; nor his words, which bit themselves into my mind as a red-hot iron bites its way into cheese.

"Nell," he said, for that was my name, though he had never used it before, "I've arranged that you are to marry Lord Wurzel two months from to-day."

At these terrible words the blood ebbed slowly from my ears and my hands grew hot.

"I do not know him," I said in a stifled voice.

"You will to-morrow," he laughed brutally, and with another rough word he strode from the room.

Lord Wurzel! I ran upstairs to my room and flung myself face downwards on the bed. In my agony I bit a large piece out of the pillow. The blood flowed forward and backward over me in waves, and I burst every now and then into a passion of weeping.

By-and-by I began to feel

more serene. I decided that it was my duty to obey my father. My heart leapt within me at the thought of doing my duty, and to calm myself I put on my hat and wandered into the glen. It was very silent in the glen. There was no sound but the rustling of the leaves overhead, the popping of the insects underfoot, the sneezing of the cattle, the



"I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT EVENING."

My last book is already in its two hundredth edition.

HALL CAINE (annoyed). Tut !

## CHAPTER III.—MRS. BEAUCHAMP'S STORY.

(MR. HALL CAINE takes up the tale.)

I have always had a wonderful memory, and my earliest recollection is of hearing



## Punch's Almanack for 1914.

whistling of the pigs, the coughing of the field-mice, the roaring of the rabbits, and the deep, organ-song of the sea.

But suddenly, above all these noises, I heard a voice which sent the blood ebbing and flowing in my heart and caused the back of my neck to quiver with ecstasy.

"Nell!" it said.

It was the voice of my old comrade, Andrew Spinnaker, who had played with me in our childhood's days, and whom I had not seen now for eight years.

"Andrew!" I cried, as I turned round. "What are you doing here?"

"I am just off to discover the South Pole," he said. "My shipmates are waiting for me to command the expedition."

I noticed then for the first time that he was dressed in a seal-skin cap and a pair of sleeping bags.

"Nell," he went on, "before I go tell me you love me."

My heart fluttered like a captured bird; my knees trembled like a drunken spider's; my throat was stifled like a stifled throat. A huge wave of something or other surged over me and told me that the great mystery of the world had happened to me.

I was in love.

I was in love with Andrew Spinnaker.

"Andrew," I cried, falling on his startled chin, "I love you." All the back of my neck thrilled with joy.

But my joy was short-lived. No sooner had I become aware that I loved Andrew Spinnaker than my conscience told me I had no right to do so. I was going to marry Lord Wurzel, and to love another than my husband was sin. I shook Andrew off my lips.

"I love you," I said, "but I cannot marry you. I am marrying Lord Wurzel."

"That beast?" cried Andrew, in the impetuous sailor fashion which so endeared him to his shipmates.

"When I come back I will thrash him as I would thrash a vicious ape."

"When will that be?"

"In about two months," said my darling boy. "This is going to be a very quick expedition."

"Alas, that will be my wedding day," I said with a low sob like that of a buffalo yearning for its mate. "It will be too late."

Andrew took me in his strong arms.

I should not have let him, but I could not help it.

"Listen," he said, "I will start back from the Pole a day before my shipmates, and save you from that d-sh-d beast. And then I will marry you, Nell."

There was a roaring in my ears like



"I WILL . . . SAVE YOU."

the roaring of the bath when the tap is left on; many waters seemed to rush upon me; my hat fell off, and then deep oblivion came over me and I swooned.

To go through my emotions in detail during the next two months would be but to harrow you needlessly. Suffice it to say that seventeen times I flung myself face downwards on my bed and



"I FELT LIKE A SHIPWRECKED VOYAGER."

bit a piece out of the pillow, on twenty-nine occasions the blood ebbed slowly from my face, and my heart fluttered like a captured bird, while in a hundred-and-forty instances a wave of emotion surged slowly over my whole body, leaving me trembling like an aspen leaf. Otherwise my health remained good.

It was the night before the wedding. The bad Lord Wurzel had just left me with words of love upon his lying lips.

To-morrow, unless Andrew Spinnaker saved me, I should be Lady Wurzel.

"A marconigram for you, miss," said our faithful old gardener, William, entering the drawing-room noiselessly by the chimney. "I brought it myself to be sure you got it."

With trembling fingers I tore it open. How my heart leapt and the hot colour flooded my neck and brow when I recognized the dear schoolboy writing of my beloved Andrew! I have the message still. It went like this:

"Wireless—South Pole.

Arrived safe. Found Pole. Weather charming. Blue sky. Not a breath of wind. Am wearing my thick socks. Sun never going down. Constellations revolving without dipping. Moon going sideways. Am starting for England to-morrow. Arrive Victoria twelve o'clock, Wednesday.—ANDREW."

Back on Wednesday! And to-morrow was Tuesday—my wedding day! There was no hope. I felt like a shipwrecked voyager. For the thirty-fifth time since the beginning of the month deep oblivion came over me and I swooned.

[HALL CAINE. I think you might go on now. I have put a little life into the story. It is perhaps not quite so vivid as my last work, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," of which more than a million copies—

MRS. BARCLAY. In the two hundredth edition of "The Broken Halo"—

HALL CAINE (annoyed). Tut!]

CHAPTER IV.—THE END.

(MRS. BARCLAY resumes.)

At this point in The Little Grey Woman's story, handsome Dr. Dick put down his third piece of cake and got up. There was a baffled look on his virile face which none of his previous wives had ever seen there. For once Dr. Dick was nonplussed!

"Is there much more of your story?" he asked.

"Five hundred and nineteen pages," she said.

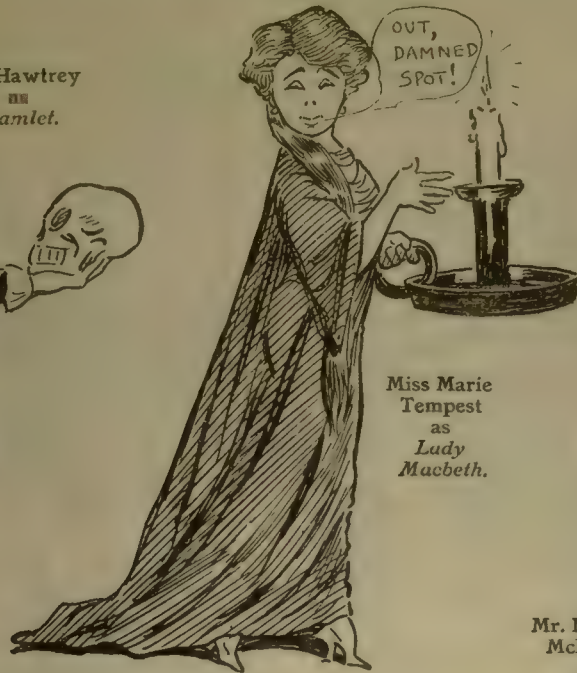
The Virile Benedict of the Libraries took up his hat. Never had he exhaled youth so violently, yet never had he looked such a man. He had made up his mind. She was rich; but, after all, money was not everything.

"Good-bye," he said. A. A. M.





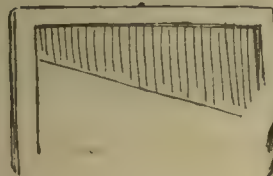
Mr. Hawtrey  
as  
*Hamlet.*



Miss Marie  
Tempest  
as  
*Lady  
Macbeth.*



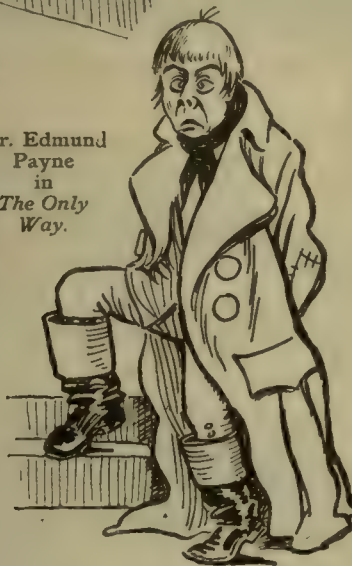
Mr. Norman  
McKinnel  
as  
*Romeo.*



Miss Gertie Millar  
as  
*Margu'rite.*



Mr. Edmund  
Payne  
in  
*The Only  
Way.*



Sir George  
Alexander  
as  
*The Widow  
Twankey.*



W.K. HASELDEN

## OUT OF THEIR GROOVES.

OUR GREEN ROOM CORRESPONDENT PREDICTS THAT THE COMING DRAMATIC YEAR WILL BE FULL OF SURPRISES. SOME OF OUR POPULAR HISTRIONS ARE THINKING OF EXTENDING THEIR REPERTORIES ON UNUSUAL LINES.



THE POSSIBILITIES OF TOWN.

*(Why limit to a few weeks in the summer those healthy amusements which are so great a source of joy at your favourite holiday resort?)*



IF YOU ARE SO FOND OF MIXED BATHING AT DEAUVILLE, WHY NOT DO IT IN THE ROUND POND?



IF YOU REVEL IN PICNICS BY THE CRYSTAL WATERS OF LYON, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TRAFALGAR SQUARE?



THE POSSIBILITIES OF TOWN.



IF YOUR NAUTICAL INSTINCTS CANNOT RESIST THE WOOLING OF THE WAVES AT COWES, WHY NOT LISTEN TO THE CALL OF THE SERPENTINE?



IF DONKEYS MAKE THE CHARM OF MARGATE SANDS, WHY NOT RIDE 'EM TO THE CITY?



OUR CATALOGUE OF NOVEL PRACTICAL JOKES FOR FUNNY FELLOWS.



THE EVER-GROWING UMBRELLA, WITH SPRING HANDLE. JUST THE THING FOR NARROW PAVEMENTS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO PRESS THE KNOR. IT ADDS TO THE FUN IF YOU LIFT THE CROSS OLD GENTLEMAN'S UMBRELLA INTO THE AIR.

PRICE, 5s., SUPERIOR QUALITY. CHEAPER STYLE, 10d.

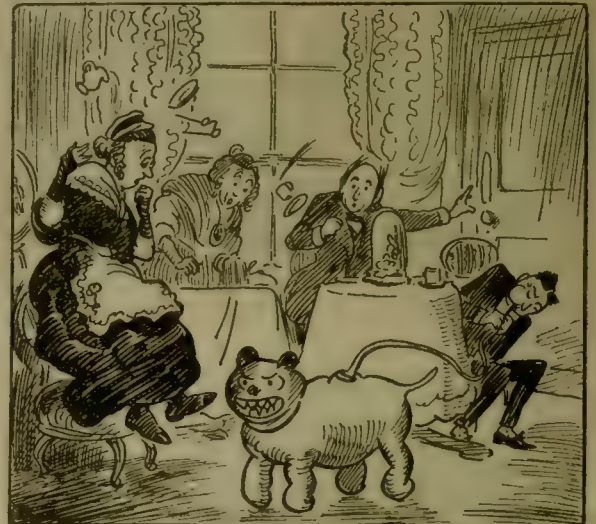


NOVELTY LUNCHEON BASKET, CAUSES SCREECHES OF LAUGHTER. WHEN THE BASKET IS OPENED IT SUDDENLY SHOOTS OUT AN ASSORTMENT OF MONSTER SNAKES, OON BABIES AND JAP SQUEAKERS. VERY POPULAR.

SMALL SIZE, 2s. 6d. LARGE SIZE, SUFFICIENT FOR FOUR PERSONS, 3s. 6d

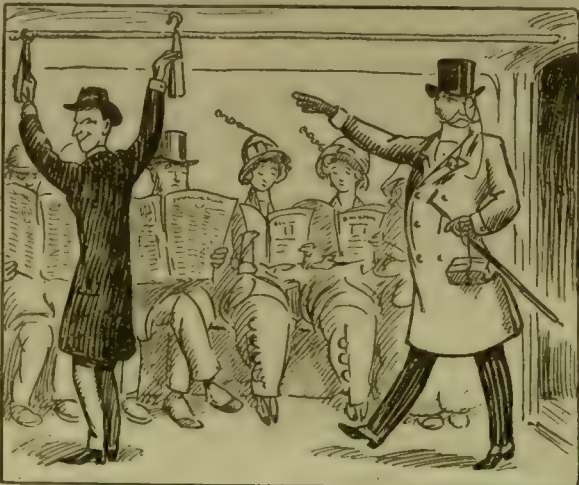


HOW DO THEY THINK OF THESE FUNNY THINGS?! THE GROWING DOG. TRY THIS ONE TO LIVEN UP A TEA-PARTY. YOU INTRODUCE YOUR HOSTESS'S NOTICE TO YOUR TOY PUG, AND THEN



AT THE RIGHT MOMENT YOU BLOW HIM OUT INTO A FULL-SIZED BULL-DOG. VERY LIFELIKE.

1s. 6d.; POST FREE, 1s. 7d.



ABSOLUTELY THE BEST VALUE FOR MONEY EVER OFFERED. THE ELASTIC STRAP FOR STRAP-HANGERS. ATTACH IT TO THE RAIL AND



WATCH RESULTS. THE JOKE OF THE SEASON. YOU MUST HAVE ONE; EVERYBODY WILL LIKE YOU.

PRICE 6d.; WORTH 15s.



"EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST."



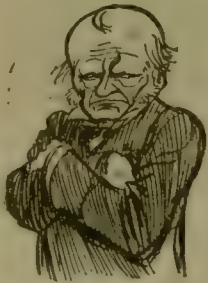
COLONEL AND MRS. CLIVE-SMYTHE'S CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.



THE SAME AT HOME ON RETIREMENT.



WANTED, A CINEMA ACTOR: MUST BE VERSATILE.



Able to portray stern  
relentless fathers;



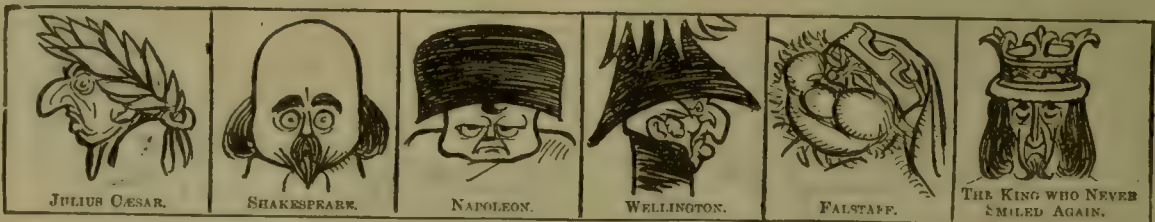
also romantic lovers,



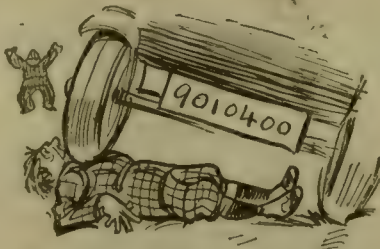
stony-hearted sheriffs,



and "crooks" who are not so  
bad as they are painted.



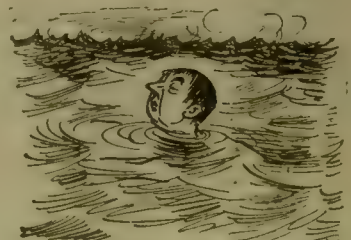
Should have a mobile face and able to make up as any of the above characters.



Must not mind the feel of rubber.



Should be a good boxer,



and a long-distance swimmer;



competent to suggest powerful  
emotion



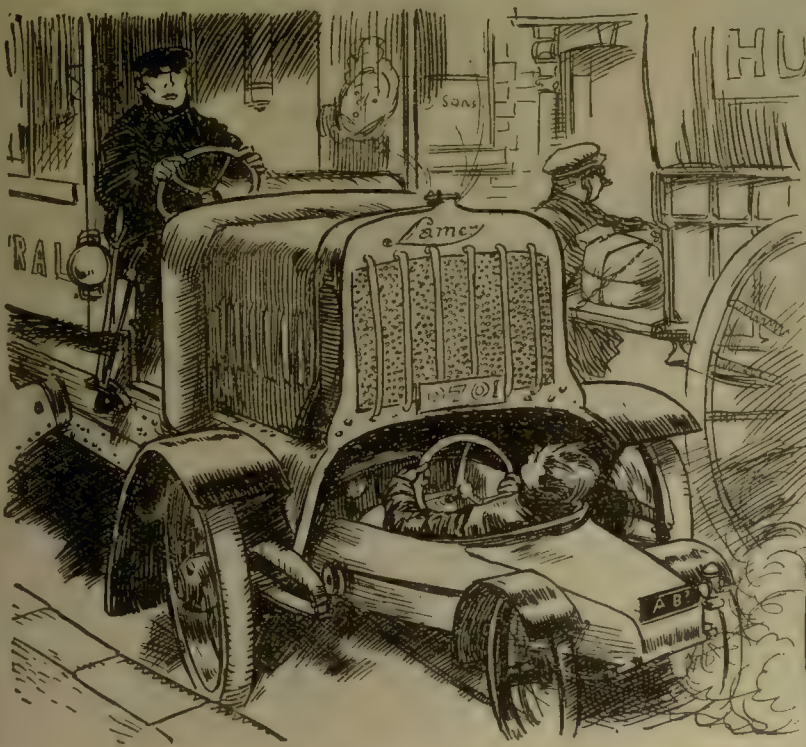
and pathetic tenderness,



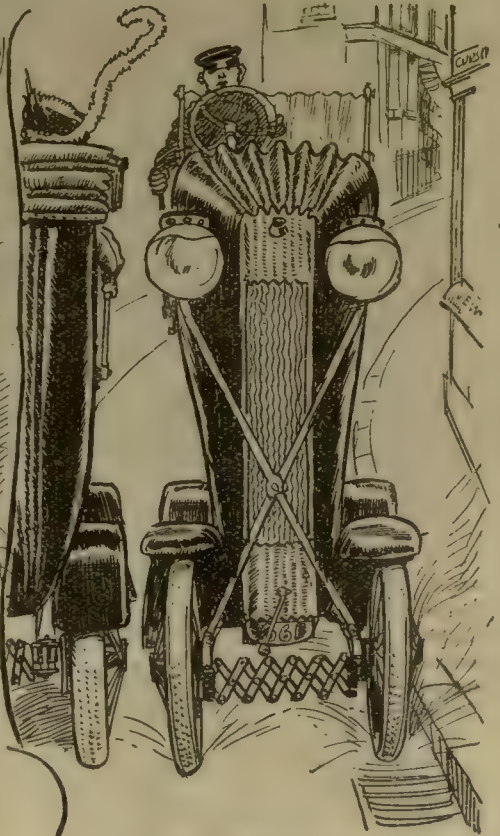
and capable of remaining indefinitely  
in awkward positions.



MR. PUNCH'S MOTOR TRAFFIC SOLUTIONS.



The Run-under Cycle-car; goes anywhere.



The Concertina Car.  
For use in tight places.



The "Lift-up" Side Car.



The Expanding Cow-Pusher. Will shove off anything.



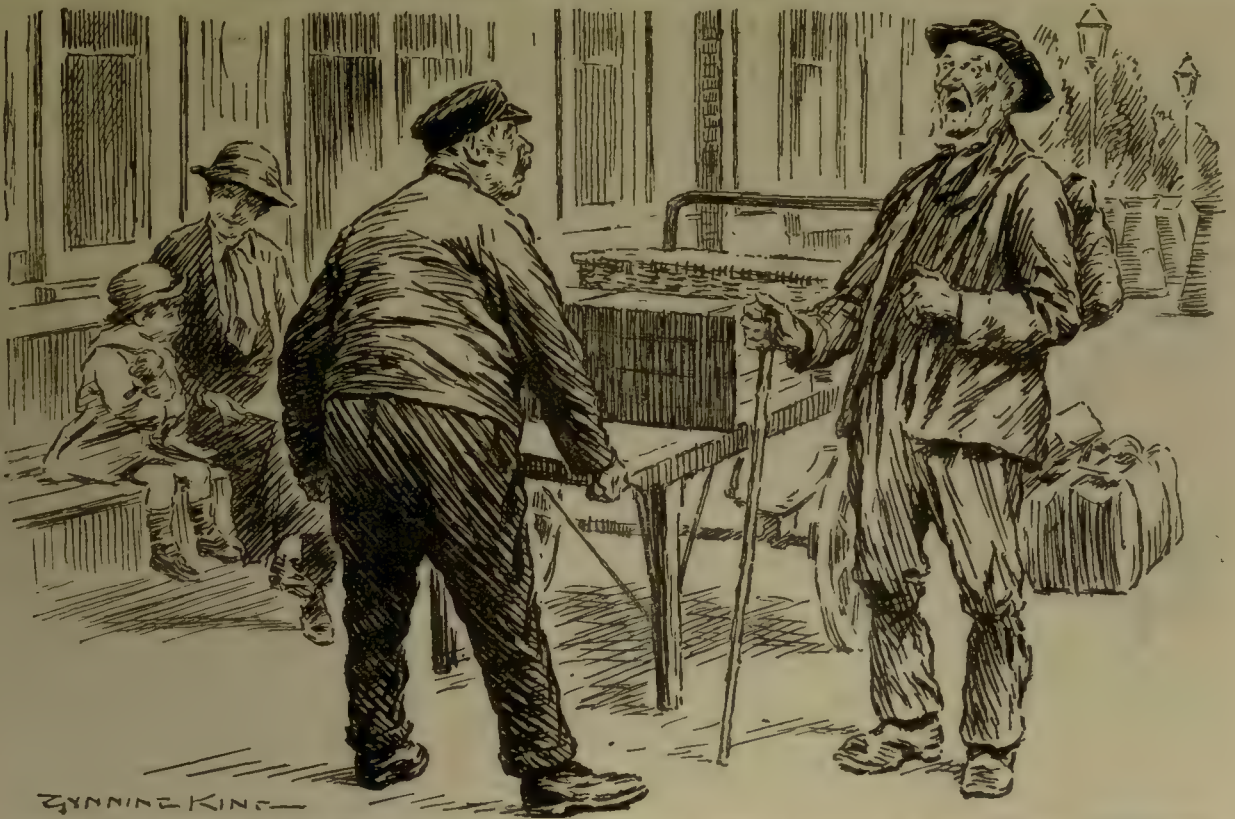


First Thruster (guiltily conscious of having rather pressed on hounds). "NOW WE'RE GOIN' TO CATCH IT; THAT'S THE HUNTER COMIN', ISN'T IT?"  
 Second Thruster (his host). "IT'S ALL RIGHT. WE'VE GOT TWO MASTERS. THAT'S THE ONE THAT SUPPLIES THE MONEY; THE OTHER SUPPLIES THE LANGUAGE."



Huntsman (of very slow harriers). "'OLD 'ARD, PLEASE! GIVE 'EM PLENTY OF TIME."  
 Young Farmer. "BETTER 'URRY UP, CHARLES, OR THE 'ARE 'LL BE OVERLAPPIN' YOU."





*ZINNIR KING*

Hodge (to porter who has just been supplied with an artificial leg). "EH! JOHN! I 'EARD AS 'OW YOU 'D LOST YOUR LEG?"

John. "SO I 'AVE, MAN: YOU BE QUITE RIGHT."

Hodge. "WELL, I BE MAIN GLAD TO SEE YOU AIN'T LOST YOUR FOOT AS WELL."



*ZINNIR KING*

Lady (to applicant for situation). "WELL, NOW YOU QUITE UNDERSTAND THAT YOUR DUTIES ARE SIMPLY TO WAIT ON ME?"

Girl. "YES, M'M."

The Girl's Mother. "OH, I THINK SHE 'LL DO VERY WELL, MUM; AND I'M PLEASED TO THINK SHE 'LL 'AVE A COMFORTABLE 'OME, FOR SHE 'S FAR FROM STRONG AND DO WANT SUCH A LOT O' LOOKING AFTER."





Fred. "OH, MUMMY, DO PLEASE ASK CISSY AND PUSS TO STOP BEING A RAILWAY ACCIDENT."

### WINTRY FIRES.

LADY, having been engaged since May-day  
(Pity that the Spring should ever stop!)  
Now the year's no longer in its heyday,  
Don't you think we'd better let it drop?

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly  
Turns to love, as doubtless you're aware;  
In the Spring we wax exceeding sprightly,  
Due, no doubt, to something in the air.

Then, as was both natural and proper,  
We two met and, scorning all delay,  
Vowed to wed, and neither cared a copper  
For the pregnant fact that it was May.

Summer came and, warming with the weather,  
Rarely was an ardour such as mine;  
You'll recall that, take it altogether,  
For an English summer it was fine.

Summer turned to Autumn, and September  
Opened to the world her golden feast;  
Quite a record month, as you'll remember,  
And my love, if anything, increased.

Honestly, I thought it was a sure case;  
Only, now the early Winter's come,  
Lady, as in others', so in your case,  
I confess to getting rather numb.

Do not deem me fickle, dear, and faithless;  
Though the readjustment seems to be  
Sudden—not to call it startling—nathless  
You can hardly put it down to me.

Love appears, for some unfathomed reason,  
Like a flow'r that ripens with the sun;  
And, like everything that has its season,  
Withers when its little course is run.

That's what I conceive to be the matter;  
And I write, believe me, with regret;  
For I own, with no desire to flatter,  
That you're quite the nicest girl I've met.

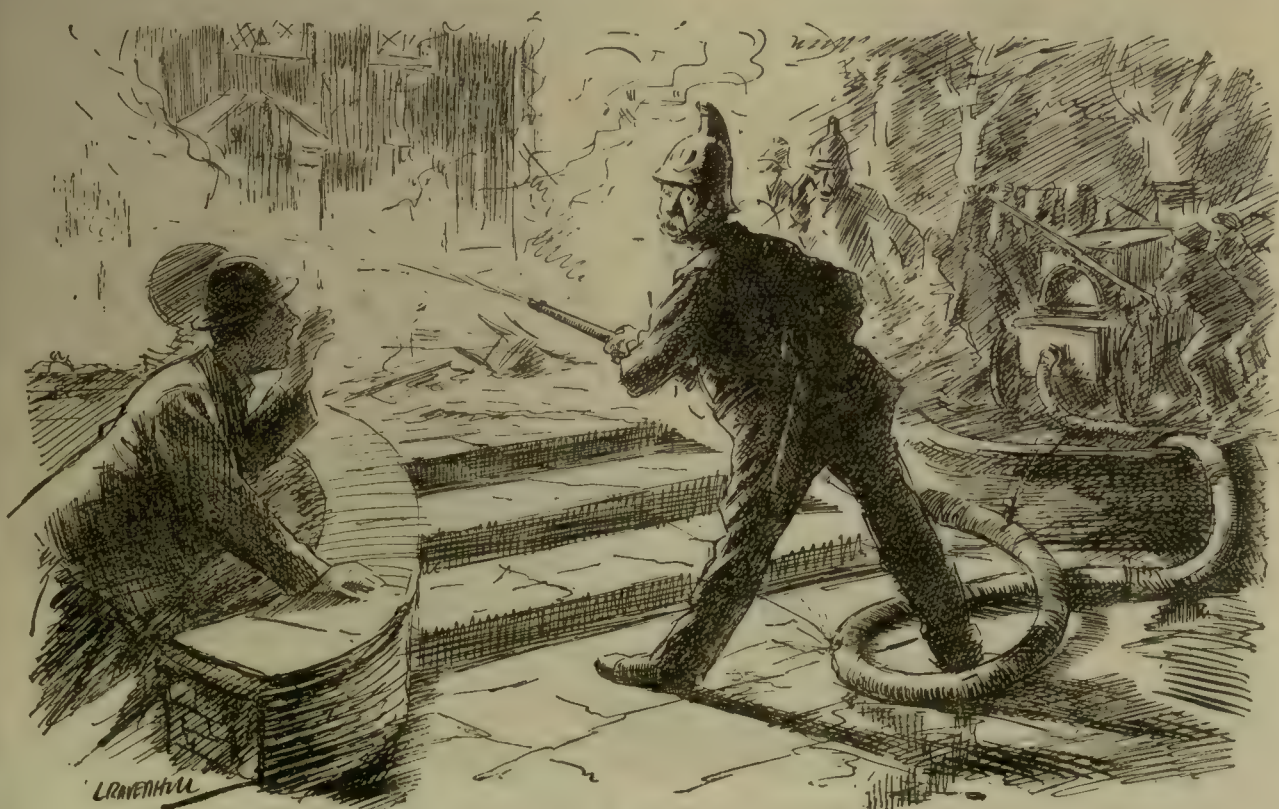
Still, farewell, or (put it less severely)  
*Au revoir*; I hope you'll keep the ring;  
Snows are brief, and I, who loved you dearly  
Once, again may do so—in the Spring.

DUM-DUM.





Constable. "FOUND 'IM ON THE COMMON, MUM, A-DRILLIN' HOF AN HIMAGINARY HARMY!"



Bystander. "WHY DON'T YOU SEND TO MUDDIFORD? THEY'VE GOT A BRAND-NEW FIRE ENGINE."  
Local Fireman. "NOT LIKELY! 'TAINT THEIR FIRE!"

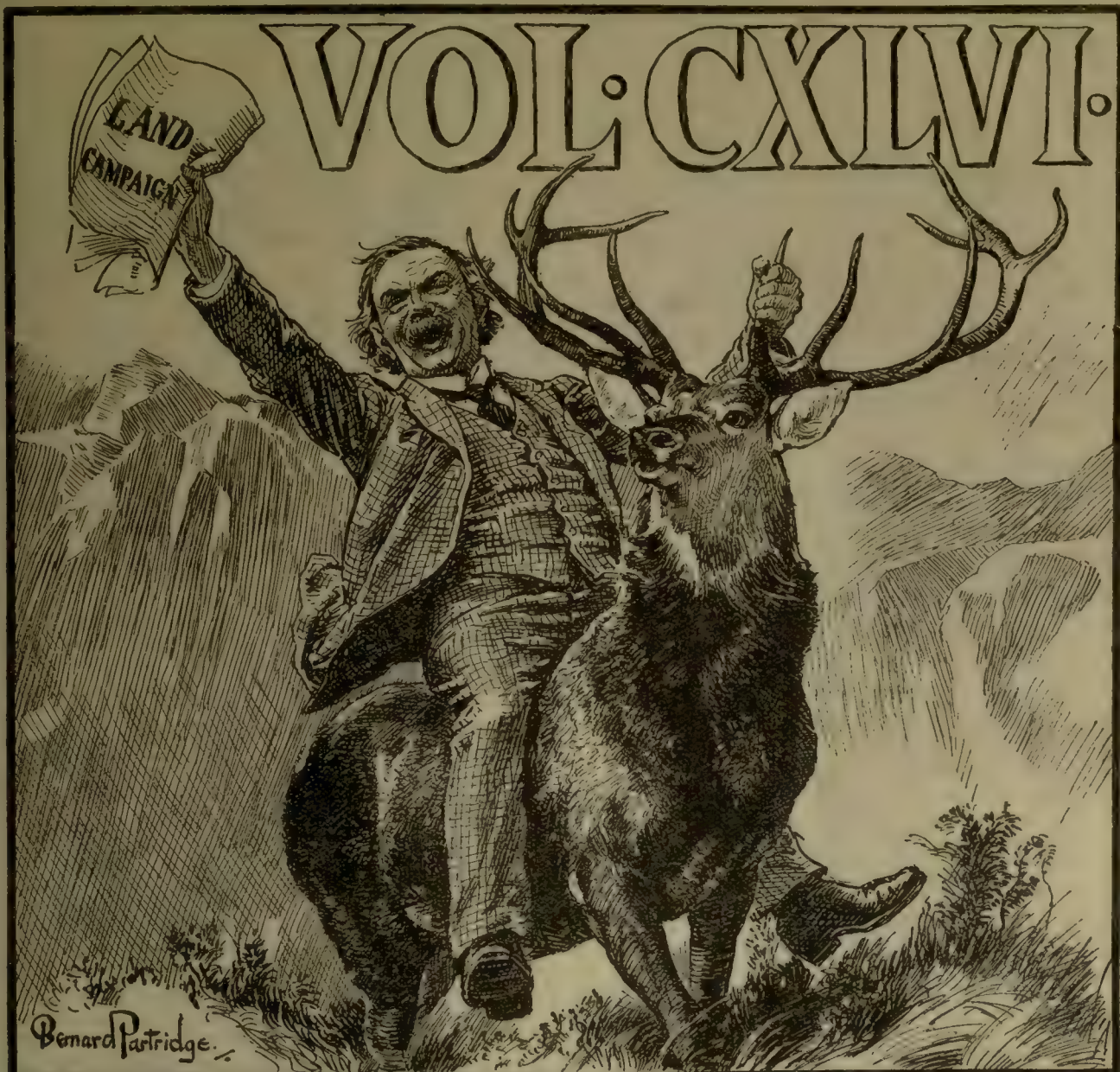




THE THREATENED AGRICULTURAL MILLENNIUM.

Departing Year. "DO I SLEEP, DO I DREAM? . . .  
OR IS VISIONS ABOUT?"





**"THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN": A NEW *LAND-SEER*.**

*AMENDE DÉSHONORABLE.*

HEAVILY dragged the night; the Year  
Was passing, and the clock's slow tick  
Boomed its sad message to my ear  
And made me pretty sick.

"You have been slack," I told myself, "and weak;  
You have done foolishly, from wilful choice;  
Sloth and procrastination——" Here my voice  
Broke in a squeak.

And deep repentance welled in me  
As I mused darkly on my sin;  
Yea, Conscience stung me, like a bee  
That gets her barb well in.

"Next year," I swore, in this compunctious mood,  
"I will be energetic, virtuous, kind;  
Unflinching I will face the awful grind  
Of being good."

I paused, half troubled by a thought—  
Were my proposals too sublime?  
Vowed I more deeply than I ought?  
I glanced to see the time.

It was 12.10 A.M. At once a thrill,  
A wave of manful resolution, sped  
Through all my being. "Yes," I bravely said,  
"Next year I will!"



## A PLAY OF FEATURES.

[Being Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER'S production of *The Attack* at the St. James's.]

SCENE—Alexandre Mèrital's house.

## ACT I.

*Daniel Mèrital.* My father is a wonderful man. Leader of the Social Party in the Chamber of Deputies, noted among his colleagues for his absolute integrity, supported by the millionaire newspaper proprietor, Frépeau, whose motives, between ourselves, are not altogether above— Oh, are you there, Father? I didn't see you. I'm just off to play tennis. [Exit.

*Enter Renée de Rould.*

*Renée.* Mr. Mèrital, may I speak to you a moment?

*Georges Alexandre Mèrital (with characteristic suavity).* Certainly.

*Renée.* I love you. Will you marry me?

*Mèrital (surprised).* Well, really—this is—I—you—we—er, he, she, they— Frankly, you embarrass me. (*Apologetically*) This is my embarrassed face.

*Renée.* But I thought you loved me. Don't you?

*Mèrital.* No. That is to say, yes. Or rather—

*Renée (tearfully).* I w-wish you could make it plainer whether you d-do love me and are pretending you don't, or you d-don't love me and are pretending you do. It's v-very unsettling for a young girl not to know.

*Sir GEORGES ALEXANDRE (surprised and a little hurt).* Can't you tell from my face?

*Miss MARTHA HEDMAN.* This is my first appearance in England, Sir GEORGES.

*Sir GEORGES.* True. I was forgetting. Well, when you have been with us a little longer, you will know that this is my face when I adore anyone very much, but, owing to an unfortunate episode in my past life, am forced to hide my love.

*Renée (alarmed).* Your past wife isn't alive somewhere?

*Mèrital.* Oh no, not that sort of thing at all. (*Embracing her carefully.*) I will marry you, Renée, but run along now because my friend Frépeau is coming, and he probably wants to talk business. [Exit Renée.

*Enter Frépeau.*

*Frépeau (excitedly).* Mèrital, you are in danger. A scandalous libel is being circulated about you.

*Mèrital (calmly).* Pooh! Faugh!

*Frépeau.* It is said that thirty years ago (*Alexandre's nose twitches*), when you were in a solicitor's office (*Alexandre's jaw drops*), you stole

ninepence from the stamp drawer (*Alexandre's eyeballs roll*). Of course it is a lie?

*Mèrital (with a great effort obtaining command of his features again).* Of course.

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

*Daniel Mèrital.* Father's face has been very odd these last few weeks. Sometimes I wonder whether he didn't steal the money after all. But we shall know after the libel action this afternoon. It starts at two. Oh, are you there, Father? I'm just going to see a man about something. [Exit.

*Enter Frépeau.*

*Mèrital.* Ah, Frépeau, the man I wanted to see. (*Plaintively*) Frépeau, when you called on me in the First Act, don't you think you might have given some indication by the play of your features that it was *you* who originated this libel against me, and that you are my deadly enemy? The merest twitch of the ears would have been enough.

*HOLMAN CLARK.* I wanted it to be a surprise for the audience.

*Sir GEORGES.* Yes, but is that art?

*HOLMAN CLARK.* Besides, in real life—

*Sir GEORGES (amazed).* Real life? Good Heavens, HOLMAN, is this *your* first appearance in England too?

*HOLMAN CLARK (annoyed).* Let's get on with the play.

*Sir GEORGES.* Certainly. Wait a moment till I've got my "strong-man-with-his-back-to-the-wall" expression. (*Arranging his face.*) How's that?

*HOLMAN CLARK.* Begin again . . . That's better.

*Mèrital (sternly).* Now then, Frépeau! I must ask you to give instructions that the libel is withdrawn in court this afternoon. If not—

*Frépeau.* Well?

*Mèrital (softly).* I know somebody else who stole something from the stamp drawer thirty years ago. (*Frépeau's whiskers tremble.*) Aha, I thought I'd move you this time.

*Frépeau.* It's a lie! How did you find out?

*Mèrital (blandly).* I said to myself, "I am the hero of this play and I've got to get out of this mess somehow. If I could only find some papers incriminating the villain—that's you—all would be well." So I—er—found them. . . . It's no good, Frépeau. Unless you let me off, you're done.

*Frépeau (getting up).* Well, I suppose I must. But personally I'd be ashamed to escape through such a rotten coincidence as that. (*Making for*

*the door.*) I'll just go and arrange it. Er, I suppose this is the end?

*Sir GEORGES.* The end? Good Heavens, man, I've got my big scene to come. I have to explain *why* Mèrital stole the money thirty years ago!

*HOLMAN CLARK (eagerly).* Let me guess. His wife was starv—

*Sir GEORGES.* No, no, don't spoil it. (*Sternly*) It's a very serious thing, HOLMAN, to spoil an actor-manager's big scene.

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

*Daniel Mèrital.* Father has won his case. I am glad. Oh, are you there, Father? I'm just going downstairs to count the telegrams. [Exit.

*Enter Renée.*

*Renée.* You have won the case? I knew it. I knew you were innocent.

*Mèrital (nobly).* Renée, I am not innocent. I did steal that ninepence. I would have confessed it before, but I had to think of my family. (*Cheers from the gallery.*) Of course it would also have been unpleasant for *me* if it had been known, but that did not influence me. (*More cheers.*) I thought only of my children. Let me tell you now *why* I stole it.

*Renée (eagerly).* Let me guess. Your wife was starving—

*Mèrital (astounded).* Wonderful! How ever did you know?

*Renée.*—and you meant to repay the money.

*Mèrital.* More and more marvellous. Yes, Renée, that was how it was. But it hardly does justice to the affair. It is too short. I want to tell you the story of my *whole* life and then you will understand. Watch my face carefully and observe how it works; notice the constant movement of my hands; listen to the inflections of my voice. This is going to be the longest speech ever made by an actor-manager, and you mustn't miss a moment of it. H'r'm! Now then. (*Nobly*) I was born fifty-three years ago. My father . . .

*Renée (half-an-hour later).* I still love you.

*Mèrital (with some truth).* What a love yours is!

*Enter Daniel, Julien and Georgette Mèrital.*

*Daniel.* Father, we have a confession to make. For some time we doubted your innocence. Your face—well, you'd have doubted it yourself if you'd seen it.

*Mèrital (taking his hand affectionately).* Ah! Daniel, I see I must tell you the story of my life. (*Excitement among the audience.*) And you too, Julien. (*Panic.*) Yes, and—little Georgette!

SAFETY CURTAIN.

A. A. M.





## THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

Coster. "SEE THAT, LIZ? THERE'S A COUNTRY FOR YOU!"







## PEACEFUL PERSUASION.

(JONES IS NOT NATURALLY A GENEROUS MAN.)

## THE ROMANCE OF A BATTLESHIP.

(From the Navy League Annual of 1916.)

I HAVE just returned (writes a Naval correspondent) from an interesting visit to the condemned battleship, *H.M.S. Indefensible*, which is now anchored off Brightlingsea, in the charge of retired petty-officer Herbert Tompkins and his wife.

The history of *H.M.S. Indefensible*, as gathered from the lips of her present curator, is so romantic as to be worthy of permanent record. In reply to my first question, "Whom did she belong to first of all?" Mr. Tompkins said, "Well, she was ordered first of all by the Argentine Republic, but, owing to a change of Government, they sold her to the Italians. I remember the launch at Barrow quite well," he said. "It was a mighty fine show, with the Italian Ambassador and his wife—the *Magnifico Pomposo*, they called her, I think it was—and there was speechifying and hurrying and enough champagne drunk to float her. That was just three years ago: a super-Dreadnought, they called her."

"Then how did the British Government get her?"

"Lor bless you, Sir, that didn't come for a long time yet. Ye see, Italy shortly afterwards made an alliance with Denmark, and, wishing to do the Danes a good turn, she arranged to sell them the *Magnifico Pomposo* at cost price—about three millions I think it was. But immediately afterwards the Russo-Chinese war broke out, and the Chinese offered the Danes four millions for the *Dannebrog*, as they had called her, so by the time the engines were put into her she had been re-christened the *Hoang-Ho*. But the war never came off: you remember that Mr. ROOSEVELT settled it by fighting a single combat with the Russian champion after he had been appointed President of China; so the Chinese leased the *Hoang-Ho* to the King of SIAM for four years at a million a year."

"Did she get out to Siam, then?"

"Oh no, Sir, no fear. The crew ran her on the Goodwin Sands on her trial trip, and there she stuck for a year. Before they got her off the Siamese had been released from their bargain by the Hague Tribunal, Mr. ROOSEVELT

had resigned the Presidency of China for that of Mexico, and the new President sold the *Chulalongkorn* back to Great Britain. Of course by that time she was quite obsolete, so they called her the *Indefensible*, and put a nucleus crew on board for a few months. Then when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE became Prime Minister, they offered her to Canada as a gift; but the Canadians didn't like her name. And when Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL came back last month he decided that she was to be made a target; but last week I heard she was to be sold for scrap-iron."

"Then whom does she belong to now?"

"Well, Sir, some says she belongs to Canada, and others say she's British, and others say she belongs to Mr. CHURCHILL, but in a manner of speaking I think she rightly belongs to Mrs. Tompkins and me."

"On making enquiries at the Hospital this afternoon, we learn that the deceased is as well as can be expected."—*Jersey Evening Post*.

It would, of course, be foolish to expect much.



## A NEW BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A HUNDRED years ago they had line engravings by CHARLES HEATH, and the long-necked, ringleted ladies looked wistfully or simperingly at you. I have several examples: *Caskets, Albums, Keepsakes*.

This book is different. The steel engravers have long since all died of starvation; and here are photographs only, but there are many more of them, and (strange innovation!) there are more gentlemen than ladies. For this preponderance there is a good commercial reason, as any student of the work will quickly discover, for we are now entering a sphere of life where the beauty of the sterner sex (if so severe a word can be applied to such sublimation of everything that is soft and voluptuous and endearing) is more considered than that of the other. Beautiful ladies are here in some profusion, but the first place is for beautiful and guinea-earning gentlemen.

In the old Books of Beauty one could make a choice. There was always one lady supremely longer-necked, more wistful or more simpering than the others. But in this new Book of Beauty one turns the pages only to be more perplexed. The embarrassment of riches is too embarrassing. I have been through the

work a score of times and am still wondering on whom my affections and admiration are most firmly fixed.

This new Book of Beauty has a very different title from the old ones. It is called *The Pekingese*, and is the revised edition for 1914.

How to play the part of *Paris* where all the competitors have some irresistibility, as all have of either sex! Once I thought that Wee Mo of Westwood was my heart's chiefest delight, "a flame-red little dog with black mask and ear-fringes, profuse coat and featherings, flat wide skull, short flat face, short bowed legs and well-shaped body." But then I turned back to Broadoak Beetle and on to Broadoak Cirawanzi, and Young Beetle, and Nanking Fo, and Ta Fo of Greystones, and Petshé Ah Wei, and Hay Ch'ah of Toddington, and that superb Sultanic creature, King Rudolph of Ruritania, and Champion Howbury Ming, and Su Eh of Newnham, and King Beetle of

Minden, and Champion Hu Hi, and Mo Sho, and that rich red dog, Buddha of Burford. And having chosen these I might just as well scratch out their names and write in others, for every male face in this book is a poem.

The ladies, as I have said, are in the minority, for obvious reasons, for these little disdainful distinguished gentlemen figure here as potential fathers, with their fees somewhat indelicately named; for there's a husbandry on earth as well as in heaven.

Such ladies as are here are here for their beauty alone and are beyond or below price. Their favours are not to be bought. Among them I note with especial joy Yiptse of Chinatown, Mandarin Marvel, who "inherits the beautiful front of her sire, Broadoak Beetle"; Lavender of Burton-on-Dee, "fawn

why should we not say that it was the introduction of Pekingese into England from China? According to an historical sketch at the beginning of this book, the first Pekingese were brought over in 1860, after the occupation of Peking by the Allies. The first black ones came here in 1896, and now in 1914 there are thousands of these wholly alluring and adorable and masterful little big-hearted creatures in England, turning staid men and women into ecstatic worshippers and making children lyrical with cries of appreciation. The book before me is the finest monument yet raised to this conquering breed.

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

(A Story of the Stone Age.)

Of all the young bachelors in his tribe not one was more highly esteemed than Ug, the son of Zug. He was one of the nicest young prehistoric men that ever sprang seven feet into the air to avoid the impulsive bite of a sabre-tooth tiger, or cheered the hearts of grave elders searching for inter-tribal talent by his lightning sprints in front of excitable mammoths. Everybody liked Ug, and it was a matter of surprise to his friends that he had never married.

One bright day, however, they were interested to observe that he had begun to exhibit all the symptoms. He brooded

apart. Twice in succession he refused a second help of pterodactyl at the tribal luncheon table. And there were those who claimed to have come upon him laboriously writing poetry on the walls of distant caves.

It should be understood that in those days only the most powerful motive, such as a whole-hearted love, could drive a man to writing poetry; for it was not the ridiculously simple task which it is to-day. The alphabet had not yet been invented, and the only method by which a young man could express himself was by carving or writing on stone a series of pictures, each of which conveyed the sense of some word or phrase. Thus, where the modern bard takes but a few seconds to write, "You made me love you. I didn't want to do it, I didn't want to do it," Ug, the son of Zug, had to sit up night after night till he had carved three trees, a plesiosaurus, four kinds of fish, a star-shaped rock, eleven



NEW SEASON'S NOVELTIES.

1. THE CAT'S-MEAT HAT-PIN PROTECTOR.
2. THE MUD-SPLASH VEIL.
3. THE THROAT CORSET.

with black mask"; Chi-Fa of Alderbourne, "a most charming and devoted little companion"; Yeng Loo of Ipsley; Detlong Mo-li of Alderburne, one of the "beautiful red daughters of Wong-ti of Alderburne," Champion Chaou Ching-ur, of whom her owner says that "in quaintness and individuality and in loving disposition she is unequalled" and is also "quite a 'woman of the world,' very *blasée* and also very punctilious in trifles;" Pearl of Cotehele, "bright red with beautiful back"; E-Wo Tu T'su; Berylune Tzu Hsi Chu; Ko-ki of Radbourne and Siddington Fi-fi.

Every now and then there is an article in the papers asking and answering the question, What is the greatest benefit that has come to mankind in the past half century? The answer is usually the Marconi system, or the cinema, or the pianola, or the turbine, or the Röntgen rays, or the telephone or the motor car. Always something utilitarian or scientific. But



different varieties of flowering shrub, and a more or less lifelike representation of a mammoth surprised while bathing. It is little wonder that the youth of the period, ever impetuous, looked askance at this method of revealing their passion, and preferred to give proof of their sincerity and fervour by waiting for the lady of their affections behind a rock and stunning her with a club.

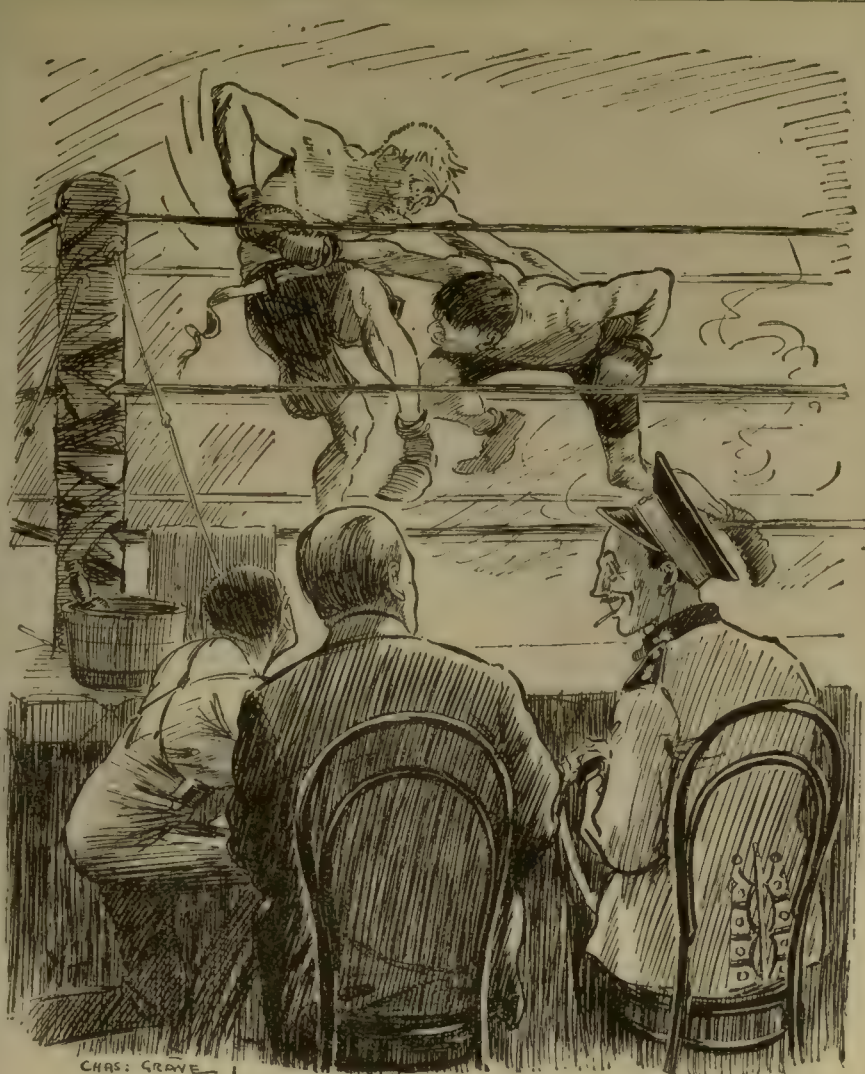
But the refined and sensitive nature of Ug, the son of Zug, shrank from this brusque form of wooing. He was shy with women. To him there was something a little coarse, almost ungentelemanly, in the orthodox form of proposal; and he had made up his mind that, if ever he should happen to fall in love, he would propose by ideograph.

It was shortly after he had come to this decision that, at a boy-and-girl dance given by a popular local hostess, he met the divinest creature he had ever seen. Her name was Wug, the daughter of Glug; and from the moment of their introduction he realised that she was the one girl in the world for him. It only remained to compose the ideograph.

Having steadied himself as far as possible by carving a few poems, as described above, he addressed himself to the really important task of the proposal.

It was extraordinarily difficult, for Ug had not had a very good education. All he knew he had picked up in the give and take of tribal life. For this reason he felt it would be better to keep the thing short. But it was hard to condense all he felt into a brief note. For a long time he thought in vain, then one night, as he tossed sleeplessly on his bed of rocks, he came to a decision. He would just ideograph, "Dear Wug, I love you. Yours faithfully, Ug. P.S. R.S.V.P.," and leave it at that. So in the morning he got to work, and by the end of the week the ideograph was completed. It consisted of a rising sun, two cave-bears, a walrus, seventeen shin-bones of the lesser rib-nosed baboon, a brontosaurus, three sand-eels, and a pterodactyl devouring a mangold-wurzel. It was an uncommonly neat piece of work, he considered, for one who had never attended an art-school. He was pleased with it. It would, he flattered himself, be a queer sort of girl who could stand out against that. For the first time for weeks he slept soundly and peacefully.

Next day his valet brought him with his morning beverage a piece of flat rock. On it was carved a simple human thigh-bone. He uttered a loud cry. She had rejected him. The parcel-post, an hour later, brought him



SCENE—An Army Boxing Competition.

Civilian. "RATHER A FEARFUL MAN, THAT?"

Soldier. "WELL, 'E AIN'T REALLY VERY FEARFUL. YOU SEE THE BIG FELLOW'S 'IS SERGEANT AN' THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE 'E 'AS OF GETTING A BIT OF 'IS OWN BACK."

his own ideograph, returned without a word.

Ug's greatest friend in the tribe was Jug, son of Mug, a youth of extraordinary tact and intelligence. To him Ug took his trouble.

Jug heard his story, and asked to see exactly what he had ideographed.

"You must have expressed yourself badly," he said.

"On the contrary," replied Ug, with some pique, "my proposal was brief, but it was a model of what that sort of proposal should be. Here it is. Read it for yourself."

Jug read it. Then he looked at his friend, concerned.

"But, my dear old man, what on earth did you mean by saying she has red hair and that you hate the sight of her?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, this ichthyosaurus."

"That's not an ichthyosaurus. It's a brontosaurus."

"It's not a bit like a brontosaurus. And it's rather like an ichthyosaurus. Where you went wrong was in not taking a few simple lessons in this sort of thing first."

"If you ask me," said Ug disgustedly, "this picture-writing is silly rot. To-morrow I start an Alphabet."

\* \* \* \* \*

But on the morrow he was otherwise employed. He was standing, concealed behind a rock, at the mouth of the cave of Wug, daughter of Glug. There was a dreamy look in his eyes, and his fingers were clasped like steel bands round the handle of one of the most business-like clubs the Stone Age had ever seen. Orthodoxy had found another disciple.



## CHARIVARIA.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON is to undertake a new expedition to the South Pole, and across the whole South Polar Continent. It is said that an offer from Dr. COOK, who happens to be over here, to show Sir ERNEST how he might save himself much wearisome travelling in achieving his object, has been rejected.

Judge PARRY declares, in the current number of *The Cornhill*, that lost golf balls belong to the KING; and the ball-room at Buckingham Palace is, we understand, to be enlarged at once.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW is the latest addition to Madame TUSSAUD's gallery of wax-works. But Mr. CHESTERTON must not be jealous. He too, we understand, will be placed there if room can be found for him.

From some correspondence in *The Express* we learn that members of more than one savage tribe have a habit of standing on one leg. We see no objection to this at all, but we were bound to protest the other day, in a crowded train, when we came across a stout gentleman standing on one foot. The foot, we should mention, was ours.

Of the late Mr. JOHN WILLIAM WHITE, who was only twenty-one inches in height, we are told that he was an ardent politician. Could he have been a Little Englander?

Straws show which way the wind blows, and the fact that the first prize in the Christmas lottery at Madrid has been won in Madrid, and the second in London, is held by wisacres to prove that there is a secret understanding between our country and Spain.

The fact that France's Colonial Empire, which is already extensive, has been increased by the birth, during a volcanic eruption, of a new island in the New Hebrides, has caused some little irritation in Germany.

The Lost Property department of Scotland Yard will, it is said, this year easily beat all previous records in the number of articles lost. But we English have always had the reputation of being good losers.

It is announced that Miss PHYLLIS DESMOND, of the Gaiety Theatre, and Mr. C. R. FINCH NOYES, of the Royal Naval Flying Corps, were married secretly last June. As proving how

difficult it is to keep a secret we believe that the fact has been known for some time past both to Miss DESMOND and Mr. NOYES.

Special cinema productions depicting scenes of a sacred nature were provided by enterprising managers for the clergy during the holiday season. When one remembers that there is also *Who's the Lady?* running under distinguished episcopal patronage, the modern curate cannot complain that he is not well catered for.

We congratulate *The Daily Mail* on finding a peculiarly appropriate topic for discussion at Christmas time. It was "Too Much Cramming."

Thieves broke into the vestry during the service and stole the gold watch and chain which the minister preaching the Christmas sermon at Marylebone Presbyterian church had left there. The minister must be sorry now that he did not trust his congregation.

Mr. GEORGE BAKER, of Brentwood, received a presentation the other day on completing his fiftieth year as a carol singer. He mentioned that once, at the beginning of his career, his carol party was broken up by an angry London householder, who fired a pistol-shot from his bedroom window. The modern Londoner, we fear, is decadent, and lacks the necessary spirit.

Dr. MARY WILLIAMS, medical inspector of schools under the Worcestershire County Council, has discovered, as a result of investigations, that there is a higher proportion of nervous, excitable children among the red-haired ones than among the others. We have ourselves known more than one such lad lose all self-control merely upon being addressed as "Carrots."

Is a motor-car, it is being asked, feminine—like a ship? A correspondent in *The Times* refers to her as a lady. Presumably because she wears a bonnet.

A correspondent writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* asking whether there is anything in the idea that a large number of used penny postage stamps will enable a person to be received into a charitable institution. We have always understood that the collector of one million of these stamps is admitted into a lunatic asylum without having to pass the entrance examination.

A lion from the bush, attracted by the roaring of its caged relatives in a circus at Wankies, South Africa,

suddenly made its way into the menagerie. The beast was ultimately driven away by attendants armed with red-hot poker, but five persons were seriously injured in the panic. The ticket-collector who let the animal in without payment has been reprimanded.

Speaking of MEDWIN's *Revised Life of Shelley*, a critic says in a contemporary: "He puts the well-known boats of Archimedes into blank verse." These boats were, we presume, fitted with ARCHIMEDES' famous screw?

The Hindujah barrage on the Euphrates has now been completed by an English firm, and will provide water for the Garden of Eden. The structure, we presume, is a blend of the ADAM style with NOAH's architecture.

"TRAINING SHIP OFF THE EMBANKMENT" is a heading which attracts our attention. This seems a much better idea than having the vessel on the Embankment, where it would be in everyone's way.

## THE LAST STRAW.

"The way in which individual taste is allowed to assert itself lends a curious charm to the present modes."—*Fashion Note*.]

THIS is the finish, Josephine.

Through every swift sartorial change Constant and true my love has been,

Nor showed the least desire to range.  
The hobble only brought to me  
These thoughts with consolation laden:—

"Lo, this is Fashion's fell decree;  
One must not blame the maiden.

"It is not hers this hideous choice;  
She blindly follows Fashion's lead,  
And deference to a ruling voice  
Proclaims her just the wife I need.  
Nought questioning, she answers to  
That voice, as soldiers to a trumpet;"  
And thus I choked the thought that you  
Were barmy on the crumpet.

But now unhappy doubts intrude  
To bid my satisfaction shrink;  
For Fashion in a gracious mood  
Allows her devotees to think.  
Since for your present garb, it seems,  
The mode is not to blame *in toto*,  
This is the end of love's young dreams  
(Dear, you may keep my photo).

"Of course, there is a dress parade, with some wonderful dresses, but if it had been only a parade it would not have been less interesting."—*Daily News*.

It would have been more interesting—but we hardly expected *The Daily News* to say so.



## THE HOLIDAY ENTERTAINERS.

Extract from Mr. Herbert Stodge's letter to his sister. "WE WERE GLAD TO HAVE OUR NEPHEW AND NIECE WITH US, BUT, FRANKLY, THEY ARE TOO SOLEMN."



"WE TOOK THEM TO THE PANTOMIME;



THEY CAME OUT GOLFING WITH US;



AND WE ALLOWED THEM TO SIT UP LATE,



BUT THE ONLY TIME THEY SMILED WAS WHEN THEY SAID GOOD-BYE."

ARWALLS  
MILLS 1913.





### AT OUR LOCAL FANCY CARNIVAL.

*Individual in Tights.* "I SAY, THIS PLACE IS BEASTLY WARM—I THINK I'LL CUT OFF HOME."  
*The One with the Scythe.* "I THINK I WILL ALSO. I WONDER WHAT THE TIME IS?"

### THE SUBSCRIPTION.

CHARLES, when our protest was lodged, merely replied that our favour of the 10th inst. was to hand, and that he really could not see his way to moving further in the matter. Let me explain the present extent of Charles's movement.

Miss Donelan, who ought to have known better, had allowed herself to be saddled with a thing called a Branch subscription list on behalf of the St. Nicholas New Year Offering.

Having exploited the probables and possibles she finally handed the document on to me with instructions to tout it round among my friends. (This is the sort of thing you get nowadays for placing your life at a young woman's disposal.)

Unfortunately I have no friends just now, except what I want to keep. While I was thus at a loss, Charles came to stay for a few days three doors off. He lives a long way away and would have time to forget before I saw him again. So on the day before his departure I bearded him like a man.

"Charles," I began, "you are fabulously rich. Your income comes in at such a pace that you hardly ever know within five shillings how much you have at the bank."

Charles blinked through the smoke of a violet-tipped cigarette.

"What about it?" he asked.

"This," I said; "I am, very reluctantly, offering you the chance of doing good. All you have to do is to sign your name here for anything up to a hundred pounds, and the good does itself. It is the Saint Nicholas New Year Offering."

"What does it do?" asked Charles uncomfortably.

"Do?" I answered. "Why, I don't think it does exactly *do*. You see it's a New Year Offering."

"I see," said Charles. "It doesn't do; it offers. Just like a Member of Parliament."

"I wish," I said, "instead of being funny at other people's expense you would be serious at your own, and tell me exactly how much I can put you down for?"

"There you go again," said Charles. "You want me to think of some definite amount on the spot. You know I hate thinking, and I hate definite amounts. And I loathe doing anything on the spot."

I looked at the subscription list. The last entry was:—

Major-General R. Hewland, £5 5s. 0d.

"You needn't do any thinking," I explained patiently. "You need only

stick down exactly the same as the last man. And if you'll promise to do it I'll leave the list with you, and you can fill it in when you feel sufficiently off the spot."

"Exactly the same?" asked Charles.

"Exactly," I said, with rising hopes.

"All right," said Charles. "I'll let you have it some time."

Four days later, at Miss Donelan's urgent request, I wrote to Charles for it. It came in less than forty-eight hours.

Extract from conclusion of subscription list returned by Charles:—

Major-General R. Hewland, £5 5s. 0d.

" " " " " "

### Dinner-Table Topics.

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE

GOING TO A WARMER CLIMATE."

*Midland Evening News.*

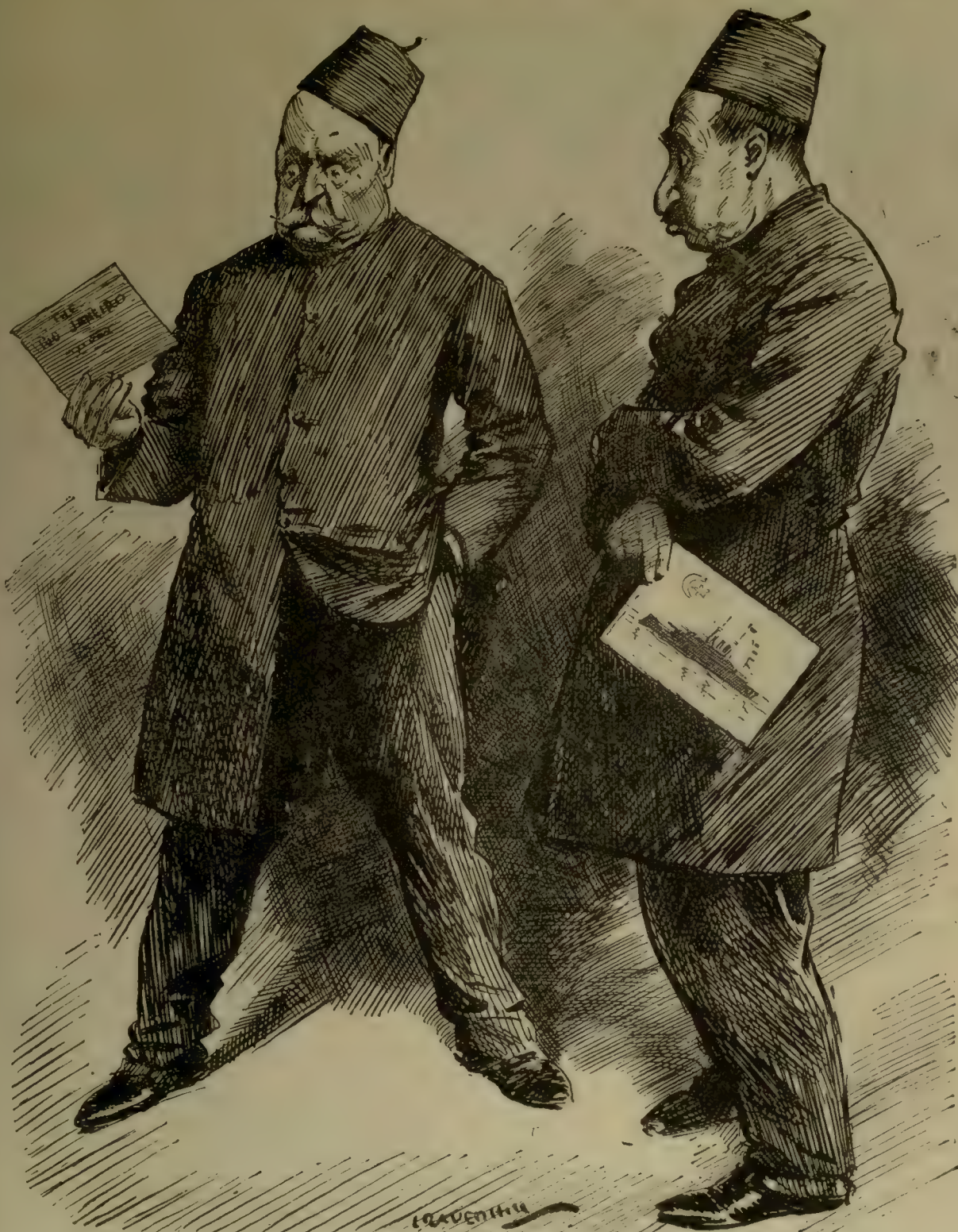
### Another Accident to an Infinitive.

"It is good news to at last hear that progress is being made again towards healing the 'split.'"—*Nottingham Football Post.*

So far not much progress is visible.

"Lord and Lady Arthur Hill arrived at Maples yesterday from London."—*Observer.*  
 And Mrs. and Miss Tomkins (in pursuit of bargains) continue to arrive daily at Peter Snelbody's from Cricklewood.





## THE SPLENDID PAUPERS.

FIRST TURKISH OFFICIAL (*presented with a photograph of the new Turkish Navy in lieu of six months' deferred pay*). "SO WE'VE GOT A DREADNOUGHT, HAVE WE?"

SECOND TURKISH OFFICIAL. "I DON'T KNOW WHO GETS THE DREAD, BUT I KNOW WE'VE GOT THE NOUGHT."





## THE SPELL

whereby the Good People may be brought back to a house which they have deserted.

FAIRIES!—whatsoever sprite  
Near about us dwells—

You who roam the hills at night,  
You who haunt the dells—  
Where you harbour, hear us!

By the Lady Hecate's might,  
Hearken and come near us!

Though we greatly fear, alack!  
Cloddish unbelief

Angered you and made you pack  
To our present grief,  
Hearts you shall not harden:

Bathe your hurts and come you back  
Here to house and garden!

By the oak and ash and thorn,  
By the rowan tree,

This was done ere we were born:  
Kith nor kin are we

Of the folk whose blindness  
Shut you out with scathe and scorn,  
Banished with unkindness.

See, we call you, hands entwined,  
Standing at our door,

With the glowing hearth behind  
And the wood before.

Thence, where you are lurking,  
Back we bring you, bring and bind  
With our magic's working.

Lo, our best we give for cess,  
Having naught above

Handsel of our happiness,  
Seizin of our love.

Take it then, O fairies!

Homely gods that guard and bless,  
Little kindly Lares.

## WHAT OUR READERS THINK OF US.

*The Daily Express* having invited its readers to intimate their opinion of that journal, *Mr. Punch* decided also to give the grumblers a chance of saying what they think of his production, and he now publishes a typical selection of the letters which have reached him:—

SIR,—I gave up your journal many years ago on account of its partisanship, and never read it now. Only last week I came across a paragraph in my copy which made me throw the paper into the waste-paper basket.

Yours faithfully, VERITAS.

SIR,—Why is it you always favour the Tories?

Yours faithfully, WELSH MEMBER.

SIR,—If you continue to publish cartoons with a pronounced Radical bias I am afraid you will lose at least one

OLD SUBSCRIBER.



(5.35 A.M. workman's train.)

Bill. "'ULLO, 'ERB; GOT A JOB, THEN?"

'Erb. "I AIN'T GOIN' UP TO LON'ON FOR A TANGO LESSON, I GIVE YOU MY WORD."

SIR,—I object to the advertisements. I think it would be a good move if you were to drop these, increase the number of pages, and reduce the price to a halfpenny. In taking this course you would have the support of several influential members of my parish, in addition to myself.

Yours faithfully, A COUNTRY PARSON.

SIR,—What your paper needs is light relief. Could you not give us a little humour now and then?

Yours faithfully, A POPULAR WRITER.

P.S.—The last MS. you returned to me was very much crumpled. Please be more careful in the future.

SIR,—I think it a pity you publish jokes. In this age, when all things—even our dear Bishops—are considered fit subjects for jest, we could do with one serious-minded paper. Trusting you will think this over,

Yours faithfully, HITCHY KIKUYU.

SIR,—You should see our American comic papers. Yours faithfully,  
WASHINGTON G. BUSTER.

SIR,—I find the blank pages at the back of the cartoons very useful for making notes on. Could you not extend this feature?

Yours faithfully, PROFESSOR.

SIR,—I think you would do well to cater more for women—who, after all, are a rising sex. A page each week devoted to modern fashions would not be at all out of place in your paper.

Yours faithfully, EVE.

SIR,—In my opinion your paper is the cleverest in the country—nay in the world. Nowhere else is such exquisite literary discrimination shown. I enclose a small contribution for your consideration, and am,

Yours faithfully, CONSTANT READER.



## THE PAPER-CHASE.

I ARRIVED at home at three o'clock on a frosty afternoon. "Now," thought I, "I shall have a quiet time before tea and shall be able to write a few letters and start my article." It was a dream of usefully employed leisure, but it didn't last long.

I found the whole family, with the addition of a little boy-friend, gathered together in a very purposeful and alarming way in the library. There was about them an undefinable air of the chase, for they were all well-booted and belted, and Peggy had a large clasp-knife dangling at her waist. "It is for the hare," she said, "when we catch him."

"The hare?" I said. "What hare?"

"You," said the lady of the house cheerfully, "are to be the hare. You are to run till you are cooked, and then you will be caught."

"What madness is this?" I said.

"It's not madness a bit," said Helen indignantly. "It's a paper-chase."

"And I," said Rosie, "have torn up all *The Timeses*."

"And I," said John, who is not always sure of his tenses, though he is very voluble, "have tore up *The Daily Newses*."

"That's capital," I said with enthusiasm. "A paper-chase is the best fun in the world. I'll see you start and give you a cheer."

"You can't do that," said Helen firmly, "because we've settled that you're to carry the bag and be the hare."

"Come, come," I said, "this is an unworthy proposal. Would you chase your more than middle-aged father over the open country? Never. How could he look the village in the face if he were to be seen scattering little bits of paper from a linen bag? He would fall in their esti-

mation and would drag you all with him in his fall. John," I said, "you would not have your father fall, would you?"

"It would make me laugh," said John, and the rest seemed to think that this callous remark settled the matter.

"Anyhow," I said, "I must have plenty of law."

"We won't have any law," said Helen, who is an intelligent child; "it's all quarrellings."

"Law," I said, "is the embodiment of human wisdom. In this case it means that I'm going to have ten minutes' start. Everyone of you must pledge his or her honour not to move until I've been gone ten minutes."

They made no difficulty about this, and, the lady of the house having appointed herself time-keeper and having promised to have a large tea ready for us when we returned, I was sent on my way with a bag of paper and many shrill shouts of encouragement.

Now I ask my colleagues in the parental business to consider my case. I daresay they fancy themselves as runners on the strength of their remembered boyish feats and of certain more recent runs when they have lingered too long over breakfast and have had to catch a train. I warn them not to build a paper-chase on so slender a

foundation. A jog-trot seems the easiest thing in the world, but after two hundred yards the temptation to lapse into a walk becomes irresistible. I will dwell no further on my own experiences, but transfer myself in imagination to the hounds who were chasing me. Afterwards I heard so much of their exploits that I almost came to feel I had shared in their daring and been a party to their final success.

From the garden door the line led across the road and on to a track skirting the railway. This piece was taken at a brisk pace, the scent being breast-high. A sheet might have covered the whole pack. Then came a hairpin turn over the level crossing, a swing to the right and a steady trudge up the hill. Half-way up there were gates to the right and the left, and here the blown but wary hare had laid his first false trail. This unsuspected device roused the utmost indignation, and doubts were freely expressed as to its being legitimate. John was sent to the right to investigate; Peggy went off to the left, which proved to be

the true trail, and in a very short time the dauntless five were once more in full cry. Rosie, who is a reader of books, afterwards said that no sleuth-hounds could have done the thing better. So by paths and ploughed fields and over gates and stiles the dreadful chase continued until there came another check. "These," said Helen, pointing to some pieces of paper, "are not newspaper. They are bits of letters." It was too true. *The Timeses* and *The Daily Newses* had given out, and the hare, omitting nothing that might lead to his destruction, had torn up all his available correspondence. It threw the pack out for a few minutes, but they rallied. In another hundred-and-fifty yards they ran into their hare, who, paperless and letterless, had taken refuge behind a tree and was ignominiously hauled out.



"TWELFTH NIGHT" (JAN. 6).

Mr. Lloyd George (as Malvolio). "Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused."—Act II., Scene 2.

So ended our great Christmas paper-chase, an event which must remain justly celebrated both for the ardour with which it was undertaken and for the endurance with which it was pursued. What a chatter there was as we returned, what a narration of glorious incidents of pace, of skill and of cunning defeated by greater cunning. Falls there had been and shin-scrapes and the tearing of skirts and stockings, and legends were made up and told again and again. And at home the lady of the house had to hear it all once more, and the tea she gave us was voted the best in the world.

Copy of letter to Clerk of the Peace in reply to Jury Summons:—

DEAR SIR,—Your to hand re Sumons to Quarter Sessions on Jan'y 9/14

I beg to be excused from this as I have ann abess forming under a bad tooth and at the present time my face is very much swollen.

further that the 9th being a red letter day in my life being the day on which my dear wife passed away

and I have understood that all those over 60 year of age was exempt from these things. So I shall be extremly obligid if you could free me this time answer by bearer will oblig  
your respectfully





### AFTER A BAD DAY'S GOLF.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

### CONTINENTAL INTELLIGENCE.

An extraordinary domestic tragedy is reported from a remote province of Poland. A beautiful young woman, named Vera Alexandrina Polianowski, who had been married only about two years, was expecting the return home of her husband, a sailor. During his absence of five months a mournful calamity had befallen her in an affection of the larynx, which threatened to deprive her temporarily of the power to articulate. Realising her impending affliction, she had taught a grey parrot, which her husband had left with her, to exclaim repeatedly from just inside the door of her cottage, in joyous accents that bore no inconsiderable resemblance to her own once melodious voice, these touching words, "Enter, dearest Vladimir, and console me for my misfortune!"

It chanced, however, that before marrying Vladimir Polianowski, the sailor, Vera Alexandrina had had a lover in poor circumstances named Vladimir Crackovitch, whom, with the thoughtlessness of a beautiful young girl, she had encouraged to get rich as quickly as he could in America and then return

to claim her as his bride. Vladimir Crackovitch had taken her at her word. With the silent determination of a great soul, he had amassed about a hundred thousand dollars in America in less than four years, and only two or three minutes before Vera Alexandrina's husband was due to arrive he himself stood at the cottage door with folded arms, asking himself if he should or should not enter and reproach Vera Alexandrina for her inconstancy.

His hesitation was suddenly overcome by the parrot. "Enter, dearest Vladimir, and console me for my misfortune!" it cried eagerly from within, and, not for an instant doubting that it was an invitation from the woman whom he still loved fondly in spite of her perfidy, and being unaware of her laryngeal affliction, he bounded into the house and hurried from room to room until he found Vera Alexandrina Polianowski.

But Vladimir, the sailor, had already in the meantime, from the top of an adjacent lane, beheld Vladimir Crackovitch at the door of his home, and, being a man of the most blindly passionate and jealous impulses, his next procedure may be imagined.

Several hours later a neighbour called at the cottage and discovered the three corpses in one sad heap: Vera Alexandrina Polianowski, shot through the breast; at her side, Vladimir Crackovitch, with a bullet in each eye; and, still clutching his revolver, Vladimir, the sailor, seated upon his grim cushion of the dead, his back supported against the wall under the domestic lamplit icon, with a smile of hellish satisfaction frozen upon his lips and the remaining three bullets buried in his heart.

The above is not necessarily a true story. It is a specimen of the small-print news with which the rather young Assistant Sub-Editor of *The Dullandshire Chronicle* (established 1763) is permitted, occasionally, to divert those of *The Chronicle's* subscribers who take an intelligent interest in continental affairs.

"You know the 'Tziganes,' don't you?—those marvellous gentlemen in red coats with sleek dark singlets, exotic complexions, and bold, rolling black eyes."—*Sunday Chronicle*. Strictly speaking, singlets, of whatever colour, should be worn *under* the coat.



### THE HUNTSMAN'S STORY.

I HEARD the huntsman calling as he drew Threacre Spinney;  
He found a fox and hunted him and handled him ere night,  
And his voice upon the hill-side was as golden as a guinea,  
And I ventured he'd done nicely—most respectful and polite—  
Jig-jogging back to kennels, and the stars were shining bright.

Old Jezebel and Jealous they were trotting at his stirrup;  
The road was clear, the moon was up, 'twas but a mile or so;  
He got the pack behind him with a chirp and with a chirrup,  
And said he, "I had the secret from my gran'dad long ago,  
And all the old man left me, Sir, if you should want to know.

"And he was most a gipsy, Sir, and spoke the gipsy lingo,  
But he knew of hounds and horses all as NIMROD might have know'd:  
When we'd ask him how he did it, he would say, 'You little Gringos,  
I learnt it from a lady that I met upon the road;  
In the hills o' Connemara was this wondrous gift bestowed.'

"Connemara—County Galway—he was there in 1830;  
He was taking hounds to kennel, all alone, he used to say,  
And the hills of Connemara, when the night is falling dirty,  
Is an ill place to be left in when the dusk is turning grey,  
An ill place to be lost in most at any time o' day.

"Adown the dismal mountains that night it blew tremendous,  
A-sobbing like a giant and a-snorting like a whale,  
When he saw beside the sheep-track ('Holy Saints,' says he, 'defend us!')  
A mighty dainty lady, dressed in green, and sweet and pale,  
And she rode an all-cream pony with an Arab head and tail.

"Says she to him, 'Young gentleman, to you I'd be beholden  
If you'd ride along to Fairyland this night beside o' me;  
There's a fox that eats our chickens—them that lays the eggs that's golden—  
And our little fairy mouse-dogs, ah, 'tis small account they'll be,  
Sure it wants an advertising pack to gobble such as he!'

"So gran'dad says, 'Your servant, Miss,' and got his hounds together,  
And the mountain-side flew open and they rode into the hill;  
'Your country's one to cross,' says he, and rights a stirrup-leather,  
And he found in half-a-jiffey, and he finished with a kill;  
And the little fairy lady, she was with 'em with a will.

"Then 'O,' says she, 'young man,' says she, 'tis lonesome here in Faerie,  
So won't you stay and hunt with us and never more to roam,  
And take a bride'—she looks at him—'whose youth can never vary,  
With hair as black as midnight and a breast as white as foam?'  
And 'Thank you, Miss,' says gran'dad, 'but I've got a wife at home!'

"Then, 'O, young man,' says she, 'young man, then you shall take a bounty,  
A bounty of my magic that may grant you wishes three;  
Come make yourself the grandest man from out o' Galway County

To Dublin's famous city all of my good gramarye?'  
And, 'Thank you, Miss,' says gran'dad, 'but such ain't no use to me.'

"But he said, since she was pressing of her fairy spells and forces,  
He'd take the threefold bounty, lest a gift he'd seem to scorn:  
He'd ask, beyond all other men, the tricks o' hounds and horses,  
And a voice to charm a woodland of a soft December morn,  
And sons to follow after him, all to the business born.

"And—but here we are at home, Sir. Yes, the old man was a terror  
For his fairies and his nonsense, yet the story's some-ways right;  
He'd the trick o' hounds and horses to a marvel—and no error;  
And to hear him draw a woodland was a pride and a delight;  
And—*was it luck entirely, Sir, I killed my fox to-night?*"

### THE LITTLE WONDER.

THE crowd had gone, the lights had been extinguished, and the doors of the music-hall were shut. The Little Wonder was tired after the performance; his attempt to do the double somersault had strained him, and his failure had brought a whipping. Although the outhouse in which he was to lie was cold and damp and smelt horribly, he was glad when his master thrust him into it, and he was content to lie down in the straw and forget his misery in sleep.

He dreamt a beautiful dream. He dreamt that he was a master, and that he was presenting to a crowded audience what he had billed as "A Marvel of the Twentieth Century"—a performing man. The man was a creature with a pink face, oily hair, and a black moustache; and the Little Wonder, in his capacity as master, made the Marvel bark like a dog, whereat the audience yelped its approval. Then the collar of a member of the audience was handed on to the stage, while the Marvel was blindfolded, and, after sniffing the collar, he succeeded in tracking down its owner—like a dog again. And in whatever trick the Marvel did, the Little Wonder was close behind him, looking so friendly and threatening him with low growls at the same time. If the Marvel happened to remember for a moment his miserable condition and to look unhappy, his master would look still more kindly and threaten even more sternly. Then came the moment when the orchestra stopped suddenly, and the kettledrum rolled, and the eyes of the audience were fixed upon the Marvel. For this remarkable performing man was scratching in a tub of earth to find a bone—just like a real dog; and that was his greatest trick. When he had successfully performed it, his master (the Little Wonder) presented him with a twopenny cigar clothed in a flashy cummerbund, to show how generously he rewarded achievements. Then, as the curtain fell, he retired with many bows—and in the wings gave the Marvel a hot time for shirking the biscuit trick.

I question whether the Little Wonder in real life would have so ill-treated any creature; but things are different in dreams; and, as he slept, a smile seemed to come into the shaggy face of this little Irish terrier.

"In a fierce game at Ilfracombe yesterday morning several houses were partially unroofed, and an arcade blown in."—*Scotsman*.  
Where was the referee?



## RECORD RISKS.

(A Sequel to "Narrow Escapes.")

THE report that M. PADEREWSKI has been hunted by Nihilists out of Denver has suggested to the Editor of *The Musical Mirror* the happy thought of circularising a number of prominent musicians with a view to ascertaining the most dangerous experiences they have ever undergone.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE writes to say that the worst quarter of a minute he ever spent was while tarpon fishing off the coast of Florida, when a gigantic tarpon, weighing some 400 lbs., leaped into the boat with its mouth wide open. With great presence of mind the famous organist thrust into the monster's gaping jaws a full score of STRAUSS'S *Elektra*, which he was studying between the casts, and the tarpon at once leaped out of the boat and was never seen or heard of again.

MADAME MELBA'S most perilous experience was on a tour in the Far East, when the liner in which she was travelling was caught by a tidal wave and hurled with enormous velocity towards the rocky coast of Sumatra. Noticing that a large whale was following the vessel, and remembering the peculiar susceptibility of these giant mammals to musical sounds, Madame MELBA sang the *scena*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," with such persuasive force that the whale allowed itself to be made fast with a hawser and then towed the liner back safely into the open sea.

Mr. Bamborough (formerly M. Bamberger) recounted the episode, already alluded to in these columns, when he was partially eaten by cannibals in the Solomon Islands; but the details are too harrowing for reproduction, even in a condensed form. It is interesting to learn, however, that a punitive expedition was despatched by the British Government to avenge the insult, as a result of which Mr. Bamborough was awarded an indemnity of 1,000 bales of copra, 20 tons of sandalwood, and £3,000 worth of tortoiseshell.

Sir FREDERICK COWEN, in reply to the circular, states that the closest call he ever had was when adjudicating at a Welsh Eisteddfod. In consequence of an unpopular award he was besieged in his hotel by an infuriated crowd and only escaped by changing clothes with a policeman.

Professor Quantock de Banville relates how, while obtaining local colour for his new Choral Symphony, he was attacked by a gorilla in Central Africa, but tamed the mighty simian by the power of his eye.

In conclusion we may note that the



## THE WEEK-END AND THE EXHAUSTED MIDDLE.

TIME—Wednesday, 4 P.M.

Client (to office-boy). "CAN I SEE MR. BROWN?"

Office-Boy. "AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END, SIR."

Client. "WHICH?"

Office-Boy. "NEXT, SIR."

only disappointing answer was received from Signor Crinuto, the famous pianist; who replied, "I have never had a close shave, and never intend to have one."

"A Christmas Tree Entertainment will be held in Pelican Lake schoolhouse on Tuesday, Dec. 23. Everybody welcome, no admission."—*Vermilion Standard* (Alberta. No relation to *The Sporting Times*).

You are at perfect liberty to hang about outside.

"No one can deny that it is essential London should have a thoroughly equipped shin hospital."—*Advt. in "Sphere."*

No footballer, anyhow.

## From a General Knowledge (sic) Examination.

The Cat and Mouse Act is an Act by which a cat may not kill a mouse unless when necessary.

The Apocalypse is an ailment one has apocalyptic fits.

Sea-legs are when you don't have legs but a tail.

The All Red Route is the human throat or swallow.

Ten instruments for an orchestra are banjo, pianola, concertina, mandoline, psalteries, shawms, bagpipes, bells to clash with, violins, and bassinette.

To die in harness means to die married.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL."

EMERSON says somewhere that there are great ways of borrowing; that, if you can contrive to transmute base metal into fine, nobody will worry as to where you got your base metal from. But, when it is the other way about, I think you must not be surprised if people ask you where you lifted your gold. And the answer, in the case of Miss ELEANOR GATES, is that the nuggets were the property of LEWIS CARROLL. She has taken the sprightly and fantastic humour of *Alice in Wonderland*, passed it through the alembic (if that is the word) of her American imagination, and the result is something that hardly lets you smile at all. It is not a typical product of native industry, but even that does not make it much easier for us to grasp the secret of its success over there. It would seem that nearly all Transatlantic humour, indigenous or adoptive, is apt, like certain wines, to suffer in the process of sea-transit.

Her "Poor Little Rich Girl" is poor because her parents are too rich. Her father is too busy with finance and her mother with social climbing to spare time for their daughter's company, so they leave her to the care of governesses and menials. Her nurse, anxious for an evening out at a picture-palace, gives the child an overdose of sleeping-mixture, with the result that she nearly dies of it. In the course of delirious dreams she finds herself in the "Tell-Tale Forest" (which threatens to recall *The Palace of Truth*), and here all the picturesque phrases which she has been in the childish habit of misinterpreting in their literal sense—"a bee in the bonnet," to "ride hobbies," "to play ducks and drakes," "to pay the piper," and so forth—are realised in human or animal form. With these are mixed the familiar figures of her waking life, all of them exposed in their true characters so that you can distinguish the devotion of the doctor (who now appears in pink because he likes riding hobbies) and the affection of the teddy-bear (now expanded to human proportions) from the serpentine nature of the governess and the double-faced dealings of the nurse. Her father, who is a stranger to her, comes on dressed in banknotes and chained to a safe; her mother, also a stranger, wears a society bee which buzzes in the place where her bonnet would have been; and five samples of

the fashionable world, where, as you know, everybody thinks the same thing at the same time, let off recitatives from time to time in unison. And there was much talk about "Robin Hood's Barn," a thing I was never told about at an age when I am sure it would have given me sincere pleasure.

Here and there the symbolism was obvious to the point of crudity; but you searched in vain for a consistent scheme. The father in his banknotes lashed to a ponderous safe was an easy personification of the slavery of wealth, and the pantomime ducks and drakes were simple to understand as symbolizing the career of a spendthrift (though the father was never that);

perhaps a little cloying, but it was all quite nice and sympathetic. Still, I am afraid I agreed more than I was meant to with the speech of pretty little Miss STEPHANIE BELL, when she told us before the curtain that they would cable to the author in America to say how glad we were that it was all over.

MR. ERNEST HENDRIE, who was translated from an organ-grinder to a maker of faces, played very soundly, but seemed to me a little too deliberate and conscious in his speech. I found a more moving appeal in the slight pathetic sketch of an old faithful butler by Mr. GEORGE MALLETT. Mr. FEWLESS LLEWELLYN might easily, with a little assistance from the author, have

extracted a lot more fun from his Plumber. Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY had a simple and popular part as the good Doctor. Miss HELEN HAYE's cleverness was wasted on the character of a sinuous governess. Miss EVELYN WEEDEN did all that was asked of the mother in both worlds—the world of fancy and the world of fact. But, to speak truth, there was little attraction in the performance apart from the personality of Miss STEPHANIE BELL in the title rôle. If the play is to succeed—and its hope lies in the good temper and high spirits of holiday time—the author will owe most to the natural charm of this delightful young lady, who played throughout with a most engaging sincerity and ease. O. S.



## WITH THE "TELL-TALE FOREST" HUNT.

*The Hobby Rider* (Mr. CHERRY) takes the temperature of *The Poor Little Rich Girl* (Miss STEPHANIE BELL).

The hound is Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE (*The Man who makes Faces*), well-known as *The Dog in The Blue Bird*.

but why, you asked, did the double-faced nurse exhaust all her spare moments and our patience pirouetting about the stage? Did she represent the levity of the dual life? Not at all; her actions bore no moral significance: she was just giving a literal illustration of a phrase—"to dance attendance."

I don't know how the children in the audience appreciated all this, but I confess that some of it left me wondering whether my intelligence was too raw or too ripe for the fancies of this Wonder-Zoo-Land.

The First Act, which showed the child's life at home, had fallen altogether flat; but the Third, in which she wakes in her pretty bedroom, restored from the jaws of death to her repentant parents, put us on better terms with ourselves, for we were not really hard to please. The sweetness of it was

"After fifty years of good conduct in the Ancona Penitentiary, the life sentence of Giacomo Casale has been remitted by King Victor Emmanuel. Casale's astonishment at the altered world in which he found himself on coming out of prison was unbounded. He immediately"—*Daily Express*.

Unfortunately our contemporary stops there, and leaves us all in an agony of doubt. Our own view is that CASALE bought the Mimosa Edition of a certain rival journal, and that the Editor of *The Express* only just censored the paragraph in time.

"The wireless station at Kamina, in Togo, German West Africa, has received a number of wireless telegrams from the station at Nauen, a distance of 3,348 miles. The Kamina station will not be able to reply until its new plant, which is being set up with the utmost speed, has been completed."—*Reuter*. Indeed, the opinion is held by some that it would be quicker to reply by post.

"The prison buildings themselves are separated from this wall by a yard measuring twenty-five years across."—*Daily Dispatch*. Of course a yard ought to measure thirty-six inches.





English Horse Dealer (to Irish horse dealer from whom he is buying a horse). "How 's HE BRED?"

Irish Dealer. "WELL, HOW WOULD YE LIKE HIM BRED? IF HE WAS FOR SIR PATRICK UP AT THE CASTLE HE'D BE BY RED EAGLE OUT AT AN ASBECTIC MARE, BUT YE CAN SUIT YERSILF."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF for nothing else, Mr. JACK LONDON's latest story would deserve a welcome for its topicality. In these days of strikes and industrial conflict every one might be glad to know what a writer of his individuality has to say about unions and blacklegs and picketing. True, this is hardly the kind of thing that one has learnt to associate with his name; and for that reason perhaps I best liked *The Valley of the Moon* (MILLS AND BOON) after its hero and heroine had shaken the unsavoury dust of the town from their feet and set them towards the open country. But much had to happen first. The hero was big *Billy Roberts*, a teamster with the heart of a child and the strength of a prize-fighter—which was in fact his alternative profession. He married *Saxon Brown* ("a scream of a name" her friend called it when introducing them to each other), and for a time their life together was as nearly idyllic as newly-wedded house-keeping in a mean street could permit it to be. Then came the lean years: strikes and strike-breaking, sabotage and rioting, prison for *Billy*, and all but starvation for *Saxon*. Perhaps you know already that peculiar gift of Mr. JACK LONDON's that makes you not only see physical hardship but suffer it? I believe that after these chapters the reader of them will never again be able to regard a newspaper report of street-fighting with the same detachment as before, so vivid are they, so haunting. In the end, however, as I say, we find a happier atmosphere. The adventures of *Billy* and *Saxon*, tramping it in search of a home, soon make their urban terrors seem to them and the reader a kind of nightmare. Here Mr. LONDON is at his delightful best, and his word-pictures of country scenes are as fresh

and fine as anything he has yet done. *The Valley of the Moon*, in short, is really two stories—one grim, one pleasant, and both brilliantly successful.

It is perhaps a mistake to read a novel at a sitting, since the reaction is too sudden and the reader is apt to find the real life and the real people surrounding him highly unsatisfactory by contrast. Mr. JAMES PROSPER has reduced me to this state by *The Mountain Apart* (HEINEMANN), but it is my duty as critic to disregard my personal feelings and judge impartially between the fictitious and the actual. Duty, then, compels me to say that the *Mr. Henry Harding* who at the last solved all the difficulties of *Rose Hilton* by the simple expedient of a romantic proposal is a hollow fraud. The position was this: *Rose* was a woman of flesh and blood and all the human limitations, blessed and cursed with all the intricacies allotted by Providence to the sex. Her trouble was that she had to face life as it is, and this she found very trying. She suffered from her marriage to a man old enough to be her grandfather, and from her abortive grapplings both with the abstract problems of her soul and the concrete mischiefs of her female friends. The influence of IBSEN and a militant Suffragette didn't help her meditations, and when her husband died she had the mortification to find that the first man of her own age who professed love to her was no man but a series of artistic poses. Of her difficulties, real enough up to this point, the solution was the fraudulent *Henry*, fraudulent because he was just a stage hero whose actions and conversation resembled nothing on earth. *Henry*, in fact, is the sort of person that doesn't exist, and, if he did, would be intolerable to everybody except a novel reader worked up to a climax. I doubt if even such a reader could stand the fellow on a



longer acquaintance. To this conclusion all must come in their saner moments, and yet most will, I think, finish the book in one spell and be under the delusion at the end of it that all their troubles would be solved at once if only their friends would talk and conduct themselves more like *Henry*.

In *Theodore Roosevelt: an Autobiography* (MACMILLAN) the ex-President shows us how it was done: how he started life as a weakly lad and by perseverance made himself what he is to-day. But what is he? That is the insoluble problem. No two people, least of all Americans, seem to agree on the point. I have heard Mr. ROOSEVELT called everything from a charlatan to the Saviour of his Country. For myself, if I may intrude my own view, I have always admired the "Bull Moose." But, since nobody on this earth, in America or out of it, can really understand American politics, my respect has been for Mr. ROOSEVELT's private rather than his public performances. And in the view that he is, take him all round, a pretty good sort of man, this book has confirmed me. He has told his story well. Nor is the Power of the Human "I" too much in evidence. It is just a simple, straightforward tale of a particularly interesting life. Whatever your views on Mr. ROOSEVELT may be, the fact remains that he has been a cowboy, a police commissioner of New York, a soldier on active service, and the President of God's Country, suh; and a man must have an unusually negative personality if he cannot make entertainment for us out of that. Now nobody has ever suspected Mr. ROOSEVELT of a negative personality; and it is certain that he has told a very entertaining story. There are in this volume battle, murder, sudden death, outlaws, cowboys, bears, American politics, and the author's views on the English blackbird, all handsomely illustrated, and the price is only what you would (or would not) pay for a stall to see a musical comedy. It's a bargain.

Between the rising of the partisans of the Duchesse DE BERRI and the dawn of the Tractarian movement there would not seem, at first blush, to be any very close association apart from the coincidence of their dates; yet in *The Vision Splendid* (MURRAY), by D. K. BROSTER and G. W. TAYLOR, a link is furnished in the person of an English clergyman's daughter, who marries a Frenchman of the "Legitimist" aristocracy, and is loved, before and afterwards, by an enthusiastic disciple of the Oriel Common Room. But the link is too slight to give a proper unity to the tale; and we have to fall back upon contrasts. Even so, the two modes of life which made up, between them, the experience of the *Comtesse de la Roche-Guyon* (née *Horatia Grenville*) are too cleanly severed by the estranging Channel to be brought into sharp antithesis, except in the heart of the one woman. And,

since it is difficult to understand why anyone so British in her independence and aloofness should have surrendered her heart to the first good-looking Frenchman who came her way, we never get to be on very intimate terms with that organ. The construction of the story tends to break up the action and make its interest desultory. While we are spending a hundred odd pages at one time and fifty odd at another in Paris and Brittany we forget, very contentedly, about Oriel; and while we are in residence at Oxford we are practically cut off—no doubt, to our spiritual gain—from the things of France. The authors seem to belong to the solid old-fashioned school that had the patience to spread itself and leave as little as might be to the imagination. I suspect one of them of supplying the foreign information and the other of being the correspondent on home and clerical affairs. I don't know how many of them—if any—are women, but I seem to trace a female hand in some of the domestic details. But the

book contains strong matter, too—both of narrative and characterization; as in the dying of *Armand de la Roche-Guyon*, and the picture of his lover, *Madame de Vigerie*. And there is something of the inspiration of the Holy Grail in that "Vision Splendid" which heartens *Tristram Hungerford* to make sacrifice of his passion that he may give his soul unshared to the service of the Church.

Until I had read Mr. A. RADCLIFFE DUGMORE's book and revelled in his most wonderful photographs I had never wished to be a caribou; but now

that I have fully digested *The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou* (HEINEMANN) there is only one animal whose lot in life I really envy. This is due not to a natural sympathy with caribous (for, as the author says, "In England it is quite the exception to find anyone who knows what the caribou is, unless he happens to have been to Newfoundland or certain parts of Canada," and I was never one of the exceptions), but to the extraordinary manner in which Mr. DUGMORE has imparted the affection that he himself entertains for his chosen beast. Although he shoots with no more formidable a weapon than a camera, the dangers and risks that he has run would appal many of the sportsmen whose aim is to destroy and not to study the lives of animals. He has, however, no contempt for hunters, provided that they will play the game and give a fair chance to their quarry. Another point in his favour, which appeals mightily to me, is that after nine consecutive seasons in Newfoundland he confesses that his knowledge of the caribou is still incomplete. This means that, when he does make an absolute statement, you may be pretty certain that it is true. If I ever have to argue about the habits of caribous, there is one shot that will remain in my locker until the very end of the argument, and it will be, "Well, DUGMORE says so."



IMPRESSION OF A FOOTBALL MATCH GATHERED FROM OUR ILLUSTRATED DAILY PAPERS.



## CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that the CHANCELLOR has, while in North Africa, been making a close study of camels, with a view to ascertaining the nature of the last straw which breaks their backs.

It is denied that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in order to give a practical demonstration of his belief in the disarmament idea, has given instructions that all precautions against attacks on him by Suffragettes are to be discontinued.

The Balkan situation is considered to have undergone a change for the worse owing to the purchase by Turkey of the Dreadnought *Rio de Janeiro*. For ourselves we cannot subscribe to this view. Is it likely that the Turks, after paying over £2,000,000 for her, will risk losing this valuable vessel in war?

On the day of the marriage of the Teuton Coal-King's daughter to Lord REDESDALE'S son last week there was snow on the ground. The Coal-King must have shown up very well against it.

Sir REGINALD BRADE is to be the new permanent secretary at the War Office. Let's hope he has no connection with the firm of Gold Brade and Red Tape.

It has been discovered that members of a certain Eskimo tribe have an extra joint in their waists. The news has caused the greatest excitement among cannibal tribes all over the world, and it is expected that there will be a huge demand for these people. Where there are big families to feed the extra joint will be invaluable.

"OUR RESOLUTION IS TO GO FORWARD IN THE NEW YEAR." advertises the London General Omnibus Co. A capital idea, this. Vehicles which simply go backwards are never so satisfactory.

After one-hundred-and-fifty-years' careful consideration the War Office has given permission to the Black Watch and the King's Royal Rifle Corps to bear on their regimental colours the honorary distinction "North America, 1763-64," in recognition of services rendered during the war against the Red Indians.

Not sixty people visited "La Gioconda" on one of the days after her return to Paris, when a charge of four shillings was made for admission, and, towards the end of the day, the smile is said to have worn a rather forced look.

"Who are the best selling modern authors?" asks a contemporary. We do not like to mention names, but, as readers, we have been sold by several popular writers lately.

We are not surprised that many persons are becoming rather disgusted with our little amateurish attempts at Winter. Thousands now go to Switzerland, and Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON is going even further afield. Meanwhile

cake was eaten which had been put away on their marriage day in 1863.

A soap combine, with a nominal capital of £35,000,000, is said to have been formed to exploit China, and the Mongols may yet cease to be a yellow race.

The latest tall story from America is to the effect that some burglars who broke into the Presbyterian church at Syracuse, New York, stole a parcel of sermons.

## YOUNG MOTHER'S SWAN-SONG.

"It was better for a young mother to start her new chapter unhampered: the less she knew the better it was for her."

Mrs. Annie Swan.]

How do you take a baby up?  
What does it like to eat?  
Do you put rusks in a feeding cup?  
Have you to mince its meat?  
Haven't I heard them speak of pap?  
Isn't there caudle too?  
How do you keep the thing on your lap?  
Why are its eyes askew?  
Is it a touch of original sin  
Causes an infant to squall,  
Or trust misplaced in a safety-pin  
Lost in the depths of a shawl?  
When do you "shorten" a growing child  
(Is it so much too long)?  
Should legs be lopped or the scalp be filed?  
Both in a sense seem wrong.



PANTOMIME FAUNA.

Extract from the note-book of the dramatic critic of "The Wampton Clarion":—

*Mr Clarence Tink delighted the audience with his truly life like representation of a wolf-bean lion cat monkey an animal of the furrige tribe. The pantomime of was real.*

the Government does nothing to stem this emigration.

The boxing craze among the French continues. M. VEDRINES, the intrepid aviator, has taken it up and been practising on M. ROUX'S ears.

The German CROWN PRINCE has become a member of the Danzig Cabinet Makers' Union. Later on he hopes to become a Chancellor-maker.

Another impending apology? Headlines from *The Daily Chronicle*:—

"PNEUMONIA ON THE RAND.  
DISCOVERY OF ITS CAUSE.  
SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT'S  
VACCINE TREATMENT."

Could frugality go further? At the golden wedding celebrations of a Southend couple, a packet of wedding

"Kitchy," I think I have heard them say;

What shall I make it kitch?  
"Bo" I believe in a mystic way  
Frightens or soothes, but which?  
Didn't I see one once reversed,  
Patted about the spine?  
Is it the way they should all be nursed?  
Will it agree with mine?  
Surely its gums are strangely bare?  
Why does it dribble so?  
Will reason dawn in that glassy stare  
If I dandle it briskly? Oh!!!  
Grandmothers! Mothers! or Instinct,  
you!  
Haste with your secret lore!  
What, oh what shall I, what shall I  
do?  
Baby has crashed to the floor!

"They adjourned to the Village Hell, where each child was presented with a parcel of suitable clothing."—*Tonbridge Free Press*.  
Asbestos, no doubt.



### A PRANCING PRUSSIAN.

(Showing how Colonel VON REUTER, late of Zabern, appealed to his regiment to defend the honour of the Army. The following speech is based upon evidence given at the Strassburg trial.)

My Prussian braves, on whom devolves the mission  
To vindicate our gallant Army's worth,  
Upholding in its present proud position  
The noblest fighting instrument on earth—  
If, in your progress, any vile civilian  
Declines the homage of the lifted hat,  
Your business is to paint his chest vermilion—  
Kindly attend to that.

Never leave barracks, when you go a-shopping,  
Without an escort loaded up with lead;  
Always maintain a desultory popping  
At anyone who wags a wanton head;  
If, as he passes, some low boy should whistle  
With nose in air and shameless chin out-thrust,  
Making your scandalised moustaches bristle—  
Reduce the dog to dust.

I hear a sinister and shocking rumour  
Touching the native tendency to chaff.  
If you should meet with specimens of humour  
See that our soldiers get the final laugh;  
Fling the facetious corpses in the fountains  
So as the red blood overflows the brink;  
Keep on until the blue Alsatian mountains  
Turn a reflective pink.

Should any female whom your shadow touches  
Grudge you the glad, but deferential, eye;  
Should any cripple fail to hold his crutches  
At the salute as you go marching by;  
Draw, in the KAISER'S name—'tis rank high treason;  
Stun them with sabre-strokes upon the poll;  
Then dump them (giving no pedantic reason)  
Down cellars with the coal.

Be on your guard against all people strolling  
In ones or twos about the public square  
Hard by your quarters; set your men patrolling;  
Ask every knave what he is doing there;  
And, if in your good wisdom you determine  
To view their conduct in a dangerous light,  
Bring the machine-guns out and blow the vermin  
Into the Ewigkeit.

Enough! I leave our honour in your keeping.  
What are your bright swords for except to slay?  
Preserve their lustre; let me see them leaping  
Out of their scabbards twenty times a day;  
Unless we smash these craven churls like crockery  
To prove our right of place within the sun,  
Our martial prestige has become a mockery  
And Deutschland's day is done!

O. S.

"The dancing, in the conventional bullet style, of Miss Sybil Roe, was quite good."—*Wiltshire Times*.

We confess that the bullet style is too fast for us.

"In all the best dress ateliers classic evening gowns are now being exhibited, and in many of these the lines of the corsage closely resemble the draperies to be seen on the Venus de Milo."

*Daily Mail*.

We must go and look at the Venus de Milo's corsage again.

### THE NEW JOURNAL-INSURANCE.

[Several newspapers have been roused to a sense of their duties to their readers by the insurance competition between *The Chronicle* and *The Mail*. We make a few preliminary announcements of other insurance schemes which are not yet contemplated.]

**VOTES FOR WOMEN.**—A copy of the current issue nailed to your front door insures you absolutely against arson.

**THE STAR.**—All regular subscribers to *The Star* are insured with the proprietors of *The Daily News* for £1,000 in the event of being welshed on any race-course.

**THE NATIONAL REVIEW.**—Annual subscribers to *The National Review* are guaranteed £10,000 in the event of being (a) robbed on the highway by a member of the present Ministry; (b) defrauded by a member of the present Ministry; (c) having house burgled by member of the present Ministry; (d) having pocket picked by member of present Ministry; always excluding any act or acts done by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in a strictly official capacity.

**THE CHURCH TIMES.**—All regular subscribers are insured for £500 against excommunication. £1,000 will be paid to the heirs or assigns of any reader who loses his head in a conflict with a Bishop (Deans, Rural Deans, Canons and Archdeacons being excepted from the benefit of this clause in the policy).

**THE ENGLISH REVIEW.**—Poetic contributors are insured for £500 in the event of a prosecution under the Blasphemy Laws.

**THE DAILY EXPRESS.**—You can sleep soundly in your bed, you can sleep soundly in your train, if the current issue of *The Daily Express* be on your person. All purchasers are insured for £10,000 against any conflagrations or explosions caused by bombs or combustibles dropped from German airships.

**THE BRITISH WEEKLY.**—All readers of *The British Weekly* are insured for £1,000 in the event of heart-failure caused by shock while reading the thrilling stories provided by SILAS, JOSEPH, TIMOTHY and JEREMIAH HOCKING.

**THE RECORD.**—£500 will be paid to any annual subscriber forcibly detained in a convent, provided that at the time of such detention a copy of the current issue of *The Record* be in his possession. £1,000 will be paid to the legal representatives of any reader burnt at the stake.

**THE CRICCIETH CHRONICLE.**—£3 a week for life, together with a poultry farm on a Sutherland deer-forest, to the owner of any shorn lamb which is found dead in a snow-drift with a copy of the current issue wrapt round it, to keep it warm.

The great world rolls on, but of the master-brains which direct its movement the man in the street knows nothing. He has never heard of the Clerk of the Portland Urban District Council; he is entirely ignorant of Army Order 701.

"Dear Sir" (writes the Clerk)—"A meeting of the Underhill Members of the Council will be held to-morrow (Saturday), at 3 o'clock p.m., in Spring Gardens (Fortuneswell) for the purpose of selecting a site for the Telegraph Post."

"With effect from 1st January, 1914" (says the Army Order)—"rewigging of gun sponges will be done by the Ordnance Department instead of locally as at present."

"Inman was seen to greater advantage at yesterday afternoon's session in this match of 18,000 up, in Edinburgh, than on any previous day of the match, scoring 1,083 while Aiken was aggregating the mentally afflicted."—*Nottingham Guardian*.

One must amuse oneself somehow while the other man is at the table.





### A SEA-CHANGE.

TORY CHORUS (to WINSTON). "YOU'VE MADE ME LOVE YOU; I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT."









*Amiable Uncle (doing some conjuring to amuse the children). "SEE, HERE I HAVE A BILLIARD BALL—I AM GOING TO TURN IT INTO SOMETHING ELSE."*  
*First Bored Youngster (to second ditto). "WHY SHOULD HE? IT'S A VERY NICE BALL."*

### WHAT TO TELL AN EDITOR.

IN view of *The Daily Mail's* praiseworthy efforts to instruct applicants for situations in the correct phrasing of letters to prospective employers, we propose to supply a similar long-felt want, and give a little advice as to the kind of letter it is desirable to enclose with contributions to periodicals.

Begin your letter in a friendly vein, hoping the Editor and his people are pretty well. Remember also that Editors like to know something of the characters and histories of their contributors. So let your communication include a *résumé* of your personal and literary career. Don't fall into the error of making your letter too concise.

The following suggestions may serve to indicate some of the lines of thought that you might follow:—

- (1) State where you sent your first manuscript.
- (2) What you thought of it, and of the Editor who returned it.
- (3) Your height and chest measure-

ment (an Editor likes to be on the safe side).

(4) State who persuaded you to take up literature, and give height and chest measurement of same.

(5) Give a short but optimistic description of your contribution, not to exceed in length the contribution itself.

(6) State whether literary genius is rife in your family or has been rife at any time since 1066.

(7) Give a list of journals to which you have already sent the enclosed contribution, and state your reasons for supposing that the Editors were misguided. Hint that perhaps, after all, their lack of enterprise was fortunate for the present recipient.

(8) Mention your hobbies and the different appointments you have held since the age of twelve, with names and addresses of employers. Also give your reasons for remaining as long as you did in each situation.

(9) State how long you have been a subscriber to the journal you are electing to honour, and whether you

think it's worth the money. Point out any little improvements you consider desirable in its compilation, and mention other periodicals as perfect examples. Preface these remarks with some such phrase as this: "Pray don't think I want to teach you your business, but—"

(10) Give full list (names and addresses) of friends who have promised to buy the paper if your contribution appears.

(11) Give a brief outline, in faultless English, of your religious, political and police court convictions, your views on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, and any ideas you may have about the Law of Copyright.

Finally, enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for the return of your article.

"It has always been supposed that Charles I. when Prince of Wales and travelling incognito with the Duke of Buckingham saw and fell in love with Marie Antoinette."

Not by us. We always supposed he fell in love with SARAH BERNHARDT.



## THE SAME OLD STORY.

WE stood in a circle round the parrot's cage and gazed with interest at its occupant. She (Evangeline) was balancing easily on one leg, while with the other leg and her beak she tried to peel a monkey-nut. There are some of us who hate to be watched at meals, particularly when dealing with the dessert, but Evangeline is not of our number.

"There," said Mrs. Atherley, "isn't she a beauty?"

I felt that, as the last to be introduced, I ought to say something.

"What do you say to a parrot?" I whispered to Miss Atherley.

"Have a banana," suggested Archie.

"I believe you say, 'Scratch-a-poll,'" said Miss Atherley, "but I don't know why."

"Isn't that rather dangerous? Suppose it retorted 'Scratch your own,' I shouldn't know a bit how to go on."

"It can't talk," said Archie. "It's quite a baby—only seven months old. But it's no good showing it your watch; you must think of some other way of amusing it."

"Break it to me, Archie. Have I been asked down solely to amuse the parrot, or did any of you others want to see me?"

"Only the parrot," said Archie.

Evangeline paid no attention to us. She continued to wrestle with the monkey-nut. I should say that she was a bird not easily amused.

"Can't it really talk at all?" I asked Mrs. Atherley.

"Not yet. You see, she's only just come over from South America, and isn't used to the climate yet."

"Just the person you'd expect to talk a lot about the weather. I believe you've been had. Write a little note to the poulterers and ask if you can change it. You've got a bad one by mistake."

"We got it as a bird," said Mrs. Atherley with dignity, "not as a gramophone."

The next morning Evangeline was as silent as ever. Miss Atherley and I surveyed it after breakfast. It was still grappling with a monkey-nut, but no doubt a different one.

"Isn't it *ever* going to talk?" I asked. "Really, I thought parrots were continually chatting."

"Yes, but they have to be taught—just like you teach a baby."

"Are you sure? I quite see that you have to teach them any special things you want them to say, but I thought they were all born with a few simple obvious remarks, like 'Poor Polly,' or—'Dash LLOYD GEORGE.'"

"I don't think so," said Miss Atherley. "Not the green ones."

At dinner that evening, Mr. Atherley being now with us, the question of Evangeline's education was seriously considered.

"The only proper method," began Mr. Atherley—"By the way," he said, turning to me, "you don't know anything about parrots, do you?"

"No," I said. "You can go on quite safely."

"The only proper method of teaching a parrot—I got this from a man in the City this morning—is to give her a word at a time, and to go on repeating it over and over again until she's got hold of it."

"And after that the parrot goes on repeating it over and over again until you've got sick of it," said Archie.

"Then we shall have to be very careful what word we choose," said Mrs. Atherley.

"What is your favourite word?"

"Well, really—"

"Animal, vegetable or mineral?" asked Archie.

"This is quite impossible. Every word by itself seems so silly."

"Not 'home' and 'mother,'" I said reproachfully.

"You shall recite your little piece in the drawing-room afterwards," said Miss Atherley to me. "Think of something sensible now."

"Yes," said Mrs. Atherley. "What's the latest word from London?"

"Kikuyu."

"What?"

"I can't say it again," I protested.

"If you can't even say it twice, it's no good for Evangeline."

A thoughtful silence fell upon us.

"Have you fixed on a name for her yet?" Miss Atherley asked her mother.

"Evangeline, of course."

"No, I mean a name for her to call you. Because if she's going to call you 'Auntie' or 'Darling,' or whatever you decide on, you'd better start by teaching her that."

And then I had a brilliant idea.

"I've got the very word," I said. "It's 'hallo.' You see, it's a pleasant form of greeting to any stranger, and it will go perfectly with the next word that she's taught, whatever it may be."

"Supposing it's 'wardrobe,'" suggested Archie, "or 'sardine'?"

"Why not? 'Hallo, Sardine' is the perfect title for a *revue*. Witty, subtle, neat—probably the great brain of the *Revue King* has already evolved it, and is planning the opening scene."

"Yes, 'hallo' isn't at all bad," said Mr. Atherley. "Anyway, it's better than 'Poor Polly,' which is simply morbid. Let's fix on 'hallo.'"

"Good," said Mrs. Atherley.

Evangeline said nothing, being asleep under her blanket.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was down first next morning, having forgotten to wind up my watch overnight. Longing for company I took the blanket off Evangeline's cage and introduced her to the world again. She stirred sleepily, opened her eyes and blinked at me.

"Hallo, Evangeline," I said.

She made no reply.

Suddenly a splendid scheme occurred to me. I would teach Evangeline her word now. How it would surprise the others when they came down and said "Hallo" to her, to find themselves promptly answered back!

"Evangeline," I said, "listen. Hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo." I stopped a moment and went on more slowly.

"Hallo—hallo—hallo."

It was dull work.

"Hallo," I said, "hallo—hallo—hallo," and then very distinctly, "Hal-lo."

Evangeline looked at me with an utterly bored face.

"Hallo," I said, "hallo—hallo."

She picked up a monkey nut and ate it languidly.

"Hallo," I went on, "hallo, hallo . . . hallo, hallo, HALLO, HALLO . . . hallo, hallo—"

She dropped her nut and roused herself for a moment.

"Number engaged," she snapped, and took another nut.

\* \* \* \* \*

You needn't believe this. The others didn't when I told them. A. A. M.

From "Notes, Questions and Answers" in *T.P.'s Weekly*:—

"Author wanted, and where the whole poem can be found:—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I'll not ask for wine."

C. E. H.

[Herrick. A collected edition of the poems is published by J. M. Dent at 1s. net.—Ed. N.Q.A.]

Afterthought by Ed. N.Q.A.: "At least I think it's HERRICK . . . or WORDSWORTH . . . but wait till the Editor comes back from Algiers. He's sure to know."

"Sir John Thornycroft kicked off in a football charity match at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, in which the combined ages of the players was 440 years."—*Hull Daily Mail*.

Why not?

"M. Timiriazeff, president of the Anglo-British Chamber of Commerce, followed with a speech."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We like his Anglo-British name.



## WINTER SPORTS.

[Some additional aspects of the fashionable topic that seem to have escaped the writers of similar articles in our contemporaries.]

## (I.)—BUYING THE HOTEL.

For this game several players are required, who form themselves into one or more parties according to numbers. A player, preferably a woman, is selected as leader, and should possess nerve, coolness, and an authoritative voice. The object of the game is to secure (1) The best rooms; (2) Tables with a view; (3) The controlling interest in all projects of entertainment. It is an important advantage for the leader to have stayed in the hotel at least once previously. If she is able to announce on arrival, "Here we are as usual!" and to greet the proprietor and staff by name, this often gives an initial blow exceedingly hard to parry. English visitors have been proving very adept at the sport this season, with Americans a good second. The German game, on the contrary, is slower and less subtle.

## (II.)—SPOTTING THE PARSON.

An amusing game that has been very popular at many Swiss resorts lately, and one that calls for the qualifications of a quick brain and a keen eye. The universal adoption of sweaters and woollen caps makes the task of the players one of considerable difficulty. Envelope-reading should be forbidden by the rules, and some codes even debar the offering of a *Church Times* to a suspected stranger. The *Athenæum* and *Spectator* may, however, be freely employed as bait. A simpler version of the same sport called "HOW MANY SCHOOLMASTERS?" is often indulged in between December 20th and January 15th, after which latter date it loses its point.

Other games, seldom chronicled but requiring at least as much skill from their votaries as the better known varieties, are EARLY MORNING SKI-BAGGING—at which the Germans frequently carry all before them—and PRESSING THE PRESS-PHOTOGRAPHER, where the object of all the players is to appear recognizably in a snap-shot for the illustrated journals. At this the record score of three weekly and five daily papers has been held for two successive seasons by the same player, a gentleman whose dexterity is the subject of universal admiration.

## THE WONDER ZOO.

CANADA has evolved a novelty described as a "new beef animal," which is a blend of the domestic cow and the North American bison. The resulting prodigy has the ferocious hump and shoulders of the bison, with the mildly benevolent face of the Herefordshire ox. It must not, however, be supposed that the old country is behind-hand in such experiments, as witness the following:—

Billingsgate salesmen have lately been supplied with advance copies of the new Codoyster fish. This epicurean triumph, which owes its existence to the research of several eminent specialists, is the result of a blend of the North Sea cod and the finest Whitstable native. The result is said to reproduce in a remarkable degree the succulent qualities of the original fish when eaten with oyster sauce, and caterers are sure to welcome the combination of these popular items in so handy a form.

Several fine examples of the Soho chicken have lately appeared upon the show benches at various important poultry contests. This ingenious creation, which has long been familiar to the patrons of our less expensive restaurants (hence the name), is said to possess qualities of endurance



SCENE—Interior of box at Fancy Dress Ball.

Host of Party. "I SAY, BETTY, I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A CITY FRIEND OF MINE, MR. JONES."

Hostess (hospitably). "HOW D'YOU DO? OH, YOU'RE AWFULLY GOOD!"

Host (sotto voce). "TAKE CARE! HE'S NOT MADE UP AT ALL."

superior to anything previously on the market. Its muscular development is phenomenal, while the entire elimination of the liver, and the substitution of four extra drum-sticks for the ordinary wings and thighs, are noteworthy characteristics.

Success in another branch of the same endeavour is shown in the latest report of the Society for the Prolongation of Dachshunds. According to this the worm-ideal seems at last to be in sight, careful inter-breeding having now produced a variety called the Processional, selected specimens of which take from one to two minutes in passing any given spot. The almost entire disappearance of legs is another attractive feature.

Meanwhile Major-Gen. Threebottle writes from Oporto Lodge, Ealing, strongly protesting against any further complication of the fauna of these islands, and pointing out that the simple snakes and cats of our youth were already sufficiently formidable to a nervous invalid like himself without the addition of such objectionable novelties.

"Without warning, while the car was travelling at about fifteen miles per hour, the tyre of the front wheel burst."—*Scotsman*.

Our tyres are much better trained, and each of the four gives a distinctive cough before bursting.

"WAREHOUSEMAN (jun.), clothing dept., large corporation."

Advt. in "*Glasgow Herald*."

He should show off the new line in check waistcoats to the best advantage.



## THE SECRET OUT.

## AN INTERVIEW.

He had a coarse confident face, a red nose, a Cockney accent and a raucous voice. He was dressed as a sluttish woman.

Directly I saw him I was conscious of a feeling of repulsion, which I fear my expression must have indicated, for he looked surprised.

"Why aren't you laughing?" he asked.

"Why should I laugh?" I asked in return.

"Because you are looking at me," he said. "I am accustomed to laughter the instant I appear."

"Why?"

"Because I am a funny man," he said.

"How?"

"I look funny," he said; "I say funny things; I draw a good salary for it. If I wasn't funny I shouldn't draw a good salary, should I?"

"You do draw it," I said guardedly. "Be funny now."

"Wait till I catch you bending," he said with a violent grimace. "'What ho! Ave a drop of gin, ole dear?'"

"Be funny now," I repeated.

He looked bewildered. "I was being funny," he said. "I bring the house down with that, as a rule."

"Where?"

"In panto," he said.

"Oh!" I replied. "So you're the funny man of a pantomime, are you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Which one?"

"All of them," he said.

"Good," I replied. "I have long wanted a talk with you. There are things I want to ask you. Why, for instance, do you always pretend to be a grimy slum woman?"

"It seems to be expected," he said.

"Who expects it? The children?"

"What children?"

"The children who go to pantomimes," I said.

"Oh, those! Well, they laugh," he replied evasively.

"They like to see you quarrelling with your husband and getting drunk?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to hear you, as an Ugly Sister in *Cinderella*, singing 'Father's on the booze again; mother's off her chump?'"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to see you as the wife of Ali Baba, finding pawntickets in your husband's pockets and charging him with spending his money on flappers?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to see you, as The Widow Twankay, visit a race meeting and get

welshed and have your clothes torn off?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to see you, as Dick Whittington's mother, telling the cat that, if he must eat onions, at any rate he can refrain from kissing her?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to see you, as the dame in *Goody Two Shoes*, open a night club on the strict understanding that it is only for clergymen's daughters in need of recreation?"

"They laugh," he said again.

"But they don't know what you mean?"

"No. But I'm funny. That's what you don't seem to understand. I'm so funny that everything I say and do makes them laugh. It doesn't, in fact, matter *what* I say."

"Ah!" I replied, "I have you there! In that case why don't you say a few simpler and sweeter things?"

He seemed perplexed.

"Things," I explained, "that don't want quite so much knowledge of the seamy side of life?"

"Go on!" he said derisively. "I haven't got time to mug *that* up. I've got my living to get. You don't suppose I invent my jokes, do you? I collect them. I'm on the Halls the rest of the year, and I hear them there. There hasn't been a new joke in a pantomime these twenty years. But what you don't seem to get into your head, mister, is the fact that I make them laugh. Laugh. I'm a scream, I tell you."

"And laughter is all you want?" I asked.

"I must either make people laugh or get 'the bird.'"

"But hasn't it ever occurred to you," I said, "that children in a theatre at Christmas time are entitled to have a little fun that is not wholly connected with sordid domestic affairs and pot-house commonness?"

"Never," he said, and I believed him.

"Haven't you children of your own?"

"Several."

"And is that how you amuse them at home?"

"Of course not. They're too young."

"How old are they?"

"From six to thirteen."

"But that's the age of the children who go to pantomimes," I suggested.

"Well, it's different in your own home," he said. "Besides," he added, "it isn't children I aim at in my jokes. There's other things for them: the fairy ballets, the comic dog."

"And what is the audience you aim at?" I asked. "I suppose there is one definite figure you have in your mind's eye?"

"Yes," he said, "there is one. The person in the audience that I always aim at is the silly servant-girl in the front row of the gallery. That's why I so often say 'girls' before I make a joke. You've heard me, haven't you?"

"Haven't I?" I groaned.

## THE GAME LICENCE.

It was yesterday afternoon, towards the close of the last beat of our annual cover shoot, that I perceived a fellow in a yellow waterproof popping up his head from time to time (at no little risk to his life) over a dyke some way behind the line of guns. As soon as the beaters came out he advanced and introduced himself as an Excise Officer, asking "if this would be a convenient moment to examine the game licences of the party."

It was not at all a convenient moment for Walter—who hadn't got one. My thoughts flew at once to Walter in this crisis, for I knew he was bound to be had. Walter never does have game licences, season tickets, adhesive labels, telegraph forms or things of that sort. And as he had only returned from Canada two days before and this was the first time that he had been out, and further as he immediately disappeared and hid behind the hedge, I knew that my worst suspicions must be confirmed. While the Excise Officer was taking down the names and addresses of the rest of the party I went after Walter. He was sitting in the ditch with his head in his hands.

"If this had happened a few years ago, old chap," he said, "when I was a younger man, I should have run for it. But to-day I believe that feller would overhaul me within half-a-mile. My wind's rotten. Do you think he'll find us here?"

"Yes," said I, "he is coming this way."

Walter got up. "There must be some way out of it," he said thoughtfully, "if one could only think of it." Then he boldly confronted his accuser.

"Since you put it to me," he said, "no, I have no game licence. But fortunately in my case it is not necessary. I am exempt."

The Officer stared at him a moment.

"Certainly it is necessary," he said.

"Kindly show me the form of this licence," said Walter in the most lordly, off-hand, *de-haut-en-bas* tone of voice, and the Officer handed him one belonging to the Major, which he had been scrutinizing. "This, I perceive," said Walter, when he had read it carefully, "is a licence or certificate to kill game. It doesn't apply to me."

"Why not?"



"Because I haven't killed any game."

"But you have your gun in your hand at this moment."

"That is so. This is my gun. But where, I ask you, is my dead game? The truth is, my dear fellow," he went on, dropping his voice to a more confidential level, "though it's pretty humiliating to have to admit it and all that, especially before the beaters—the truth is that I haven't hit a blamed thing to-day. Rotten, isn't it?"

Walter isn't much of a shot and there weren't many birds anyway, and he hadn't been very lucky in his stands—and when one came to think it over one couldn't just exactly remember anything at all having fallen to his gun.

"I call all these fellows to witness," said Walter most impressively, "that I have killed no game. If it pleases me to discharge my gun, at short intervals, for the sake of the bang—"

"You require a gun licence," said the Officer.

"That is not the point. I may or may not have a gun licence, but our present controversy relates to a certificate to kill game. Do not let us confuse the issue."

It now appeared, however, that the Officer had been waiting behind the dyke rather longer than we knew. "I myself," he said firmly, "saw you bring down a cock pheasant at the beginning of the last beat."

Walter consulted the paper in his hand. "I observe," he said, "that this licence (or certificate) relates to killing game. There is nothing said of bringing it down. I may, as you say, have induced a cock pheasant to descend. I certainly didn't kill him. As a matter of fact he was lightly touched on the wing, and he ran like a hare."

"He's in that patch of bracken there," said the Officer. "If you will send a keeper and a dog with me—"

"No, I can't do that," said Walter, "unless you can show me a written authority empowering you, in the King's name, to borrow keepers and dogs."

It was then that the fun began. The Officer went off like a shot up the hillside, started the old cock, chased him up the ditch and through the hedge, and finally, to everyone's surprise and delight, collared him in a corner of the dyke. There were loud cheers from the enthusiastic crowd, but they were cut short by a sharp warning from Walter.

"Be careful how you handle that bird, Sir!" he cried. "If anything happens to him I shall hold you responsible. I have no reason to believe that you hold a licence (or certificate) to kill game. If he suffers a mortal injury I shall report you."



CHAS. GRAVES

### THE FUTURE OF BRITISH BOXING.

*Rough (to policeman who has knocked him down). "WELL, IT'S WORTH IT. TO ME BELONGS THE CREDIT OF 'AVIN' DISCOVERED A BLOOMIN' WHITE 'OPE."*

The Officer began to look rather bewildered and the old cock flapped his wings.

"I'll thank you for that bird," said Walter firmly, and he took it and tucked it comfortably under his arm.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the Officer.

"I am going to nurse it back to health and strength," said Walter. "It only requires a little close attention. I shall be happy if you will call in about a week's time to enquire. Good afternoon. I am very pleased to have met you." And Walter held out his hand.

Well, that is where the matter rests. If Walter can keep the bird alive the case against him falls to the ground. If not, I suppose it means a three-pound licence and a ten-pound fine. He took him straight back to the

Home Farm and secured for him dry and airy quarters in the poultry run, and did not leave him till he had seen to his comfort in every way and given minute directions as to his treatment. . . .

I am afraid the old cock passed a rather restless night, but he was able to take part of a warm mash, with two drops of laudanum in it, at an early hour this morning. At this moment I hear Walter getting out his motor-bicycle. I fancy he is going for the vet.

Says Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER:—

"There is a journal in London which has the impertinence to call itself *The Nation*, but . . . it does not represent the merest fraction of our countrymen."

Mr. SHORTER's own paper is called, more modestly, *The Sphere*.





E. A. Shepard

### GETTING USED TO THE "SMILING EXPRESSION."

OUR SUGGESTION FOR A SYSTEM OF ADVANCED PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR PRUSSIAN OFFICERS BEFORE TAKING UP COMMANDS IN THE ALSATIAN DISTRICT, WHERE THE POPULACE IS SAID TO BE ADDICTED TO HUMOUR.

#### OLD FRIENDS.

I was in the train because I had to go to Birmingham; I was in the dining car because I had to dine. With all respect to the Company I cannot pretend that I regarded myself as doing anything remarkable or distinguished. The little man opposite me, however, felt differently. I have since been told that they of Birmingham are very proud of their non-stop train service by both routes.

"This, Sir," said the stranger, as I lowered my paper to help myself to a proffered roll—"this is one of the Two-Hour trains."

"You don't say," said I politely but not encouragingly.

"Two hours," he repeated impressively.

"Indeed? Two whole hours and not a moment less?" and I returned to my paper pending the soup's arrival.

"Is it not wonderful," he resumed when I was at his mercy again, "to be travelling at sixty miles an hour and eating soup at the same time?"

"Some people eat soup," said I, "and some drink it. For myself, I give it a miss," and I returned to the news.

With the fish: "I came up by the breakfast train this morning," said he, "and I now return by the dining train." He meant by this to give credit to the Company rather than to himself, but even so it seemed to fall short of the complete ideal. There was something wanting. It was luncheon, of course.

"They run luncheon car too," said he.

"Then there seems to be no reason why you should ever leave the train at all," I remarked, seeking refuge again in my paper. In spite, however, of my coldness, he continued to assail me with similar facts every time I emerged. Finally he took a sheet of slightly soiled paper and pencilled on it a schedule of our movements. It ran:—

Mileage.	Place.	Time.
—	Euston . . . .	6.55 P.M.
5½	Willesden . . .	[7.4] ..
17½	Watford . . . .	[7.18] ..
46½	Bletchley . . . .	[7.50] ..
82½	Rugby . . . . .	[8.24] ..
94½	Ceometry . . . .	[8.36] ..
113	Birmingham . .	8.55 ..

"To give this the very careful consideration it deserves," said I, "I must be left absolutely to myself."

Later on, feeling that I had perhaps been rude, I offered the man a cigar by way of compensation. He accepted it as a mark of esteem and burst forth into more conversation. By now a little fed up with trains himself he suggested, for the sake of something new to say, that he had met me before somewhere. At first I had some idea of asking for my cigar to be returned, but instead I gave in to his persistence. More, I joined in the conversation with an energy which surprised him.

"Now I come to think of it we have seen each other before; but where?" I said.

He thought promiscuously, disconnectedly and aloud. I could accept none of his suggestions because all referred to commercial rooms in provincial hotels, places to which I have not the *entrée*. "But I know now," I declared brightly; "it was at a place just this side of London that I saw you first."





## THE SAND CAMPAIGN.

SCENE—Algeria, on the border of the desert.

THE ARAB AND THE CHANCELLOR  
WERE WALKING HAND-IN-HAND;  
THE LATTER WEPT A LOT TO SEE  
SUCH QUANTITIES OF SAND;  
“WHY ARE YOU HOLDING UP,” HE SAID,  
THIS VERY FERTILE LAND?”









Harold (who has just been kissed by his sister). "I SAY, I WONDER WHAT SHE'S UP TO?"

Friend. "SIGN OF AFFECTION, ISN'T IT?"

Harold. "AFFECTION, YOU GOAT! SHE NEVER DOES THAT TILL THE LAST DAY OF THE HOLS, AND THERE'S A WEEK TO GO YET."

"First?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said I. "I have seen you more than once. Surely you haven't forgotten that time at Watford?"

He felt that I had the advantage of him. "When was that?" he asked.

"Not very long after the first time; and the next occasion I remember seeing you was at a place called—called—something beginning with a B."

He was quite unable to cope with the situation.

"And the next time," I continued, "I happened to be passing through that town where the school is—you know, Rugby. I distinctly recollect noticing then that you hadn't changed in the least since I last saw you."

He couldn't decide whether to be more flattered at my remembering or more annoyed at his own forgetting.

"Come, come," I exclaimed, "you surely cannot have forgotten that little chat we had at Coventry?"

"Coventry?" he asked. "But how long ago was that?"

"Quite recently," I asserted.

"But I haven't set foot in Coventry for years," said he.

"Nor have I, ever," said I.

I could understand his feelings thoroughly. It might be that I was a liar; it might be that I was a lunatic. In either case he did not wish to converse further with me. Happily, I had two newspapers available.

As the speed of our train, in which of old he had taken such a pride, began to slacken: "And I shouldn't be surprised," I said from behind my paper, "if you and I saw each other again quite soon. The world is a small place and these things soon develop into a habit."

He made no answer from behind his paper.

"If you ask me when and where" (as in fact he didn't), "I should say it is just as likely as not to happen at Birmingham at about 8.55 P.M.," I estimated, relying upon his own schedule.

"The play was preceded by 'The £12 Hook,' another Barrie comedy of more recent date."

*Sydney Morning Herald.*

We should prefer to call it "The £12 Eye."

#### "LABOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA. BLACK OUTLOOK."

*Morning Post.*

Let us hear both sides. What is the White Outlook?

"The grievance of the men is in regard to the rate of pay. They are paid 5d. per hair."

*Glasgow News.*

And then when they are old and bald they have to starve.

#### "TANGO RAPIDLY DYING.

DANCE UPHELD BY MR. MAX PEMBERTON."

*Daily Chronicle.*

This is the sort of thing that the Revue King has to put up with. Truly the lot of royalty is not an enviable one.

From an advertisement of Tango matinées in *The Lyceum* :—

"RESERVED TAUTENILS (4 first rows)	10/
TAUTENILS (tea included)	7/6
TAUTENILS (tea not included)	6/

*Gourmet (planking down his seven-and-six). "Tea and tautenils, please."*

Seen on a Liverpool hoarding :—

"Quo Vadis: Whither goest thou in eight reels?"

Answer. "Anywhere in reason, but not home."



## IN THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.

WEARY of the struggle and the squalors  
Which beset the politician's life—  
Work that for a modicum of dollars  
Brings a whole infinity of strife—  
Three of England's most illustrious cronies  
Started on a winter holiday,  
With no thought of MURRAY or MARCONI—  
GEORGE and HENRY and the great TAY PAY.

Never since ÆNEAS and his raiders  
Stayed with Dido in the days of yore  
Did such irresistible invaders  
Land upon the Carthaginian shore.  
GEORGE, of course, the largest crowds attended,  
But I'm told the kind Algerians say  
That ÆNEAS wasn't half so splendid  
Or so pious as the good TAY PAY.

Noble sheikhs and black and bearded Bashas  
Bowed, whenever they met them, to the ground;  
Festas and fantasias and tamashas  
Followed in a never-ending round.  
GEORGE no more on his detractors brooded;  
HENRY simply sang the livelong day;  
While unmixed benevolence exuded  
From the loving heart of kind TAY PAY.

Side by side they read the works of HICHENS;  
Hand in hand they sampled the bazaars;  
Ate the sweetmeats cooked in native kitchens;  
Flew about in sumptuous motor-cars;  
Golfed where once great HANNIBAL was scheming;  
Joked where luckless DIDO once held sway;  
For the finest jokes were always streaming  
From the lips of comical TAY PAY.

Other days they spent in caracoling,  
Mounted each upon a mettled barb,  
Or along the streets serenely strolling  
Clad in semi-oriental garb;  
HENRY with a cummerbund suburban;  
GEORGE disguised to look like ENVER BEY;  
While a kilt surmounted by a turban  
Veiled the massive contours of TAY PAY.

Daily they partook of ripe and juicy  
Fruit, and Mocha coffee and kibobs;  
Daily they conversed with EL SENOUSSI  
And a lot of other native nobbs;  
HENRY practised Algerine fandangos;  
GEORGE upon the tom-tom learned to play;  
And a dervish taught ten Arab tangos  
To the light fantastical TAY PAY.

Whither will they wander next, I wonder?  
Not, I hope and pray, within the reach  
Of the tribes who live on loot and plunder,  
Fanatics who practise what they preach.  
Fancy if these horrible disturbers,  
Swooping on our countrymen astray,  
Touaregs and Bedouins and Berbers,  
Carried off the succulent TAY PAY!

Hardly had this agonizing presage  
Taken shape within my tortured brain,  
When good REUTER flashed the welcome message,  
"Chancellor Returns," across the main.

Neptune, be thy waters calm, not choppy,  
As they speed them on their homeward way.  
GEORGE and HENRY and, bowed down with "copy,"  
Our unique arch-eulogist, TAY PAY.

## THE MARRIED MAN'S ADVANTAGE.

PERSONALLY I think too much respect is paid to age. There is nothing clever in being old—nothing at all. On the other hand, youth has a charm of its own. Besides, twenty-two is not young; you wouldn't think me so if you really knew me. The doubt arises, I suppose, from a certain innate light-heartedness. It is really rather pathetic.

Daphne chooses to see humour in the situation, which is very absurd of her, and, as I point out, merely reflects on herself. Surely she doesn't wish to admit that it is foolish to love her.

And that, to make a clean breast of it, is exactly what I do, and do madly.

I follow her about, reverently watching her every movement, hanging on her every word—no light task. And my reward? A scant unceremonious "Hallo!" when we meet; a scunter "Night" or "Morning," according to the circumstances, when we part. A brave smile from me and she is gone, an unwitting spectator of a real tragedy.

Up to a few days ago I was content to bear with my lot, but last week I rebelled. It was at a dance, after supper. Daphne had certainly shown a sort of affection for me, motherly rather than otherwise, I think; nevertheless an affection. But then, and not for the first time, I had seen her flirting with another.

I decided to lose my temper. I went into the smoke-room and deliberated very close to the fire. In five minutes I left the room heated.

I found Daphne at once.

"Our dance," I said. "We will sit out."

My manner must have been rather terrifying. At any rate we sat out.

"Daphne," I began, "I am in a mood that brooks no trifling. For weeks I have loved you. You spurn me."

"Oh, Billy, do be sensible," Daphne murmured.

I moderated my tone. "Well, look here," I said, "why are you so cold to me and yet flirt with my cousin? I saw you putting his tie straight and patting his arm just now; and you won't let me even hold your hand. It's pretty hard, Daphne."

She laughed. "My dear Billy——"

"Many thanks for yours of yesterday. I am having a very good time and it is really kind of me to write."

"If you won't be sensible——"

"I am. It's just because I'm so serious that I jest. All the wittiest men are broken-hearted. Go on."

"Well, my dear Billy, you mustn't be foolish. I'm very fond of you, but you're so ridiculously young."

"You haven't a revolver about you?" I enquired.

Daphne sighed. "Billy, you're quite hopeless. Do let me try to explain. You see, I can't—well—flirt with you, because I don't really flirt, of course, and besides your cousin's different—he's married."

I got up quickly. "Good-bye," I said. "You must excuse my leaving you."

Daphne looked surprised. "Where are you going?" she enquired.

"To get married." I walked away with my head in the air.

A week later I wrote Daphne a letter. It ran as follows:—  
"MY DEAR DAPHNE,—I am going to get married. Tina





IN VIEW OF THE EXAGGERATED AND MISLEADING REPORTS OF WHAT OCCURS AT THE CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN MR. ASQUITH AND MR. BONAR LAW ON THE ULSTER QUESTION WE VENTURE TO THINK THAT A LITTLE MAKE-UP AND CAREFUL CHOICE OF RENDEZVOUS WOULD ENABLE THE LEADERS TO HAVE MANY A LONG CHAT ON THE SUBJECT WITHOUT ANYONE BEING AWARE OF THEIR HAVING MET.

is nineteen, the same as you, and is in the chorus of a musical comedy. She has real jet black hair, so I am quite lucky. I hope you are fonder of me already.

Yours devotedly, BILLY."

In reply, and by return of post, I received an invitation to tea at Daphne's. Daphne, looking beautiful, was awaiting me.

"How d'you do?" I said gravely.

"Billy," Daphne began, "will you be really serious with me?"

I immediately assumed a business manner and coughed.

"Well?" I said.

The word was sharp and incisive, a regular lawyer's question.

"Of course, you're joking about this chorus girl?"

"Joking! Daphne, you know I'd do anything for you."

Daphne smiled. "But, Billy, I shan't like you any better if you marry her."

I bit a piece of cake coldly. "I don't understand you, Daphne," I said. "When I ask you to show me a little affection, only just what you show others, you tell me I'm young and married men are different. I arrange to be different at considerable personal sacrifice, and you tell me you won't like me any better." I swallowed convulsively.

"But, Billy—dear—you're not actually engaged?"

"I'm not so sure," I replied. "These girls are wonderfully sharp; and then, of course, I'm so young." (A good touch.)

There was a silence.

"I shall hate you if you marry a chorus girl," said Daphne.

"Then why did you tell me married men were different?" "Because most of them are." Daphne smiled slowly. "I think I might like you better if you were married to some really nice girl."

I laughed bitterly. "To you, for instance?"

"Yes, to me," said Daphne very sweetly.



## TO OBEY OR NOT TO OBEY.

8th December, 1913.

Mr. and Mrs. Melbrook request the pleasure of Mr. Hugh Melbrook's company at the marriage of their daughter Muriel Irene with Mr. Adolphus Smith, at St. Peter's, Hashton, on Wednesday, December 31st, 1913, at 1.30 o'clock, and afterwards at  
Westlands, Hashton.

R. S. V. P.

9th December, 1913.

Mr. Hugh Melbrook thanks Mr. and Mrs. Melbrook for the opportunity of being present at the wedding of their daughter Muriel Irene, but much regrets that, owing to great pressure of work, he cannot be there. He desires that Mr. and Mrs. Melbrook should not feel constrained to alter their present arrangements on that account.

26th December, 1913.

MESSRS. HALL, MARK &amp; Co., Silversmiths.

SIRS,—Kindly despatch at once to the address given below a seasonable wedding gift, costing no more than the amount of the enclosed postal order. I send my card for inclusion. Whatever change there may be please return it to me, and oblige

Yours faithfully,  
H. MELBROOK.

27th December, 1913.

H. MELBROOK, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your esteemed favour of yesterday's date and beg to advise you that we have this day forwarded to the address you gave a handsome cut-glass anchovy dish with a finely-chased silver lid and tray. We enclose the receipted bill for the dish, which stands in our list at exactly the amount remitted by you.

We are, dear Sir, Yours faithfully,  
HALL, MARK & Co.

29th December, 1913.

MY DEAR HUGH.—Thank you very, very much for the sweet little butter-dish. It's ripping. Do try to get down, Hugh, there's a good boy! If you can find time to choose me such a nice present—I know what you are, it must have taken you hours—surely you could take the day off for once. Say yes.

In tremendous haste, and thanking you again and again,

Your affectionate cousin,

MURIEL.

P.S.—I've just heard that Mr. Parsley, who is to marry us, is very strict about obedient weddings, and I promised Geraldine I wouldn't "obey" if she didn't. Now it's my turn. Tell me something to do.

30th December, 1913.

MY GOOD MURIEL,—That's a caviare dish! Caviare dishes, I understood, were all the rage just now, and here am I slaving away to be in the fashion, and you calmly write back and say, "Thank you very much for the butt—" My good Muriel!

I really wanted to send you something quite different, something equally novel but more seasonable; no less, in fact, than a nose-muff or nose-warmer. It is a little idea of my own, the Melbrook "Rhinotharm." Briefly, the

woman I may marry hereafter, here's a dead snip for you. Listen! When you come to the words "to love, cherish and to obey," you simply drop the second "to" (nobody will miss it) and run the "d" of the "and" into the "obey," and lo! we have a French word, to wit, *dauber*, meaning to cuff, drub or belabour. What say you to that, my bonny bride? I think that deserves an extra large slice of cake, to put under my pillow. And I say, Muriel, I do hope there won't be any of those rotten cassowary seeds in it. If there are, for pity's sake rake them out and give them to someone who likes them. And I'll have his share of the marzipan.

Your affectionate cousin, HUGH.

NEWSPAPER EXCERPT.

... During the service an amusing incident occurred. It was noticed that the bride, who is rumoured to have feminist leanings, betrayed some difficulty in pronouncing the vow of obedience. The Rev. Thos. Parsley considerably paused and helped her to repeat the words after him in a clear and audible manner. In an interview with our representative, Mr. Parsley smilingly explained that he was determined, in his parish at any rate, to discourage any possible evasion of the matrimonial vows. He con-

sidered that a great deal of post-nuptial unhappiness was attributable to the lamentable laxity of the clergy in joining young people in matrimony without requiring their future relations to be clearly defined at the outset. The young bride refused to make any comment, but seemed highly amused at the incident. . . .

"Hashton Weekly Hash."

"A gem ring lost last summer by Franz Schroder while travelling in a steamer on the Danube, near Prague, was found inside a carp caught at Mayence by his nephew."

Manchester Evening News.

The fact that Mayence is not on the Danube need not bother you. Only last week our uncle lost a white elephant while travelling in a barge on the Regent's Park Canal, near Maida Vale, and it was found inside the hat-box of the Editor of *The Manchester Evening News* by FRANZ SCHRODER. Bless you, these things are always happening.



SPREAD OF THE SERVANT-GIRL GRADUATE IDEA.

(Interior of a super-kitchen.)

Mistress. "WOULD YOU MIND LEAVING YOUR SOPHOCLES FOR A MOMENT, MARY, AND RUNNING TO THE POST?"





*Irate Cottager.* "Hi! YOU'RE BREAKIN' MY 'EDGE!"

*Mild Sportsman.* "OH, NO; YOUR HEDGE IS BREAKING MY FALL, AND IF YOU WILL KINDLY PUSH ME BACK AGAIN I SHALL TRY TO REJOIN MY HORSE."

### THE COWARD.

It is impossible to describe to you exactly how Herbert looked. But shame, defiance and unconcern were the principal ingredients in his expression as he stood on the kerb and stared across the road.

He started guiltily as I approached.

"Hallo, Herbert!" I began with my customary *bonhomie*.

"Hallo!" he said dismally.

"What are you doing here?" I asked sternly.

"Nothing," said Herbert. "Have you ever noticed what a fine building that post-office is?"

"No," I said; "neither have you. Herbert, you are concealing something from me. What have I done to deserve it? Have I not enjoyed your confidence these many years, and have you ever known me betray it? Is it marriage that has changed you thus? Is it—"

"Shut up," said Herbert. "I'll tell you, if you stop talking."

I stopped talking.

"It's this way. My wife and I have

had a little discussion. And I stated my belief that there was nothing in an ordinary way that a woman could do that a man couldn't. Whereupon she defied me to go out and—er—buy a bloater. As you see, I have gone out, and—er—"

"Yes," I said, "you have gone out. Splendid of you! And all that remains to be done is to buy a bloater. Why not? Yonder, if I mistake not, is the shop of a bloaterer."

"But a bloater!" said Herbert. "It isn't fair. If she'd said some salmon, or a lobster, or even a pound of sausages; or if she'd allowed me to 'phone for it. It's not as if I'd ever had any practice. It's not decent to start a beginner on a hand-bought bloater."

"Tush!" I said. "This is not manly. Remember, our sex is at stake. Come!"

I took him by the arm. He advanced under protest.

Four paces from the shop he stopped abruptly and laughed—a horrible laugh.

"Do you know," he said, "I do believe I've come out without a cent on me."

"I don't believe it for a moment," I

said, "but as it happens I can lend you pounds and pounds—almost enough for two bloaters."

Herbert reluctantly found some money in one of the seven pockets he had not felt in. Then we advanced once more.

This time there was no going back. Right into the body of the fishmonger's we strode and stood firmly opposite the salesman.

"Now," I whispered tensely.

But Herbert hesitated, and even as he wobbled the salesman began his suggestions.

"Yes, Sir? Lobsters or prawns, Sir? Some very good salmon this morning—very fine fish indeed, Sir."

"Er, as a matter of fact," said Herbert, "we just wanted to know if you would be so kind as to direct us to the nearest post-office?—the one just across the road, you know," he added nervously.

"Herbert," I said in his private ear, "be a man."

Herbert pulled himself together. "Would you," he said to the salesman, "would you please let me look at some b-b-blobsters?"



## A BAD DREAM.

*Sunday.*—Great news! The plan suggested by the Anglo-German Alliance Committee is at last to be carried out. There is to be an exchange of garrisons, that is to say, certain English towns are to be garrisoned by German regiments, while certain German towns are to have English garrisons. Our own town, though a small one, is to have the distinguished honour of being the first to give this mark of friendship to the world. All the arrangements have been made, and to-morrow the 901st Prussian regiment of infantry is to march in. It will be a great day for Dartlebury, and we shall all do our best, though the public notice has been short, to give our gallant visitors a warm and truly British reception.

*Monday.*—Our German friends have arrived. At 11 o'clock this morning it was announced that they were approaching, headed by their band. The Mayor, Alderman Farthingale, and the whole Corporation, including the three Labour members recently elected, immediately proceeded to the old city wall to meet them. They were accompanied by the municipal band in full uniform, playing "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," which they had been assiduously practising. Unfortunately this led to what might have been a somewhat painful contretemps. On meeting the municipal band the Prussian commander, Colonel von Brausebrum, halted his soldiers and in a loud voice declared that our men were playing out of tune. Perhaps this was true, but the offence was involuntary and in any case it was hardly serious enough to call for the arrest of the whole band. Arrested, however, they were, and it was a melancholy sight to see them marched off by a corporal's guard. Mr. Zundnadel, the chief of the band, is himself of German origin, and his feelings can be better imagined than described. The Mayor saved the situation by making an extremely cordial speech, in which he spoke of the English and the Germans as ancient brothers-in-arms. The Colonel in his reply said his mission was a glorious one, and everything would depend on the way we conducted ourselves. What can he have meant? The march was then resumed, but another halt was made in the High Street to remove the French flag which Mucklow, the linen-draper, had very tactlessly stuck up over his shop. He too was arrested, with wife and family, and was lodged in jail. Luckily no further incident disturbed the harmony of the proceedings.

*Tuesday.*—This morning Lieutenant von Schornstein, while walking in Brewer's Alley, trod on a piece of banana-skin and fell heavily on the pavement. As he rose he observed that two small boys were, so he alleged, laughing at him. He immediately ran after the two urchins, and was proceeding to put them to the sword when the Brewery men interfered and disarmed him. He pleaded that his uniform had been insulted and that it was necessary for him to punish them. "*Ich muss sie durch den Leib rennen*" were his words. The men, however, were not inclined to admit the force of this plea, especially as they understood no German, and they sent him back to barracks in a taxicab. The Mayor at once wired his apologies to the Colonel, and it is hoped that nothing further will be heard of the incident. I ought to add that the boys deny that they laughed, but the lieutenant is certain that they wore a smiling expression.

The "Friendship Banquet" was held this evening in the Town Hall, with the Mayor in the chair. No very great enthusiasm was shown, and when the Mayor, in proposing the health of our visitors, alluded to the friendly rivalry of the two nations in commerce and the arts of peace, the Colonel pulled him back into his seat and begged him not to proceed. "*Maul halten*," he said. The three Labour

members of the Council were afterwards arrested for not having joined with sufficient heartiness in the singing of "*Deutschland über Alles*."

*Wednesday.*—A state of siege has been declared in Dartlebury, and we are all living under martial law. Lord Gruffen was arrested for having knocked up against a soldier. The magistrates, on leaving the police-court, were handcuffed and removed to barracks. A crisis is evidently approaching.

*Thursday.*—An insurrection started this morning. A huge crowd attacked the barracks and overpowered all resistance. Blood flowed like water, but in an hour all was over. There is a strong feeling that the experiment of the Alliance Committee was a rash one, though no doubt it was well meant. We live and learn.

## LOOP! LOOP!!

(A story of aerial prowess in the provinces.)

THEY said, "He goes a-tumbling through the hollow  
And trackless empyrean like a clown,  
Head pointed to the earth where weaklings wallow,  
Feet up toward the stars; not such renown  
Even our lord himself, the bright Apollo,  
Gets in his gilded car. For one bob down  
You shall behold the thing." "Right-o," I said,  
Clapping the old brown bay leaves on my head.

So to the hangars. Time, about eleven,  
The air full chill, the ground a mess of muck,  
And long time gazed I on the wintry heaven  
And thought of many a deed of Saxon pluck;  
How DRAKE, for instance, good old DRAKE of Devon,  
Played bowls at Plymouth Hoe. Twelve-thirty struck.  
No one had vaulted through the air's abyss;  
DRAKE would have plunged tail up an hour ere this.

Brief interval for lunch, and then a drizzle  
Fell on the dreary field. Like some dead moth  
The thing remained. Chagrin commenced to sizzle,  
And certain people cried, "A thillingth loth."  
Others, "Hey, Mister Airman, it's a swizzle!"  
Then a stern man came out, and with a cloth  
Lightly, as one well used to such a feat,  
Swaddled the brute's propeller and its seat.

The skies grew darkling, and there went a rumour,  
"The thing is off; he will not fly to-day;"  
And forth we wandered, some in rare ill-humour,  
But not, oh, not the bard. Yet this I say—  
There are two kinds of courage: one's a boomer  
Avid of gold and glory; this is A,  
Crowned with a palm, and in her hands I see  
Sheaves of press cuttings. There is also B.

Not venturesome, this last, to brave the billows,  
To beard the panther in his hidden lair,  
To probe the epiderms of armadillos,  
Nor execute wild cart-wheels in the air;  
But who shall say how much Britannia still owes  
To B, the kind of courage that can bear  
Dauntless to wait, whate'er the skies portend,  
(Having paid entrance) to the bitter end?

The heavenly hero in his suit of leather  
Soars through Olympus with the world beneath  
Sometimes, and sometimes, owing to the weather,  
Scratches his fixtures in the tempest's teeth.  
Shall the high gods, who gaze on both together,  
Count him the nobler, or confer their wreath  
On the brave bull-dog bard, who risks his thews  
Standing about all day in thin-soled shoes?

EVOE.





"HERE'S ONE I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE, TREVOR."  
"ROBINSON CRUSOE."

"WHAT IS IT?"  
"IN WHAT LANGUAGE?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

JUST as one may say of certain novelists that they write at the top of their voices, so, I think, one might describe Miss VIOLA MEYNELL as writing in a whisper. This certainly is the effect that *Modern Lovers* (SECKER) produced upon me. The gentle method of it invested the story—which of itself is a very slight thing—with an odd significance almost impossible to communicate in criticism; but the reading of a few pages will show you what I mean. The title is apt enough, for the tale is about nothing but love, as it affects a group of five young people, three men and two girls. Of the girls, who are sisters, *Effie Rutherglen* is the more important and detailed figure. *Effie*, in the time before the story opens, had an affair with *Oliver Bligh*; then, summoned North to live with her futile and uncomprehending parents, she fell (as did her sister *Milly* and most of the local spinsters) under the fascination of one *Clive Maxwell*, who was an author and had appealing eyes and obviously a way with him. Then *Oliver* turned up again, and poor *Effie* didn't know which of them she wanted. I speak lightly, but, if you think all this made for comedy, your conception of Miss MEYNELL's methods is very much at fault. Love to her is very much what it was to *Patience* in the opera—by no means a wholly enviable boon. I can hardly praise too much the exquisite refinement and restraint of her treatment of commonplace things. But one small point baffled me: *Oliver* appears to have been a professional diver and bath-keeper—we are told, indeed, that he had occupied that position at Rugby (a statement that I have private and personal reasons for discrediting)—yet we find him staying as a welcome and honoured guest in the house of the *Rutherglens*, whom I

take to be more or less "county." Surely this, though of no real importance, is at least remarkable?

"What," I asked myself, "is just the matter with this apparently quite nice book?" (It was *Joan's Green Year*, and written by E. L. DOON and published by MACMILLAN.) It is the kind of book that grows out of a romantic disposition and an assiduously stuffed commonplace book. It consists of letters from *Joan*, a paying guest in the Manor House Farm at Pelton, to her brother *Keith*, a soldier in India, telling him all about her year of holiday and "soul discipline" in the country, the village gossip, her proposals and her one acceptance, and giving a sort of farmer's calendar of the seasons as interpreted by the guileless amateur. *Joan* has what is known as a nice mind. But to tell truth she has chosen a difficult and dangerous if alluring 'art form. Of course letters enable you to evade some of the difficulties of the novelist's task, to be discursive, allusive and incomplete. But you can't be let off anything of the precision and subtlety of your characterisation. On the contrary. And *Joan* makes everyone in Pelton (except the rustics, whose authenticity I gravely suspect) talk as *Joan* writes. They have nearly all seen her commonplace book, I judge. Then, again, you must not have (like *Joan*) a large list of acquaintances, or you breed confusion and dissipate interest accordingly. *Joan* is very young in many ways. She is extravagant in the matter of the equipment of her heroes. *Bob Ingleby*, the farmer (a gentleman, because he had been at Winchester), is a "great comely giant," yet wins events one and three of the Hunt Steeplechase, though thrown badly in number two. I have a suspicion that this work is really *Joan's* tee shot, and that after a notable recovery, which on the best of her present form I can safely prophesy, she will reach her green year next time.



Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR has written a fascinating book. *My Beloved South* she calls it, and PUTNAMS publish it. There is not a lifeless page in the 427 that make up a bountiful feast. Every one contains vivid reproductions of incidents in social life in the South "befo' de wa'" and after. At the outset we make the acquaintance of a typical Southron, Mrs. O'CONNOR's grandfather, Governor of Florida when it was still a Territory, with native Indians fighting fiercely for their land and homes. Mrs. O'CONNOR was, of course, not to the fore in those early days. But so steeped is she in lore of the South, much of it gained from the lips of nurses and out-door servants, so keen is her sympathy, so quick and true her instinct that she is able to revivify the old scenes and reproduce the atmosphere of the time. The darkey nurse of earliest childhood lives again, sometimes bringing with her plantation songs like "Voodoo-Bogey-Boo," quaintly musical. Many passages of the grandfather's conversations are preserved, in which we may detect the voice of the gifted granddaughter. But the influence of heredity is strong, more especially "down South." Also there are many charming stories redolent of the South. I was about to mention the page on which will be found the thrilling history of a mule aptly named "Satan." On reflection I won't spoil the reader's pleasure in unexpectedly coming upon it somewhere about the middle of the book. Nobody—man or woman, girl or boy—who begins to read *My Beloved South* will skip a page. So the story cannot be overlooked.



CONSCIENTIOUS REFEREE ORDERING HIMSELF OFF THE GROUND FOR BEING HASTY TO AN IMPERTINENT PLAYER.

In *Lost Diaries* (DUCKWORTH) Mr. MAURICE BARING travels by an easy road to humour, and he does not pound it with too laborious feet. This is perhaps a fortunate thing, for a farcical reconstruction of history in the light of modern sentiment and circumstances might easily tire; a *Comic History of England*, for instance, is stiffer reading to-day than GARDNER or GREEN. Sometimes, however, Mr. BARING seems to carry to extreme lengths his conscientious avoidance of efforts to be funny; and in the imaginary records of one or two of his subjects there is little more to laugh at than the unaided fancy of the student has long ago perceived. *Tristram* loved two *Iseults*, and JOHN MILTON was an exasperating husband; but these things I knew, and the author of *Lost Diaries* has made no more capital out of the situations than the eternal merriment which the bare statement of the facts inspires. But where Mr. BARING, pleasantly disdainful alike of consistency and taste, examines the pocket-book of the "Man in the Iron Mask," and finds him complaining of the noise and disturbance in dungeon after dungeon until he is removed at last to the lotus island of the Bastille; or records the blameless botanical pursuits of TIBERIUS in seclusion; or the first consumption of the Colla di Gallo by COLUMBUS in the newly discovered West, he is, for all the simplicity

of his methods, amusing enough. Yet even so I am inclined to think that the first of his essays, which reads like an actual transcript from the jottings of a nineteenth-century private-school boy, is the diary which I most heartily congratulate Mr. BARING on having rediscovered, and which I should be least willing for him to lose again.

With the Land Question staring us in the face, *Folk of the Furrow* (SMITH ELDER) should attract the attention of those who wish thoroughly to understand what the agricultural labourer wants and why he wants it. Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOLDENBY is no amateur, for as Mr. STEPHEN REYNOLDS has lived with fishermen and shared their daily lives so he has lodged in labourers' cottages and hoed and dug with the best (and worst) of them. The result is a book that is stamped with the hall-mark of a great sincerity; and three facts at least can be gathered from it by the very dullest of gleaners. First, and I think foremost,

that the decencies of life cannot be observed if children of very various ages are to be crowded into cottages too small to hold them; secondly, that it is useless to expect morality from youths who have few or no amusements provided for them; thirdly, that the passing of the old families and the advent of the week-end "merchant princes" do not make a change for the better. All which may be stale news, but after reading this book I think that you will admit that Mr. HOLDENBY has contrived to make an old tale very impressive. In some instances it is true that I could bring evidence directly in

opposition to his, but on the whole he deserves well for the way in which he has won the confidence of a class naturally suspicious and silent, and for his manner of stating his case. Had I for my sins to cram our M.P.'s for the debates that lie before them, I should feed them liberally upon *Folk of the Furrow*.

## TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN

ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

Not yet the end; only the end of strife.

But now—while still the brave unwearied heart,

Fixed upon England, fain to keep its part

In her Imperial life,

Beats with the old unconquerable pride—

Now leave to younger limbs the dust and palm,

And let the weary body seek the calm

That comes with eventide.

There take your rest within the sunset glow,

All feuds forgotten of your fighting days,

Circled with love and laurelled with the praise

Of friend and ancient foe.

O. S.

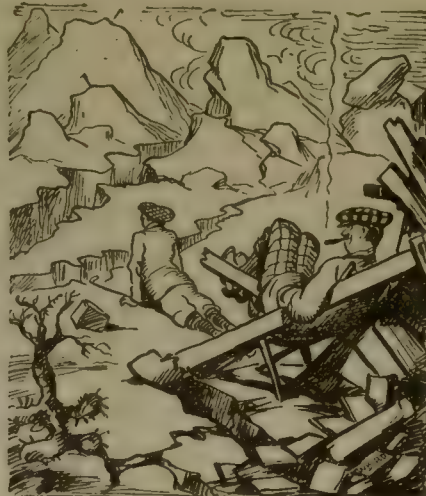




"NOT VERY SPORTING LINKS, ARE THEY?"



EVEN EARTHQUAKES HAVE THEIR USE.



"AH, THAT 'LL MAKE BETTER GOLF."

### CHARIVARIA.

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, chief of the U.S.A. General Staff, has reported that the American Army is, practically speaking, unarmed, and advises the immediate expenditure of £1,200,000 for artillery and ammunition. We fancy, however, that the present state of affairs is the result of a compromise with the American Peace party, who will not object to their country having an army so long as it is unarmed.

"VICTORY FOR THE ORANGE WOMEN.  
DRURY LANE INSTITUTION TO  
CONTINUE."

This should put heart into the Orange Men of Ulster.

We hear that, to celebrate the recent glorious victory in Alsace, the little town of Zabern is to be re-named Säbeln.

The Rev. N. FITZPATRICK, describing a visit to the Balkan States in a lecture at the Camera Club, spoke of the difficulties he had with his laundry. The same bundle of clothes was soaked in Roumania, rough-dried in Bulgaria, and ironed in Servia. We are astonished that the lecturer should have made no mention of mangling, which we understand is done well in the Balkan States.

The KAISER, we are told, has given instructions that his menus are in future to be written in German. What, by the way, is the French for *Sauerkraut*?

Mr. ARCHIBALD, a member of the Australian House of Representatives, has calculated that the value of the

property of the five million inhabitants of the Commonwealth is £780,000,000. We cannot but think it is a mistake to divulge the fact with so many dishonest people about.

*I do like your eyes* is the latest bright thought for a *Revue* title. To be followed, no doubt, by *Her nose isn't bad, is it?* and *What's wrong with her toes?*

"FRENCH BATTLESHIP DROPPED."

*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Very careless of someone.

Reading that one of the features of the new British battleship class will be less draught, Aunt Caroline remarked that she was glad to hear this: she had always understood that during even half a gale it was very easy to catch cold at sea.

Sir RUFUS ISAACS has decided to take the title of Lord READING. This still leaves it open to a distinguished literary man, should he be made a peer, to become Lord WRITING.

The age of pleasure! Where will it stop? Extract from *The Witney Gazette*:—"On Monday evening a very successful dance was given in the Corn Exchange . . . The company numbered over one hundred, and dancing to the strains of Taylor's Oxford Scarlet Band was enjoyed till the early hours of Wednesday morning."

While Police Constable JAKEMAN was in Eldon Road, Reading, last week, a cat suddenly pounced on him and bit him. We have not yet received a full account of the incident, but apparently the constable was on de-

tective duty and cleverly disguised as a mouse.

One of the cats shown at the Grand Championship Cat Show had her fur cut and trimmed like a poodle's. The matter has been much discussed in canine circles, and we understand that there may be trouble.

An express train travelling from Nice to Macon was, last week, beaten by an eagle, which raced it over a distance of eighteen miles. Birds are evidently being put upon their mettle by the aeroplanes.

Alleged notice outside Drury Lane:—

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

N.B.—CHAUFFEURS ARE KINDLY  
REQUESTED NOT TO HOOT  
WHEN PASSING.

From Paris comes the news that a successor to the Tango has been found in the form of a Chinese dance known as the Tatao. The name, presumably, is a contraction of the words "Ta-ta, Tango."

A new character named "It" appears in the revival of *The Darling of the Gods*. We presume it is The Limit.

The manager of the Little Theatre is making arrangements for shilling seats for the first time in the history of the house. How is it going to be done? By *Magic*, of course.

"The Shepherdess without a Heart" continues to make good progress, and the medical profession is much interested.



## A FAREWELL TOUR.

THIS is positively Chum's last appearance in print—for his own sake no less than for yours. He is conceited enough as it is, but if once he got to know that people are always writing about him in the papers his swagger would be unbearable. However, I have said good-bye to him now; I have no longer any rights in him. Yesterday I saw him off to his new home, and when we meet again it will be on a different footing. "Is that your dog?" I shall say to his master. "What is he? A Cocker? Jolly little fellows, aren't they? I had one myself once."

As Chum refused to do the journey across London by himself, I met him at Liverpool Street. He came up in a crate; the world must have seemed very small to him on the way. "Hallo, old ass," I said to him through the bars, and in the little space they gave him he wriggled his body with delight. "Thank Heaven there's one of 'em alive," he said.

"I think this is my dog," I said to the guard, and I told him my name.

He asked for my card.

"I'm afraid I haven't one with me," I explained. When policemen touch me on the shoulder and ask me to go quietly; when I drag old gentlemen from underneath motor-buses, and they decide to adopt me on the spot; on all the important occasions when one really wants a card, I never have one with me.

"Can't give him up without proof of identity," said the guard, and Chum grinned at the idea of being thought so valuable.

I felt in my pockets for letters. There was only one, but it offered to lend me £10,000 on my note of hand alone. It was addressed to "Dear Sir," and though I pointed out to the guard that I was the "Sir," he still kept tight hold of Chum. Strange that one man should be prepared to trust me with £10,000, and another should be so chary of confiding to me a small black spaniel.

"Tell the gentleman who I am," I said imploringly through the bars. "Show him you know me."

"He's *really* all right," said Chum, looking at the guard with his great honest brown eyes. "He's been with us for years."

And then I had an inspiration. I turned down the inside pocket of my coat; and there, stitched into it, was the label of my tailor's with my name written on it. I had often wondered why tailors did this; obviously they know how stupid guards can be.

"I suppose that's all right," said the

guard reluctantly. Of course I might have stolen the coat. I see his point.

"You—you wouldn't like a nice packing case for yourself?" I said timidly. "You see, I thought I'd put Chum on the lead. I've got to take him to Paddington, and he must be tired of his shell by now. It isn't as if he were *really* an armadillo."

The guard thought he would like a shilling and a nice packing case. Wood, he agreed, was always wood, particularly in winter, but there were times when you were not ready for it.

"How are you taking him?" he asked, getting to work with a chisel. "Underground?"

"Underground?" I cried in horror. "Take Chum on the Underground? Take—Have you ever taken a large live conger-eel on the end of a string into a crowded carriage?"

The guard never had.

"Well, don't. Take him in a taxi instead. Don't waste him on other people."

The crate yawned slowly, and Chum emerged all over straw. We had an anxious moment, but the two of us got him down and put the lead on him. Then Chum and I went off for a taxi.

"Hooray," said Chum, wriggling all over. "Isn't this splendid? I say, which way are you going? I'm going this way? . . . No, I mean the other way."

Somebody had left some of his milk-cans on the platform. Three times we went round one in opposite directions and, unwound, ourselves, the wrong way. Then I hauled him in, took him struggling in my arms and got into a cab.

The journey to Paddington was full of interest. For a whole minute Chum stood quietly on the seat, rested his fore-paws on the open window and drank in London. Then he jumped down and went mad. He tried to hang me with the lead, and then in remorse tried to hang himself. He made a dash for the little window at the back; missed it and dived out of the window at the side; was hauled back and kissed me ecstatically in the eye with his sharpest tooth. . . . "And I thought the world was at an end," he said, "and there were no more people. Oh, I am an ass. I say, did you notice I'd had my hair cut? How do you like my new trousers? I must show you them." He jumped on to my lap. "No, I think you'll see them better on the ground," he said, and jumped down again. "Or no, perhaps you *would* get a better view if—" he jumped up hastily, "and yet I don't know—" he dived down, "though of course, if you— Oh lor! this is a day," and he put both paws lovingly on my collar.

Suddenly he was quiet again. The stillness, the absence of storm in the taxi was so unnatural that I began to miss it. "Buck up, old fool," I said, but he sat motionless by my side, plunged in thought. I tried to cheer him up. I pointed out King's Cross to him; he wouldn't even bark at it. I called his attention to the poster outside the Euston Theatre of The Two Biffs; for all the regard he showed he might never even have heard of them. The monumental masonry by Portland Road failed to uplift him.

At Baker Street he woke up and grinned cheerily. "It's all right," he said, "I was trying to remember what happened to me this morning—something rather miserable, I thought, but I can't get hold of it. However it's all right now. How are you?" And he went mad again.

At Paddington I bought a label at the bookstall and wrote it for him. He went round and round my leg looking for me. "Funny thing," he said as he began to unwind, "he was here a moment ago. I'll just go round once more. I rather think . . . Ow! Oh, there you are!" I stepped off him, unravelled the lead and dragged him to the Parcels Office.

"I want to send this by the two o'clock train," I said to the man the other side of the counter.

"Send what?" he said.

I looked down. Chum was making himself very small and black in the shadow of the counter. He was completely hidden from the sight of anybody the other side of it.

"Come out," I said, "and show yourself."

"Not much," he said. "A parcel! I'm not going to be a jolly old parcel for anybody."

"It's only a way of speaking," I pleaded. "Actually you are travelling as a small black gentleman. You will go with the guard—a delightful man."

Chum came out reluctantly. The clerk leant over the counter and managed to see him.

"According to our regulations," he said, and I always dislike people who begin like that, "he has to be on a chain. A leather lead won't do."

Chum smiled all over himself. I don't know which pleased him more—the suggestion that he was a very large and fierce dog, or the impossibility now of his travelling with the guard, delightful man though he might be. He gave himself a shake and started for the door.

"Tut, tut, it's a great disappointment to me," he said, trying to look disappointed, but his back *would* wriggle. "This chain business—silly of us not





## THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

REFRAIN BY NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA AND KIKUYU.









Kindly Hostess (to nervous reciter who has broken down in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"). "NEVER MIND, MR. TOMPKINS, JUST TELL US IT IN YOUR OWN WORDS."

to have known—well, well, we shall be wiser another time. Now let's go home."

Poor old Chum; I had known. From a large coat pocket I produced a chain.

"Dash it," said Chum, looking up at me pathetically, "you might almost want to get rid of me."

He was chained, and the label tied on to him. Forgive me that label, Chum; I think that was the worst offence of all. And why should I label one who was speaking so eloquently for himself; who said from the tip of his little black nose to the end of his stumpy black tail, "I'm a silly old ass, but there's nothing wrong in me, and they're sending me away!" But according to the regulations—one must obey the regulations, Chum.

I gave him to the guard—a delightful man. The guard and I chained him to a brake or something. Then the guard went away, and Chum and I had a little talk . . .

After that the train went off.

Good-bye, little dog. A. A. M.

"Lady Strachie wishes to thoroughly recommend her permanent Caretaker and Husband."—Advt. in "Morning Post."

Lord STRACHIE should be a proud man to-day.

## HOW GREAT MEN SHOW EMOTION.

[Mr. HANDEL BOOTH, speaking in Hyde Park recently, declared that, when he informed Lord ABERDEEN of the conduct of the police during the Dublin riots, the Lord Lieutenant "buried his head in his hands."]

Mr. Leo Maxixe, writing in *The Irrational Review*, states that he has it on the best authority that when the GERMAN EMPEROR read the Crickieth New Year's interview with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE he exclaimed, "This beats the Tango," and fell heavily on the hearth-rug.

Mr. James Larvin, addressing a meeting of the Confederates at the Savoy Hotel, informed his hearers that when Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL read the article in *The Daily Mail* on his future he stood on his head in the corner for three minutes, to the great embarrassment of Sir FRANCIS HOPWOOD, who was present.

Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, writing in *The British Weekly*, asserts that when Mr. MASSINGHAM read "C.K.S.'s" recent reference to *The Nation* in *The Sphere* he kicked the waste-paper basket round the room and tore the hair out of his head in handfuls.

Mr. CECIL CHESTERTON, addressing a meeting of non-party fishmongers at

Billingsgate last week, stated that he had heard that when Mr. GODFREY ISAACS informed the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE that Mr. HANDEL BOOTH had retired from the Dublin Police Inquiry Lord READING OF EARLEY burst into tears and hid his face in his wig.

## Why Mr. Chesterton shuns the Isle of Wight.

Extract from local time-table:—

"10.45 a.m. Motor Service between Freshwater and Newport for light passengers only."

"Referring to the plea of Dr. Budge, the poet laureate, for purer English, a writer in the 'Daily Chronicle' says . . ."

Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Purer spelling of names is what the POET LAUREATE would really like to see.

It was very touching of *The Evening News* to give so much space to the distressing story of the real Duchess who could not get a seat at Olympia—(surely they might have thrown out a common person to make room for her?)—but it was tactless to go on:—

"If you will bring me a couple of chairs," said the duchess, "I will sit down in the gangway with the greatest pleasure."

It makes one wonder which of our larger duchesses it was.



## THE HOUSE OF PUNCH.

[He "married a princess of the House of Punch."—*Excerpt from an account of the life of a former King of Kashmir.*]

HAIL, Master, and accept the news I bring.

I come to make a solemn mystery clear,

One that affects you deeply; for I sing

Of a most ancient king

Nine hundred years ago in fair Kashmir,

Who yearned towards a bride, and—hear, oh hear,

Lord of the reboant nose and classic hunch—

"Married a princess of the House of Punch."

Yes, you are royal, as one might have seen.

The loftiness of your despotic sway,

Your strange aloofness and unearthly mien

(Yet regal) might have been

A full assurance of monarchic clay.

Had but the fates run kindly, at this day

Yourself should be a king of orient fame,

Chief of the princely house that bears your name.

Methinks I see you at it. I can see

A shamiana\* loftily upreared

Beneath a banyan (or banana) tree,

Whichever it may be,

Where, with bright turban and vermilion beard

(A not unfrequent sight, and very weird),

You sit at peace; a small boy, doubly bowed,

Acts as your footstool and, though stiff, is proud.

Fragrant with Champak scents the warm wind sighs

Heavily, faintly, languorously fanned

By drowsy peacock-plumes—to keep the flies

From your full nose and eyes—

Waved from behind you, where on either hand

Two silent slaves of Nubian polish stand,

Whose patent-leather visages reflect

The convex day, with mirror-like effect.

Robed in a garment of the choicest spoil

Of Persian looms, you sit apart to deal

Grace to the suppliant and reward for toil,

T'abase the proud, and boil

The malefactor, till upon you steal

Mild qualms suggestive of the mid-day meal;

And, then, what plump, what luscious fruits are those?

What goblets of what vintage? Goodness knows.

Gladly would I pursue this glowing dream,

To sing of deeds of chivalry and sport,

Of cushioned dalliance in the soft hareem

(A really splendid theme),

The pundits and tame poets at your court,

And all such pride, but I must keep it short.

Once let me off upon a thing so bright,

And I should hardly stop without a fight.

But now you stand plain Mister; and, no doubt,

Would have for choice this visioned pomp untold.

Yet, Sire, I beg you, cast such musings out;

Put not yourself about

For a vain dream. If I may make so bold,

Your present lot should keep you well consoled.

You still are great, and have, when all is done,

A fine old Eastern smack, majestic One.

The vassals of your fathers were but few

Compared with yours, who move the whole world

wide;

You still can splash an oriental hue,

Red, yellow, green or blue,

\* Tent.

Upon a fresh and various outside;

While you support—perhaps your greatest pride—

High pundits for your intellectual feast,

And some tame bards, of whom I am the least.

DUM-DUM.

## GIVEN AWAY.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Times* writes:—"The *Nira*, the Russian *Family Herald*, promises to annual subscribers, in addition to a copy of the paper every week—

The complete works of Korolenko in twenty-five volumes.

The complete works of Edmond Rostand.

The complete works of Maikof.

A literary supplement every month.

A fashion book.

A book of patterns of fancy-work designs.

A tear-off calendar for 1914."

and adds, "Where does English or American journalistic enterprise stand beside this?"

We understand that our more enterprising contemporaries have no intention of allowing this question to remain unanswered, and the wildest rumours are afloat as to the nature of the gifts which will be offered next year to annual subscribers by various British journals.

With a view to test the accuracy of these rumours our Special Representative called yesterday upon the Editors of several leading publications, and, although much secrecy is still maintained, he has succeeded in collecting some valuable information. For instance, the report that *The Nineteenth Century* and *After* would include among its gifts the dramatic works of the MELVILLE BROS., *How to Dance the Tango*, and *Sweeter than Honey*, a novel with a strong love interest, lacks confirmation; nor are we in a position to assert definitely that *The Spectator* will present a beautiful coloured supplement, entitled "Susie's Pet Pup," and a handsome mug bearing the inscription: "A Present from Loo," though we believe that such may be the case.

On the other hand, *The Times'* reply to an inquiry as to whether they would present to each reader half a ton of supplements was that they had done so for some years past; and *The Daily Mirror* did not deny that they were considering the proposal to present a framed copy of the portrait of John Tiffin which appeared in their issue of February 29, 1913. (Tiffin, our readers will remember, was brother-in-law to the man who discovered the great emerald robbery.)

*The British Medical Journal's* list will include the works of GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and the Life of Mrs. EDDY; but the report that *The Tailor and Cutter* would present *Wild Tribes of Central Africa* is emphatically denied.

Finally, *The Boxing World* had not thought of offering any free gifts, but on learning that BOSWELL had written a Life of JOHNSON seemed inclined to reconsider their decision.

"In order to counteract a tendency to stoutness which ex-President Taft is now overcoming, the Kaiser has lately undergone a systematic course of outdoor 'training.'"—*Daily Mail*.

This is very friendly of the KAISER, but MR. TAFT will probably do it better by himself.

Says an Edinburgh tram-car advertisement:—

"THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA.

Conductor .. .. E. Mlynarski.

Solo Violinist .. .. Duci Kerekjarto."

You should see these natives when they get among the haggis. Hoots!



## THE KAKEKIKOKUANS;

OR, THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS.

THE country of Kakekikoku, as its name suggests, lies in the vicinity of Timbuctoo, the well-known African resort; and at the present time, when so much interest is centred upon that little-known land, it may be profitable to our readers, as well as to the writer, to give some information about it.

A famous Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who has travelled widely, not only in this country but in Belgium and the Channel Islands, has stated that Kakekikoku is richly endowed with the bewilderments, perils and mysteries of primitive and unexplored African territory. A warlike and exclusive folk, the Kakekikokuans extend a red-hot welcome to the foreigner who ventures within their borders. They are possessed of a fine physique and an intelligence of a subtler kind than many savage races can pretend to; yet while having all the qualities that should go to the building up of a strong nation, certain conditions of their life bar the way to such an achievement. In a word, the Kakekikokuans are in the clutches of the medicine-man. Each of these despots has his own little following, and wields a distinctive influence, it being a point of honour with him that his teaching should differ in some way (usually in but a trivial detail) from the teaching of any other of his kind. The solemnity of their discussions and the heat of their dissensions about the minutiae of their creeds would be laughable were it not so pathetic.

And not only do the medicine-men dispute among themselves, but their followers engage even more vehemently in bitter strife. For instance, there is a national belief that the juby-juby nut, which grows in the forests in profusion, possesses some supernatural virtue that will make a man who chews it impervious to the weapons of his enemies. That this virtue exists is generally accepted; but when it comes to a discussion of how, when and where to chew the nut, much wrangling goes on; and such men as survive in battle claim that their particular method is proved to be the correct one, while such as succumb are cited in proof of the error of their process of absorbing the juices of the juby-juby nut. The survivors include, of course, representatives of various schools of thought, and a battle against a common enemy rarely goes by without being immediately followed by a conflict among the surviving Kakekikokuans in order to put to final proof their respective



Observant Lady (to gentleman alighting from 'bus). "I THINK YOU 'VE DROPPED A PENNY!"

theories about their remarkable fruit. Thus a promising people is committing race-suicide; for this sort of thing goes on not only in connection with this particular problem, but over such questions as the number of beads to wear round one's neck when visiting the medicine-man, whether the national custom of saluting the rising sun need be observed on cloudy mornings, and whether the medicine-man is entitled to the pick of the yams on any day but Sunday. People of different opinions on these points decline to eat together or to enter into social intercourse with one another; and their children are forbidden to mingle in play.

The good news has just come to hand, however, that a band of Church of England missionaries, despatched by the Bishop of ZANZIBAR, has now entered the country; and it is delightful to contemplate the beneficent result that may be expected from their broad-minded attitude and their sane teaching

on the subject of the brotherhood of man.

"The Berlin critics have been accusing Mr. Bernard Shaw of having committed in his 'Pygmalion,' produced in Germany the other day, a plagiarism from Smollett's novel, 'Peregrine Pickle.' Mr. Shaw denies that he has ever read the novel in question, and, in an interview in the London 'Observer,' remarks: 'The suggestion of the German papers that I had Pygmalion produced in Germany lest I should be detected in my own country of plagiarism, shows an amusing ignorance of English culture.'—*Yorkshire Evening Post*. It does. Why even our most cultured countryman, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, has never read *Peregrine Pickle*.

"Mr. Spademan, of Woodnewton, Northants, placed a dozen eggs under a hen some time ago, and there were hatched out thirteen chickens, one of the eggs being double-yolked. All the young birds are doing well.

Burroughes and Watts' billiard tables for accuracy."—*Birmingham Daily Mail*. They are, in fact, a lesson to Mr. SPADEMAN'S LENS.



## LACONICS.

"As a matter of fact," said the doctor, "you ought not to speak at all. But that's asking too much. So let it go at this—not a word more than is necessary. Good-bye."

He left the room and I lay back pondering on his instructions. How many words were really necessary?

The nurse soon after entered.

"So the doctor's gone," she said.

Obviously it wasn't necessary to say Yes, since the room was empty save for me and her; so I made no reply.

She went to the window and looked out. The sky was blue and the sunshine was brilliant.

"It's a fine day," she said.

No, I thought, you don't catch me there; and said nothing. But I reflected that yesterday I might myself have made the same inane remark as she.

"Would you like the paper?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, and then almost regretted it, for having waited nearly fifty years for yesterday's news surely I could wait longer. Still, the paper would help to pass the time.

While she was fetching it I remembered a dream of last night which I had intended to tell her this morning.

But why do so? A dream is of no account even to the dreamer. Still, the recital might have made her laugh. But why should laughter be bothered about?

The nurse brought the paper and I signified Thank you.

"I'll leave you for a while now," she said. "The fire's all right. Your drink's by the bed. You'll ring if you want anything."

All these things I knew. My drink is always beside the bed; the bell is the natural communication between me and the house. What a foolish chatterbox the woman was! I nodded and she went out.

On her return an hour or so later she asked, "Is there anything in the paper?"

Before answering I examined this question. What did it mean? It did not mean, Are the pages this morning absolutely blank, for a change? It meant, Is there a good murder? Is any very important person dead? In reply I handed the paper to her.

Instead of reading it she began a long account of her morning's walk. She told me where she had been; whom she had seen; whom she had thought she had seen and then found that it was some one else; what somebody had said. Not a syllable mattered, I now realised; but yesterday I should

have joined in the talk, asked questions, encouraged her in her foolishness.

Just before lunch my brother and a guest came into the room and began to talk about golf. My brother said that he had been round in 98. This was his best since September, when he went round in 97. He described his difficulties at the tenth hole.

It all seemed very idiotic to me, for the game was over and done with. Why rake it up?

The guest said that he had lost two balls, one of which was expensive. His driving had been good, but in the short game he had been weak. He could never quite make up his mind whether he putted best with a gun-metal putter or a wooden one.

My brother asked me if I remembered that long drive of his two years ago?

I nodded.

The nurse came in and told them to go. She then asked me if I was hungry.

"Very," I said.

She brought me some beef-tea and calf's-foot-jelly, remarking that they were easily taken and "would not hurt my throat."

That was why they were chosen, of course.

In the afternoon I had a visit from my Aunt Lavinia, who sat down with the remark that she would tell me all the news.

"You remember Esther?" she began.

Esther is my cousin and we were brought up together. How could I have forgotten her?

What she told me about Esther was of no consequence. Then she told me how she had nearly lost her luggage at Brighton—she quite thought she had lost it, in fact—but, as it happened, it turned up. "And if I had lost it," she said, "it would have been dreadful, for I had a number of dear Stella's beautiful sketches in one of my trunks. Quite irreplaceable. However, it is all right."

Then why tell me?

And so she rattled on.

"You don't say anything," she said at last.

It was true. I had said nothing. I told her what the doctor instructed.

"Quite right," she remarked. "I wish other people even in good health could have the same prescription."

Just before dinner my brother came in again. "You've had Aunt Lavinia here," he said.

I had.

"Getting quite grey, I thought," he said.

I had noticed it too.

He was smoking, and while he was

with me he emptied his pipe and filled it again. He thought he had knocked the burning ash in the grate, but it had fallen in the turn-up of his right trouser leg.

Should I tell him? I wondered. He would, of course, find it out from the smell; but meanwhile the cloth would be burned through.

"Your trouser's burning," I said.

That was the only remark I volunteered all that day; and really, except now and then on business, I don't see why one should ever talk more.

## CURLING.

*(The Game and how to Play it, by a Winter Sport.)*

TAKE a piece of ice (you'll want Switzerland for this). Draw two circles, one at each end. Draw a line a short distance from each circle. The drawing can be done with a pin, pocket-knife, diamond, axe, friend's razor or other edged or pointed instrument. I give no dimensions because they are dull things and I hate guessing. Talk of the circles at each end as "houses" and the lines as "hogs," and you are well on the road to become a curler.

Take two narrow pieces of tin with prickly eruptions on one side. Place one each end of the ice-patch, prickly side down, and stamp on the smooth side. Why these pieces of tin are called "crampits" I can't tell you, unless it's just part of the fun.

You now have a prepared patch that can be used for hop-scotch, shove-halfpenny, Rugby football or curling. If you have named the things as directed you really ought to use it for curling.

We now come to the question of players. This is one of the most important parts of the game. Four a side is the almost ideal number, but a few more or less do not make any very great difference. But be sure to get some Scotchmen. They take the game seriously and do much to make the whole affair bright and mirthful. A slight sprinkling of Irishmen often serves to bring out more prominently the flavour of the Scottish humour.

Don't play for money unless you have the majority of Scotchmen on your side.

The game is played with "stones," or, to use their Scotch pseudonym, "stones." To every man two stones. You can either get your "stones" in England and travel out with them, or hire them in the locality. They make the most pleasant travelling companions and at times are the cause of many amusing incidents which beguile the tedium of the journey. Also they often





### LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES.

SHY AND NERVOUS HUSBAND, ABANDONED IN COSTUME DEPARTMENT BY HIS WIFE WHO HAS GONE TO THE FITTING-ROOM TO HAVE HER DRESS FITTED, AND SURROUNDED BY TALL AND BEAUTEFOL YOUNG LADIES WHOSE ONLY BUSINESS SEEMS TO BE TO MAKE HIM FEEL LIKE A WORM.

lead to your picking up chance acquaintances. I have known one stone placed in a dimly lighted corridor of a train productive of much merriment and harmless banter. Being of considerable weight they do not readily respond to a playful kick, but having no sharp corners they are seldom responsible for serious injury to the kicker.

Every stone, when new, has a handle. Be careful to preserve the handle intact on the upper part of the stone. If this adjunct be lost or mislaid the stone is less amenable to transit and almost useless for its original purpose.

You will also require a long-handled carpet-broom, which you will on arrival re-name a "cow." Most dressing-bags constructed for foreign travel are now fitted with these useful and picturesque articles. The "cow" is used for two purposes. If you are lucky enough to be appointed scorer for your side you mark the score on the handle in such a way as to be indecipherable by everyone but yourself. This prevents disputes with regard to the accuracy of your arithmetic. You also use it to sweep the ice in front of a friendly stone which appears likely to give up prema-

tirely from exhaustion. Sweeping is carried out under the direction of your captain, and the process is known in the vernacular as "sopping 'er oop." You are not allowed to retard the progress of a stone, friendly or otherwise, by intentionally sweeping obstructions into its path. To discard a portion of your "cow" in front of a rapidly advancing stone is actionable.

Over-enthusiasm in "sopping 'er oop" should be avoided. Ice is proverbially slippery, and if you fall on to a friendly stone from excess of energy or from debility, your side is "huffed" that stone. This is a serious matter, and even if you are able to continue the game you are looked on with disfavour by your friends.

The object of the game is to get your stone as near as possible to the centre of the circle at the other end of the rink. With this object you stand on the piece of tin or "crampit" before referred to, grasp the stone firmly by the handle and hurl it along the ice. It is almost essential to let go the stone at the right moment, otherwise it will hurl you. The game is almost identical with the commoner game of

"bowls," except for the language, which is worse. The term "wood" is inappropriate and must be avoided, as the use of it may lay you under a charge of ignorance or flippancy, which you will find almost impossible to live down.

I will conclude with a few hints to novices. Preserve a cool head and steady eye. Whilst you are playing your shot your captain will be dancing about in the circle at the other end of the ice. You will find it best to disregard his maniacal shoutings and gesticulations. You will probably not understand half of them and will not agree with the other half. If he should break a blood-vessel do not take any notice unless some part of his fallen body is likely to obstruct your stone. In this case you are entitled to have him moved.

If, after you have played, cries of "hog" or "wobbler" arise, remember that you are engaged in a sport and not in politics and that there is nothing really offensive in the terms. Finally, never scoff at the language used, and above all remember that what is one man's game may be another's religion.





"EH, BUT I HAD A RARE TIME LAST YEAR-R. A WAS AT MA COUSIN MACWHUSKIE'S A WHOLE FOORTNIGHT, AN' A DIDNA ONCE KEN A WAS THEER!"

### REVENGE

(Or, a Hint to a House-agent after coming away from his Office).

Your voice was pleasing and your face was fat;  
With soap *ad libitum* you sought to dabble us;  
But when I told you we must leave the flat  
Did I not notice, underneath the spat,  
The bifurcated boot that marks *Diabolus*?

I know that in a brief while you'll have found  
The house I wanted (*sic*), superbly roomy,  
With a fine view and every comfort crowned,  
A short three minutes from the Underground;  
Also I know that you are safe to "do" me.

There will be something wrong; but you shall fill  
My ears with praises specious and irrelevant  
Of this and that; and you shall have your will,  
And heave a deep sigh when I've paid my bill,  
Having got off at last some rare white elephant.

And when things happen to "The Yews" or "Plancé"  
Left by the Joneses like a haunt of lazars;  
When the roof falls, or in the winter rains  
The dining-room breaks out in sudden blains,  
And every feast we have recalls *BELSHAZZAR'S*;

You shall be smiling. But you have not guessed  
One thing, for all your wisdom, child of Lucifer:  
You did not know I was a bard, whose breast  
Could boil with bitter language when oppressed  
Like a bargee's; if anything, abusiver.

This is the high reward of sacred song;  
The minstrels' voices are like falling honey

When the gods please them, but when things go wrong  
They speak their mind out straight, and speak it strong,  
Especially on points concerned with money.

So, if you "do me down," I have my lyre,  
And I shall trumpet (at the normal Press wage)  
Such things about that house, and with such fire,  
That all men ever after shall conspire  
To shun the said demesne and curse that message.

And spiders on the broken panes shall sit,  
And the grey rats shall scuttle in the basement,  
Until the Borough Council purchase it  
And cleanse and decorate, and lastly fit  
A fair blue *plaque* above the study casement,

Saying, "Here lived a while and wove his spell,  
Eusebius Binks the bard, the unforgotten;  
The house is mentioned in his 'Lines to Hell,'  
Also the agents, Messrs. Azazel,  
And the then drains which, so he sang, were rotten."  
EVOE.

The *Daily Telegraph* says of the Portsmouth Corporation telephone system:—

"At present there are 1,699 subscribers and 2,528 distinct telephones."

Why doesn't the Post Office experiment with this new sort of telephone.

"Yet it is necessary to state emphatically, although no representative of a daily newspaper seems to have been under this impression, that not for twenty years have I been so bored."

C.K.S. in "The Sphere," on the 'Edwin Drood' trial.

But how are the poor reporters to know so much about C.K.S. as that?





### COULEUR D'ORANGE.

MR. ASQUITH (*on the Riviera*). "LUCKY FOR ME THERE AREN'T ANY 'CONVERSATIONS' HERE—I MIGHT AGREE TO ALMOST ANYTHING."







## THE POST OFFICE AGAIN.

DEAR UNCLE,—Its your birthday to-day. I sent you some nice pairs of hankkerchifs because its your birthday. They for your nose. Its funny our birthdays being so close. And now no more from your loving neice

NANCY.

MY DEAR NANCY,—Thank you very much indeed for the nice pocket-handkerchiefs. I am very pleased with them. Nobody has ever troubled to give me handkerchiefs before with pretty flowers worked in the corners. I have been wearing them to-day, or rather one of them. They are so nice that I really meant to have kept them specially for parties and things like that, but, as I was obliged to leave home in a great hurry this morning, and someone had hidden my everyday handkerchiefs, I took one of yours.

Such a funny thing has happened. I sent you for your birthday a pretty card with birds on it, and somehow or other it got taken in quite a different direction, and was returned to me this morning by—whom do you think? Auntie Maud, all the way away in Ireland. But we mustn't blame the Postmaster-General without being absolutely sure of ourselves. It is very difficult in mysterious cases like this to be absolutely sure. Didn't you get my parcel? I sent it off at the same time as I sent the card, and I haven't had the parcel back. I wonder where it is. It looks as though things were going on that you and I know nothing about. I shall be very angry with him if he has forgotten to give you your parcel.

Hoping you are quite well, thank you,  
Your loving

UNCLE HENRY.

DEAR UNCLE,—Thank you for your pretty card for my birthday. I didn't got your parsel. Its very naughty of him when its my birthday. I hop you'll be very very angry with him because its my birthday and I didnt get your parsel. And now no more from your loving neice NANCY.

*The Postmaster-General.*

SIR,—On Tuesday last I despatched by book-post a parcel from the South-Western District Office. It is now Friday, and the parcel has not been delivered. I should esteem it a favour if you would kindly give the Official Handicapper for the District in question instructions to allow my parcel to start forthwith. Yours faithfully,

HY. FRESHFIELD.

*The Postmaster-General.*

SIR,—In reply to your enquiry as to the nature of the parcel, I beg to inform

you that it was oblong in shape and done up in brown paper and tied securely with string. To assist you still further in the task of identification, I may mention that it is addressed to Miss Nancy Freshfield, c/o F. E. L. Freshfield, Esq., 47, Ottalie Gardens, Westminster, S.W.

Trusting that nothing serious has occurred to disqualify my parcel,  
Yours faithfully, HY. FRESHFIELD.

DEAR UNCLE,—I thought it was such a long time my parsel didnt come I would write to you dear Uncle. I hop you were very angry with him. And now no more from your loving neice NANCY.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the Postmaster-General to inform you that your parcel has now been traced.

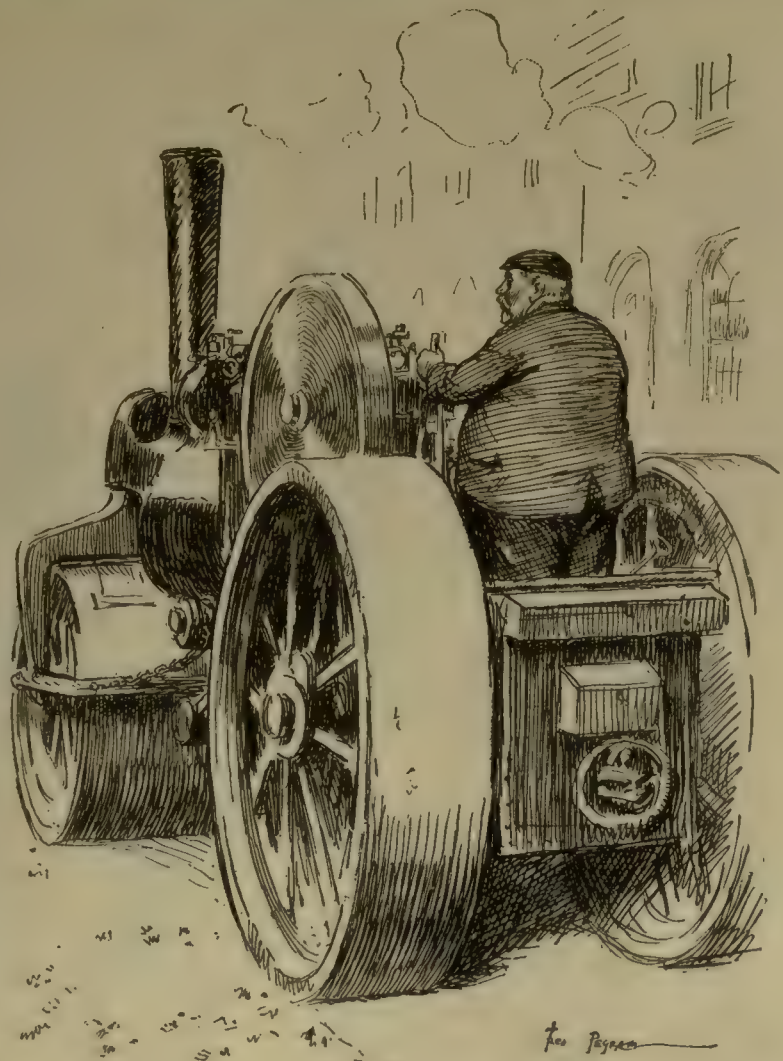
The name of the addressee was correctly stated by you, but you omitted to append such further instructions for

the guidance of the Post Office as to indicate the destination to which you desired it to go. I have the pleasure to add that the fuller information has been copied in from your letter, and the parcel despatched. . . .

DEAR NANCY,—By the same post that brought me your letter I heard from our absent-minded friend, the Postmaster-General. You will be pained to learn that he is even more absent-minded than we thought he was. Although, when I handed him your parcel, I distinctly told him it was going to Westminster, the moment my back is turned he must needs forget all about it.

I feel really rather sorry for him, and I don't think we ought to be angry any more. He can't possibly forget now, because I have written the address down for him. Your loving

UNCLE HENRY.



WHAT TO DO WITH OUR FAT MEN; OR, EVERY LITTLE HELPS.



### A CABINET CRISIS.

It had to be faced at last. There is a demand for them occasionally, and people won't put up with that excellent one taken under the crab-apple tree any longer.

I was caught just right there. The sun was in an indulgent mood and winked at the signs of advancing age. The bald patch was out of sight, and the smile would have softened the heart of an income-tax assessor. I acquired the negative from the amateur performer, and had it vignetted, which made it better still, as there was a space between the cashmere sock and the spring trousering in the original that I did not want attention drawn to. I had a large number of prints made, and dealt them out to anybody who asked for a photograph of me. At first they aroused considerable enthusiasm, but after five or six years a look of doubt began to appear on the faces of the recipients. Hadn't I got a later one? This was very nice, but—I pointed out that I hadn't changed at all, or only a very little. At my best I was still like that; and didn't they want me at my best?

At last a person described by himself as plain-spoken, and by other people as offensively rude, said that I had never really been as good-looking as that, with all possible allowances made, and any way he wanted a photograph and not a memorial card. I took a firm stand, and said that if he wasn't satisfied with that one he could go without altogether, and he said in the most insulting way that he supposed he should be himself again in time if he took a tonic.

A few more episodes of that sort eventually drove me to it. I passed my *viva-voce* examination at the hands of the young lady at the desk, paid my fees, got my testamur, and was shown into the torture-chamber, where the head executioner was busy adjusting his racks and screws.

I was rather taken with the rustic seat that was standing on a white fur mat in front of a scene representing the Jungfrau, but he headed me off it. If I liked the Jungfrau as a background

I could have it, but not with the seat; that was for engaged couples only. He recommended a pair of skis, or a bobsleigh; he could put a fine fall of snow into the negative. But as I had arrayed myself in a black coat, with one of those white waistcoat slips, and a flowing tie with a pearl pin, I refused this offer, and we decided we wouldn't have a background at all.

As the man who administered the laughing gas was out at lunch, I

as to give the sleeves the appearance of trouser legs with rucks in them. I felt almost more sorry for my tailor than for myself, but I shall send him one of the prints when I get them; it will be good for him.

We were now ready to tackle the expression. I had chosen one that would have been suitable for a man with a fair No Trump hand, but with one suit not fully guarded, as I didn't want to overdo it; but, judging from the inquisitor's remarks about the graveside, I am quite ready to admit that it might not have come out like that. I hastily dealt myself a hundred aces and a long suit of clubs, and he said that that was better, but I must put off the idea of the funeral altogether. It was not until I had assumed the appearance of a reach-me-down Nut with a dislocated neck, being made love to by six chorus-girls at once, that he condescended to take a look at me through the peephole. Then he ran up to me, gave my chin another hitch, pulled my neck another foot or two out of my collar, added a ruck or two to my sleeves, and said he liked the other side of my face better, after all.

So we went through it all again, and I worked at it with a will, for I wanted to see him get under his black cloth and finish the business.

It wasn't as bad as I had thought, but he was not done by any means when he had fired his first shot. He rammed more cartridges into the breach, and twisted me into three fresh contortions. He said

he was sure that some of the efforts would turn out magnificently.

I don't feel quite the same confidencee myself. I am anxiously awaiting the result, and trying to get rid of the crick in my neck and to unbuckle the smile in the meantime. If it doesn't turn out satisfactorily, I shall get a few lines—not too deep—put into the negative of the one taken under the crab-tree, and a little hair painted out—but not too much.

"Lemnos and Samothrace are to pass to Greece, and Chios and Wtlylene are to be neutralised."—*Daily Citizen*.

We shall remain anxious until the last-named is sterilized.



"WORK! I'M NOT AFRAID O' WORK, BUT I CAN'T GET ANY IN MY LINE."  
"WHAT IS YOUR LINE?"  
"I USED TO BE A STOCKBROKER, LIDY."

prepared to go through with it in cold blood, and seated myself in the operating chair in the most natural attitude I could assume—something like the one I had taken under the crab-tree. I thought I would show them that there wasn't so much difference after all. But it did not suit the head mechanic at all. He looked at me with his head on one side, and then took hold of mine by the chin and the hair and gave it a twist. I had never worn it at that angle in my life, and I knew it would put my collar all wrong; but I had to do what he told me. He arranged my coat so that it should look as if it had been made to fit somebody else, and disposed my arms in such a way



## THE TRAGEDY OF MIDDLE AGE.

WHEN I was a mid-Victorian nut  
With a delicate taste in ties,  
A highly elegant figure I cut,  
At least in my own fond eyes,  
And used to regard unwaxed moustaches  
As one of the worst of social laches.

But now I find in my youngest son  
The sternest of autocrats.  
He tells me the things that must be  
done

And orders my collars and spats;  
Prescribes mild exercise on the links  
And advises me on the choice of drinks.

I've faithfully striven to imitate  
My Mentor in dress and diction,  
And loyally laboured to cultivate  
A taste for the latest fiction;  
Though I still read DICKENS upon the  
sly,  
And even SCOTT, when nobody's by.

It's true I've managed to draw the line  
At going to tango teas,  
For, after all, I am fifty-nine  
And a trifle stiff in the knees;  
But I've had to give up billiards for  
"slosh,"  
And pay laborious homage to "squash."

Long since my whiskers I had to shave  
To please this young barbarian,  
But still for a while I stealthily clave  
To the use of Pommade Hungarian;  
But now my tyrant has made me snip  
The glory and pride of my upper lip.

"My dear old man," he recently said,  
"If you go on waxing the ends,  
You're bound to be cut, direct and dead,  
By all of my nuttiest friends.  
For it's only done, so *The Mail* dis-  
covers,  
By Labour leaders and taxi-shovers."

So the deed was done, but whenever I  
gaze  
On my face in the glass I moan  
As I think of the mid-Victorian days  
When my upper lip was my own.  
For now, of length and of breadth bereft,  
The ghost of a tooth-brush is all that's  
left.

"MISSING  
NAVY  
PAYMASTER  
ARRESTED."

"*Evening Standard*" Poster.

So that's where it was all the time!

"The Under-sheriff said . . . rumours  
against a man's character were like a rolling  
stone, gathering moss as it went."

*Western Mail.*

"As fond of the fire as a burnt child,"  
is another of the Under-Sheriff's  
favourite sayings.



*Indulgent Householder.* "WHY ARE YOU SINGING CAROLS, MY LITTLE MAN? DON'T YOU  
KNOW CHRISTMAS IS OVER?"

*Youthful Caroler.* "YES, SIR; BUT I 'AD MEASLES ALL FROO CHRISTMAS."

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

GLAMOUR.

ONCE upon a time there was a peer  
who knew the frailty of unennobled  
man.

Having occasion to entertain at  
dinner a number of useful fellows, he  
instructed his butler to transfer the  
labels from a number of empty bottles  
of champagne to an equal number of  
magnums of dry ginger-ale, at ten  
shillings the dozen, and these were  
placed on the table.

At the beginning of the repast his  
lordship casually drew attention to the  
wine which he was giving his guests,  
and asked for their candid opinion of  
it, as he was aware that they were all  
good judges, who knew a good thing  
when they saw it, and he would value  
their opinion.

And they one and all said it was an  
excellent champagne, and two or three  
made a note of it in their pocket-books.  
And such was their loyal enthusiasm  
that the banquet ended in a fine glow  
of something exactly like hilarity.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "MARY-GIRL."

"I'm not going to give up my daily bath!" In these pregnant and moving words rang the *cri de cœur* which was to precipitate the tragedy of *Mary Sheppard*. To you the attitude of mind which provoked this cry may seem as natural as it was sanitary. But you must understand that it ran directly counter to *Ezra Sheppard's* ideal of the simple God-fearing life. Godliness with him came first, and cleanliness followed where it could. In his view a tub once a week was all that any sane person should need. Apart from this hebdomadal use its proper function was to hold dirty dishes and soiled clothes for the washing. And indeed this had at one time been *Mary's* own view (though tempered by vague aspirations towards a softer existence, as we might have guessed from the elegance of her brown shoes) before a year of the higher life had shaken her content. Let us go back.

*Ezra Sheppard* was by profession a market-gardener, and his favourite recreation was preaching in a barn. We have the picture of a frugal but happy interior, with a new-born infant (*off*). The trouble began with an offer made to his wife of a situation as foster-mother to the baby (also *off*) of a neighbouring Countess. The wages were to be high and she was to be delicately entreated; but there were hard conditions. She was not to hold communication with her husband or child for twelve months. I am sorry to say that *Mary* did not flinch from these conditions quite so much as I could have hoped. *Ezra*, however, rejected them for her with manly scorn, until he was reminded that the high wages would speed the end of his own ambitions—namely, to replace his barn with a conventicle of brick. So he let his wife loose into Eden with the Serpent.

And now we see *Mary* seated in the lap of luxury, with soft gowns to wear, and peaches to eat and instant slaves at her beck. You will, of course, expect her virtue to fall an easy prey; but you will be wrong. The Earl's attitude is pleasantly parental, and the attentions of the Countess's cavalier—an author—are confined to the extraction of copy. And anyhow *Mary's* instincts are sound. Now and again she remembers to pity the loneliness of her husband, whose cottage light she can see from the window of her bower; and once, by a ruse, she gets him to break the conditions and visit her; but when he learns that the invitation came from her, and not, as alleged, from the Countess, his conscience will not per-

mit him to take advantage of his chance. So you have the unusual spectacle of a true and loving wife pleading in vain for the embraces of her true and loving husband.

But if her virtue, in the technical sense, remained intact, the Serpent had overfed her with *pommes de luxe*. On her return home—where the restoration of her child might have helped matters, but it doesn't know who she is and refuses to part from its foster-mother—we find her lethargic, off her feed, indifferent to the claims of menial toil, and clamorous (as I have shown) for her rights of the daily bath.

In the first joy of conjugal reunion



Mr. McKINNEL (*Ezra Sheppard*) to Miss MAY BLAYNEY (*Mary Sheppard*). "You've been lying again! You know how I hate it—I told you so in this very theatre when we were playing in *Between Sunset and Dawn*."

*Ezra* consents to tolerate the discomfort of this change, but in the end he loses patience and hits her. She leaves for London the same afternoon.

Six black months pass over the husband's bowed head, and then, on a very windy night (the wind was well done), she makes a re-entry, and confesses that, under stress of need, she has lapsed from virtue. This is bad news for *Ezra*, but he is prepared to forgive a fault in which he himself has had a fair share. Only there must be a sacrifice of something, if moral justice is to be appeased. So he chooses between his wife and his chapel and does execution on the latter. He goes out into the storm and sets the thing alight. His conscience is thus purified by fire, the gale being favourable to arson.

It is a pity that so excellent an

object as a brick chapel should be the evil genius of the play. Yet so it is. Built of the materials of Scandinavian drama, it is always just round the corner, heavy with doom. We never see it, but we hear more than enough about it, and in the end it becomes a bore which we are well rid of.

The theme of the perils of foster-motherhood is not new, but Mrs. MERRICK has treated it freshly and with a very decent avoidance of its strictly sexual aspects. But her methods are too sedentary. She kept on with her atmosphere long after we knew the details of the cottage interior by heart; while a whole volume of active tragedy—*Mary's* six months in London—was left to our fevered imagination. And the sense of reality which she was at such pains to create was spoiled by dialogue freely carried on in the immediate vicinity of persons who were not supposed to overhear it.

The chief attraction of *Mary-Girl* (a silly title) was the engaging personality of Miss MAY BLAYNEY. Always a fascinating figure to watch, she showed an extraordinary sensitiveness of voice and expression. As for that honest and admirable actor, Mr. McKINNEL, who made the perfect foil to her charms that every good husband should wish to be, he seems never to tire of playing these stern, dour, semi-brutal parts. That more genial characters are open to him his success in *Great Catherine* showed. Miss MARY BROUGH, as a charwoman, supplied a rare need with her richly-flavoured humour and its clipped sentences. All the rest did themselves justice. Miss HELEN FERRERS was a shade more aristocratic than the aristocrat of stage tradition; and it was not the fault of Miss DOROTHY FANE (as her daughter, *Lady Folkestone*) that she was required to behave incredibly in the presence of her inferiors. I have not much to say for the manners of Society in its own circles; but it is probably at its best in its intercourse with humbler neighbours. Mrs. MERRICK's picture of the Countess on a visit to the *Sheppards'* cottage might have been designed for a poster of the Land Campaign.

There was no dissenting note, I am glad to say, in the reception of Mrs. MERRICK's charming self when she appeared after the fall of the curtain.

"A pretty authoress!" said an actress in the stalls.

"Is that your comment on the play?" I asked.

"Yes!" she said.

O. S.

"Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Henry and John."—*Liverpool Echo*.  
Where was Lord SAYE AND SELE?





"COME, COME, SIR! THAT'S THE HORSE WE KEEP FOR QUITE YOUNG CHILDREN! HE WANTS TO PLAY WITH YOU, SIR!"

### THE LAST STRAW.

I SING the sofa! It had stood for years,  
An invitation to benign repose,  
A foe to all the fretful brood of fears,  
Bidding the weary eye-lid sink and close.  
Massive and deep and broad it was and bland—  
In short the noblest sofa in the land.

You, too, my friend, my solid friend, I sing,  
Whom on an afternoon I did behold  
Eying—'twas after lunch—the cushioned thing.  
And murmuring gently, "Here are realms of gold,  
And I shall visit them," you said, "and be  
The sofa's burden till it's time for tea."

"Let those who will go forth," you said, "and dare,  
Beyond the cluster of the little shops,  
To strain their limbs and take the eager air,  
Seeking the heights of Hedsor and its copse.  
I shall abide and watch the far-off gleams  
Of fairy beacons from the world of dreams."

Then forth we fared, and you, no doubt, lay down,  
An easy victim to the sofa's charms,  
Forgetting hopes of fame and past renown,  
Lapped in those padded and alluring arms.  
"How well," you said, and veiled your heavy eyes,  
"It slopes to suit me! This is Paradise."

So we adventured to the topmost hill,  
And, when the sunset shot the sky with red,  
Homeward returned and found you taking still  
Deep draughts of peace with pillows 'neath your head.

"His sleep," said one, "has been unduly long."  
Another said, "Let's bring and beat the gong."

"Gongs," said a third and gazed with looks intent  
At the full sofa, "are not adequate.  
There fits some dread, some heavy, punishment  
For one who sleeps with such a dreadful weight.  
Behold with me," he moaned, "a scene accurst.  
The springs are broken and the sofa's burst!"

Too true! Too true! Beneath you on the floor  
Lay blent in ruin all the obscure things  
That were the sofa's strength, a scattered store  
Of tacks and battens and protruded springs.  
Through the rent ticking they had all been spilt,  
Mute proofs and mournful of your weight and guilt.

And you? You slept as sweetly as a child,  
And when you woke you recked not of your shame,  
But babbled greetings, stretched yourself and smiled  
From that eviscerated sofa's frame,  
Which, flawless erst, was now one mighty flaw  
Through the addition of yourself as straw.

R. C. L.

"A really acceptable present for a lady is a nice piece of artificial hair, as, when not absolutely necessary, it is always useful and ornamental."—*Advt. in "Aberdeen Free Press."*  
Still, it might be misunderstood.

"Theologians and mystics might say, 'Is that not mere anthropomorphism?'"—*Mr. BALFOUR according to "The Daily Mail."*  
But a Welshman would say it best.

"An aggressive minority succeeded in showing that the Little Navy-ites do not represent the bulk of public opinion."—*Daily Express.*  
It is, of course, always the aggressive minority which really represents the bulk of public opinion.



## A BYGONE.

WHEN I see the white-haired and venerable Thompson standing behind my equally white-haired but much less venerable father at dinner, exuding an atmosphere of worth and uprightness and checking by his mere silent presence the more flippant tendencies of our conversation; when I hear him whisper into my youthful son's ear, "Sherry, Sir?" in the voice of a tolerant testotoler who would not force his principles upon any man but hopes sincerely that this one will say No; and when I am informed that he promised our bootboy a rapid and inevitable descent to a state of infamy and destitution upon discovering no more than the fag end of a cigarette behind his ear, then I am tempted to recall an incident of fifteen years back, lest it be forgotten that Thompson is a man like ourselves who has known, and even owned, a human weakness.

Dinner had begun on that eventful evening at 7.30 P.M., and it was drawing within sight of a conclusion, that is, the sweet had been eaten and the savoury was overdue, at 9.45 P.M. Four of us had trailed thus far through this critical meal: my father, a usually patient widower who was becoming more than restless; the Robinsons, never a jocund brace of guests, who were by now positively sullen, and myself who, being but a boy of twenty odd years and having little enough to say to a woman of fifty-five and her still more antique husband, had long ago settled down to a determined silence. Meanwhile Thompson, then in his first year of service with us, tarried mysteriously heaven knows where.

The intervals of preparation before each course had been growing longer and longer and the pause before the savoury threatened to be infinite. My father commanded me to ring the bell severely. Longing to escape from the table I did so with emphasis, and my ring summoned (to our surprise, for we were not aware of her existence in the house) a slightly soiled kitchen-maid.

"Where is Thompson?" asked my father sternly.

"At the telephone, Sir," stammered the maid.

"The telephone!" cried my father. "Whatever is the matter?"

The maid started to mumble an explanation, burst into tears and fled in alarm, never again to emerge from the back regions. My father commanded me to the bell again, but as I rose Thompson entered. He was even then a stately and dignified person, and it was with a measured tread and slow that he advanced upon my father.

"Will you please serve the savoury at once?" said my father.

"I am afraid it cannot be done, Sir," said Thompson. "May I explain, Sir?"

"What is the meaning of this?" asked my father, fearing some terrible disaster below stairs, and sacrificing politeness to his guests with the hope of saving lives in the kitchen.

Thompson cleared his throat. "For some weeks, Sir," he said, "I have been much worried with financial affairs. Like a fool I have invested all my savings in speculative shares, and the variations of the market have unduly depressed me. When I am depressed I take no food, and that depresses me even more."

You will be as surprised as we were that this was allowed to continue, but when a man of so few words as Thompson chooses to come out of his shell he is always master of the situation. "And so, Sir," he continued, "I have taken the liberty of telephoning to the mews for a cab."

He paused and bowed, as if this made it all clear, and was about to withdraw. "Kindly finish serving dinner at once, and don't be impudent," my father got out at last.

Thompson sighed. "It is absolutely out of the question, Sir," said he. "Quite, quite impossible."

"Why on earth?" cried my father.

Thompson became, if possible, more solemn and deliberate than before. "I am drunk, Sir," said he.

At this point Mrs. Robinson, whose indignation had slowly been swelling within her, rose and left the room. Robinson, as in duty bound, followed. Neither of them, to my infinite joy, has ever returned . . .

"Depressed by want of food, Sir," continued Thompson, by sheer duress preventing my father from following his guests and attempting to pacify them, "I have taken to spirits. I do not like the taste of spirits and they go at once to my head. They depress me further, Sir, but they intoxicate me. Yes, I am undoubtedly tipsy."

My father seized the opportunity of his pause for reflection to order him to leave the room and present himself in the morning when he was sober.

"You dismiss us without notice, Sir," he stated, referring to himself and his wife in the kitchen. "First thing in the morning we go. And so I have ordered the cab to take us."

This was a very proper fate for Thompson but came a little hard on my father. "But what am I to do?" asked he.

Thompson regarded him with a desultory smile. "The Mews desires

to know, Sir," said he, "who will pay for the cab?"

I ought to be able to state that there followed with the cold light of day an apology, with passionate tears and remorse, from Thompson, or at least a severe reprimand from my father before he consented to keep him on. I regret to say that my father, next morning, postponed the interview till the evening, and from the evening till the next morning, and—that interview is still pending. If this seems weak, you have only to see Thompson to realize that no man with any sense of the incongruous could even mention the word "Drink" in his presence.

As for the cab which Thompson had ordered, though we never saw it we later heard all about it. It went to the wrong house because, as the proprietor of the mews informed us with shame and regret, the driver entrusted with the order had been very much under the influence of alcohol. Altogether it is a sordid tale, made no better by the fact that the house which the drunken driver chose to go to and insult was the Robinsons' . . .

## LOVE AT THE CINEMA.

INERT I watched the Hero sacked  
For lapses clearly not his own;  
The midnight murder on the cliff,  
The wanted ante-nuptial tiff,  
The orange-blossoms, bored me stiff.

The picture-hall was simply packed,  
But I was all alone.

Alone! Two little hours could span  
The gloom that bound me stark and grim

(No melancholy pierced me through  
Before the 7.32  
Had ravished Barbara from view),  
And yet I brooked it like a man  
Until I noticed HIM.

He sat extravagantly near  
His Heart's Delight. To my distress,  
When temporary twilight fell,  
He squeezed her hand (and  
squeezed it well!),  
Possessed her waist, and in that  
shell,

That damask shell she calls an ear,  
Breathed words of tenderness.

The blood ran riot to my head  
And still I held my madness thrall,  
My lips repressed the frenzied  
shriek,  
My straining heart was stout as  
teak;  
But, when he kissed her mantling  
cheek,

I broke—and two attendants led  
Me wailing from the hall.





### THE LOST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Maid (to postman delivering long-delayed parcel). "WHAT IS IT?"

Postman. "LABEL SAYS, 'WILD DUCKS,' BUT THEY'RE 'UMMING-BIRDS NOW.'"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is at least one thing that will surprise you about *It Happened in Egypt* (METHUEN), and that is that, although C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON are the writers, motor-cars are hardly so much as mentioned throughout. It is a tale of the Nile and the Desert, of camels and caravans, told with a quite extraordinary power of making you feel that you have visited the scenes described. But this, of course, if you have any previous experience of the WILLIAMSON method, will not surprise you at all. As for the story that strings the scenes together, though it promised well, with almost every possible element of fictional excitement—buried treasure, and spies, and abductions, and secrets—somehow the result was not wholly up to the expectation thus created. To borrow an appropriate simile, the great thrill remained something of a mirage, always in sight and never actually reached. Also I wish to record my passionate protest against stories of treasure-trove in which the treasure is not taken away in sacks and used to enrich the hunters; I am all against leaving it underground, for whatever charming and romantic reasons. No, it is not so much as a novel of adventure that might have happened pretty well anywhere that I advise you to read this book, but as a super-guide to scenes and sensations that happen in Egypt and nowhere else. From the moment when, as one of the WILLIAMSON party, you sit down to breakfast on the terrace of Shepherd's, till you take leave of your fellow-travellers in the mountain-tomb of QUEEN CANDACE, you will enjoy the

nearest possible approach to a luxurious Egyptian tour, under delightful guidance, and at an inclusive fare of six shillings.

Mr. SETON GORDON is a bold man. It is one thing to call a book *The Charm of the Hills* (CASSELL) and quite another to succeed in conveying that charm through the medium of the printed word. Perhaps, however, he was encouraged by the success that has already attended these pen-pictures of Highland scenes in serial form; certainly he knew also that he had another source of strength in a collection of the most fascinating photographs of mountain scenery and wild life, nearly a hundred of which are reproduced in the present volume. So that what Mr. GORDON the writer fails to convey about his favourite haunts (which is not much) Mr. GORDON the photographer is ready to supply. The papers, which range in subject from ptarmigan to cairngorms, are written with an engaging simplicity and directness, and show a sympathetic knowledge of wild nature such as is the reward only of long familiarity. The glorious mountain wind blows through them all, so that as you read you feel the heather brushing your knees, and see the clouds massing on the peaks of Ben-something-or-other. Perhaps Mr. GORDON is at his most interesting on the subject of the Golden Eagle. There are many striking snapshots of the king of birds in his royal home; and some stories of court life in an eyrie that are fresh and enthralling. One thing that I was specially glad to learn on so good authority is that the Golden Eagle, so far from being threatened with extinction, is actually increasing in the



deer forests of the North. This is intelligence as welcome as it is nowadays unusual. The book, which is published at 10s. 6d. net, is dedicated "to one who loves the glens and corries of the hills"; and all who answer to this description should be grateful to the writer for his delightful record.

Goodness knows that of all London's teeming millions I am the possessor of the most easily curdled blood, but my flesh declined to creep an inch from the first page to the last of *Animal Ghosts* (RIDER). I think it was Mr. ELLIOTT O'DONNELL's way of telling his stories that was responsible for my indifference. He is so incorrigibly reticent. His idea of a well-told ghost story runs on these lines:—"In the year 189—, in the picturesque village of C—, hard by the manufacturing town of L—, there lived a wealthy gentleman named T— with his cousin F— and two friends M— and R—." I simply refuse to take any interest in the spectres of initials, still less in the spectres

of the domestic pets of initials. I am no bigot; by all means deny your ghost his prerogative of clanking chains and rattling bones; but there are certain points on which I do take a firm stand, and this matter of initials is one of them. Not one of these stories is convincing. Mr. O'DONNELL taps you on the chest and whispers hoarsely, "As I stood there my blood congealed, I could scarcely breathe. My scalp bristled;" and you, if you are like me, hide a yawn and say, "No, really?" There is a breezy carelessness, too, about his methods which kills a story. He distinctly states, for instance, that the story of the "Headless Cat of No. —, Lower Seedley Street, Manchester," was told to him by a Mr. ROBERT DANE. In the first half of the narrative this gentleman's brother-in-law addresses him as *Jack*, and later on his wife says to him, "Oh, *Edward*." What a man whose own Christian name is so much a matter of opinion has to say about seeing headless cats does not seem to me to be evidence.

There seems to be an increasing public for the volume of reflections. At all events Mr. REGINALD LUCAS, who has already two or three successes in this kind to his credit, has been encouraged to produce another, to which he has given the pleasant title of *The Measure of our Thoughts* (HUMPHREYS). It is, of course, difficult to be critical with a book like this; either it pleases the reader or it doesn't, and that is about all that can be said. One reason for my belief that Mr. LUCAS's *Thoughts* will please is that he has put them into the brain of a definitely conceived and very well drawn character. They are told in the form of letters by this character to his old tutor. The writer is supposed to be the rather unattractive and self-conscious eldest son of a noble house, who suffers from the presence of a father and sister who think him a fool, and a brother whose charm is a continual and painful contrast to his own lack of it.

The special skill of the letters is their self-revelation, which brings out the patios of the writer's position, while at the same time showing quite clearly the defects that explained it. Mr. LUCAS, in short, does not commit the error of making his hero merely a mute, misunderstood paragon, whom anyone with common penetration must have recognised as such. On the contrary, we sympathise with him, especially in the big tragedy of his life, while quite admitting that to any casual acquaintance he must have appeared only a dull and uninteresting egoist. This I call clever, because it shows that Mr. LUCAS has created a real thinker, rather than striven to give him any unusual profundity of thought. An agreeable book.

In the sixteenth chapter of the First Part of *The Rocks of Valpré* (FISHER UNWIN) Trevor Mordaunt married *Christine Wyndham*, and on the last page (which is the 511th) of the book, "she opened to him the doors of her soul, and drew him within. . . ." Granted that *Mordaunt*,



ONE OF THE FEW HISTORIC MANSIONS OF ENGLAND WHERE QUEEN ELIZABETH DID NOT SLEEP.

with the eyes of steel, was not exactly an oncoming man and that when he married *Christine* he received, as wedding presents, two or three brothers-in-law who sponged hopelessly upon him, I still think that Miss ETHEL DELL has given us too detailed an account of the domestic differences between *Mordaunt* and his wife. For my own part I became frankly tired of the pecuniary crises of the *Wyndhams* and of their incurable inability to tell the truth. Had *Mordaunt* got up and given these feckless brethren a sound hiding I should have been relieved, but he preferred to make them

squirm by using his steely eyes. In the future I suggest to Miss DELL that she should leave these strong silent men alone. They have had their day and gone out of vogue. The best part of this book, and indeed the best work Miss DELL has yet done, is her treatment of the romantic friendship between *Christine* and *Bertrand de Montville*. It is handled so touchingly and so surely that I resent with all the more peevishness the banality of the steel-eyed one.

"His lordship dismissed the application, with costs, and the jury found in his favour, assessing the damages at £1,000." We should like to be a Judge. It seems to be easy and well-paid work.

From the synopsis of a Singapore play—just the last scene or two:—

"Samion, after going through Nyai Dasima's fortune, maltreated her, and told her to leave his protection. He also commissioned a wicked man called Puasa to murder Nyai Dasima. Puasa murdered Dasima, and threw her body into a river. The corpse of Dasima floated and entangled in the bathing-place of William. William, seeing this, at once reported to the Police of Dasima's death. Puasa and others were arrested and imprisoned. The Judge investigated the case, and Puasa was sentenced to be hanged. Samion got mad and died. Mah Buyong also got mad." And so home to bed.



## CHARIVARIA.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN is starting a movement with the admirable object of reinvigorating the drama in Wales by forming a travelling troupe of first-rate actors. It is rumoured that an option has already been obtained on a native comedian who is at present a member of the Cabinet.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER received last week a deputation of the Men of Kent in order to hear their views in support of the preservation of the custom of gavelkind; and many persons, we believe, were surprised to hear that it is a custom and not a disease.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, in a speech at Dundee last week, described Mr. CHURCHILL as the worst Liberal First Lord of the Admiralty that had ever occupied the position. It is reported that the right honourable gentleman is having a large number of copies of this statement printed off as a testimonial.

"The Labour organ, *The Evening Chronicle*," says a Johannesburg telegram, "appeared to-day with the leader column blank." The leaders were, of course, all in gaol.

In addition to Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON's little party an Austrian expedition to the Antarctic is also being organised. Such persons as were intending to go to these regions in the hope of finding quiet and rest there would do well to hesitate, for it looks as if they may be rather overcrowded.

"The American Ambassador," we read last week, "is confined to his room at the Embassy owing to a cold." Colds, we know, are nasty catching things, but we consider it shows cowardice on the part of the staff to have, apparently, locked their chief in his room.

The Duke of ATHOLL celebrated his jubilee as head of the house of STEWART-MURRAY last week. In these days to have remained a Duke for so long as fifty years shows no little grit.

"A Farnham resident," a contemporary informs us, "was badly stung by a wasp last week." At this time of

year these insects are apt to sting badly, but in the summer they do it quite well.

The Roman Temple which has occupied a prominent position in the grounds of the Crystal Palace during the last three years is to be removed to Bath, and re-erected there. To the grave regret of the *élite* of Sydenham, an attempt to get Kew to take over the large glass house has failed.

A little while ago, at the Palladium, there was a Moore and Burgess revival. It has evidently been discovered that there is a taste for this sort of entertainment, for it is now announced that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE will produce this year

One likes to learn how to cool oneself after a visit to a crater.

A little girl of our acquaintance has given the most vivid description of a cold that we have yet heard. "Well, Phyllis," we said, "how goes it to-day?" "Horrid," came the answer. "Have to make myself breathe."

"For the first time for forty years," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "a wild swan, supposed to have flown across the North Sea, has been shot in the marshes of the Isle of Sheppey." It does not say much for the marksmanship of the local sportsmen that this poor creature should have been shot at all those years without being hit.

We learn from *The Tailor and Cutter* that a garment of double fabric, with india-rubber balls inside to absorb the shock, has been designed for motorists by a Budapest tailor. But surely it is rather the pedestrian who needs this armour?

Mr. W. McDUGALL declared in a lecture at the Royal Institution last week that the cranial capacity of the savage was equal to that of the average Oxford undergraduate. Cambridge has suspected this for years.

### "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

"Hitherto more or less content with a wet sea and a flowing sail . . ."

"*Times*" *Literary Supplement*. It would be terrible if *The Times* disapproved of the

sea being wet.

"MULTIPLY YOUR INCOME BY 3.

$£152 \times 3 = £375$

Think what you could do if you had three times the income you have now."

*Advt. in "Church Times."*

Sums perhaps.

"Mr. R. G. Knowles, the famous comedian, is now out of danger, and, acting on his doctor's orders, will start on Thursday for a trip to the Argentine. He will be back in London before the end of Barch."

*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Without that miserable cold, we hope.

### Our Picturesque Language.

Extract from Japanese letter:—

"Our markets do not improve yet but as I working hard as twice than last year our business do not much decay than other person, which I am glad."

We share this gentleman's joy.



First Urchin. "SEE, 'ERB, A AIRCPLANE!"

Second Urchin. "WHERE?"

First Urchin. "SEE, THERE—THAT LOOSE BIT."

a play by Sir RIDER HAGGARD in which the popular actor and his wife will appear as Zulus.

Joseph, we read, is to be produced at Covent Garden next week. Apparently Sir HERBERT TREE's friend has now parted from his Brethren.

A lady in the front of the first circle at Drury Lane, *The Express* tells us, laughed so heartily the other day in the paper-hanging scene that her artificial teeth fell out and dropped into the stalls. This accentuates the importance of having one's teeth plainly marked with one's name and address.

Mr. Fred Burlingham, who recently descended into the heart of Vesuvius, has written a book entitled "How to become an Alpinist." The idea is good.



## A COCKAIGNE OF DREAMS.

[Based on Sir ASTON WEBB'S recent vision of what London might be like in a hundred years' time.]

THANKS to a gift of piercing sight  
(Not far removed from that of MOSES),  
Beyond the secular veil of night  
I see a City crowned with light,  
A London redolent of roses.

I note an air of morning prime,  
As used by bards for their afflatus,  
Recovered from the spacious time  
Ere yet a triple coat of grime  
Had blocked our breathing-apparatus.

Swept clean of smuts and chimney-stacks  
Each roof becomes a blooming garden,  
And there, reclining on its backs,  
All day the jocund public slacks  
As in the thymy glades of Arden.

On Thames's bosom, crystal-clear,  
Glad urchins bob about like bladders;  
The fly is cast from Wapping pier,  
And over the Pool's pellucid weir  
Salmon go leaping up their ladders.

I dream how Covent's gritty bowers  
(By leave of MALLABY's line) shall wear a  
Fat smile to greet the sunnier hours  
For joy of battles fought with flowers,  
As it might be in Bordighera.

New Bond Streets on the Surrey side  
Shall flaunt their gems and rare chinchillas  
To swell the local mummer's pride,  
And every bridge shall span the tide  
With Arcadies of ASTON villas.

I see, in fact, old London rise  
From smokeless ashes, like a Phoenix,  
To moral planes where Beauty lies  
And Electricity supplies  
The motive power of pure Hygienics.

But not in *our* time (hush, my heart!);  
A score of lustres will have fled  
Before the Ministry of Art,  
Though it should make an early start,  
Can hope to see the thing completed.

Meanwhile this London is my place.  
Sad though her dirt, as I admit, is,  
I love the dear unconscious grace  
That shines beneath her sooty face  
Better than all your well-groomed cities.

O. S.

## "A BELGIAN PRINCESS AND HER CREDITORS."

'Le Soir' (Brussels) announces that the creditors of Princess Louise will receive the sum of 4,172 millions of francs, and consequently the legal proceedings before the Court of Appeal will not take place."

Pall Mall Gazette.

Such a paltry sum to make a fuss about! But, as usual, we hide our real feelings behind this flippant mask. Reading between the lines we confess to strange apprehensions. Why has the Princess so gravely exceeded her dress allowance? Has she, on behalf of her beloved country, been collecting war-ships? Has she 50 or 60 *Dreadnoughts* up her sleeve to upset the balance of naval power on "the day"? We make the German Chancellor a present of these disturbing reflections.

## HIS SON'S FATHER.

IN at least one of our daily newspapers the attention of the public was recently drawn to a brilliant young orator, ANTHONY ASQUITH by name, who began a series of lectures at Antibes before influential audiences. The first two of the series dealt with aviation and music respectively. We understand that the titles of the remainder of the series will include "Physical Culture," "The Limitations of Radium," "The Place of Theosophy in Metaphysics," and "The Proper Education of the Child."

We learn from a correspondent that this gifted gentleman (who, by the way, is still quite young, being well on the bright side of his teens) is a member of a highly-respected London family resident within a stone's throw of Whitehall.

After a career full of promise at Oxford, Master ANTHONY ASQUITH's father was called to the Bar; and although he no longer follows the profession of barrister (in which, by the way, he rose to the distinction of King's Counsel), he is not forgotten by many of his old colleagues in Lincoln's Inn. It was at one time common knowledge that he would certainly have been made a judge had he only remained active in his profession. He has devoted the last few years, however, to political work, which has always had a particular attraction for him. As a man of sound judgment and ready acumen, Mr. ANTHONY ASQUITH's father is much honoured in the councils of his own party; he is also a very effective speaker, and is sure of a large and appreciative audience whenever he addresses a meeting, whether it be in London or elsewhere.

We venture to predict that the world will hear further of the man whom the remarkable performance of his youthful son has established within the public eye.

## THE NEW "AGONY COLUMN."

[A forecast of "Servants Wanted" advertisements, by Mr. Punch's own Steno-Volapuker. With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail."]

CK-GEN, 9-90, £145, rsng £50 yrly, fam 2 (poss mre), no bsmt, stps, wndws, boots, wshg. R.S.V.P. Mrs. Bolt, Laurel Villa, Lee Green, S.E.

CK, any age, any wage, 3 fam (wrtn gntee furthr arrvls immed disposed of) no stairs, spats, fncy socks, knves, frks, spoons. Exclnt matrimnal prosps. The Vicarage, Great Outerly.

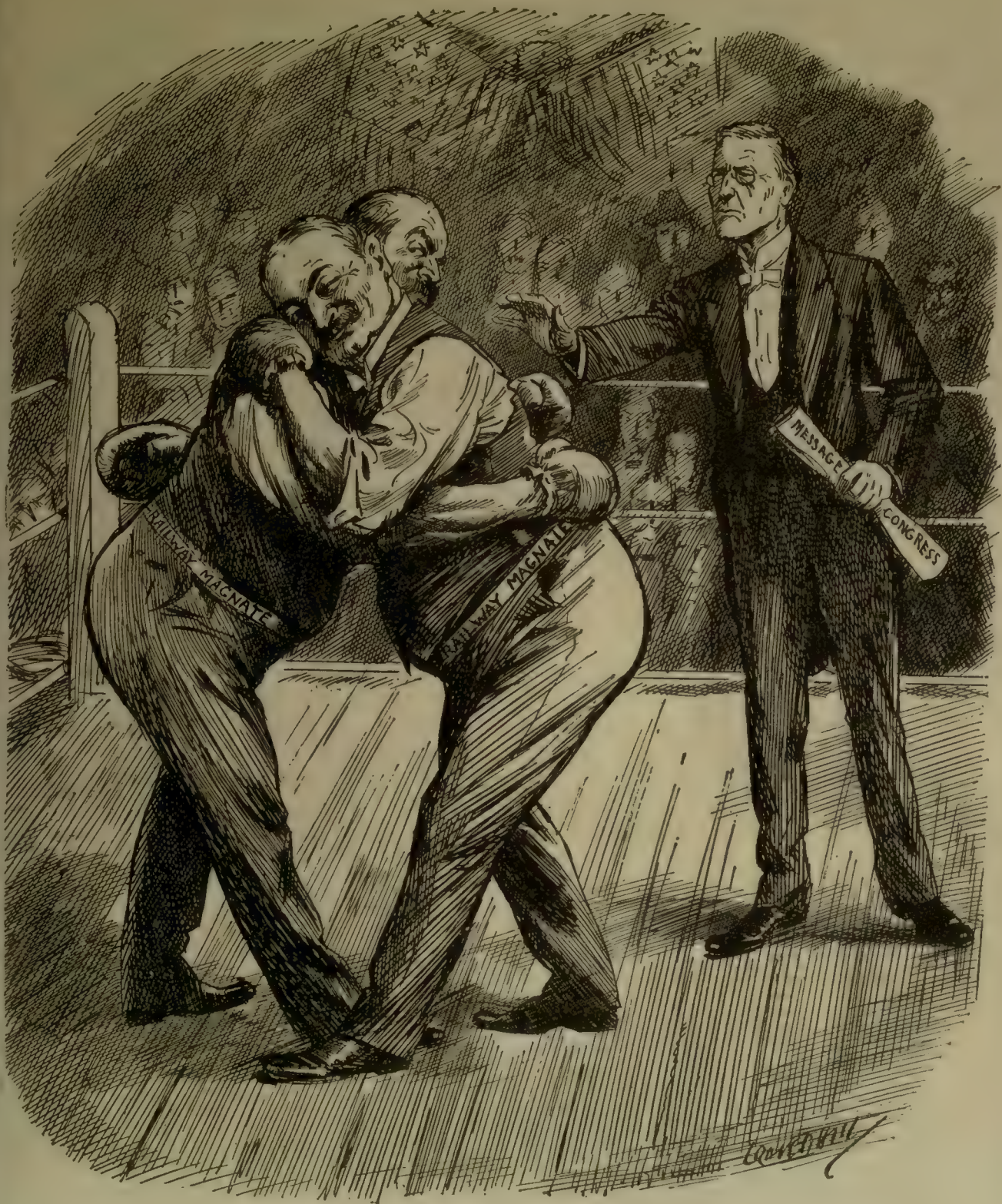
CK, marrd or sing, if marrd hush can shre 1st fr suite, beaut furn, pri bth rm, sth asp, telephne, mo 'bus psses dr, ex cellar kept. Mrs. Bland, "Nil Desperandum," Muswell Hill, N.

GEN, bright, yng (under 75), £180, pens aftr 6 mnths service, free costumes, taxis, theatr ties, rail fres, week-ends-sunny sth est (best hotls). Interv Carl Grill Rm, 8 morrow, eve dress op, will intro hush to engd applent, aftwds to Hippo. Mrs. St. John Vernour, Stewkley Mans., W.

GEN, age op, no fam (loathe fams), no early dins, late dins, or hot dins. Wages half emplyrs inc (Chart Accts cert), evry wk-end off, lib breakges (best china only), charm neighb, young soc, exc golf clb, amatr theatrcs (leadg prts guarntd), Cindrilla dnce Twn Hill twice mnthly, ann hol Deauville, all exes pd, pre-historic ckng only, no veg, caps, aprons, restrictns. Lchkey, long gard, summr hse. Mrs. Rex Jones, The Awnings, Bourne End (Pic pal 3 min).

IMBECILE, as GEN, £18, 9 fam (last census), honest, wlng, oblg, early risr, pln ck, fond hse wk, chldrn, one eve mthly. Mrs. Spero, The Warren, Stickham-in-Clay, Bucks.





## THE TRUST CLINCH.

PRESIDENT WILSON. "BREAK AWAY THERE, GENTLEMEN!"

[In his Message to Congress upon legislation regarding Trusts, President Wilson advocated "the effectual prohibition of interlocking" amongst great industrial and financial corporations.]







## SCALE OF IMPORTANCE IN THE PRODUCTION OF A MODERN REVUE.



COSTUMIER.

PRINCIPAL ACTRESS.

COMEDIAN.

PRODUCER.

SCENE PAINTER. COMPOSER.

AUTHORS.

## MUSIC AND MILLINERY.

THE luminous suggestion that ladies attending the forthcoming performances of *Parsifal* should wear mantillas instead of aigrettes is almost the first serious attempt to bring the arts of music and dress into a true and fitting relation. We are therefore not in the least surprised to learn that a movement is on foot to promote sumptuary legislation to secure this end as part and parcel of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's far-reaching programme of social reform. Pending the realisation of these schemes the Editor of *Music for the Million* has had the happy thought of interviewing a number of distinguished musicians, whose views may be summarised herewith.

Sir HENRY WOOD said that conductors and orchestral players were extraordinarily sensitive to sartorial influences. Unfortunately the force of tradition was so strong that he found it impossible to indulge his tastes. It was *de rigueur* to conduct in either a frock or an evening coat, but if he had his own way he would vary his garb for every composer. For example, he would like to wear a harlequin's dress for STRAUSS, a full-bottomed wig and ruffles for BACH, HAYDN and GLUCK, a red tie and a cap of Liberty for SCHÖNBERG, and the uniform of a Cossack of the Ukraine for TCHAIKOVSKY. Instead of which the utmost liberty that he was allowed was a butterfly tie. He thought that members of the orchestra ought to be permitted to

consult their individual tastes in dress. Certain restrictions would of course be needed. Thus, uniforms were all very well for dance and restaurant bands, but he would not like to see the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra competing with Blue Bessarabians or Pink Alsatians.

Herr KUBELIK declared that a violin *virtuoso* could never play his best by daylight. Artificial light, full evening dress and diamonds were indispensable in an audience. You would not play *bravura* music to people in morning costume; it was like drinking champagne out of a teacup.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON said that as the highest form of musical composition was a Funeral March he was in favour of making black obligatory for all persons who attended high-class symphonic concerts. The kaleidoscopic colours affected by modern women of fashion distracted serious artists and sometimes made them play wrong notes. An exception might perhaps be allowed in favour of dark purple, because of its association with mourning, but the glaring colour schemes now in vogue were to be deprecated as prejudicial to solemnity. It pained him to see music reduced to the menial position of the handmaid of levity.

Professor-BANTOCK said that he was entirely in favour of establishing an equation between music and the costume of those who performed or listened to it. For instance, he felt that his *Omar Khayyam* would make a far deeper

impression if the audience were all clad in Persian garb. The same need for local colour would be felt in the case of his new Siberian symphony, though he admitted that it would be a little trying if the work was performed in the dog days. The expense was perhaps a consideration, but people could always afford to purchase a costume for a fancy ball, and why not for a Symphony concert?

Madame CLARA BUTT said that she found the *timbre* of her voice was affected by the costumes of the audience. She strongly condemned the practice followed by some ladies of fashion of bringing their Pekinese dogs with them to concerts. It showed disrespect to the performers and involved cruelty to animals, since the Pekinese only appreciated the Chinese five-note scale and detested European harmonies.

## Cabinet and Admiralty.

## ANOTHER DISCLAIMER.

A correspondent writes:—"There is no reason to believe that the Cabinet will remit to the Board of Admiralty the report of the Land Committee appointed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with a view to securing the views of the Sea Lords, as possessing a wide knowledge of naval affairs, on this aspect of the Government's policy."

"The men demand, roughly, an increase of 1d. 3 ton."—*Daily Chronicle*. Perhaps if they asked politely they might get it.



## SILVER LININGS.

"We want some more coal," said Celia suddenly at breakfast.

"Sorry," I said, engrossed in my paper, and I passed her the marmalade.

"More coal," she repeated.

I pushed across the toast.

Celia sighed and held up her hand.

"Please may I speak to you a moment?" she said, trying to snap her fingers. "Good; I've caught his eye. We want——"

"I'm awfully sorry. What is it?"

"We want some more coal. Never mind this once whether INMAN beat HOBBS or not. Just help me."

"Celia, you've been reading the paper," I said in surprise. "I thought you only read the *feuilleton*—the serial story. How did you know INMAN was playing HOBBS?"

"Well, POULTON or CARPENTIER or whoever it is. Look here, we're out of coal. What shall I do?"

"That's easy. Order some more. What do you do when you're out of nutmegs?"

"It depends if the nutmeg-porters are striking."

"Striking! Good heavens, I never thought about that." I glanced hastily down the headlines of my paper. "Celia, this is serious. I shall have to think about this seriously. Will you order a fire in the library? I shall retire to the library and think this over."

"You can retire to the library, but you can't have a fire there. There's only just enough for the kitchen for two days."

"Then come and chaperon me in the kitchen. Don't leave me alone with Jane. You and I and Jane will assemble round the oven and discuss the matter. B-r-r-r. It's cold."

"Not the kitchen. I'll assemble with you round the electric light somewhere. Come on."

We went into the library and rallied round a wax vesta. It was a terribly cold morning.

"I can't think like this," I said, after fifteen seconds' reflection. "I'm going to the office. There's a fire there, anyway."

"You wouldn't like a nice secretary," said Celia timidly, "or an office-girl, or somebody to lick the stamps?"

"I should never do any work if you came," I said, looking at her thoughtfully. "Do come."

"No, I shall be all right. I've got shopping to do this morning, and I'm going out to lunch, and I can pay some calls afterwards."

"Right. And you might find out what other people are doing, the people

you call on. And—er—if you *should* be left alone in the drawing-room a moment . . . and the coal-box is at all adjacent . . . You'll have your muff with you, you see, and—— Well, I leave that to you. Do what you can."

I had a good day at the office and have never been so loth to leave. I always felt I should get to like my work some time. I arrived home again about six. Celia was a trifle later, and I met her on the mat as she came in.

"Any luck?" I asked eagerly, feeling in her muff. "Dash it, Celia, there are nothing but hands here. Do you mean to say you didn't pick up anything at all?"

"Only information," she said, leading the way into the drawing-room. "Hallo, what's this? A fire!"

"A small involuntary contribution from the office. I brought it home under my hat. Well, what's the news?"

"That if we want any coal we shall have to fetch it ourselves. And we can get it in small amounts from greengrocers. Why greengrocers, I don't know."

"I suppose they have to have fires to force the cabbages. But what about the striking coal-porters? If you do their job, won't they picket you or pickaxe you or something?"

"Oh, of course, I should hate to go alone. But I shall be all right if you come with me."

Celia's faith in me is very touching. I am not quite so confident about myself. No doubt I could protect her easily against five or six great brawny hulking porters . . . armed with coal-hammers . . . but I am seriously doubtful whether a dozen or so, aided with a little luck, mightn't get the better of me.

"Don't let us be rash," I said thoughtfully. "Don't let us infuriate them."

"You aren't afraid of a striker?" asked Celia in amazement.

"Of an ordinary striker, no. In a strike of bank-clerks, or—or chess-players, or professional skeletons, I should be a lion among the blacklegs; but there is something about the very word coal-porter which—— You know, I really think this is a case where the British Army might help us. We have been very good to it."

The British Army, I should explain, has been walking out with Jane lately. When we go away for week-ends we let the British Army drop in to supper. Luckily it neither smokes nor drinks nor takes any great interest in books. It is a great relief, on your week-ends in the country, to know that the British Army is dropping in to

supper, when otherwise you might only have suspected it. I may say that we are rather hoping to get a position in the Army Recruiting film on the strength of this hospitality.

"Let the British Army go," I said.

"We've been very kind to him."

"I fancy Jane has left the service. I don't know why."

"Probably they quarrelled because she gave him caviare two nights running," I said. "Well, I suppose I shall have to go. But it will be no place for women. To-morrow afternoon I will sally forth alone to do it. But," I added, "I shall probably return with two coal-porters clinging round my neck. Order tea for three."

Next evening, after a warm and busy day at the office, I put on my top-hat and tail coat and went out. If there was any accident I was determined to be described in the papers as "the body of a well-dressed man." To go down to history as "the body of a shabbily-dressed individual" would be too depressing. Beautifully clothed, I jumped into a taxi and drove to Celia's greengrocer. Celia herself was keeping warm by paying still more calls.

"I want," I said nervously, "a hundredweight of coal and a cauliflower." This was my own idea. I intended to place the cauliflower on the top of a sack, and so to deceive any too-inquisitive coal-porter. "No, no," I should say, "not coal; nice cauliflowers for Sunday's dinner."

"Can't deliver the coal," said the greengrocer.

"I'm going to take it with me," I explained.

He went round to a yard at the back. I motioned my taxi along and followed him at the head of three small boys who had never seen a top-hat and a cauliflower so close together. We got the sack into position.

"Come, come," I said to the driver, "haven't you ever seen a dressing-case before? Give us a hand with it or I shall miss my train and be late for dinner."

He grinned and gave a hand. I paid the greengrocer, pressed the cauliflower into the hand of the smallest boy, and drove off. . . .

It was absurdly easy.

There was no gore at all.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There!" I said to Celia when she came back. "And when that's done I'll get you some more."

"Hooray! And yet," she went on, "I'm almost sorry. You see, I was working off my calls so nicely, and you'd been having some quite busy days at the office, hadn't you?"

A. A. M.





THIS IS NOT A CLOAK-ROOM BUT THE LOUNGE OF A FASHIONABLE LONDON HOTEL.

## OLYMPIC TALENT.

(A topical fantasy suggested by the decay of our athletic prowess and the apparent apathy of the nation as to the fate that may befall it in the international contest of 1916.)

My England, so the chance has fled!  
Olympian years to come shall knot not  
The athlete's guerdon for thy head  
But crown the wigs of Serbs and what not.

There were who sought thy shame to shield  
From men that mocked the sea-kings' fibres  
By opening funds, but these appealed  
To singularly few subscribers.

"A trifling hundred thou.," they wrote,  
"To ease the joints and stiffening sockets."  
The public acted like a goat,  
They kept the cash inside their pockets.

So mused I sadly; and since new  
Sensations oft from grief can jerk us  
I went to see the "Wonder Zoo,"  
Herr HAGENBECK'S surprising circus.

There where the Model Homes were built  
That left some while ago the bard bored  
I watched the Nubian lions wilt  
In imitation lairs of cardboard.

And sudden, whilst I saw them roll—  
Those monster cats—beyond their ha-ha,  
A solace came into my soul,  
I murmured sotto voce, "Aha!"

"If but yon sunken fence were filled,  
So that these grim-faced brutes might cross it,  
Are there no athletes here undrilled,  
Veiled by their adipose deposit?"

"In slothful ease Britannia shirks;  
But haply, near these sundering ditches,  
Some mute inglorious milner lurks  
Under a morning coat and breeches.

"Oh, if the gulf were bridged! What late,  
What all undreamed-of hurdle-winners  
Might blossom from a natural hate  
Of forming parts of feline dinners?"

"Yes, even I, the motley fool,  
Starting from scratch and willy nilly  
Might prove it needs no Yankee school  
To knock the level hundred silly.

"The gymnast's art should all be mine  
As, clambering from the scene of pillage,  
I roosted safe in yon red pine  
(Left over from the Russian village).

"Ay, and if all old tales are wrong  
And lions climb—from that asylum  
I should come out extremely strong,  
Using my brolly for a pilum."

EVOE.



## THE INDOMITABLES.

THERE is trouble ahead for some of our Peers.

I have just come across three fore-warnings of it.

The first was in the train: A fat man was telling his grievance to a thin man.

"I'll stick at nothing," he said. "I mean to see this through. The idea! Why, we've only been in the house seven weeks. Remember that. Remember also that gas is half-a-crown a thousand. And understand that we're most economical; we're always turning the lights down, my wife and I. Now then; in spite of this the rascals want me to pay on sixty thousand feet! It's preposterous. We couldn't have got through so much if we had never let a burner or a stove go out day or night. And we're economical! What do you say to that?"

The thin man said that he had never heard anything so infamous in his life.

"But I'm going to fight it, I can tell you," said the fat man. "Oh yes. If necessary I'll take it to the House of Lords."

"Quite right," said the thin man, picking up his paper.

The second case was late at night, in the corner of a restaurant. Two men were talking near me and I heard most of it.

"It was like this," said one, who might have been a journalist from the look of him, to the other, whom I could not exactly place, but fancied he was perhaps remotely connected with music. He yawned rather more than I should have liked had I been the narrator: "It was like this. There were eight of us to dinner and five of us had old brandy at two bob a go. Only five. The first lot was poured out by the waiter, so there can be no trouble over that; that's ten bob. Then three or four of us had another go. Do you see?"

The musician came back to earth and said that he saw.

"Very well. Even supposing that we did overpour a little, we didn't have more than ten portions altogether. That I can swear to. Yet what do you think the bill said? 'Liqueurs, two pounds.' Think of it!"

The musician woke up and made the motions of a man thinking of it and finding it the limit.

"Of course I refused to pay," the journalist went on.

"Of course," said the musician.

"And now we're fighting it. But I don't care if it breaks me, I'll resist it. If necessary I'll take it to the House of Lords."

The third case happened only this morning. I met in the street an artist friend.

"Hullo," I said, "I don't often see you out and about at this hour when there's so little decent daylight."

"No," he said, "it's an awful bore, but I've got to see a lawyer. The fact is I'm in for litigation."

"You?" I cried.

"Yes, me. It's dead against my nature, I know, but this is serious. In the public interest a fellow must do something unpleasant now and then."

"What is it?" I asked, drawing him towards a comfortable resort where cordials against this appalling weather were obtainable.

"The fact is," he said, "my wife's been poisoned."

"Poisoned!"

"I don't mean in the BORGIA way. Not any CATHERINE DE MEDICI tricks. No, merely in a London restaurant. Out shopping the other day she had lunch in one of those West End places and she's been ill ever since. A dish of curry. Well, I'm going to have those people's blood, and incidentally some money too, I hope."

"I wish you joy of the experience," I said.

"I know all about that," he replied dismally; "but it's got to be done. And I'm going through with it."

"You'll stick at nothing?" I said.

"Nothing," he replied. "If necessary——"

"I know," I said.

"What?"

"If necessary you'll take it to the House of Lords."

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"I guessed it," I replied; "but you'll be horribly congested there."

And so, I repeat, there is a busy time ahead for some of our Peers.

## UNCLE STEVE'S FAIRY.

You've 'eard 'em tell o' fairy folk

An' all the luck they bring?

Now don't you 'eed the lies that's spoke;

*They don't do no such thing;*

You see my thumb, Sir, 'ow it's tore?

You'll say, may'ap, a badger boar

'As done it?' By your leave,

An' that's a bloomin' fairy, Sir, that bit old Uncle Steve!

'Twas me an' Ebenezer Mogg

An' little Essex Jim,

The chap that's got the lurcher dog

That's cleverer than 'im,

As met to 'ave a bit o' sport

Among the covers at the Court,

Upon the strict q.t.—

That's Ebenezer, then, an' Jim, an'

Toby-dog an' me.

At 'alf-past ten or so that night

We left "The Chequers" bar;

'Twas dark, an' down the velvet 'eight

Of 'eaven fell a star;

The moon was settin' through the trees

As big an' white as 'alf a cheese,

The very best she could,

Since we 'ad got the long-net out to try

the 'Ome Park wood.

We laid it 'long the cover side,

A furlong "mesh-an'-pin";

We sent the lurcher rangin' wide

To drive the rabbits in;

A soft, sweet night in late July—

We lay among the bracken 'igh

That 'eld the mid-day sun,

While mute an' wise ole Toby ranged

enjoyin' of the fun.

But soon we 'ears the rabbits squeak,

A-kickin' in the cords,

An' gets among 'em, so to speak,

Like gentlemen an' lords;

We slips along their necks to wring,

When Mogg 'e 'ollers out, "By Jing!

Look, lads, 'ere's summut fresh—

A bloomin' fairy-airy's got 'isself into the mesh!"

We flashed the lanthorn on to 'im;

I tell you, Sir, 'e lay

A nasty, ugly little limb,

An' yallerer than clay;

An' wicious—Ebenezer Mogg

Wanted to back 'im 'gainst the dog;

But Jim 'e says, "No go;

This 'ere'll fetch a mort o' brass for Mr. BARNUM's show!"

I grabs the little jumpin'-jack;

Says I, "It's gettin' late;

We'll shove the beggar in the sack

An' see, at any rate."

'Twas then ole Buckshot an' his crew

Come dashin' at us 'cross the dew;

The varmint bit like mad;

I shook 'im off—'e disappeared; but

I was fairly 'ad!

They brought me up at Thornleigh 'Eath;

I got a fortnight's stretch;

An' still I feels 'is wicked teeth,

That spiteful little wretch;

An' still my thumb's all any'ow

In weather (as it is just now)

That's frosty, 'ard an' chill;

'Tis few things seems to do it good....

Why, thank 'ee, Sir, I will!

## Why our Chemists are so bright and healthy.

"FOLLE.—How charming to have a manicure set presented to you! When filling it with the necessary manicure preparations, include the—Nail Polish, which all chemists keep; it keeps them so bright and healthy."

*Lady's Pictorial.*



## BILLIARDS À LA GOLF.

"I WANT a billiard cue," I said; "one I can travel with comfortably—that folds up, or telescopes, or does something of that kind, you know."

"Yes, Sir," said the salesman. "This style of cue with a secret joint would probably suit you. It unscrews in the middle, is handy to carry, and absolutely reliable when fitted together."

"And now about a case?"

"Yes, Sir. Do you want a case for the secret-jointed cue only, or a case for your whole kit?"

"My whole kit?"

"Your complete set of cues, Sir."

"Never heard of such a thing."

"I assure you, Sir, that all the best people go in for sets—just as with golf, Sir. This is a complete set; the whole, including the case, for ten guineas." And he showed me a long green-lined mahogany box containing foreign-looking cues (in addition to a secret-jointed one) packed as carefully as a set of drawing instruments.

"Would you mind explaining this mystery box to me?" I asked.

"Certainly, Sir," said the obliging young man. "This set of cues has been designed for the billiard player who spends his summer on the golf links and comes back in the autumn to billiards with the golf-habit highly developed. That is, the habit acquired on the links of using different clubs for the various shots. Now this cue——"

"Oh, that, of course, is an ordinary cue," I interrupted. "Never mind that one; introduce me to the others."

"Pardon me, Sir, it only *looks* like an ordinary cue. A steel tube has been inserted down its interior——"

"Do I understand that billiard cues have also taken to hunger-striking?"

The shopman forced a polite but cheerless smile and continued, "This makes the cue perfectly rigid and inflexible——"

"It has the same effect on the hunger-strikers, I am told."

"— and eminently suitable for its special purpose. We call it the 'Driver' cue—for driving off from baulk and for follow-throughs, forcing strokes and all-round cannons."

"Ah, and what is the hammer-headed instrument for? It looks more like a club than a cue."

"Yes, Sir. There is nothing in the rules to prevent the use of a club. If I may point it out to you, Sir, there is here a special appeal to the ladies, who are now coming into the game in ever increasing numbers. Up to the present time most lady players have failed completely to bring off a successful massé shot; but with the 'Hammer'



Harassed Shopman. "AH, MRS. JUDKINS, I AM HAVING AN AWFUL TIME JUST NOW. MY RIGHT HAND IS AWAY WITH A SWOLLEN FOOT."

cue used as a club—over the shoulder (so)——"

"I see! You play it with a downward smashing blow, eh? An appeal to the militant billiardette?"

"Precisely, Sir."

"And what is this for?" I pulled out of the case a cue with the point flattened on one side, as if some one had begun to sharpen it like a pencil and left off after the first big slash.

"That is called the 'Jumper,'" explained the young man, "and may be roughly likened to the niblick in golf. Playing it with the flat side of the point lying on the table (so) you can lift or jump a ball over any obstacle,

such as a cut in the cloth, or ash accidentally dropped from your opponent's cigar. In Snooker it is a *sine qua non*.

"Here, again, is what we call the 'Potter'; it is telescopic. One hand only is required when using the 'Potter.' You take aim as with a pistol, the inner tube or cue being projected against the ball by means of concealed springs which are worked by this trigger in the butt. The sights are adjustable for long or short shots."

"And this fellow with the open nozzle?"

"That is our 'Patent Vacuum' cue, Sir, for screw-back shots. By means of this miniature bellows in the butt





### THE BARGAIN.

"LOOK HERE, OLD CHAP, I'LL DANCE TWICE WITH YOUR UGLY LITTLE SISTER IF YOU 'LL TAKE MY MATER DOWN TO GRUB."

a jet of air is pumped upon the ball, through the open nozzle or tip, at whatever velocity is desired. When the striking ball has made contact with the object ball, suction is immediately produced by releasing this fan, which you may see just inside the nozzle."

"By Jove!" I said, "I must have one of those. No, I won't take the whole set; I can't afford a caddie to go round a billiard room with me."

"Thank you, Sir," returned the shopman. "Perhaps you might consider our latest marking-board for your own room—our Cinema-Board. For the slate in the centre we have substituted revolving illuminated films showing the leading players at work. Information and instruction hand-in-hand with pleasure. When you go to the board to register the score you often get a hint from the moving picture. . . . No, Sir? Have you seen our musical pockets? Quite the latest New Year billiard novelty. When the ball drops into the net the weight presses on this stop, which releases a musical phrase from a musical-box under the table. We have some delightful rag-time effects for Pool. . . . Not to-day, Sir? Thank you, Sir. The 'Vacuum Patent' and the secret-jointed cue shall be delivered this afternoon. Good day, Sir."

### THE PIDGIN TROT.

THE Paris Academy of Dancing Masters, according to a contemporary, announce a real successor to the Tango in the "Ta-tao." This dance is at any rate of respectable antiquity, as it has been popular in China since the year 2450 B.C. We anticipate an influx of slit-eyed professors from the Middle Kingdom, and are therefore brushing up our pidgin English in order that Mr. Punch's readers may be able to deal with the situation in the ball-rooms and at Ta-tao teas. Thus:—

*Student.* Chin - chin, Mr. Dance-pidgin-man!

*P'ofessor.* Chin-chin, sah!

*Student.* You jussee now come this-side?

*P'ofessor.* My hab jussee come Lun-tun.

*Student.* You talkee Yin-ke-li?

*P'ofessor.* Can do. My sabby English allo same you. My talkee thue pidgin, no talkee lie pidgin.

*Student.* That b'long first chop! My wantchee catchee you teachee my, allo same same you dancee ta-tao.

*P'ofessor.* My teachee numbah one plopah!

*Student.* So-fashion, eh? How muchee plice?

*P'ofessor.* My no makee squeeze-

pidgin. My teachee velly well. S'pose you talkee plice . . .

*Student.* S'pose you catchee two dollah one-piecee time? Can do?

*P'ofessor.* No can! My wantchee save face! My plice ten dollah, by'mby twenty dollah one-piecee time, allo same tango fashion.

*Student.* That ting no b'long leason! You b'long clevah inside—understand? My sabby heap foleign debble. . . . You catchee plenty cumshah!

*P'ofessor.* My no lose face. . . . etc., etc., *da capo.*

*Nut.* You-piecee here? Chin-chin!

*Noisette.* Allo same you. You sabby plenty girl-chilo here?

*Nut.* My don't tink. Who-man b'long that boy-chilo you jussee talkee down-side?

*Noisette.* That b'long my pidgin!

*Nut.* Solly! S'pose you wantchee one-piecee dance? My b'long numbah one good boy!

*Noisette.* Can do first chop.

*Nut.* You sabby dancee ta-tao?

*Noisette.* Can do two-piecee step so-fashion, one-piecee step so-fashion. . . .

*Nut.* You b'long quite top-side. . . . I say, this lingo is about the edge. Put me down for the chow-chow—I mean supper, what!

*Noisette.* Sorry. Full up. Ta-tao! ZIG-ZAG.





Bernard  
Partridge

## THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY.

MR. PUNCH. "YOU SEEM A LITTLE ANXIOUS, MADAM."

BRITANNIA. "YES; I'M WAITING TO KNOW WHETHER I'M TO LAY DOWN THE SHIPS

I WANT——"

MR. PUNCH. "OR LAY DOWN YOUR TRIDENT!"









Mrs. A as "Furthest North."



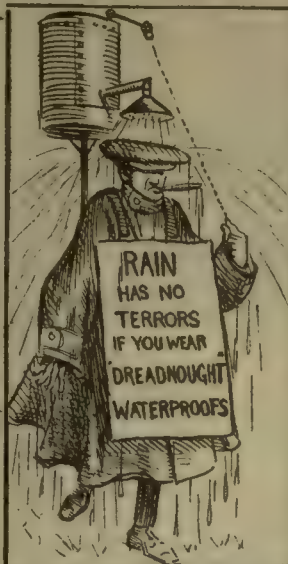
Mr. B as "A Bath."



Mr. C as "The Duke of Marlborough."



Miss D as "A Comfy Winter Evening"



Mr. E as "A Country Squire."



The Brothers F as "A Baby Grand."

THEATRE AND TYRE COMPANIES ARE NO LONGER GOING TO BE ALLOWED A MONOPOLY IN ADVERTISING AT FANCY BALLS. FROM PRIVATE INFORMATION WE ARE ABLE TO ANTICIPATE SOME NOVELTIES FOR THE NEXT CARNIVAL.

### THE MOAN OF THE OLD HORSES.

[See correspondence in *The Spectator* upon the sufferings of old horses exported alive to Antwerp.]

"MASTER, it was long ago you rode me;  
Master, you were careful of me then;  
Never was there anyone bestrode me  
Equal to my master among men.  
When we flew the hedge and ditch together—  
'Good lass!'—how it made me prick my ear!  
Horn and hound, bright steel and polished leather,  
Long ago—if you but saw me here!"

*Pitiless wind and heaving surge,  
A fevered foot and a running sore,  
The siren's shriek for a funeral dirge,  
And a hobble to death on the further shore.*

"Master, it was long ago you bought me;  
Master, you were proud to see me strain,  
Matching all my might as nature taught me  
With the loaded burden of the wain.  
When I drew the harvest waggon single—  
'Good lad!'—how I turned my head to see!  
Chain and hames and brasses all a-jingle,  
Long ago—do you remember me?"

*Pitiless surge and driving hail,  
A ship a-roll in a dazing roar,  
A shoulder split on an iron rail,  
And a hobble to death on the further shore.*

"Master, you were saddened when we parted,  
Begged of my new master to be kind;  
Divers owners since and divers-hearted  
Leave me old and weary, lame and blind.  
Voices in the tempest passing over—  
'Good lass!'—I can scarcely turn my head.  
Oats and deep-strewn stall and rack of clover,  
Long ago—and oh that I were dead!"

*Piteous fate—too long to live,  
Piteous end for a friend of yore;  
Was it too much of a boon to give  
A merciful death on the nearer shore?*

### The New "White Hope."

"I passed through several drawing-rooms," she says. "I saw ladies who were so shy that they couldn't utter a word before me, but who suddenly put a ribbon round my wrist to measure it"—you know, of course, by reputation Polaire's 15-inch wrist."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

If the biceps is in proportion, Bandsman BLAKE should tremble.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

THOUGH the Gallery, on the night when I attended, received it with rapt interest rather than delirious enthusiasm, *The Darling of the Gods* promises once more to justify its title. The play has undergone very little modification since it was produced a decade ago. It remains pure melodrama incidentally set in a Japanese dress, and sprinkled with a few Japanese words. Here and there it may reproduce the Japanese attitude of mind, as distinct from details of custom; but the general spirit of it follows the traditional Anglo-Saxon lines. Anybody who knows no more of Japan than may be gathered from the pages of LAFCADIO HEARN will at least have learned that her youth is taught to regard the love-interest of an ordinary English novel as an indecency; and so will recognise the improbability of the romantic element in the play. Still, all that is of little consequence, for there must have been very few who went to His Majesty's to improve their acquaintance with comparative ethnology.

The play has pleasant things for the eye; and one of the best of them was the face of Mr. GEORGE RELPH as Kara, leader of the Samurai. But there

were horrors, too; notably the senile amorosness of *Zakkuri* and the offensive little figure of *It*, his shadow—an interpolation in the bill of fare. A properly qualified dwarf I might have welcomed; but this precocious babe with the false moustache and the sham bald crown and the cynical giggle, who ought to have been in the nursery instead of serving his master with liquid stimulants and assisting in all sorts of wickedness, was a peculiarly nauseating object, and got on my nerves far more than the terrors of the torture-chamber. This painful business was done off, and indeed most of the bloody work was carried on out of sight—a curious economy in a play where there was so much talk of lethal tools. It is true that an arrow once flopped on to the stage, but it only brought a note from a friend's hand. Swords, too, were now and then raised to strike, but were always arrested in mid-air. Even

in the last stand of the Samurai, where one might reasonably have hoped for some hand-to-hand play, nothing happened except one fatal shot from an unseen musket, and even then the stricken body fell into the wings. If it hadn't been for the throttling of a spy and a touch or two of hara-kiri in the dark of the Bamboo Forest we should have had practically no corpses at all.

Sir HERBERT TREE was again the most likely exotic, and played his revolting part with great gusto and a permissible amount of humour. Miss MARIE LÖHR, whose delicate grace of feature and colouring lost something by her dusky disguise, was sufficiently Japanese in the first scene, and did the right twittering with her feet; but when the

Shoji of *Yo-San*. One missed the fine performance of Miss HILDYARD as the outcast Geisha, with its suggestion of SADI YAKKO's manner.

The play was again admirably mounted, and the final scene of reunion in the clouds (reached after an interval where every minute, by Greenwich time, was a hundred years) contrived to escape the banality which commonly attends these transfigurations. I was glad, too, to observe that, in the code of etiquette which prevails in "the first Celestial Heaven," the European habit of osculation is recognised; though it seems that you have to go through a very hell of a time before you get to it.

O. S.



Burglar (holding jewel-case). "SORRY TO TROUBLE YER, MUM, BUT WOULD YER MIND HELPING ME CHOOSE A PRESENT FOR THE MISSUS? IT'S HER BIRTHDAY TOMORROW."

## THE OLD MASTER.

As these things go, I reckon our sale went pretty well. Just before closing time we held a rubbish auction, with Ginger in the chair. Ginger would make an absolute Napoleon among auctioneers. He can bully, lie, despair, wheedle and take you into his confidence in one breath.

He had sold four table-centres and a pair of babies' boots for songs when Mrs. James Allen came up to his platform and explained a parcel which she handed up in agitated whispers.

Ginger accepted it with a whistle that

was not without its moral effect on the mass. He released it from its wrappings reverently and, after a short scrutiny, spake out.

"We have here, ladies and gentlemen, what I have no hesitation in regarding as the gem of the sale. It has by a highly unfortunate mischance lain hidden up to five minutes ago. It is nothing less, in fact, than an indisputably genuine Van Ruiter—(sensation)—which Colonel Allen has very nobly consented to sacrifice for—the splendid cause which has assembled us here to-day. (Applause.) This little canvas, ladies and gentlemen, apart from being an authenticated example of such an artist as Van Ruiter, is a possession which any man might be proud of. It is called 'The Two Wind-mills' and is, I hope, known to most of you by reputation. What shall we say for this, ladies and gentlemen?"

"Sevenpence," said a humourist.

virgin light-heartedness of *Yo-San* was changed to tragic despair she mislaid her Orientalism and reverted to her attractive English self. She brought a true pathos into the scene where she is left out of mind by her lover, to whom, at a pinch, all that is unfair to love was fair in war. I shall never, by the way, quite understand how Kara so far forgot his manners and obligations as to threaten her with death for a betrayal to which he owed his own life and with it the opportunity of killing her. With this reservation, Kara is a brave and noble figure, and Mr. RELPH made him look like it.

I was disappointed that Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE should have had no better chance than was afforded by the part of a dumb servant for the display of that delightful personality which so shone in his *Cassio* and his *Doughty*; but he was quietly admirable in the most thrilling scene of all—outside the





*Chauffeur of Large Car (who has been admonished for taking up too much of the narrow road). "GARN! IF THERE AIN'T ENOUGH ROOM FOR YER, PUT THAT THING ON YER FOOT AND ROLLER-SKATE WITH IT ON THE PAVEMENT."*

"Mr. Archer is pleased to be amusing," said Ginger with more than his usual asperity. "Mr. Archer says sevenpence. Well, I'll say five guineas. Any advance on five guineas, ladies and gentlemen? Going, going——"

Now I shouldn't have thought there were sixteen shillings left in the bazaar grounds outside the stall boxes. But before the hammer showed any signs of descent a still small voice from the background said, "Six pounds."

It was Mrs. Newman. She is worth anything between five and six figures, and hunts the antique indiscriminately.

Ginger bowed comprehendingly and began talking again.

"Ladies and gentlemen, six pounds offered for a signed Van Ruiten. Look, you can see the signature. Is this to go at six pounds? There's no reserve. Van Ruiten's 'Two Windmills' going at six pounds. Any advance? Sir Robert, a man of your taste——"

Sir Robert Firley had been looking on waveringly. He is a man of no taste at all except it be in the matter of old brandy; but he hates Mrs. Newman and he wavered no longer.

"Six guineas," he said.

"Seven pounds," said Mrs. Newman.

"Guineas," growled Sir Robert.

"Eight pounds," said Mrs. Newman.

"Guineas," from Sir Robert.

"Ten pounds," said Mrs. Newman more shrilly.

"Guineas." Sir Robert was now well set and looked good for a century.

Mrs. Newman hesitated. Ginger gave her the right sort of look. To speak was to break the spell. She set her teeth.

"Fifteen pounds," she said through them.

"Guineas," said Sir Robert with his unfailing originality.

Amid furious but suppressed excitement the struggle went on. It was only at seventy-five pounds that Sir Robert began to feel silly and the prize fell to Mrs. Newman.

"I congratulate you, madam," said Ginger warmly. "Even as it is you have got it at a remarkable price."

She went away happy.

Afterwards I approached Ginger.

"Was that a genuine Van Ruiten, really?" I asked.

"Sure," said Ginger carelessly.

"But—er—" I asked, "who is Van Ruiten? What's his school? I don't know much about these Dutchmen."

"Van Ruiten," said Ginger severely, "is a painter in oils. His work has been known to fetch as much as seventy-five pounds. As for his school, there was a man of that name at Marlborough with me. And as the canvas of 'The Two Windmills' is dated 1912 it might be him."

#### A Child Among the Prophets.

*The Evening News* called attention to the following as one of the "special features" of a recent issue:—

"FORECASTS OF SPRING MILLINERY  
By Miss BESSIE ASCOUGH (AGE 7)."

"To relieve a burn make an application of common soda moistendone ishanhi irriis-nnrhh-i oisoonr g mh honis nuno snhoro ronoh ihnonhiso iioosocmfw shrd cmfw shr tseseslite

As a rule, single women live longer than single men."—*Mackay Daily Mercury*.

Perhaps they don't read *The Mackay Daily Mercury*.



## MIRANDA'S WILL.

I AM not legal adviser to Miranda's family; nevertheless she came to see me on business the other day. I saw at once by her serious air that it was something of first-rate importance.

"I want a will," she said; "one of those things that people leave when they die."

"Some people leave them and some don't," I said.

"I mean the things that show who is to have your belongings."

"Undoubtedly you mean wills."

"Do you sell them?"

"Sometimes."

"I should like to see some."

"What size?" I asked facetiously.

"Sixes—long ones," said Miranda, looking at her hands.

"I remember," I murmured.

Miranda looked up with a start and assumed her severest expression.

"I'm afraid you're not treating the matter seriously. Perhaps I had better go to father's solicitor; he's older and quite serious. But then he's rather bald and uninteresting. I think he takes snuff."

I retorted in my most professional manner. "I beg your pardon; I think you must have misunderstood me. I meant that all wills are not quite the same; some are longer than others."

"Not too long, then," she said. "You might show me some medium size ones. I should like to do the thing fairly well."

"We don't exactly stock them; they're generally made to order."

"I'm sorry; I wanted one at once. You know I was twenty-one the other day." (I knew it to my cost.) "Father says that everyone over twenty-one ought to make a will."

"Your father's views on the subject are very sound. If you'll give me your instructions, I'll make you one." I spread a sheet of paper in front of me.

"But surely you can make a will without my help?"

"Not very easily. It's something like being measured for a gown. I must know what you have to leave and to whom you wish to leave it."

"But I don't want anybody to know."

"I'm not anybody."

"I know. I don't think, though, that I quite care to tell you."

"Then I'm afraid there'll be some little difficulty about executing your wishes in the matter."

"How much do wills cost?" she asked irrelevantly.

"It depends on the length."

"How much a yard?"

"We mostly sell them by the folio, not by the yard."

"How many feet are there in a folio?"

"You'll have to ask a law-stationer that."

"How much would a medium-sized will cost? Half-a-crown?"

"More than that," I said.

"Much more?" She turned over some coins in her purse.

"A good deal more."

"But I saw some in a chemist's for ninepence. Perhaps I'd better buy one of those."

"You might," I said doubtfully.

"You said that as though you didn't think that chemists sell very good wills."

"There's nothing really the matter with them. They consist of some printed words and spaces—mostly spaces. If you happen to execute them the right way the Judge afterwards decides what they mean."

"But how does he know?"

"He doesn't. That's what makes it so interesting. After a number of barristers have explained what they might mean, the Judge says what they ought to mean, and they mean that."

"So there would have to be a law-suit?"

"Almost inevitably."

"And you make good wills?"

"My wills are all of the very best quality."

"Then I suppose I must let you make me one. What sort of things do people leave?"

"All sorts of things. Anything they've got and quite often things they haven't got."

"Animals? Dogs? Can I will away Bobs, for instance?"

"Yes."

"Can I leave anything to anyone I like?"

"Yes, to anyone you like or don't like." I was thinking of Bobs. He is not a very amiable dog and no friend of mine.

"I think I'll leave Bobs to you." I had felt it coming.

"But I might die before Bobs. Bobs being a specific legacy would then lapse and fall into residue," I hurriedly explained.

"That doesn't sound nice."

"It isn't nice. Bobs would never be happy there. You had better leave him to some one younger."

After we had settled Bobs on a young cousin we got on quite quickly. We left her old dance programmes and several unimportant things of doubtful ownership to her greatest rival; her piano (with three notes missing), on which she had learnt to play as a child, to her Aunt in Australia, said Aunt to pay carriage and legacy duty; her violin to the people in the next flat; her

French novels to the church library; her golf clubs and tennis racket to her old nurse; her Indian clubs to the Olympic Games Committee; her early water-colour sketches to the Nation. We divided up all her goods. Everybody got something appropriate. It was a good will. And when I suggested that there should be no immediate charge, but that the cost should be paid out of the estate in due season, Miranda very cheerfully agreed; and even went so far as to express a generous hope that I should outlive her.

## THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

January 23, 1914.

Who is the happy tradesman? Who is he?

I mean in this peculiarly horrible weather?

The chemist.

There is no happier tradesman than he. He stands all day long, and a large part of the night, among his bottles and boxes and jars and jarlets and pots and potlets and tabloids and capsules, selling remedies for colds and coughs and sore throats and rheumatism and neuralgia.

The colder it is the more he is on velvet, the chemist.

In America he is called a "druggist," but "chemist" is better, even though it confuses a mere peddler of ammoniated quinine with Sir WILLIAM RAMSAY and Sir WILLIAM CROOKES.

The old-fashioned spelling was "chymist," and there are still one or two shops in London where this spelling holds, but I think it's affectation.

Meanwhile the chemist (or chymist) is coining money.

Not even his lavish expenditure of clean white paper and red, red sealing wax, and the gas that burns always to melt that red, red sealing-wax, can make his profits look ridiculous.

Not even the constant loss of small articles from the counter, such as manure sticks, and digestive tablets, and jujubes, and face cream and smokers' cachous, which never ought to be spread about there at all, because they are so easily conveyed by the dishonest customer into pocket or muff, can seriously upset the smiling side of the chemist's ledger.

Every night, when at last, laden with gold, he climbs to his bed, he hopes piously that the morrow may be colder.

And it usually is.

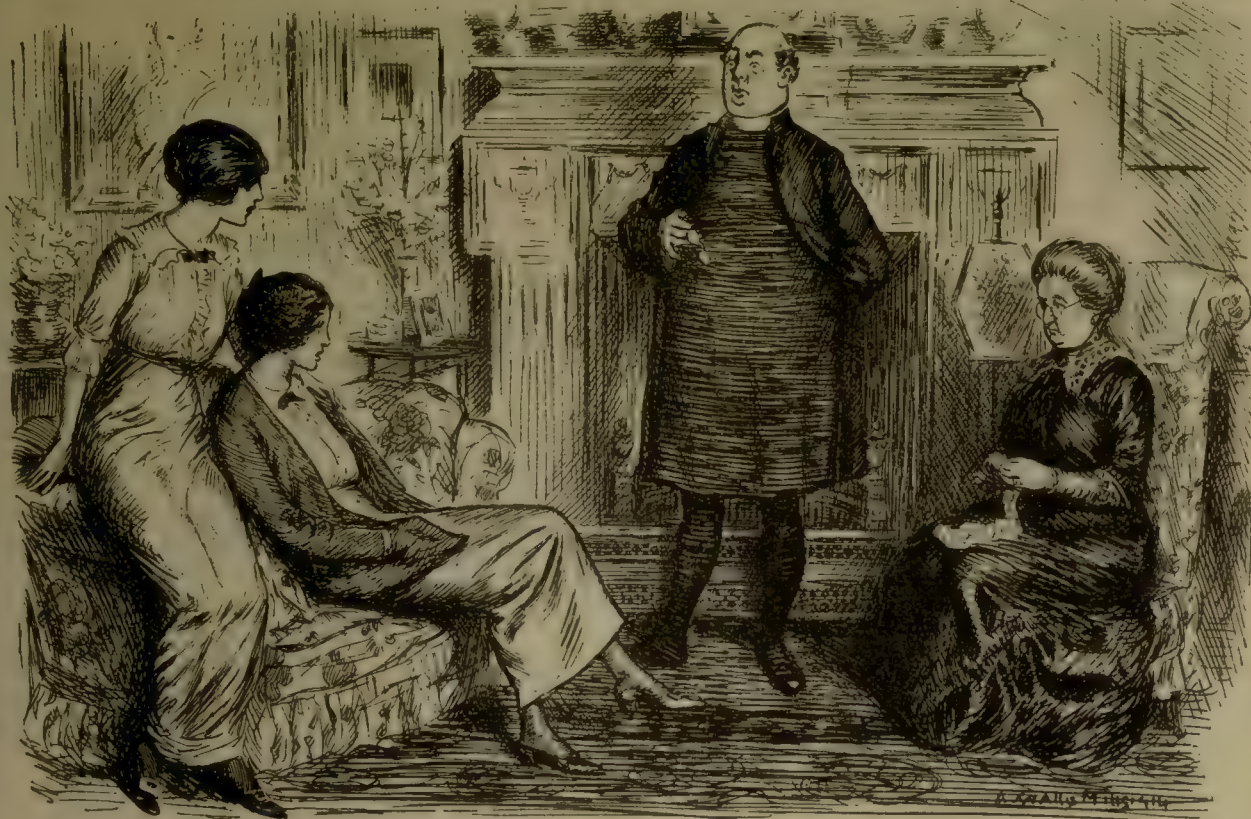
He will soon be a millionaire.

It is only a warm wind that can blow the chemist no good.

I wish I was a chemist, but it is now too late.

Still, I wish I was a chemist.





Aunt. "I CAN'T THINK OF LETTING YOU TWO GIRLS GO ALONE, AND AS I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO GO YOUR UNCLE WILL LOOK AFTER YOU."

Niece. "THAT'S VERY KIND OF HIM, AUNTIE; BUT I HOPE YOU DON'T EXPECT US TO CLING TO HIS APRON STRINGS ALL THE TIME."

### THE BEER-FIGHT.

(Suggested by Mr. CHESTERTON'S "The Flying Inn.")

OF G. K. C. a tale I tell, of GILBERT CHESTERTON,  
And how he met GAMBRINUS once and how they carried on.  
Each roared a lusty challenge out, as only toppers can,  
And sat him down and called for beer, and then the bout began.

One had a *Seidel* to his hand, and one a pewter pot;  
They drank potations pottle deep, in fact they drank a lot.  
And as they drank the barrels dry they rolled them on the floor,  
And sang a stave and drained a quart and called aloud for more.

Their glowing souls o'ertopped the stars; they had their hearts' desire,  
The while the world spun round and round its busy track of fire.

"I've lived for this," said G. K. C. and tossed his flaming head;

"Der Kerl ist stark, das Bier ist gut," was what GAMBRINUS said.

The sun looked on, the moon looked on, the comets all stood still

To see this stout and jolly pair who never had their fill.  
And still they drained their beer as if they'd only just begun;

And no one dared to interfere to settle which had won.

### PRESSIMISM.

(The Bard to the schemer of newspaper placards.)

Why, crystalliser of the world's diurnal  
Experience, why plunge my soul in gloom  
With tidings that are ghastly and infernal?

Why dim my morning eye with tales of dcom,  
Of flood and fire, of pestilence and drouth—  
Leaving me down, distinctly, in the mouth?

Why stun me with: "EXPLOSION IN A LARDER:  
COOK AND POLICEMAN BLOWN TO BITS"; "THE GIRL  
THAT POISONED HALF A PARISH"; "WEATHER HARDER  
AND DEATH RATE RISING"; "POACHER BRAINS AN  
EARL";

Why blazon blackly forth such blighting news,  
Nor give a glimpse of life's less dismal hues?

Why not proclaim such gladness as the following:  
"TWINS BORN IN TOOTING: TRIO DOING WELL";  
"CHELSEA CHURCHWARDEN MUCH IMPROVED, AND  
SWALLOWING  
BEEF-TEA WITH EASE"; "A FAMOUS BARKING  
BELLE  
GETS OFF AT LAST"; "A NAVY'S LOVE OF GREEK";  
"YOUNG POET EARNS A GUINEA IN A WEEK"?

"Velour Hat, pretty blue, trimmed large elephant."—*Advt.*  
A small seagull looks prettier and is less in the way at  
matinées.



### THE CONVERTED STATISTICIAN.

A SUDDEN jolt as we thundered over some points caused me to shoot a piece of bread-and-butter on to the floor. I stooped to pick it up.

"Stop a moment, please!" cried my companion. He jumped to his feet and examined it. "Ah," said he, "battered side downward!"

"It's always the same," I said, as I jerked the thing viciously out of the window. "It's *always* battered side downward."

"No, there you fall into a common error," protested the other. "You may take it that fifty-seven per cent. fall battered side upward, and only forty-three per cent. battered side downward."

"H'm," I said dubiously.

"You must pardon me for my officiousness," he went on, "especially as I have now no reason to be interested in such things. But habits are strong."

I looked at him curiously. "Habits?" I said.

"Yes, habits. For years I kept an accurate record of every slice of bread-and-butter I saw fall to the ground. I had better explain myself. Nearly all my life, you must understand, I have maintained the view that the generally accepted theory of the 'cussedness of things' is all wrong. You know that to most people 'cussedness' is the governing factor of life."

"Rather!" I agreed.

"Well, I disbelieved it, and I set to work to collect materials for a book which was to prove my case. For years I incessantly gathered statistics on the subject. Do I bore you?"

"Not at all," I assured him.

"The results were extraordinary. Take, for example, catching trains. It is highly important that you should catch a train at short notice. In nine cases out of ten, you will say, your taxicab breaks down, or your tram is held up by a block in the traffic, or the current fails on the Underground."

"Certainly it does."

"On the contrary—I am speaking from memory, but I think my figures are accurate—the taxicab only breaks down in 1·5 per cent. of cases; with the tram the percentage rises to 1·8; with the Underground it falls to ·2."

I gasped.

"Or take the case of studs," he went on. "You drop a stud, and it promptly and inevitably rolls away into some quite impossible hiding-place. So most of us believe. As a matter of fact it only does so approximately three times out of a hundred. Or bootlaces. If you are exceptionally late in the morning, your bootlace always snaps, you say. Not at all. It breaks in such circum-

stances only four times out of a possible hundred. And with bicycles, to take another example. If ever you get a puncture, you fancy that it always occurs on some occasion when you are sorely pressed for time. Again, not at all. Out of a hundred punctures only seventeen are sustained at such unfortunate moments."

"You seem to have studied the subject pretty deeply," I remarked.

"Oh, my dear Sir, I cannot myself recall a tithe of the material I collected. I carried out my inquiries in every conceivable direction. Suppose we take the obscure case of a—let me see—of a burglar. This was one of my most difficult researches. A burglar will assure you, if you happen to be in his confidence, that every time he enters a house, at a moment when absolute quiet is from his point of view essential, a door slams, or a pot of jam falls off a shelf, or a—canary commences to sing loudly, or there occurs one of a hundred other unlucky noises he will name. As you may imagine, my investigations into this problem were extraordinarily difficult. But the result was a triumph. In only ·375 per cent. of cases is our burglar disturbed by an unexpected noise for which he is not himself responsible. As for the specific examples given, the results here are even more striking. The pot of jam, for instance, only falls down in, I think, ·0025 per cent. of cases, the canary bursts into song in only ·00175 per cent., and so on."

"It is astonishing," I admitted. "I must certainly obtain a copy of your book. Perhaps—"

"I never published it," he interrupted. "As a matter of fact I became converted."

"Converted?" I exclaimed in amazement. "In the face of all your statistics?"

"Yes," he said meditatively. "I remember the occasion well. It happened a few months ago, in early Spring. I had just completed the last chapter of my book, and I laid down my pen with a sigh. There before me lay all the statistics I had so laboriously collected, neatly tabulated and arranged with the proper explanatory notes and diagrams. It was finished after all these years! I can assure you it was an emotional moment. I don't know if you have ever brought a great work to a successful conclusion; if so, you can understand my feelings."

"I can imagine them," I said.

"Well, I opened the French windows and stepped out into the garden to calm myself. It was a lovely March day, I remember, sunny and fresh, and I paced up and down the garden till

my emotions subsided and I gradually recovered my self-control. Then I went indoors again."

The train slowed down and he began to gather his things together. "While I was gone," he said sadly, "the wind blew my manuscript and the best part of my notes into the fire."

"How excessively unfortunate!" I murmured sympathetically. "And this converted you to the 'cussedness' theory?"

"Yes," said he, as he stepped down to the platform. "It was the only book I ever wrote, and it was burned practically to a cinder. It works out you see, at exactly 100 per cent. . . ."

### THE EPIDEMIC.

[A French contemporary, commenting upon the fact that the sudden appearance of cold weather in London is accompanied by an equally sudden disappearance of cats, demonstrates the cause of this coincidence.]

WHAT boots it, Sir, to boggle at  
The truth? So be it said  
Quite candidly, our Thomas-cat,  
McCorquodale, is dead.

When winds from East and North conspire

To freeze the very breath,  
To you it means the mere desire  
To skate or sit too near the fire,  
To him 'twas sudden death.

The-cat that leaves the hearth and strays  
Abroad is over-bold;  
McCorquodale would go his ways,  
Despite the frost. To use a phrase  
Belittled in these careless days,  
He caught his death of cold.

'Twas not from native lack of fur  
That his demise was such.  
We did not see the end occur,  
But, though it be to cast a slur  
Upon humanity, infer  
(And you will catch our meaning, Sir)  
He had a coat too much.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And now, when Northern winds are bluff

And veering to the East,  
And Beauty shuns their rude rebuff  
By hiding hands (and powder-puff)  
Inside her Russian sable muff,  
We tell ourselves, "Why, sure enough  
There goes, disguised as better stuff,  
McCorquodale deceased!"

### Advice to Mothers.

"January 20, at Kenyon-road, Wavertree, to Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Unsworth, a son (bath well)."—*Liverpool Echo*.

"ARTISTS IN GENTLEMEN'S HEADWEAR."  
Adv.

This always creates surprise. Somehow one still expects to see them in sombreros.





### THE HUNT BALL SEASON.

*First Nut.* "It's Miss Smith-Brown. SHE'S ALL RIGHT—THEY'RE LOOKIN' AFTER HER."

*Second Nut (pulling up).* "GOOD GRACIOUS, MY DEAR CHAP, IT'S MY TANGO PARTNER!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LOOKING about among the very best clichés (my own and others)—"supersubtle analysis," "intimate psychology," "masterly handling," "incomparable artistry"—I found nothing that it didn't seem a sort of impertinence to apply to JOSEPH CONRAD'S *Chance*, which METHUEN has just had the good luck to publish. For the whole thing is much nearer wizardry than workmanship. I put the book down with a gasp, so close had I been to realities as conjured up by one to whom realism is a servant and not a master. I had come to know, in that piecemeal way in which one actually gets to know one's fellows—waiting for later experience to confirm or modify earlier impressions—the hapless, tragic *Flora*; her father, *de Barral*, the pseudo-financier, fraudulent through unimaginative stupidity rather than criminal intent; the kindly-cruel pair of *Fynes*; that perfect, chivalrous knight of the sea, *Captain Anthony*, *Flora's* fiery-patient lover; his splendidly staunch second officer, *Powell*, and the analytic *Marlow*, also a sailor-man, who acts in the capacity of ultra-modern chorus to this tragedy of chance. The central idea is the old wonder that such vast issues can hang upon such trivial happenings, not merely in the outer realm of fact but on the inner stage of character. And, this being his theme, perhaps Mr. CONRAD ought to have been more scrupulously careful to use no such strained coincidence as *Powell's* detection of *de Barral's* attempt at revenge on his fancied enemy, *Anthony*. But this is indeed a slight defect in a work of brilliantly sustained imagination and superb craftsmanship. I wonder if the author's magic has so seduced my judgment as to

make me feel that the somewhat shadowy characters of *Captain Anthony* and *de Barral* are deliberately suggested in fainter outline just because *Marlow* has in fact not known them personally, but only through the reports of others. I am prepared to believe the author of *Typhoon* subtle enough for that, or for anything else, and I have this only grudge against him, that he intrigued me to the point of feverishly "skipping," out of sheer excitement to know if and how the deplorable misunderstanding between *Flora* and her quixotic *Captain Anthony* was to be cleared up, just like any ordinary decent library-subscriber, instead of the case-hardened critical fellow I naturally take myself to be.

There are two things for which I have a special affection. One is an old friend who has often persuaded me that this world is rather a place for smiles than for gloom; and the other is a new book of stories which have life in them, which make their effect with a seemingly artless certainty and leave the pleased reader with the impression that they are, if anything, a shade or so too short. Both these things I have obtained in *One Kind and Another* (SECKER), by Mr. BARRY PAIN. "The Journal of Aura Lovel," with which Mr. PAIN leads off, is a delightful performance. It has freshness and charm and its sentiment seems to me to be exactly right—the sentiment of an eager and attractive young girl relating the feelings of her heart in the tenderest and prettiest style as far removed from preciosity as it is from a silly simplicity. All the stories have the essential merits of brightness and lightness, and most of them have that peculiar kind of ingenuity which is one of Mr. PAIN's strong points. Suddenly they land you at a point which is



nowhere near to that to which you thought you were travelling. The characters, even when they are engaged in paradoxical and preposterous actions, are real men and women, such as you could meet almost anywhere in a day's walk, and they are set off with Mr. PAIN's fancy so as to become additionally lifelike. Many things have struck me in the reading of this book. One is that Mr. PAIN's new novel is overdue. Another is that he has an uncanny familiarity with the ways of solicitors. "There is," he says, "no historical instance of a solicitor after the age of forty having made any change whatever in the manner of his clothing."

I will confess that it took a little time—say four chapters or so—for the peculiar charm of *Simple Simon* (LANE) to take hold upon me. It is not, I quite honestly think, that I object to being laughed at. Goodness knows we ordinary folk get enough of that nowadays at the hands of these clever young satiricals; and most of us have enough common honesty to appreciate our tormentors. It is that, just for a time, I was troubled with a genuine doubt whether Mr. A. NEIL LYONS was not becoming too satirical to be sincere, and allowing his gift for facetiousness to betray him. The device of inventing a simple-minded young enthusiast, and making him ask perpetual questions to the undoing of all those who accept blindly the beliefs which Mr. LYONS is out to ridicule—well, there was nothing specially enlivening in that. Briefly, young *Simon Honeyball* in his parents' home threatened to weary me.

But later, when he had migrated with his money and his extraordinary collection of *protégés* to Silverside, E., and there set up his preposterous household, and become a Guardian (with what devastating municipal results you may guess!) I found myself the grateful admirer of both *Simon* and his creator. Mr. LYONS' sympathetic drawing of certain odd London characters is a thing that I have often admired; he has no better portraits in his gallery than these of the quaint objects of *Simon's* Silverside hospitality. Specially did I like *Margaret*, the wholly ungrateful young woman whom he had befriended, and the trenchant speech with which she expressed her resulting opinion of his sagacity. She and others are also depicted in some very attractive drawings which illustrate (for once the right word) a book that, while perhaps not for every reader (parents please take note), will certainly delight those who can appreciate it.

Lean, clean, brown Englishmen bear the stamp of the Public Schools upon them and have made England what she is. Smug-faced missionaries grow fat on the spoils they have collected from smug-faced church-and-chapel-goers at home. Labour Members are in the pay of Germany and frequent infamous flats in the West-End.

Liberal Cabinet Ministers—sometimes, more shame to them, of decent birth—wince consciously when reminded of the taint of their association with plebeian colleagues. Those things, and many more of equal moment, I have learnt from Mr. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT, who in *The Way of the Cardines* (WERNER LAURIE) describes how *Sir Gerald*, of that famous family, captured, with reckless profusion of local blood, the independent island of Katu. Katu is in the Malay Archipelago. Of vital importance as a key to the Eastern trade route it is eagerly sought after by Germany, and to Germany's protection, after *Sir Gerald's* exploit, a pusillanimous and almost more than Liberal English Government basely ceded it. But what could you expect when *Sir Joseph Darkin*, smug-faced hypocrite (I am sorry, but almost everybody in this book except the *Cardines* had a smug face), was a member of our Cabinet? Were it not that Mr. HYATT writes with a distinct sense of style and some power of narrative, I should boldly label *The Way of the*

*Cardines* as one of the most amazingly humorous books I have read for a long time. In the circumstances my amusement was mingled with a certain amount of respectful sorrow. *Sir Gerald Cardine* took morphia tablets freely; on the essence of what strange herb Mr. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT had been browsing before he began to write *The Way of the Cardines* I simply dare not think. I should recommend readers to mitigate the crudity of his opinions, as I did, by softening the C of *Sir Gerald's* perpetually reiterated surname all through. The story sounds even more beautiful so. And I like to think that, when the



A WORLD'S WORKER.  
CHEF TIMING A MIXED GRILL.

hour of England's need comes, a Sir Pilchard of the historic house, and reared in some famous school, will not be found wanting.

#### Our Gallant Bishops.

"The Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness rendered timely assistance yesterday in an accident which occurred in the main street of Carlisle. Part of the harness of a heavily-laden cart broke, and the horse was becoming restive, when the Bishop, who was passing, prevented further danger by buckling up the girth while the carter held up the cart shafts, which would otherwise have fallen to the ground."—*Morning Post*.

A lesser man would have pinched the carter's cap.

#### Mr. Balfour's Gifford Lectures.

"As everything is illusory, we had better make our illusions as pleasant as possible. 'That,' he said, 'has been my view.'"—*Times*.

"As everything was necessarily illusory, we had better make our illusions as pleasant as possible. (Laughter.) That had never been his view. (Applause.)"—*Westminster Gazette*.

Which of these reports is right must remain a matter of philosophic doubt unless Mr. BALFOUR can clear it up.

"At once, respectable Youth, for small milk round; a good milk; dive in."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."*

What is the good of a Pure Milk Bill if this sort of thing goes on?



## CHARIVARIA.

THE statement, made at the inquiry into the Dublin strike riots, that 245 policemen were injured during the disturbances has, we hear, done much to allay the prevailing discontent among the belabouring classes.

"COALING THE STORES" is a headline which caught our eye in a newspaper last week. To be followed, after the strike, we imagine, by "STORING THE COALS."

A Russian officer, last week, shot the leader of a gipsy choir in a St. Petersburg restaurant, not because he sang out of tune but merely because he expressed resentment at the officer's conduct towards his daughter. It is thought that the incident may lead to an Entente between Germany and Russia.

Our Navy standard of 16 *Dreadnoughts* to 10 of the next most powerful Navy is, says Mr. C. P. TREVELYAN, rough and ready. Well, in this matter our standards may or may not be rough, but let's hope they're ready, anyhow.

An organisation called "The Parents' League" has been formed in New York for the purpose of simplifying the lives of children. This has caused a considerable amount of uneasiness in juvenile circles, and it is said that a "Hands-off-our-jam" party has already been formed.

In a letter of Mrs. CARLYLE'S just published, the wife of the Chelsea sage describes a cat as "a selfish, immoral, improper beast." This has given no little satisfaction in canine circles, where the deceased lady is being hailed as a human being with the insight of a dog.

The *Cambridge Review* is talking of dropping the publication of the University sermon. It is possible, however, that the mere threat may have the effect of making the sermons more entertaining.

A volume entitled "The Great Scourge and How to End it" has made its appearance. We had imagined this to be a treatise on the anarchist activities of a certain section of the Suffragists until we discovered the name of Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST as its authoress.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON'S interesting *History of the Nations*, the first part of which has just appeared, is something more than a mere compilation of facts already known to us. We had thought that both photography and limited companies were comparatively recent inventions. An illustration, however, in this new work, entitled "Charles I. going to execution," bears the description, "Photo by Henry J. Mullen, Ltd."

Councillor SHERLOCK has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for the third time in succession, and Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE will be interested to

between 3 and 4 P.M.; and at their best at 10 A.M. But surely most boys are awake and out of bed at 10 A.M.?

"POPULAR MICROBES"  
AUDIENCE OF 2,000 AT A BLACKPOOL  
LECTURE."

*Daily News.*

One is so accustomed to think of the little chaps in millions that this seems rather a poor attendance.

## HONORIFICS.

A COWARDLY hoax was recently perpetrated in Paris, where a number of politicians consented to assist in raising a statue to Hégésippe Simon, the educator of the Democracy and author of the famous epigram, "The darkness vanishes when the sun rises," only to discover later that Hégésippe Simon had never existed.

Needless to say, this has produced a profound impression upon public men in this country, who are regarding invitations of a similar character with the gravest suspicion.

For instance, Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, on receiving a request for his assistance in raising a monument to IBSEN, is reported to have replied cautiously that he would like to know more about this writer before giving an answer.

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, on being asked to join the committee of a BRONTË memorial, replied suspiciously, "Why do you ask me of all people?"

Mr. J. L. GARVIN, on being approached on the subject of a bust of Mr. FILSON YOUNG, is reported to have consulted his

assistant-editor as to whether the name might not be a pure invention; while Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON remarked, when asked to assist in raising a bas-relief to CHARLES DICKENS, that he didn't believe there was no such a person.

"Mr. McCall, K.C., said Dr. Keats had charge of the boys in the infirmary, and for the purpose of maintaining order he was sometimes compelled to resort to corporal astonishment."—*Glasgow Daily Record.*  
Billy Brown (surprised): "Ow!"

In our last issue, quoting from a Johannesburg telegram, we referred to *The Evening Chronicle* as a "Labour organ." Its London Manager writes protesting against this description; and we now offer our heartiest regrets for the grave injustice that we seem to have done to our South African contemporary.



THE HELPMATE.

Newly-wedded Husband (fresh from the altar). "EXCUSE ME TAKING THE LIBERTY, SIR, BUT DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW OF ANY PLACE WHERE MY WIFE COULD GET A LITTLE CHARRING TO DO?"

hear that there is some talk now of calling the local Mansion House "SHERLOCK'S HOME."

Belief in the innocence of the dove dies hard. At Driffield, last week, a Mr. DOVE, who was charged with conducting a lottery, was acquitted in spite of his pleading guilty.

A music-hall performer gave a turn in a King's Bench court the other day. There was a time when a judge would have objected to his court being turned into a theatre, but since the advent of comic judges the line of demarcation has become blurred.

According to Dr. FRANK E. LAKEY, of the English High School, Boston, U.S.A., boys are at their naughtiest



## SMITHERS, B.C.

I SAW it on a map, most large and fine  
 (I saw it with the naked eye—no dream),  
 Showing how trains upon the Grand Trunk line,  
 Grand but Pacific, run along by steam  
 Right to Prince Rupert on the sea (a port)  
 And there are brought up short.

Smithers! I saw it on a map, I say,  
 A panoramic map in Cockspur Street.  
 And sudden in my heart began to play  
 Echoes of old romance, and all my feet  
 Fluttered responsive to the name's sheer beauty,  
 So rhythmical and fluty.

Smithers! The music of it filled my mouth.  
 I saw Provence and that enchanted shore,  
 And lotus-isles amid the dreamy South,  
 And champions out of mediæval lore  
 Looking at large for ladies in distress  
 Round storied Lyonesse.

I was a *trovatore* (with guitar);  
 Venezia's airy domes above me shone;  
 I heard Alhambra's fountains, faint and far;  
 I broke the Kaliph's line at Carcassonne;  
 All kinds of lost chords latent in my withers  
 Woke at the name of Smithers.

Ah, if in Avalon's vale I may not rest  
 When envious Time has worn me to a thread,  
 Then let me go to Smithers in the West,  
 And on my gravestone let these words be read:  
*Attracted by its name to this fair scene,*  
*He died a Smithereene.* O. S.

## THE COMMERCIAL SIDE.

Now that the Headmaster of Bradfield has decided to start a "Commercial side," to enable boys to prepare at school for a business career, it may be of interest to publish these fragments from the diary of another Headmaster who has done pioneering work in a similar direction:—

*January 20.*—First day of term. This morning, in Hall, I made the momentous announcement that the School would shortly have a new "side"—devoted to Business. School-boys are usually so conservative that I had anticipated some signs of disapproval. Nothing of the sort. The speech was received with loud cheers, renewed when I prophesied that the Waterloo of the future would be won on the "Commercial side" of Bradfield. Truly a hopeful outlook.

*January 21.*—As I expected, the Commercial side has been the chief topic of conversation among boys and masters. The latter are, I fear, reactionary—realising, no doubt, their incompetence to deal with business subjects. The boys are enthusiastic. I am constantly approached in the corridors by lads who say it has always been their ambition to become a Tipton or a Whittridge, or a Gilling and Warow, as the case may be. One little fellow quaintly confessed that he had always longed to be a "Mother Spiegel." Great Britain's future in trade is assured if this spirit continues.

*January 22.*—Even the Classical VI. seems interested in my new project, and questions proving a genuine keenness were asked me when I was taking HOMER this morning. One boy propounded the doubtful but stimulating notion that HOMER was really the name of some early Greek Co-operative Stores, and that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were

parts of a gigantic scheme of advertisements. This is very illuminative and indicates that a real desire for efficiency exists in the most unlikely quarters.

*January 23.*—An example of the sort of prejudice one has to contend against occurred to-day. Henderson, one of the House masters, sent across a note asking what I should wish done in the following case. It appears that a boy in his House named Montague has by some form of bargaining already deprived three new boys of their pocket-money for the term. "Montague has exhibited such an extraordinary commercial aptitude in this matter," Henderson wrote, "that I propose to flog him. Before doing so, however I thought I would ask for your assent, as you might prefer to make him a prefect."

*January 24.*—Brown Major, the Captain of Football, has been deputed to ask me if I could arrange a Jumble Sale match against Giggleswick. I have had to explain to a boy, Lipscombe, sent up for gambling, that the rule against this is inviolable, and that I could not accept as an excuse for his breaking it the fact that he intends, on leaving school, to adopt the business of a bookmaker. Specialisation at school in all branches of business is of course impossible.

*January 26.*—M. Constantin, the French master, has come to me with a complaint. Two days ago, for trying to dazzle him during lessons with a sun-glass, he gave a boy named Dawkins 500 lines. To-day, instead of the usual Racine, Dawkins handed in lines copied from an advertisement in the daily press beginning:—"Perhaps you are suddenly becoming stout; or it may be that you have been putting on weight for years. . . ." As Constantin is disposed to adiposity, he is convinced that Dawkins meant this for impertinence. Dawkins, however, has explained to me that he is profoundly interested in Patent Medicines, the sale of which he hopes to take up as soon as he has qualified on the Commercial side. Pardoned Dawkins and accepted M. Constantin's resignation.

*January 27.*—I fear the school is taking the Commercial side too literally—with unforeseen results. To-day there was a regrettable incident in the tuck-shop, outside the door of which, unknown to Mrs. Harrison, a placard was nailed up announcing "Harrison's Winter Sale. All goods at sacrificial prices. Must be cleared. No offer refused." As a consequence the boys burst into the place in a crowd, ate and drank everything they could lay hands on, and paid for nothing. I have undertaken to rectify this matter.

*January 28.*—Mutiny is rampant. The boys, inflated by their success in the tuck-shop, held "A Great White Sale" in most of the dormitories last night. As a consequence, all towels, sheets, pillows, flannels, etc., are inextricably mixed up, and a very large number can only be described as "remnants." Seven masters have resigned, including Herr Wolff, who was informed by a boy that he refused to handle the works of Schiller, because they were "made in Germany." Personally flogged the boy.

*January 29.*—Things are becoming intolerable. Three boys appeared in the lower Modern class this morning in frock coats and false waxed moustaches which they must have written to London for. They were sent up to me and had the audacity to explain that they hoped to be shop-walkers some day and wanted to practise. Another boy asked if a Hair Drill could be substituted for the ordinary drill. Verily the reformer's task is a thankless one.

*January 30.*—*Actum est* . . . This morning I announced to assembled boys that I should not proceed with the Commercial side. The speech was received in silence, except that one boy (whom, I regret to say, I was unable to identify) called out, "And the next thing, Sir?" I fear there is no real commercial zeal as yet among boys.





### EXIT TANGO.

THE SPIRIT OF DANCING (*waking up*). "WELL, THANK HEAVEN THAT'S OVER; ONE OF THE DULLEST NIGHTMARES I EVER MET."











## THE YELLOW FURZE.

(A Tragedy in One Act, which may be played by the Abbey Theatre players without fee.)

### SCENE I.

[The kitchen in the M'Ganns' house. Mrs. M'Gann, Sheila M'Gann, Molly M'Gann, Aloysius Murphy, and Jeremiah Dunphy sit round the fire, top left centre. The door is top right centre. On the left side is a window. Four large grandfather clocks are standing here and there round the room. In front of the fire is seated a little wee bit of a pigeon. The Stranger is seated by the window, apart from the rest. As the curtain rises one of the clocks strikes two, another strikes eleven, while the others remain silent. It is thus impossible to tell what time it is. The Stranger gazes out of the window. No one speaks. The curtain falls.]

### SCENE II.

[Much the same, except that the window is now on the right side. The women are engaged in peeling potatoes. The Stranger is obviously much embarrassed at the sudden change in the position of the window.]

Jeremiah. 'Tis a terrible night—a terrible wet night.

Molly. Sure an' it's yourself that has no call to say the same, Jerry Dunphy, an' you saying a minute since that ye were as dry as ye could be!

[The rest break into a roar of laughter, with the exception of the Stranger and the pig. Aloysius (slapping his knee). A good wan, that! It's yourself is the smart girl, Molly!

[The door is suddenly flung open with great violence and young Michael enters. He is carrying a number of hurls.]

Jeremiah. Power to ye, Michael avick! And did ye win to-day?

Michael. Is it win? And will ye tell me why wouldn't we win?

[Sheila is about to speak, but checks herself as a thin piping voice is heard chanting outside.]

The Voice.

"There is a little man  
In a dirty wee shebeen,  
And the spalpeens do be leppin' in  
the bog."

[The voice ends on a high note, which quavers away into silence.]

Sheila. The blessed Saints preserve us! What was that?

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Mrs. M'Gann. Musha, don't be frightened, child! Sure, it's only poor ould Blithero \* Pat. (She goes to the door and opens it.) Come in, Pat, and have a bite an' a sup to warm ye this terrible night.

[The old man enters. He comes slowly over to the hearth, tapping with his stick, and seats himself in front of the fire. He seems to stare at the glowing turf. At last he speaks.]

Blithero Pat. Comin' over the bog I met Black Finnegan. He had a powerful drop o' the drink on him.

others recoil in horror). We must stop him. He's coming by the bog, ye said, Pat?

Blithero Pat. Ay! Be the bog it is. Aloysius. Come on, all of ye!

[Exeunt hastily all but Blithero Pat and the Stranger.]

[Blithero Pat chuckles softly. He then addresses the Stranger in a hoarse whisper.]

Blithero Pat. Divil the bit he's comin' be the bog. He's comin' be the cross-roads.

[The Stranger makes no reply.]

Blithero Pat laughs hideously and goes out.

### SCENE III.

[The same. The air is heavy with the scent of stout. Mrs. M'Gann sits before the fire. She still peels potatoes. The Stranger is almost concealed behind grandfather clock number four, from the shelter of which he peers nervously at the window, which has returned to its original position. A heavy step is heard outside.]

Mrs. M'Gann (starting up in terror). That's Shaun's step!

[The door is kicked open and Shaun enters. He is fairly far gone in drink. As he looks at her she backs a step or two and stares at him wildly. He kicks over grandfather clock number one, which is evidently damaged by the fall, as it commences to strike wildly and insistently.]

Mrs. M'Gann. Shaun!

[He staggers over and looks at her closely for a moment. Then he catches her by the throat, hurls her to the ground, and begins to kick her savagely. He laughs as he kicks her, for at heart he is not a bad-natured man. She gradually becomes still. At last he stops and looks at her.]

Shaun. Mary! (A pause. Then in a louder tone, with a note of alarm in his voice) Mary!

[He looks at her for two minutes in a dazed way and then staggers out of the room. The Stranger, who until this moment has not said a word, does not speak now. Grandfather clock number one continues to strike insistently.]

### CURTAIN.

"The first brick of the structural work was laid on Tuesday, Jan. 6th, and is proceeding rapidly."—Clacton Times.

Destination unknown.



SCENE—Village Concert—Squire's turn to sing.

Official. "'OPE YOU GETS ON ALL RIGHT, SIR. IT'S BEEN FAIRLY GOOD OOP T' NOW."

Molly. The Saints preserve us from that man!

Blithero Pat (continuing in a dull monotone). And Shaun M'Gann was with him.

[Mrs. M'Gann sits back with a look of horror on her face.]

Aloysius. Shaun does be a terrible man when he's on the drink.

[The pig rises and goes out by the door, which has been left open.]

Sheila. The crathur! 'Tis himself can't bear to hear his master mis-called.

Blithero Pat (still continuing in the same tone). Shaun told me to tell ye, Mrs. M'Gann, that he was coming home the way he'd kill ye entirely.

Jeremiah (starting up quickly, as the

\* A Connemara word signifying blind.





### THE MASCOT CRAZE: A CUP-TIE OF THE FUTURE.

#### IVORY.

O, CHIEFLY procured by a fate that is harshish  
 From ponderous pachyderms' innocent shapes!  
 O, shipped of old time by the navies of Tarshish  
 For SOLOMON's court and the wondering gapes  
     Of Jerusalem's Great Age,  
     The invoice for freightage  
 Including some items of peacocks and parcels of apes!  
 O exquisite surface of Orient idols!  
     O, hewn by the workmen of cunning Cathay  
 For the sword-hilts of kings and their saddles and bridles!  
     O, carved for Athene! O, chosen to-day  
     For the match now proceeding  
     Betwixt those two leading  
 And infantile billiard antagonists, NEWMAN and GRAY!  
 O, how shall I sing of thee, loved of immortals?  
     Remember what breaks of thy boon have been born?  
 Or describe how the dreams that go out at thy portals  
     Are true by the test of the amethyst morn,  
     Whilst the hopes that encumber  
     Our profitless slumber  
 Fare forth through the bonzoline exit—I should say  
     the horn?

Shall I ask why it is that the sagest of mammals  
 Is toothed with such splendour, for woe or for weal,  
 As compared with giraffes or hyenas or camels  
 Or wombats? Why man, when he falls to a meal,

Can suffer no tusk-ache  
 From marmalade *plus* cake  
 To rival the infinite sorrows that Hathis may feel?

These things I might prate of and should do with pleasure  
 Except that they 're far from the point of my song,  
 Which is aimed at a dental adornment, a treasure  
 Unheard of as yet by the ignorant throng,  
     But an ivory fairer,  
     More fleckless and rarer,  
 Than ever was looted by trader from elephant's prong.

For I care not for elephants, no, not a particle;  
 Sorrows they have, but they cause me no ruth;  
 And a fig for their tushes! I mentioned the article  
 Merely to lead you along to the truth,  
     To the fact of all wonder,  
     Our baby (no blunder—  
 You can not only feel, you can see it) has cut his first  
     tooth. EVON.

#### Box and Cox.

"The doctors have stopped issuing bulletins regarding Sir Lionel Phillips whose condition continues to give satisfaction. He is able to leave his bed for a short time daily."—*Natal Mercury*.

"When Lord Kitchener arrived in Cairo very few people were aware that, travelling on the same train as his lordship, were a crocodile, two hyenas and two civet cats. These animals had been presented to Lord Kitchener when he was at Kosti."—*Egyptian Gazette*.

We wish we had had the luck to attend this *levée*.



## THE STRONG MAN.

[A fragment of a diary, signed H. H. A., which may be picked up in Bouverie Street some day.]

*Monday.*—Although I continue to wear an enigmatic smile in public, I may confess to myself that the situation causes me anxiety. The Home Rule Bill was passed five days ago, and already there are signs of military activity in Ireland. Anthony thinks I ought to proclaim martial law. In the course of a short lecture at breakfast this morning he referred to the historic case of South Africa, and reminded me of the enthusiasm with which the Unionist Party greeted this stirring exhibition of the strong hand. Martial law, he says, supersedes all other law, and the deportation of any person whose presence is not desired becomes— At this point I had him deported to the nursery, for I desired to be alone. All the same I feel that there is a good deal in what he says, and I shall think it over to-night.

*Tuesday.*—Martial law proclaimed. I have decided to be The Strong Man of England. Force may be no remedy, but it is much esteemed by the Unionist Party, and I don't see why WINSTON should be the only popular member of the Cabinet.

*Wednesday.*—Excellent. CARSON has been safely smuggled out of the country. He travelled from Belfast to Liverpool in a packing-case labelled "Oranges," and was then embarked in a whaler for Greenland. The ship, I understand, has no wireless installation and will not stop at any port on the way. As he had to leave Belfast rather hurriedly, without packing, I have lent him a spare suit of WEDGWOOD BENN'S clothes. The authorities have orders to deal with the other leading members of the Ulster Provisional Government in the same way.

*Thursday.*—The Ulster leaders have been safely deported. Unfortunately, there was no ship immediately available for them, and at the present moment they are in a pantechneon labelled "Theatrical Troupe" (a tip from BOTHA) touring the Cromwell Road. They go up and down twice in a day, I am told, stopping nowhere on the way. Without their leaders the Ulstermen are weakening, and they may be expected to accept the Home Rule Act peaceably in the course of a few days. Martial law is certainly an extraordinary solvent of the most difficult situation, and I can only wonder that I never thought of it before.

*Saturday.*—However hard one tries one can never please everybody. In

a fierce speech at Bootle last night, BONAR denounced me as (among other things) a Tyrant, a Dictator, and an Autocrat! (The other things were not so polite.) By an exhibition of the strong hand I have practically stifled the Ulster Revolution, and this is all the thanks I get from the Unionist Party. I have sent him a note, asking him to drop in in a friendly way and chat about it. We haven't had one of our little conversations for a long time.

*Monday.*—BONAR refused my invitation indignantly, and actually made another speech on the same lines at Pudsey. Even the Liberal papers confessed that it was enthusiastically received; in fact, P. W. W. in *The Daily News* went so far as to say that a staunch Radical in the gallery "paled suddenly" and later on "blenched." There was only one way of dealing with this situation. BONAR LAW had become a serious danger to the State (me), he was fomenting rebellion against authority (mine), and he would have to go. I telegraphed instructions, and within half an hour BONAR had left Pudsey for Farnborough as a grand piano. To-night he is strapped on to an army aeroplane and launched into the *Ewigkeit*. The aeroplane has no wireless installation and will, I am informed, stop nowhere until it reaches its destination.

*Tuesday.*—Strict Press censorship ordered. Unionist Papers are forbidden to comment adversely on my operations. As a result, the first nineteen columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette* were blank this afternoon. In the evening edition, however, the editor could no longer restrain himself, and he is now waiting at the docks as a consignment of cocoa for SHACKLETON'S South Pole party.

*Wednesday.*—Overheard an unexpected compliment (paid me by a Unionist) in a District train this evening. This gentleman said, "After all, he's a strong man. One does know where one is with a man like that." He had to confess, however, that he didn't know where BONAR LAW was. Neither do I. My new-found friend got out at the Temple, and I wish I could have followed him and asked him to tea one day, but the fact that I was disguised and on my way to Blackfriars Pier to see the LORD MAYOR'S departure in a submarine prevented me. I have always wanted to witness one of these deportations, and certainly the police were very nippy, if I may use the word. The LORD MAYOR descended from a taxi in a straw-filled crate labelled "St. Bernard—fierce," and was in the submarine in no time. It was his own fault for summoning a non-

party meeting of protest at the Guildhall. I hate these non-party meetings—they're always more insulting than the other sort.

*Friday.*—Anthony says that I shall have to get an Indemnity Bill through the Commons; otherwise, when martial law is over, I may get hanged or something. This is rather annoying. Deported Anthony to bed, but could not get rid of my anxiety so easily. The Unionists of course will vote against an Indemnity Bill, and so, I fear, will a good many Liberals and Labour men, who say that I am undemocratic. Awkward.

*Saturday.*—Still a little anxious about the I.B., but a great victory over the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at golf in the afternoon has restored my spirits somewhat. We were square going to the eighteenth, and when I got into a nasty place in the bunker guarding the green it seemed all over; but with a sudden inspiration I proclaimed martial law (which, as Anthony says, supersedes the ordinary laws) and teed my ball up. Thence easily to the green and down in ten, DAVID arriving in his usual mechanical eleven. He was a little silent at tea, I thought.

*Wednesday.*—Excellent. This martial law is a wonderful thing. On Monday I had the whole of the Opposition kidnapped and sent down by one of the special Saturday trains, well guarded and labelled "Football Party," to Twickenham. The train was guaranteed to stop for some hours at every station on the way, and is not due at Twickenham till to-morrow morning. Meanwhile my Indemnity Bill went triumphantly through the House this evening, and now all is well.

*Thursday.*—End of martial law. Rather a dull day on the whole.

A. A. M.

### Answer to a Clergyman.

No, dear Sir, your high calling does not excuse you from observing the rules of civility common amongst laymen when writing to the Editor of a paper which has expressed views that do not happen to accord with your own.

"Dancing was engaged in around the bonfire to the skirl of the philabeg."—*Glasgow Herald*. On reading this we immediately went round to our tailor and ordered a new pair of bagpipes.

"A change has come over the domestic habits of the French middle class. This means that the money that would have been accumulated for the girl's diary is now in some cases diverted into other channels."—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

Probably squandered on a packet of those useless New Year's cards.



## LOCAL COLOUR.

I.

From the Editor of "The Globe Fiction Magazine" to Aubrey Aston, Esq.

May 5th.

DEAR MR. ASTON,—We are extremely sorry that we cannot see our way to using *Red Shadows*. The idea is an excellent one, if a trifle improbable. But you must be aware that West Africa has been worse handled by fiction-writers than any other locality, and we are afraid we dare not risk publishing a story in which the writer has drawn on his imagination for local colour, however vivid that imagination may be. The West African expert at our office assures us that *Red Shadows* contains some inaccuracies which would be bound to spring to the eye of any reader who had been near the West Coast. We cannot imperil the reputation of a magazine so widely circulated as ours, and we feel that in returning the MS. we are in some degree safeguarding your own. Thanking you for the many excellent stories you have let us have,

Yours very truly,  
J. W. INGLEBY, Editor.

II.

Aubrey Aston to the Editor.

Laburnam Rise, Hornsey.

May 8th.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Thanks for your note. I cannot help feeling that you were to some extent influenced by your knowledge of the fact that I had never been near the West Coast. I hope, however, to visit the White Man's Grave shortly and will possibly let you have some stuff from the spot.

Yours, A. A.

III.

The Same to the Same.

From Sherbro, Sierra Leone.

June 18th.

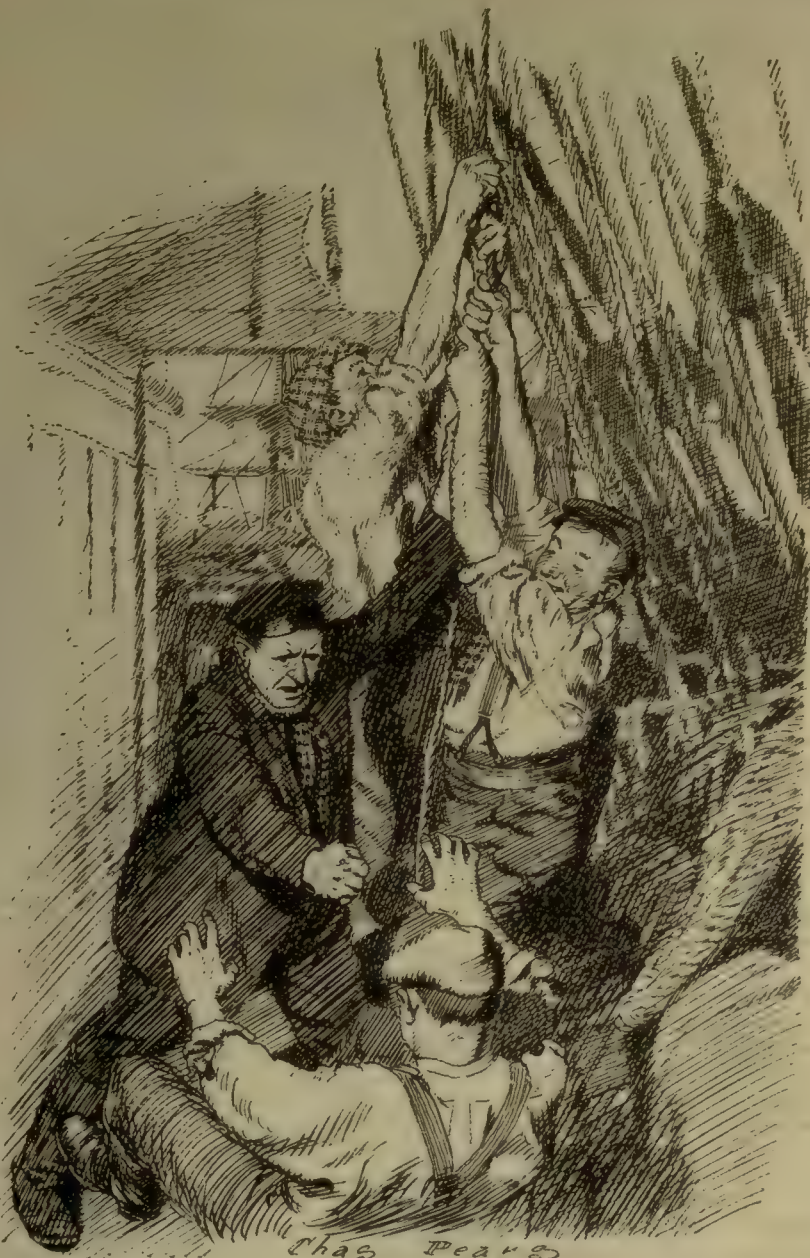
Mr. Aubrey Aston begs to enclose to the Editor of "The Globe Fiction Magazine" another West African effort, and hopes that it may pass his critic.

IV.

The Editor to Aubrey Aston.

July 31st.

DEAR MR. ASTON,—Herewith proof of *The Case of Mr. Everett*. I trust you will be able to let us have some more West Coast tales while you are out. Stories with the true African ring about them, from such a practised pen as your own, are hard to come by. Our "critic" passed Mr. Everett with honours. You will no doubt see yourself by now how comparatively bald and unconvincing *Red Shadows* is,



Bosun (to new deck hand who has trodden on his toes while hauling on a rope). "'PEG YOUR PARDON,' INDEED! THAT'S BLOOMIN' FINE LANGUAGE TO USE TO A SHIP'S BOSUN."

when set against a tale "hot from the oven."

Yours very truly,

J. W. I.

P.S.—Our West African expert asks me to thank you for information on several points on which he had been bazy. It is news to him that the Mendes have an Arabic strain in their blood; he had believed them to be pure Zishtis. He had also been in the dark as to the origin of the "leopard" murders.

V.

From Aubrey Aston to the Editor.

Hornsey, September 20th.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Many thanks

for the proof (forwarded to me from Sierra Leone) of *The Case of Mr. Everett*—which I return corrected—and for your very gratifying note.

I'm afraid I have not yet found time to visit West Africa, but I still hope to. When I do, I will perhaps let you have some tales "hot from the oven." In the meantime I find the Travel section of our local library a more comfortable and probably a more accurate source of copy. But I still have to draw on my imagination to some extent. The Mendes may be pure Yanks for all I know to the contrary; but I hope for their own sakes they





### FLOWERS OF SPEECH (U.S.A.).

Wealthy American Westerner (anxious to show his great appreciation of the able and enthusiastic way in which the duchess has pleaded the cause of her pet charity). "WAAL, GOOD-BYE, DUCHESS. I WILL SEND YOU A CHEQUE, SURE. I GUESS SOME OF THESE CHARITIES WOULDN'T BE SO SICK IF THEY HAD CRAZY BOOMERS LIKE YOU TO BOOST 'EM ALONG."

aren't Zishtis. It sounds such a horrible thing to be.

As for the "leopard" murders, I got my information from Major Kingsley, D.S.O., who has been a Government officer in Nigeria and Sierra Leone for fourteen years, so there may be something in it. As he is a close friend of mine I sent my story to him out there for him to look through before letting you have it, and he very kindly posted it direct to you. He has written to tell me that the ignorance shown in it was such as to preclude any possibility of improvement by revision.

By the way, Major Kingsley was the author of *Red Shadows*. He asked me as a special favour to godfather it, as he believed an unknown writer stood no chance. It is a perfectly true story. My kindest regards to your expert.

Yours very truly, AUBREY ASTON.

"Many correspondents have asked whether Mrs. Cornwallis received this compensation because her husband was a reader of this journal."—*Daily Mail*.

Could they have meant—correspondents being notoriously rude—that the husband deserved it more?

### A CHARM

(whereby a modern male adult mortal may be pleasantly initiated into the fairy state).

O MALE adult, O male adult!

This is the way we make a fairy:—

*Quicunque vult*

*Silvis terrisque imperare,*

Think upon oaks and thorns and ashes,

On glow-worms and on fire-fly flashes,

On rooty loams and stony brashes!

Then upon thyme and tansy think,

On fields of sainfoin, ruddy pink,

On dells deep down and rocks upreared,

On lad's-love and on old-man's-beard,

On spearmint and on silver sages,

On colewort and on saxifrages!

Then think on pools in dimmest haunts,

Unwhipped of any wind that rages,

Where the lithe flag her purple flaunts,

Where frogs go plopping round the edge

And gnats are humming through the sedge,

And on the leaf of each wide lily

The scaly newts do lay their eggs

And the small people dip their legs

To shatter the moonshine floating stilly

O'er the pool's mystic weedy dregs!

Think yet again on rolling hills

Where little sleepy new-born rills

Are bedded deep in upland mosses,

Where tiny stars of tormentils

Peer skyward with their golden gaze;

Where lichen'd dikes and shallow fosses

Are signs of far-forgotten days—

Forgotten save by us who roam

Those uplands nightly after gloam,

And, linking in our magic rings,

Whirl in a dazzle of dancing wings—

Us only whose hot eyes beheld

Fordone delights of vanished eld!

Think on it! think on it!

And think no more on what you quit—

On hearth and home, on streets and shops,

On trousers, ties, and hunting-tops—

Think no more on City dinners;

On office hours and all the winners—

For you are fitted by field and dell

Us to follow, with us to dwell,

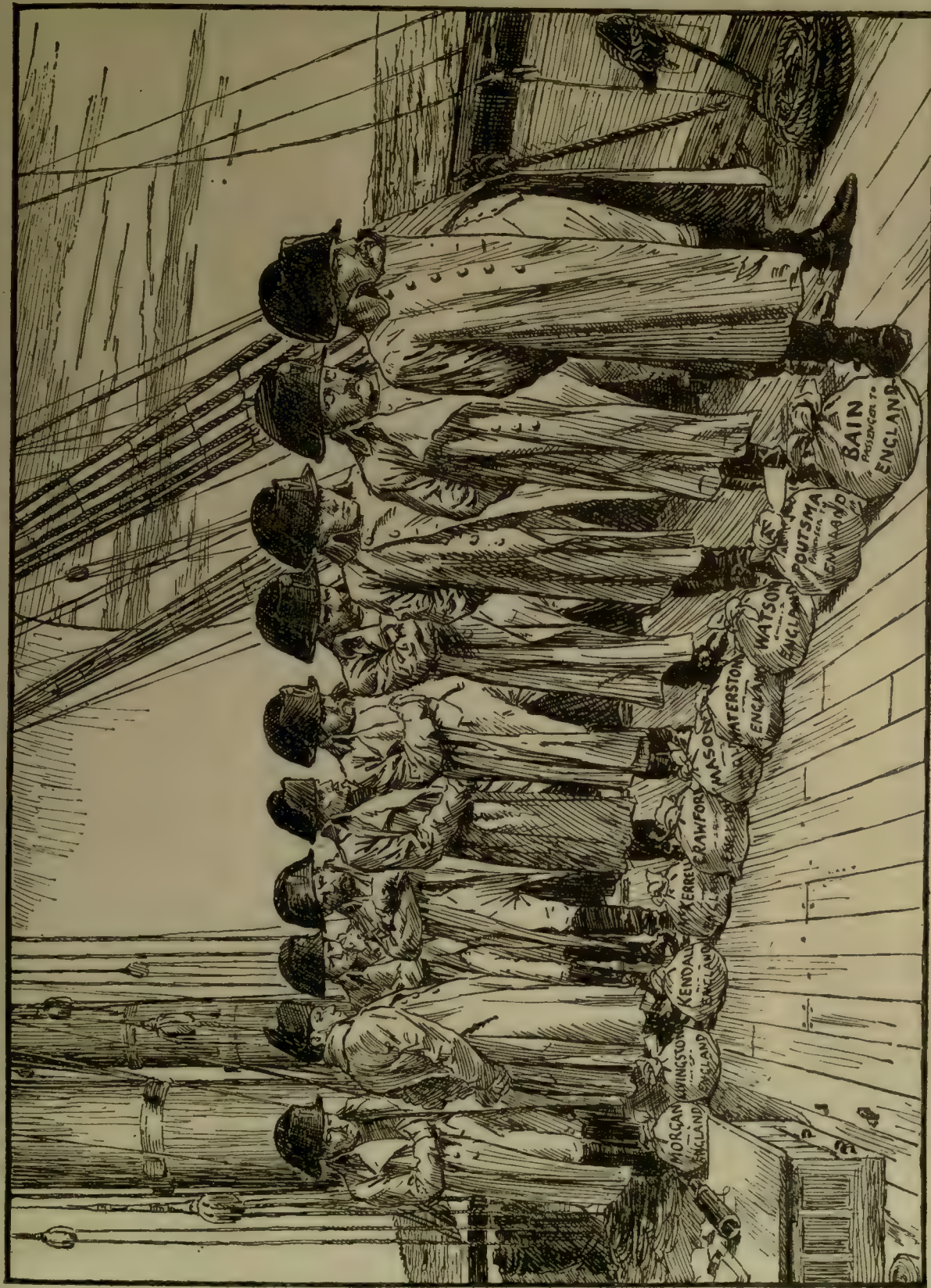
To be for ever free from harm,

A fairy changeling by this charm,

To be the lord of light and mirth,

To be the lord of all the earth.





[After ORCHARDSON'S picture of NAPOLEON en route for St. Helena.

## THE NEW BELLEROPHON:

OR, BOTH'S SURPRISE PACKET.

[The Government of S. Africa are sending, as a present to the Mother-country, the ten men whom they regard as their leading undesirables.]







## A MODERN IDYLL.

(With acknowledgments to various distinguished writers in this vein.)

To me the robin is a peculiarly attractive bird. It bears itself with a sort of pompous pathos which moves me to a friendly tear and gentle laughter.

One came to the ledge of my parlour window the other morning, a not infrequent occurrence. "Good morning, Robin Red-breast," quoth I; and it acquiesced in an expressive silence. The conversation is generally one-sided on these occasions. "Bird," I continued, "it may interest you to know that I am writing a book. What about, you wonder? About any old thing that happens to crop up—yourself, for instance." The robin tripped hither and thither with vast self-importance. "Not so much of it," said I. "It isn't your intrinsic worth but the fact that you chanced to crop up first, that got you this publicity."

The robin flew away in high dudgeon as Martha entered the room bearing the boiled eggs and tea with which it is my custom to break my fast.

How long the greater tragedies of life lie hidden beneath the careless surface! From a chance remark of this excellent Martha's, I have but now discovered, after many years' experience of it, that what I have always fondly supposed to be tea, she, who makes it, equally fondly supposes to be coffee.

There is only one other thing worth mentioning about Martha, and I will mention it. For very many years, as she is in the habit of telling me once a week, she has been walking out with a policeman. This has suggested to me a quaint thought, that to marry a policeman is the cheapest and most

effective way of insuring against burglary, but otherwise, I confess, I have shown and felt but little interest in this *affaire de cœur*.

A letter lay on the table beside my plate. It was addressed to me. I picked it up and, holding the envelope in my

publishers of all people! Here was news indeed! I own that Clare's publisher interested me very much more than Martha's policeman.

I remember nothing more until I looked up a few moments later to see a robin once again upon my window-ledge. I would not swear that it was the same bird, but, feeling that one robin was as good as another, I told it all about Clare's publisher and what this might mean to all of us.

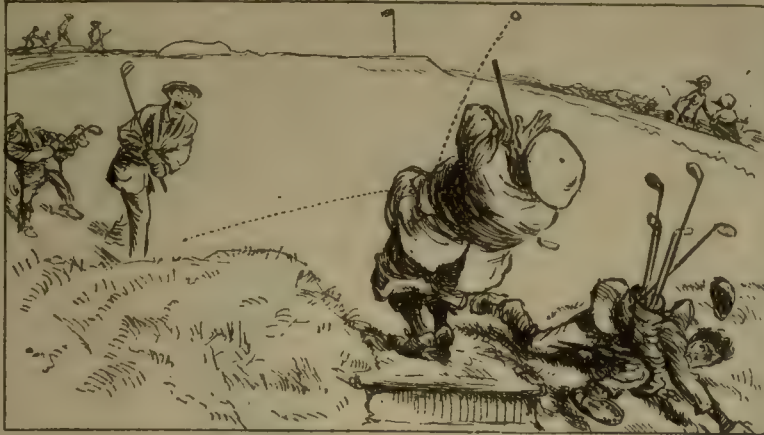
Some days later I came down to breakfast, to find another letter lying on the table beside my plate. This letter also was addressed to me. Having gone through much the same process as that used with regard to my earlier correspondence, I discovered that this was from Clare's *janicee*. He thanked me for my very kind congratulations of the 13th ultimo, and went on to say that, with regard to the latter part of my letter, he was not quite sure exactly what an idyll might be, and so my interesting description of my embryo book conveyed little to him. Even so, he went on, he would have been honoured to publish any book written by any relative of his dear Clare, but that he dealt, to be candid, exclusively in legal text-books.

To Martha, entering at this moment, I confessed that there was at least this to be said for her and her man,

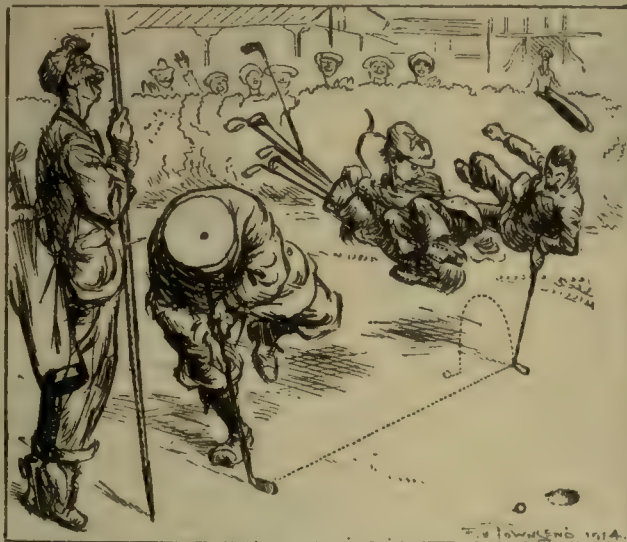
that they had never concealed their connection with that odious thing, the Law.

Later, I read an extract from my manuscript aloud to the robin. He wore an air of abstraction and I could see that his thoughts were running on other matters more immediately concerned with his own interests.

To me the robin is a peculiarly human bird.



THE WORLD-WIDE ATTENTION AROUSED BY THE RECENT CORRESPONDENCE ABOUT RULE 18, BY WHICH A PLAYER LOSES THE HOLE IF HIS OPPONENT'S BALL STRIKES HIM, HIS CADDIE OR HIS CLUBS, IS ALREADY BRIGHTENING GOLF. THE DOCTOR, WHO WAS PLAYING "THREE MORE," GOT "DORMY" AT THE SEVENTEENTH WITH A BEAUTIFUL QUARTER BRASSIE BACKHANDER, WHICH TOOK THE COLONEL IN THE LOWER CHEST.



BUT THE COLONEL SAVED THE GAME ON THE LAST GREEN. THE DOCTOR (WHOSE CADDIE'S PLAY WAS BEYOND ALL PRAISE) WAS CAUGHT NAPPING, FOR HE FAILED TO AVOID A STAB TO LEG (THE ODD) WHICH JUST FOUND HIS PUTTER.

left hand, with the first finger of my right hand I tore open the flap. I then withdrew the enclosure and, standing with my back to the window so that the light fell on to the written sheet, I read it.

It was from my sister, my little sister Clare, and it told me that she was engaged to be married. My sister, my little sister Clare, engaged to be married, and to a partner in a firm of



# BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

REVUES AND THINGS.

Park Lane.

January 31st.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've been putting in quite a pleasant little time down at Much Gaddington with Bosh and Wee-Wee. Theatricals were the order of the night, and the best thing we did was a *revue* written for us by the Rector of Much Gaddington, who's a perfectly sweet man and immensely clever. It's a better *revue* than any of those at the theatres, and as that dreadful Censor had, of course, nothing to do with it the dear rector could make it as snappy as he liked. Wee-Wee and I were two "plume girls," Sal and Nan, in aprons, you know, and feathers and boots stitched with white; and our duet, "Biff along, Old Sport!" with a pavement dance between the verses, fairly brought down the house. The rector himself was *impayable* in his songs, "Wink to me only," and "Tango—Tangoing—Tangone!" But the outstanding feature of the whole affair was certainly Dick Flummery, who introduced his new and sensational *Danse à trois Jambes*, entirely his own invention!

What Dick doesn't know about dancing isn't worth knowing, and he says all the steps that *can* be done with two legs have been done, and for *anything* really novel another leg must be added. So he's had a clockwork leg made, and he winds it up before beginning and makes its movements blend in with the steps of his *real* legs, and the effect is simply enormous!

People wrote to Wee-Wee from far and near begging to come and see "Hold Tight, Please!"—that's the name of the rector's *revue*—so we decided to give it in the village school-room for charity. Since then Dick's been fairly snowed under with offers from London managers. They offer him big terms, and if his colonel decides that the prestige of the regiment won't suffer through one of its officers doing a three-legged dance at the Halls Dick will accept. If the colonel objects, Dick will still accept, for then he'll send in his papers and go on the music-hall stage in earnest.

The rector has also had good offers for "Hold Tight, Please!" and he's busy toning it down before it's given in front of the dear old prudish public. He made us laugh one evening by telling us how he met his bishop lately at a Church Congress or something, and the bishop said, "There's a report that you've been seen once or twice lately at the Up-to-Date Variety Theatre, Piccadilly Square, London. You're able to contradict it, of course?" "Oh, that's quite all right, bishop," answered the dear rector; "I have run up to town several times in order to go to the Up-to-Date, but it was for business, not amusement. I'm responsible for the new ballet there, 'Fun,

Norty says also that *heaps* of stamp-collectors who have been opposed tooth and nail to Home Rule on principle have been won over by the Coalition with the promise that an absolutely *sweet* set of Irish stamps would be issued as soon as H. R. became an accomplished fact. *Ainsi va le monde.*

The swing of the pendulum is going to make the coming season a *stately* one. It will be correct to be haughty and dignified. *Features* will be *de rigueur*, and aquiline noses will be very much worn. Dancing is to be deliberate and majestic, and partners will not touch each other; as Teddy Foljambe put it, "Soccer dancing will be in and Rugby dancing out." As far as one

can see at present, the most popular dance at parties will be the waltz of the Ungaroos, a tribe who live on the banks of some river at the back of beyond. I can't tell you anything about them except that they were found near this river doing this dance, and someone's brought it to Europe. It's very slow and impressive, and a native weapon, like a big egg-boiler with a long handle, is carried. The dance grows faster towards the end and the native weapon is twirled. In a crowded room there'd be a little danger here, and one would have to practise carefully beforehand. Already

Popsy Lady Rams-gate's maid, has brought an action against her for "grievous bodily harm." In practising the war-dance of the Ungaroos, Popsy twirled her weapon too wide and struck the girl on the head.

What do you think of the New Music, my child? No answer is expected. It's a question few people *dare* to answer. Norty's definition of the New Humour—"the old Humour without the Humour"—won't do for the New Music. It's quite out by itself. But on the whole it's darling music, full of new paths to somewhere or other, and ideas and impressions of one doesn't know what, and sprinkled all over with delicious accidentals that seem to have been shaken out of a pepper-pot.

I've just got some piano studies of Schönvinsky's, to be played with the eyes shut and gloves on, and they're too wonderful for words!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



BACK FROM SWITZERLAND.

(1) SNAPSHOT, ILLUSTRATING THE COOLNESS DISPLAYED BY THE INTREPID MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER, AS SENT TO FRIENDS. (2) A FULL-SIZED UNEXPURGATED EDITION OF THE SAME.

Frills and Frocks.'" So of course the bishop had no more to say.

I was talking to Norty yesterday about the state of Europe, and *when* we're to know who's who in the Near East, and which of the kingdoms out there are to be absorbed or abolished or allowed to go on; and he threw a new light on things by telling me that these matters are a good deal in the hands of the *stamp-collectors*—that when they agree among themselves as to what's to be done it *will* be done. A great many people who matter very much indeed are stamp-collectors, it seems, and it would make an *immense* difference in the value of their collections if certain countries were absorbed or abolished or allowed to go on. For instance, suppose anyone had a complete set of Albelian stamps, and Albelia wasn't allowed to go on, the set would become almost priceless.



### THE LEGEND OF EVERYMATRON.

(Showing one of the reasons why the Tango is already *démodé*.)

(With apologies to Mr. KIPLING.)

THIS is the sorrowful story told at the Tango Teas  
Of the old folks dancing together,  
frivolous as you please:—

"Our mothers came to the dances;  
dignified matrons, they,  
They smilingly sat and watched us  
after we waltzed away.

"Our mothers looked on at the dancing—that was their business then;  
Frowned on the detrimentals, smiled  
on the right young men.

"Then came this Tangomania, and  
when the fad was new  
Badly it shocked the old folks—now  
they are doing it too!

"Now we may watch our mothers,  
smiling and flushed and gay,  
Doing it, doing it, doing it, tangoing  
night and day,

"Stamping a Texas Tommy, wreathing  
a Grapevine Swirl,  
Gleefully Gaby Gliding, young as the  
youngest girl.

"We may not laugh at our mothers,  
for (between me and you)  
They can out-dance us often—get all  
our partners too!"

This is the sorrowful story told by a  
chastened lot  
Of maidens sitting together, watching  
their mothers trot.

### THE OBLIQUE METHOD.

"I WANT to engage the next cook myself," I had said to my wife.

"Why?" she asked.

"Chiefly," I said, "because I am the only person in the house who minds what is placed on the table. If the food is distasteful I complain of it; you defend it; and we lose our tempers. Now it is perfectly clear that you cannot guard against certain culinary monstrosities when you engage a cook. I can. And coming from a man it will impress her more."

"Why can't I do it?"

"Because you haven't," I said. "You have engaged scores of cooks in your time and everyone does a certain thing which infuriates me."

"Have it your own way," she said. I meant to.

In course of time the prospective cook was ushered into my study. If I liked her she was to stay.

"Good morning," I said. "There's

*Nervous Lady (in whose street there have been several burglaries). "HOW OFTEN DO YOU POLICEMEN COME DOWN THIS ROAD? I'M CONSTANTLY ABOUT, BUT I NEVER SEE YOU."*

*Policeman. "AH, VERY LIKELY I SEES YOU WHEN YOU DON'T SEE ME, MUM. IT'S A POLICEMAN'S BUSINESS TO SECRETE 'ISSELF!"*

only one thing I want to discuss with you. Apple tart. Can you cook apple tarts really well?"

She said it was her speciality, her *forte*.

"Yes, but can you do them as I like them, I wonder."

How did I like them?

"Well, my idea of an apple tart is that there should be so much lemon in it that it tastes of lemon rather than apple."

"Mine, too," she said. "I always put a lot of lemon in."

"And," I went on, "wherever the tart doesn't taste of lemon I like it to taste of cloves."

"I was just going to say the same. I always put in plenty of cloves."

"In short, the whole duty of a cook who is given an apple to cook is," I

said, "to see that every scrap of the divine—of the flavour of the apple is smothered and killed."

She looked at me a little in perplexity.

"Isn't it?" I asked.

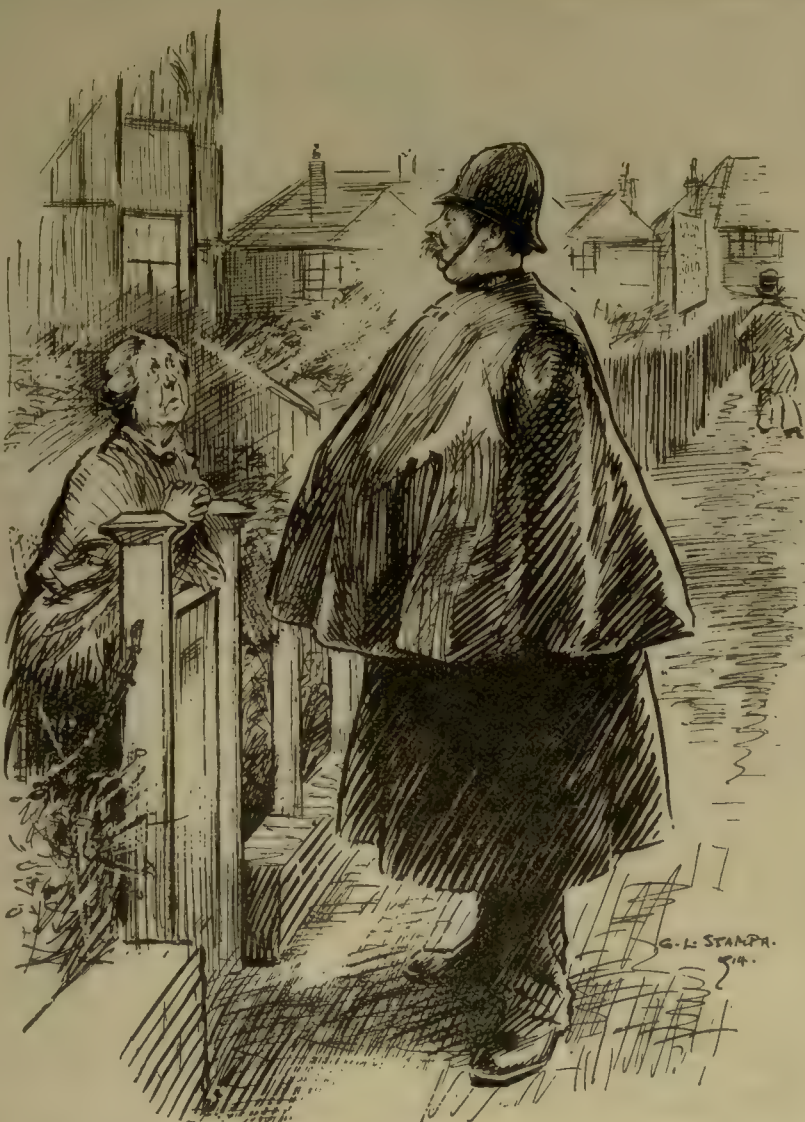
"Yes," she faltered.

"Well," I said, "I've recently been to see my doctor and he says that there are two things I must never touch again, at least in an apple tart: lemon and cloves. Otherwise he can't answer for the consequences. Will you help me to avoid them, at home at any rate? Will you?"

She was a good woman with a kind heart and she promised.

She has kept her promise.

Apple tarts in our house are worth eating.





## TRYING ON.

"I AM going to London," I said.

"Going to London?" said the lady of the house. "What for?"

"To live a double life," I said. "Many men do it and are never found out till they have been dead quite a long time. I'm going to begin to-day, and first I'm going to call on my tailor."

"But you can't call on your tailor in those clothes."

"Why not?" I said. "He made the clothes, and the least he can do is to look at them after I've worn them all these years."

"Dad's going to London in his old brown suit," said Helen to Rosie, who had just entered the room.

"Oh, but he simply *can't*," said Rosie in a shocked voice.

"I like the suit," said Peggy. "The trousers are so funny."

"They do bag at the knees," I admitted. "But then all sincere and honourable trousers do that. There is, of course, an unmanly variety that never bags and always keeps a crease down its middle, but you wouldn't have me wear those—now would you?"

"You can wear what you like," said the lady of the house, "so long as you don't wear what you've got on."

"Well," I said with dignity, "I'm not the man to insult an old friend. I shall wear this suit, and, what's more, I shall get my hair cut, too."

"That's right; get yourself cropped like a convict."

"You ought to be proud," I said, "to have a husband who's got any hair to crop. Some husbands are quite bald."

"And some want to look as if they were quite bald."

"Very well," I said, "I will give up the hair-cutting. Next week you shall see me in love-locks for the rest of my life."

I then went up-stairs and changed into patent leather boots, black tail coat and all that is necessarily associated with a black tail coat. This costume I completed with a top hat extracted from its dim and dusty lair, a dark overcoat, a walking-stick and a pair of gloves. Thus attired I set out for the station.

In the garden I found the junior members of the family gathered together to escort me. When they saw me they assumed an air of profound solemnity and doffed imaginary hats in my honour.

"He's got his Londons on after all," said Peggy, thus lightly alluding to my serious garments.

"Will his lordship deign to take my humble arm?" said Rosie.

"John," said Helen brightly, "run on, there's a good boy, and see if they've got out the red carpet. We must certainly knight the station-master."

They then formed up as a festal band—mostly big drums—and preceded me to the garden gate, where they scattered and left me with a final cheer.

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon I found myself in the West-end—not, of course, in the whole of it, but in that particular part of it where my tailor has his establishment. Up to that moment I had been eager to see him, but now that I stood before his door all desire had vanished just as a toothache disappears when you get almost within for-ceps' distance of a dentist. However I encouraged myself. "These clothes," I said, "have been waiting for months in a half-sewn state and with makeshift button-holes. They must be put out of their misery. It's to-day or never."

My entrance was warmly welcomed: "Try on? Yes, Sir. I'll call Mr. Thurgood. Will you step in here, Sir?"

I stepped in through a door in a glass partition and found

myself in the familiar torture-chamber. The old coloured plates of distinguished gentlemen in dazzling uniforms still hung on the walls. Their trouser-knees didn't bulge an inch. They fitted into their suits as wine fits into a decanter. Why couldn't I be like that? Also there were the looking-glasses artfully arranged to show you your profile or your back, a morbid and detestable revelation of the unsuspected.

"You're quite a stranger, Sir," said Mr. Thurgood, coming briskly into the room, accompanied by a transitory acolyte bearing clothes. "Shall we try the blue serge first?"

"No, Mr. Thurgood," I said, "we will first talk about uniforms. Could you make me a uniform like that?" I pointed to an expressionless person tightly wedged into a dark blue dress.

"An Elder Brother of the Trinity House," said Mr. Thurgood. "I did not know—am I to congratulate? Of course we shall be proud to do it for you."

"Well, perhaps not yet, Mr. Thurgood. We must wait and see—ha-ha—wait and see, you know. Let us get on with the blue serge." I took off my coat and waistcoat.

"Let me help you with the trousers," said Mr. Thurgood. "They'll come off quite easily over the boots." They did, and I caught a glimpse of my undergarment as they came off, and clapped my hands on my knees. Why had I not noticed this before? Each knee was picturesquely darned in an elaborately cross-hatched pattern.

"I don't think," I said, "we'll worry about the trousers. I can take them on trust."

"Do you really think so, Sir? It's a difficult leg to fit, you know. Plenty of muscle here and there. Not like some. You set us a task. There's a good deal to contend against in a thigh like yours."

"That's it," I cried with enthusiasm. "You can't do yourself justice unless you've got lots to contend against. I shall make it harder for you if I don't try on, and your triumph will be all the more glorious."

"It's a curious thing," said Mr. Thurgood, looking meditatively at my hands; "I've got just such another patch of darning on *my* knee," and he pulled up his trouser. "It's funny how you forget to notice a little thing like that."

"In that case," I said, "we will proceed with the trying on," and I removed my hands. "I've got two of them, you see."

"So have I," said Mr. Thurgood. "They generally go together."

R. C. L.

From a story in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"'Willie was right,' he muttered. 'The evil men do live after them. The good oft lies interred in their bones, but maybe it was only folly with me, not evil.'"

WILLIE was certainly right, but that's not exactly how (in *Julius Cæsar*) he put it.

"When the men went to the scale, the Welshman was found to be half-a-pound over the stipulated 8st., but he was allowed time to get this off, and just before three o'clock he passed the weight, while Ladbury weighed 7st. 14½lb.—*Yorkshire Post*.

Rather bad luck on the Welshman, who had been sprinting madly round the arena for some hours with eight ounces which nobody wanted, to find afterwards that LADBURY'S extra four ounces were entirely ignored.

"Since tea the crowd had swelled considerably."

*South African News.*

An air of dough-nuts hangs over this sentence.





*The Lady.* "HALLO, COUNT! WHAT'S HAPPENED?"

*The Count (who has come off at the third obstacle).* "ONCE I JUMP AND MY HORSE HE CATCH ME; THEN I JUMP AND HE ONLY CATCH ME A LITTLE; ANOZER TIME I JUMP AND HE MISS ME ALTOGEZER."

### THE QUALITIES THAT COUNT.

(Suggested by a recent vindication of the "right but ruffling attitude" of the new and true artist.)

If you're anxious to acquire a reputation  
For enlightened and emancipated views,  
You must hold it as a duty to discard the 'cult of Beauty  
And discourage all endeavours to amuse.  
You must back the man who, obloquy enduring,  
Subconsciousness determines to express;  
Who, in short, is "elemental," "unalluring,"  
But "arresting" in his Art—or in his dress.

Again, if you're desirous of attaining  
Pre-eminence in places where they play,  
Don't supply the smallest spoonful of the pleasing or  
the tuneful

Or you'll chuck your very finest chance away.  
But be truculent, ferocious and ungentle  
And the critics will infallibly acclaim  
Your work as unalluring, elemental  
But arresting and exalted in its aim.

Or is your cup habitually brimming  
With water from the Heliconian fount?  
Then remember the hubristic, the profane and  
pugilistic

Are the only kinds of poetry that count.  
So select a tragic argument, ensuring  
The maximum expenditure of gore,  
And the epithets arresting, unalluring,  
Elemental, will re-echo as before.

But if your bent propels you into fiction,  
You should clearly and completely understand  
That your duty in a novel is not to soar, but  
grovel,

If you want it to be profitably banned.  
So be lavish and effusive in suggesting  
A malignant and mephitic atmosphere,  
And you're sure to be applauded as arresting,  
Elemental, unalluring and sincere.

If you meditate a matrimonial venture  
That will turn the cheek of Mrs. Grundy pale,  
Don't be lured by pretty faces or by dainty airs and  
graces

That entrap the unsophisticated male.  
No, look out for what is vital, transcendental,  
And ask yourself, before you choose your wife,  
"Is she wholly unalluring, elemental  
But arresting in her attitude to life?"

In fine if you believe in self-expression  
And disdain to be a law-abiding man,  
You must cultivate a hobby of insulting ev'ry bobby  
Whenever you conveniently can.  
You'll find him quite impervious to jesting,  
But he has another less attractive side,  
Elemental, unalluring and arresting  
When his patience is intolerably tried.



## SECURITY.

"It's got to be," I said.

I must have been thinking aloud, for Joyce said quickly—

"What's got to be?"

"The silver," I said.

"It doesn't sound sensible," said Joyce.

"It isn't," I said, "at all sensible, but it's inevitable."

"What's inevitable?"

"That about the silver," I said.

"But you didn't say anything about the silver, except that it's got to be."

"Well, it's got to be—hypothecated."

"What's that?"

"I mean," I said, "that I'm—er—temporarily embarrassed, and the silver has got to be made security for a loan—pawned, in fact—so that I can pay the balance of the rent and catch up with my outgoings. Is that clearly put?"

"Perfectly; but we can't spare the silver just now. The Armisteads are coming to tea on Friday."

"But," I protested, "you don't understand. We don't keep a valuable stud of silver tea-things for the Armisteads' amusement, but for our own, and as—er—collateral." I was sure this would be beyond Joyce.

"But what am I to do?"

"Call out the reserves," I said.

"But they're such a mixed lot," said Joyce. "I should be ashamed of having anyone to tea with them."

"Better," I said, "than having the bailiffs to dine and sleep."

"Ugh," said Joyce, "is it as bad as that?"

"It is," I said, "and all because Short won't send that cheque on account of royalties till I've made some alterations to the last chapter. Our landlord is becoming unmanageable. Besides," I said, "I hear there have been one or two burglaries in this road lately, so the silver will be safer."

"Look here," said Joyce, who declined to be scared by the idea of burglars. "To-day's Tuesday. Wait till Thursday. Something's sure to turn up."

"Yes," I said, "a bailiff. But I'll wait till to-morrow if you like."

"Good. And in the meantime we'll both think hard of some other way."

That evening at dinner Joyce said, "I have an idea, but I'm not going to tell you yet. Have you thought of anything?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got a brilliant scheme, but I'm going to keep it to myself for the present."

"I knew you'd think of a way out," Joyce said, "if you gave your mind to it."

My brilliant scheme was to pop the silver, and I managed to get away with it next morning (Wednesday) without arousing Joyce's suspicions. I got £20 on it at the local hypothecary's, squared the landlord, leaving a few pounds in hand, and hid the ticket in my writing-case. I spent the morning on the alterations for Short, and the afternoon on the links, and lost three good balls—curious coincidence, as I had found three such useful ones at the pawnbroker's in the morning.

The evening of Wednesday passed off quietly. Joyce looked very cheerful and didn't say a word about the silver, so I felt sure she hadn't missed it. Uncle Henry had called, she said, and wanted us both to go and dine with him at the Fitz on Saturday night, and she had accepted.

"Good," I said.

I suppose I looked very cheerful because Joyce said—

"Your scheme's come off, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "it's come off—er—quite well. How's yours?"

"Mine was quite successful, thank you, and I shall get a new frock for dinner on Saturday."

As I didn't want to give my scheme away just then, I didn't press Joyce to reveal hers, and we retired for the night with honours easy.

When I got home on Thursday from a day in town, Joyce met me at the gate. She looked scared.

"We've had a burglar," she said.

"The silver's gone. Oh, why didn't I take the warning?"

This was my big scene, but I never believe in rushing a good climax, so I simply said—

"The silver gone? Dear, dear. A burglar, did you say? I told you they were about."

"Really, I'm not joking," said Joyce. "Both Jessie and I were out this afternoon and he must have got in by the scullery window, which I'm afraid was unlatched."

I was enjoying her consternation immensely.

"A burglar?" I repeated. "How very interesting!"

"Oh," said Joyce, stamping her foot, "can't you do something?"

"My dear Joyce," I said, fixing her with my eleven-stone look, "let us stop this mummery. Behold the burglar!" and I struck the attitude that I thought would have done credit to Sir HERBERT.

"You!" she said; "but—"

"Yes," I said. "Alone I did it. Aren't you glad? Come, do look glad and ring down the curtain. The play is over."

"But that was on Wednesday."

"Yes," I said, "it was. On Wednesday, at ten o'clock of the forenoon."

"Well, on Wednesday after lunch, I wanted an envelope and at last found one in your writing-case. I also found a ticket."

"Then you knew all the time?"

"Listen," said Joyce. "Uncle Henry called—"

"And asked us to dinner—good egg!"

"Well, I borrowed £25 from him and took the silver out of pawn."

## THE HOSPITABLE DOOR.

[A housewife in a contemporary says:—"If my guests have friends in the neighbourhood they can ask them in without consulting my convenience at all, take them up to the bedroom, light the gasfire and make them quite comfortable there."]

DEAR Tom, when your neighbours invited me first,

I made up mind to refuse,  
But that was before I was properly versed

In the up-to-date hostess's views.  
If I (like ACHILLES) remain in my room,  
She'll never give vent to complaining.  
Though she misses my jests, she will kindly presume  
I am nevertheless entertaining.

And so, since I've many a friend on the spot,

I've quitted the comforts of town  
In order to keep open house for the lot  
In a chamber provided by Brown.

They shall come to my bedroom; I'll give them good cheer;

I'll ring for a handmaid and tell her  
To serve us at once with a dinner up here,  
Including the pick of the cellar.

And then in due course round the gas glowing red

Brown's choicest cigars shall be lit,  
And, if we like resting our feet on the bed,

We may—it won't matter a bit.  
Our talk of old times shall be joyous and bright,

Undisturbed we will gossip like billy-o,

And I shan't break away to bid Brown a good night;

'Twould savour of needless punctilio.

Dear Tom, since I love you the best of them all,

Call round here whenever you care,  
And, if you should run against Brown in the hall,

Just give him an insolent stare.

And when, from rusticity taking a rest,  
You come up to London and meet me,

Remember the evenings when you were my guest,

And take me out, Thomas, and treat me.





*Zealous Boy Scout.* "YOU CAN CROSS BY THIS BRIDGE, SIR. IT WILL SAVE YOU A LONG WALK ROUND."

*Cautious Stout Party.* "THANK YOU, MY BOY, BUT I'M AFRAID IT WOULD HARDLY BEAR ME."

*Zealous Boy Scout.* "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE HAVE FIRST AID AND AMBULANCE ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE author of *Pantomime* (HUTCHINSON) has placed me in something of a quandary. In an ordinary way, finding a story with this title, in which moreover the chief characters are spoken of as Princess and Principal Boy, and the narrative is broken every now and then by fantastical little dialogues with Fairies, I should have said at once that here was a clever young writer whom a natural admiration for the work of Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP had betrayed into the sincerest form of flattery. But Mr. (or perhaps Miss) G. B. STERN has disarmed me by an open avowal of discipleship and a dedication of the tale to Mr. CALTHROP himself. It is a quite pleasant tale. Personally I may confess to a preference, which I suspect most readers will share, for getting this precise form of whimsical romance from the original firm; but there is more than enough spirit in G. B. STERN'S work to persuade me that he or she will one day be worth reading in an individual and unborrowed style. Two things in this story of *Nan* pleased me especially. One was the chapter relating her experiences at the Dramatic Academy, which is full of life and actuality, and should be read by all middle-aged supporters of that institution who wish to obtain a glimpse of its hard-working and high-spirited heart. The other is the episode of the muddled elopement, in which *Nan* and *Tony*, having got as far as Dover on their way to the Higher Liberty, severally— But I don't think I will spoil for you the

delightful comedy of what happens at Dover by repeating it. This at least shows G. B. STERN as the owner of a happy gift of humour. Let us have some more of it soon, please, but if possible in a more original setting.

Mrs. LEVERSON is one of those authors who baffle criticism by sheer high spirits. She gives me first and last a prevailing impression that novel-writing must be tremendous fun; and this is so cheering that it is really impossible to be angry with her. Otherwise I might have some very sharp things to say about her light-hearted disregard of syntax and punctuation. Her pronouns, for example, are so elusive that not only am I frequently in doubt as to whom the heroine will marry in the end but as to which of the characters is speaking at any given moment. And not infrequently what can only be careless proof-reading leaves sentences that contradict each other into an effect of nonsense. But just when I should be noting all these subjects for legitimate censure I am probably devouring page after page with giggles of delight for the wit and jollity of them. *Bird of Paradise* (GRANT RICHARDS) is in every respect a worthy companion to its predecessors. There are no very severe problems in this story of a group of Londoners, but plenty of the lightest, most airy dialogue, and some genuine character-drawing, conveyed so deftly that you only detect it afterwards by the way in which the persons remain in your memory. The whole thing, of course, is modern to the last moment; tango-teas and Russian ballets and picture-balls besprinkle the conversation.



There is even a passage about a certain famous shop that made me wonder whether the New Advertising, familiar to readers of the afternoon journals had also invaded the realm of fiction. You will observe that I have made no effort to repeat the story; as it contains at least three heroines and five heroes the task would be too complicated. But you can take it on trust as a comedy of want of manners, brilliantly alive, exasperatingly careless, and altogether the greatest fun in the world.

Once upon a time there were two highwaymen, *Charlie and Crabb Spring*; two men, not highway, *Saul Coplestone* and *John Cole*; two marriageable sisters, *Sarah* and *Christina Rowland*. The highwaymen, being pestilential and murderous, badly wanted catching; of the two potential heroes, *Saul* was a stout enough fellow on the surface but a poltroon at bottom, while *John*, though less terrific in physique, was modest and courageous to a degree. Of the sisters, *Sarah* had most of the looks and *Christina* all the merits, so that at the beginning of things both *Saul* and *John* were concentrated upon the former, who, being a little fool, preferred *Saul*, but, being also a little vixen, encouraged both. The brothers *Spring* appearing Dartmoor way, *Sarah* promised, in an expansive moment, to marry whichever of her suitors caught them single-handed. This was apparently impossible, but nevertheless one of them did it. Need it be said which? Need it be said which of the two sisters the proved hero ultimately took to wife? No, this is one of those cases in which it is impossible for the reader, with the best intentions in the world, not to prophesy and prophesy accurately. None the less it is worth while to spend time and money on *The Master of Merripit* (WARD, LOCK) for the following adequate reasons. It is from the pen of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS; if the conclusions are foregone, the excitement throughout is intense; the local colour and the supernumerary characters are charming as usual, and the scheme by which the villains were entrapped is admirable in design and execution. This learned clerk, for all his expert knowledge of the art of catching highwaymen, neither anticipated it nor, upon the most critical reflection, is able to find a flaw in it.

I was discussing Mr. GILBERT CANNAN with a friend, and he said, "I have read many reviews of his books, nearly all of them good reviews, but not one that made me want to read the book itself." Well, I am afraid this one won't make him want to read *Old Mole* (MARTIN SECKER). The hero, *Old Mole*, otherwise H. J. BEENHAM, M.A., had himself written a book, and this is what Mr. CANNAN says of it: "The essay was cool and deliberate, broken in its monotony by comical little stabs of malice. The writing was fastidious and competent. Panoukian thought the essay a masterpiece, and there crept a sort of reverence into his attitude towards its author . . . Then,

to complete his infatuation, he contrasted *Old Mole* with *Harbottle*." I am no *Panoukian*. Mr. CANNAN's opinion of *Old Mole's* book may stand as mine of Mr. CANNAN's book. But I can understand the *Panoukian* attitude; and when I read the *Panoukian* reviews—referring inevitably to the "damnable cleverness" of Mr. CANNAN—then I suspect that they have been contrasting him with the *Harbottles* of the literary world, the gushers and the pushers and the slushers. After a month of these a fastidious writer may well infatuate a reviewer. For myself, who have not had to wade through *Harbottles*, I remain unstirred by *Old Mole*. Not a single character, male or female, moved me to the least interest; they were all cold, dead people, and Mr. CANNAN talked over their bodies. Clever talk, certainly—he shall have that adjective again—but when it was over I had a wild mad longing to take to the *Harbottle*. Even Mr. HALL CAINE . . . but this is morbid talk.



USEFUL INVENTIONS.

THE FLOATING COLLAR-STUD—JUST THE THING FOR YACHTSMEN.

In a preface to *In the Cockpit of Europe* (SMITH, ELDER) Lieut.-Colonel ALSAGER POLLOCK states that "the personal experiences of George Blagdon, in love and war, have been introduced solely in the hope of inducing some of my countrymen to read what I have to say about other important matters"—an ingenuous confession which deprives my sails of most of their wind. Otherwise I should have said that this book is not so much a novel as an airing-ground for grievances, adding for fairness that these grievances are national and not personal. A terrific war with Germany gives *Blagdon* opportunity to win various distinctions, and *Marjory Corfe* affords him ample justification for falling in love; but although I grant, even in the face of

that preface, that *Blagdon* is not completely a puppet, he is used mainly to emphasize his creator's ideas. Officials at the War Office who read *In the Cockpit of Europe* may possibly require some artificial aids to digestion before they have finished it, but both they and the Parliamentary and Ministerial strategists will have to admit that their critic's honesty of purpose is beyond all manner of doubt.

### BUDDHA.

THE little jade Buddha (his favours increase!)—

He's soapy and bland,

And he sits on his stand

And he smiles, and he smiles in an infinite peace;  
For he's old, and he knows that, whatever befall,  
There is nothing that matters, no, nothing at all.

The little jade Buddha (on us be his balm!)—

The Wheel turneth just

As it must, as it must,

So he sits in an ageless, ineffable calm  
Where apples and empires may ripen or fall,  
But there's nothing that matters, no, nothing at all.



## CHARIVARIA.

SIR EDWARD GREY is to accompany the KING on his visit to Paris in April next. Nobody will grudge the FOREIGN MINISTER this little treat, which he has thoroughly well earned.

According to *The Express* the South African police discovered an elaborate plot for kidnapping all the Ministers as a preliminary to declaring a Labour Republic. In Labour circles, however, it is declared that the scheme was drawn up for a joke. To this the South African Government will no doubt retort that the kidnapping of the Labour leaders was also a joke—and so the whole matter will end in genial laughter.

Speaking at Toronto, ex-President TAFT stated that the world would have been much worse off without England. We believe that this is so. Without England there might have been no American nation to speak of.

SIR EDWARD GREY remarked at Manchester that at "the time when we built the first *Dreadnoughts* *Dreadnoughts* were in the air." So our backwardness in naval aviation is no new thing.

An attempt is to be made to raise thirteen French warships which were sunk when the English and Dutch fleets routed the French off Cape La Hogue. It is feared in nervous quarters that this may be used by the Germans as an excuse for further increasing their fleet.

Although it is frequently stated that our army is fit to cope with the army of any Foreign Power it is evident that the War Office itself is not quite satisfied, and reforms are instituted from time to time. For instance last week it was officially announced that the title of Deputy-Adjutant-General, Royal Marines, had been altered to Adjutant-General, Royal Marines.

"Arising out of" KID LEWIS's victory last week over PAUL TIL, it is the opinion among a good many Germans that the French Government, being determined that the Entente should not be imperilled, decided to send over a French boxer whom an Englishman could defeat.

Letchworth Garden City is now

considered large enough to possess its own police court, and the Herts County Council has sanctioned its erection. Four Letchworth residents have been made J.P.'s, and it is now up to the residue to supply sufficient criminals to make the venture a success.

Last week, in the City of London Court, a man was ordered to pay £15 damages and costs for pouring a basin of thick ox-tail soup over another man. We are glad that this action has been held to be illegal, as thick ox-tail is such nasty sticky stuff.



The Colonel. "DASH IT, SIR, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY NOT HAVING A LIGHT ON YOUR CONFOUNDED HOOP?"

Meanwhile what the law is as to clear soup is a point which still remains to be tested.

According to figures published in our bright little contemporary, *Fire*, property amounting to £359,875 was destroyed by fire in Great Britain during the past year. This seems to us more than enough, but it is not easy to satisfy a militant suffragette.

Mr. "MARK ALLERTON" has suggested that London ought to have a special golf course for beginners. If it could be arranged for spectators to be admitted at a moderate charge we believe this might become one of the most successful places of amusement in the Metropolis.

A suggestion that school children shall be taken to museums, as a reward for good school work, has been made by Lord SUDELEY. This is scarcely a new idea. We remember that when we were at school there was a feeling that the very good boys ought to be in a museum.

We have been favoured with the sight of a letter from a money-lender, in which the following remarkable passage occurs:—"The above terms are for short periods, to be repaid as mutually agreed upon before the advance is made." The italics are ours, but the proleptic idea is a happy invention of the author himself.

"SPRING IN THE AIR."

*Daily Mail.*

We are sorry not to oblige our contemporary, but advancing years have taken something from our resiliency.

## Another Impending Apology.

"Dr. Glover, in giving up the Editorship of this most valuable periodical, has earned the grateful thanks of the whole Diocese."

*Chichester Diocesan Gazette.*

"A ridiculous fad that some society ladies are adopting at the present time is not to place any month on the date of their correspondence, simply giving the day of the year. Thus to-day will be marked '34, 1914.' This is not very difficult, but when it comes to, say, '271, 14,' it will need more than a little calculation to discover the actual date."

*Full Mail Gazette (Feb. 4th).*

Even "to-day" is too difficult for our contemporary.

"POTATOES, POTATOES."

Advt. in "*Bedale Chronicle*" (its full title being "*Bedale, Leyburn and Hawes Chronicle*," but that would make the name of the paper longer than the quotation from it—always a mistake.)

We don't care for the second helping.

"Ha! ha!" the others laugh in their native tongue."—*Evening Dispatch.*

You should hear us gargle in German.

The Editor of *Punch* has reproved his Dramatic Critic for referring to *It*, in *The Darling of the Gods*, as "a precocious babe." He is assured that Mr. BURTIE, who plays this neutral part, "has seen some five-and-twenty summers, and has advanced intellectual views about most things." Mr. *Punch's* Dramatic Critic has been instructed to "give him double bowing" by way of deferential compensation.



## BOWLES WITHOUT A BIAS.

[With the author's congratulations to "Cap'n" TOMMY BOWLES on the appearance of his new quarterly review, *The Candid*, whose declared aim is "to deal with Public Affairs faithfully and frankly . . . and without Party bias." Among its contents are articles on "The New Corruption: The Caucus and the Sale of Honours," and "An Opposition Impotent."]

I KNOW a man of simple mind,  
Gamaliel Nibbs by name,  
Whose early faith in human kind  
Burned like a Vestal flame;  
No wind of doubt that stirs the dust  
Fluttered that bright and constant taper;  
But oh, he had his dearest trust  
Pinned to his daily paper.

Not once he paused awhile to ask  
Whence was their wisdom caught  
Who undertook the nightly task  
Of shaping England's thought;  
He pictured gods that drove the pen  
Aloof on high Olympian levels,  
And not a staff of haggard men  
Hustled by printer's devils.

Then came a shock eight years ago:  
The Rads, he thought, were dished;  
The Tory Press had just to show  
The People what it wished;  
And yet, for all its wealth and size,  
For all its mammoth circulations,  
The country saw the Liberals rise  
And sweep the polling-stations.

And, when the same sad case occurred  
Twice in a single year,  
Gamaliel, moulting like a bird,  
Mislaid his lightsome cheer;  
Yet, even so, he would not let  
His confidence in all that's best rust  
Until *The Pall Mall* went and set  
Its teeth against "The Press Trust."

The writer dropped some dreadful hints  
Of One whose sole decree  
Governed the views of various prints  
Not to be named by me;  
He disapproved of paper rings;  
In language almost rudely blunt he  
Dilated on the puppet-strings  
Pulled by a monstrous *Bunt*.

Our hero's faith grew sick and pale,  
Yet was not all forlorn,  
Till Mr. MAXSE charged *The Mail*  
With blowing WINSTON'S horn;  
And drew his axe and dyed it pink  
With blood of Tories, blade to handle—  
Blood of a Press that chose to blink  
The late Marconi scandal.

This finished off Gamaliel Nibbs.  
Beside his morning mess  
No journal lies to-day: he jibs  
At all the Party Press;  
He counts it stuff for common souls,  
And means to get his mind expanded  
By sampling truths that Mr. BOWLES  
Embodies in *The Candid*.

Browsing on TOMMY'S fearless Tracts,  
A strong and generous food,  
He'll take his fill of meaty facts  
Not to be lightly chewed:—  
Corruption in the highest seats;  
Impotence in the Opposition;  
The Ship of State, with flapping sheets,  
Moving to mere perdition.

A sovereign (net) for entrance fee—  
And Nibbs is on the list  
Of patrons who support a free  
Impartial pessimist;  
Yet shall his faith not wholly burst;  
He shares, in common with his "Cap'n,"  
The view that, when we reach the worst,  
Then nothing worse can happen. O. S.

## THE CABINET MEETS.

Mr. ASQUITH. Perhaps the most important point before us, now that the Naval Estimates are settled satisfactorily, is the question how we're to get through the Session. The Labour Party seems discontented.

Mr. HARCOURT (airily). I like talking over their denunciations with them as they walk through the lobby with us afterwards.

Mr. ASQUITH. Yes, I agree that their attitude is not of overwhelming importance. Oh, by the way, I have had an interview with Mr. REDMOND. He is pleased to say that at present he is favourably disposed to us.

All (except Lord CREWE). That's all right.

Lord CREWE. H'm.

Mr. JOHN BURNS. I—

Mr. ASQUITH. Pardon me if I interrupt, but there is a bad feeling in the country. A paper known as *The Spectator* even suggests the impeachment of the Government.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. I am not surprised. Unprincipled attacks are often made on me by political muckrakers. I sometimes think that I shall give up politics.

Lord CREWE. H'm.

Mr. BIRRELL. And suggestions are made that Ministers should be hanged in Downing Street. Now in Dublin one allows a certain latitude, but in Downing Street!

Mr. MCKENNA. I have consulted the police authorities on the point. They inform me that the lamp-posts would only bear an exceedingly light weight.

Lord HALDANE. That is most reassuring.

Colonel SEELEY. There's another threat. They talk of the Lords throwing out the Army Bill.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Good—a saving of thirty (or is it fifty?) millions—a great democratic Budget—and an election-winning cry, "The Lords destroy the Army."

Lord CREWE. H'm.

Colonel SEELEY. But we need the Army.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. What for? Its elimination would be a great moral example to Germany. Some nation must take the lead in the peace movement.

Mr. CHURCHILL. The third great election-winner! I suppose National Insurance and Land go back to the stable.

Mr. BURNS. I—

Mr. BIRRELL (hastily). But there's Ulster. What about Ulster?

Mr. CHURCHILL. The solution is simple. We revive the Heptarchy.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The Heptarchy was a Saxon institution. It makes no appeal to the ardent, fervid intensely religious Celt.





### A CLEAN SLATE.

BOTHA (to himself). "I BEG TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS TOKEN OF MY SINCERE APPROBATION."

HIMSELF (to BOTHA). "I ACCEPT IT IN THE SPIRIT IN WHICH IT IS GIVEN."









*Crafty Neighbour* (to stout old lady who has just entered carriage with four on each side). "EXCUSE ME, MUM, BUT YOU 'LL FIND MORE ROOM ON THE OTHER SIDE—THERE ARE ONLY FOUR THERE."

*Old Lady*. "THANKEE, SIR, SO THERE BE; I 'ADN'T NOTICED." (Changes over.)

*Lord CREWE*. H'm.

*Mr. BURNS*. I—

*Mr. HARCOURT* (interrupting). But what are we to do about Ulster?

*Mr. ASQUITH*. We must await the reply to our offer.

*Mr. BIRRELL*. But have we made an offer? I said we had, but have we?

*Mr. McKENNA* (acutely). We might await a reply to our tentative offer of an offer.

*Mr. ASQUITH*. Good, McKENNA, very good. I appreciate the delicate distinction.

*Lord Haldane* (aside to Lord MORLEY). Had McKENNA been caught young and forcibly educated, he would have made a metaphysician.

*Mr. ASQUITH*. We have not yet considered whether anything can be done to remedy the temporary unpopularity of the Government.

*Colonel SEELEY*. Suppose HOBHOUSE resigned. (A hum of approval.)

*Mr. ASQUITH*. Say, rather, accepted a lofty Imperial post.

*Mr. HOBHOUSE*. And made room for LLOYD GEORGE'S Man Friday! It would mean a by-election in Bethnal Green, where he comes from. (Consternation.)

*Mr. BURNS*. I—

*Mr. ASQUITH* (suddenly). I accept your resignation with great regret, BURNS.

*Mr. BURNS* (indignantly). I was about to say that under no circumstances would I resign.

*Mr. ASQUITH* (sadly). Pardon me. I thought you were anxious for leisure to complete your autobiography. Well, if there are no resignations, I think we have ended the business of the day.

## THE CLUB MUSIC HALL.

THE Royal Automobile Club having decided to enter into serious competition with the Music Halls in order to encourage active membership, it is rumoured that one or two other clubs are determined not to be left behind, and the following announcements may be expected shortly:—

### PATHÉNAEUM CLUB.

#### NOTICE TO BISHOPS-ELECT.

Every Evening at 8 and Matinées (Weds. and Sats.) at 2.30:

#### "SHOULD A WOMAN CONFESS?"

Kinoplasticon drama by THE DEAN OF TOOTING.

Evenings at 10:

"THE SARUM LILY" in her marvellous Ecclesiastical Dances.

### THE UNITED DIVERSITIES CLUB.

Every Afternoon at 2.30 and Every Evening at 9:

GRAND CO-OPERATIVE CONCERT AND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

DAVY LLOYD IN HIS GREAT LAND ACT,  
WITH TROUPE OF PERFORMING SCOTCH WOODCOCKS.

BONNIE LAWDER . . . . . "My True Blue Belfast."

TED CARSON AND CHORUS OF OUTLAWS.

BERTIE SAMUEL . . . . . Heard at the Telephone  
(farceical comedy).

REGGIE McKENNA . . . . . "Nose-baytime."

BY-ELECTIONSCOPE.

#### The Retrograde.

"He wanted to see the town grow larger and the dates grow less."  
Birmingham Daily Post.

"Come where the dates grow smaller!"



## A KEY TO CUBISM.

THE chief exponent of "the new geometric art" explains the whole movement in the following passage, as reproduced in *The Observer* :—

"Primitive space has entered into us, as it were. . . . Against that space within us, as against the space that appalled the savage from without, we erect always more hard and logical images. . . . All brute material, animate and inanimate, of earth, becomes an organism to confront the soul. Formerly the soul as a simple figure, like a bullet, faced the environment vaguely."

"Appearance then, at present, becomes a dyke around the invasion from within. And, as a consequence even of this, the appearance, as it is seen in art to-day, tends to be more removed from everyday objective reality than at any former period of art. A new religion is being built up, girder by girder, around the vague spirit. Space, the physical space of savage shyness, is now on our side."

The comment of the writer in *The Observer* runs thus: "This, at any rate, is the language of people who know what they are about."

Mr. Punch, being a little fearful lest the average reader of the above passage may not share this knowledge of "what they are about," ventures to add his own views on Cubism, confident that even those who disagree will applaud his clarity.

From RAPHAEL until PERCZY TURGIDOFF (the brilliant young Slav whose canvas has recently been acquired by the Royal Geological Museum) all true artists have striven to adumbrate the eternal conflict between the morbid pathology of Realism and the poignant simplicity of Nihilism. In other and shorter words, chaos must ever be on the side of the angels. But, until the advent of the new Truth, the whole mission of art had trickled into a very delta of arid sentiment. The critic could walk all the galleries of Europe and find nothing to lighten his melancholy until he entered one of those caverns of earliest man and stood in ecstatic reverence before the incomparable masterpieces wherein the first of the Futurists created (with perfect parsimony of a sharpened flint) Man, not as he is to his own dull eye, but Man as he is to the inner retina of the universe. Man, the simple triangle on two stilts, the creature on one plane and of one dimension, an outline without entity, a nothingness staring, faceless, at the nothingness which baffles his soul.

Emotion, idealism, beauty—these have been always the evil spirits that

have fettered art. The new art has so exorcised them that they have fled from it with demoniac cries. Pulzicco's splendid rhomboid, "Cleopatra"; Weber-Damm's tender parallelograms, "The Daughters of James Bowles, Esq., J.P."; Todwarden Jones's rectilinear wizardry, "A Basket of Oranges"; and Arabella Machieu's triumph of astigmatism, "The Revolving Bookcase," are examples of this conquest of the inner retina over the brutal insistences of form and matter.

Of still deeper significance is that terribly sad picture of Philip Martini,



Sunday-school Teacher. "AND NOW, TOMMY, ABOUT YOUR PRIZE—WOULD YOU LIKE A HYMN-BOOK?"

Tommy. "A YIM-BOOK'S ALL RIGHT, TEACHER, BUT ER—ER—I'D SOONER 'AVE A SQUIT." "

"The Mumpers: a Group at Lloyds." Nothing is more illustrative of the courage demanded for the struggle of the new art against convention than this poignant work, wherein, true to the verities, the artist has confounded realism in its own domain by the unrecognisable faces of his sitters.

Let us sum up the new movement so clearly that the dullest will apprehend. Surely the inhibition of all apprehensions in art is correlative to the inner ego? That simple postulate granted, it will be unquestioned that the true focus of vision should co-ordinate the invisible. Faith we must have, or we faint by the roadside of the intelligible. The only altruism is that which can defy the cold brutality of

things as they are, and convince us with things as they are not. Thus alone can the contemplation of art bring us back to primal infelicity, and restore in our souls the perfect vacuity of infants and cows. Thus only can we achieve the suffusion of vision of the happy inebriate.

## THE TROPHY.

I'd dined at home; I'd read till ten;  
I'd thought, "The space upon the wall

Above the stuffed Thames trout  
Wants filling." That was  
really all;  
And then I closed my eyes, and  
then  
I let my pipe go out.

We crawled, the Khan of Khot  
and I,  
On a Thibetan precipice  
(It was Thibet, I think),  
A place of snow and black  
abyss;  
We lay on rock—mid wind and  
sky—  
Above a beetling brink.

For lo, along the ridge there fed  
The sheep that ne'er a shepherd  
know  
Save the shrill wind of  
morn,  
Five "Oves Ammon" of the  
snow;  
I saw the big ram lift his head,  
Twin-mooned in mighty  
horn.

Broadside he turned, a mountain-  
god  
In sweep of coronal sublime,  
And the fierce whisper  
broke—

The Khan of Khot's, he hissed,  
"Tak time!"  
And handed me my spinning-  
rod;  
And as he did I woke!

One thing at least is clear, and that's  
My empty wall is yet to fill;  
Though oft with even's shade  
I see that great head from the hill,  
Unstable as the Cheshire cat's,  
Look down therefrom and fade.

Two quotations from *The Publisher's Circular* :—

"Mr. Robert Bowes (who by the way is in his sixty-seventh year) . . ."

"Mr. Robert Bowes is in his seventy-ninth year . . . But then he is much younger than many older men."

So are all of us. Mr. Bowes's distinction is in being twelve years younger than himself.



ALL'S WELL THAT BEGINS WELL.



THE MAYORESS KICKS OFF FOR SQUASHAM UNITED.



MISS DOTTY DEVEREUX FOR THE STAGE.



A FAMOUS SCANDINAVIAN POET FOR THE AUTHORS.



HER LADYSHIP FOR THE VILLAGE.



LITTLE ROSIE FOR THE RAMBLERS.



A BOROUGH COUNCILLOR FOR THE "OLD BOYS."

Frank Reynolds



## THE LESSON.

I WAS showing Celia a few fancy strokes on the billiard table. The other members of the house-party were in the library, learning their parts for some approaching theatricals—that is to say, they were sitting round the fire and saying to each other, "This is a rotten play." We had been offered the position of auditors to several of the company, but we were going to see *Parsifal* on the next day, and I was afraid that the constant excitement would be bad for Celia.

"Why don't you ask me to play with you?" she asked. "You never teach me anything."

"There's ingratitude. Why, I gave you your first lesson at golf only last Thursday."

"So you did. I know golf. Now show me billiards."

I looked at my watch.

"We've only twenty minutes. I'll play you thirty up."

"Right-o. What do you give me—a ball or a bisque or what?"

"I can't spare you a ball, I'm afraid. I shall want all three when I get going. You may have fifteen start, and I'll tell you what to do."

"Well, what do I do first?"

"Select a cue."

She went over to the rack and inspected them.

"This seems a nice brown one. Now then, you begin."

"Celia, you've got the half-butt. Put it back and take a younger one."

"I thought it seemed taller than the others." She took another. "How's this? Good. Then off you go."

"Will you be spot or plain?" I said, chalking my cue.

"Does it matter?"

"Not very much. They're both the same shape."

"Then what's the difference?"

"Well, one is more spotted than the other."

"Then I'll be less spotted."

I went to the table.

"I think," I said, "I'll try and screw in off the red." (I did this once by accident and I've always wanted to do it again). "Or perhaps," I corrected myself, as soon as the ball had left me, "I had better give a safety miss."

I did. My ball avoided the red and came swiftly back into the left-hand bottom pocket.

"That's three to you," I said without enthusiasm.

Celia seemed surprised.

"But I haven't begun yet," she said. "Well, I suppose you know the rules, but it seems funny. What would you like me to do?"

"Well, there isn't much on. You'd better just try and hit the red ball."

"Right." She leant over the table and took long and careful aim. I held my breath . . . Still she aimed . . . Then, keeping her chin on the cue, she slowly turned her head and looked up at me with a thoughtful expression.

"Oughtn't there to be three balls on the table?" she said, wrinkling her forehead.

"No," I answered shortly.

"But why not?"

"Because I went down by mistake."

"But you said that when you got going, you wanted—I can't argue bending down like this." She raised herself slowly: "You said—Oh, all right, I expect you know. Anyhow, I have scored some already, haven't I?"

"Yes. You're eighteen to my nothing."

"Yes. Well, now I shall have to aim all over again." She bent slowly over her cue. "Does it matter where I hit the red?"

"Not much. As long as you hit it on the red part."

She hit it hard on the side, and both balls came into baulk.

"Too good," I said.

"Does either of us get anything for it?"

"No." The red and the white were close together, and I went up the table and down again on the off-chance of a cannon. I misjudged it, however.

"That's three to you," I said stiffly, as I took my ball out of the right-hand bottom pocket. "Twenty-one to nothing."

"Funny how I'm doing all the scoring," said Celia meditatively. "And I've practically never played before. I shall hit the red hard now and see what happens to it."

She hit, and the red coursed madly about the table, coming to rest near the top right-hand pocket and close to the cushion. With a forcing shot I could get in.

"This will want a lot of chalk," I said pleasantly to Celia, and gave it plenty. Then I let fly. . . .

"Why did that want a lot of chalk?" said Celia with interest.

I went to the fireplace and picked my ball out of the fender.

"That's three to you," I said coldly.

"Twenty-four to nothing."

"Am I winning?"

"You're leading," I explained.

"Only, you see, I may make a twenty at any moment."

"Oh!" She thought this over.

"Well, I may make my three at any moment."

She chalked her cue and went over to her ball.

"What shall I do?"

"Just touch the red on the right-hand side," I said, "and you'll go into the pocket."

"The right-hand side? Do you mean my right-hand side, or the ball's?"

"The right-hand side of the ball, of course; that is to say, the side opposite your right hand."

"But its right-hand side is opposite my left hand, if the ball is facing this way."

"Take it," I said wearily, "that the ball has its back to you."

"How rude of it," said Celia, and hit it on the left-hand side, and sank it. "Was that what you meant?"

"Well . . . it's another way of doing it."

"I thought it was. What do I give you for that?"

"You get three."

"Oh, I thought the other person always got the marks. I know the last three times—"

"Go on," I said freezingly. "You have another turn."

"Oh, is it like rounders?"

"Something. Go on, there's a dear. It's getting late."

She went, and left the red over the middle pocket.

"A-ha!" I said. I found a nice place in the "D" for my ball. "Now then. This is the GRAY stroke, you know."

I suppose I was nervous. Anyhow, I just nicked the red ball gently on the wrong side and left it hanging over the pocket. The white travelled slowly up the table.

"Why is that called the grey stroke?" asked Celia with great interest.

"Because once, when Sir EDWARD GREY was playing the German Ambassador—but it's rather a long story. I'll tell you another time."

"Oh! Well, anyhow, did the German Ambassador get anything for it?"

"No."

"Then I suppose I don't. Bother."

"But you've only got to knock the red in for game."

"Oh! . . . There, what's that?"

"That's a miscue. I get one."

"Oh! . . . Oh well," she added magnanimously, "I'm glad you've started scoring. It will make it more interesting for you."

There was just room to creep in off the red, leaving it still over the pocket. With Celia's ball nicely over the other pocket there was a chance of my twenty break. "Let's see," I said, "how many do I want?"

"Twenty-nine," replied Celia.

"Ah," I said . . . and I crept in.

"That's three to you," I said icily. "Game."

A. A. M.



## OUR READY WRITERS.

THE astonishing rapidity attained by Mr. WALTER MELVILLE in the composition of his plays as revealed in the evidence given in court last week has suggested an appeal to other leading authors for information as to their rate of production. We append the results herewith:—

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON observed that the speed of composition varied with the literary quality of the work produced. Personally he found that by far the most laborious and protracted mental effort was entailed in the writing of *Reveries*. He had calculated that the amount of brain force he had spent on his last masterpiece was fully as large as that expended by GIBBON on his monumental *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. In evidence of the strain he added the following interesting statistics. He had worn out thirteen of the costliest gold-nibbed fountain pens; seven expert typists had been so exhausted that they had to undergo a rest-cure; and finally he himself had consumed no fewer than nineteen seven-and-sixpenny bottles of Blunker's Sanguinogen.

Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., poohpoohed the notion that the moderns were more rapid producers than their forefathers. As the result of his investigations he had conclusively proved that BACON was an infinitely more rapid producer than any living author. His time-table worked out as follows. BACON wrote *Chaucer* in a little less than three weeks. He completed the *Faerie Queene* in one sitting, allowing for refreshments, of seventy-four hours. The Plays of SHAKESPEARE occupied him from first to last not more than ten months. *Montaigne* was dashed off in just a fortnight, while *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Marlowe*, *Greene*, *Webster* and *Ben Jonson* took him exactly 37½ days. Next to SHAKESPEARE's Plays the *Divina Commedia* was his most protracted effort, costing him nearly four months of unremitting labour. Sir EDWIN added in pathetic proof of the degeneracy of the moderns that his own famous pamphlet had taken him twice as long to compose as *Chaucer* had taken BACON.

Mr. HALL CAINE strongly deprecated the tendency to put a premium on rapid composition, as though there were any special virtue in speed. His own novels, which were written with his heart's blood, represented in their ultimate form a rigorous condensation of materials ten or even fifteen times as bulky. It was in this process of condensation that the self-sacrificing side of true genius was most convincingly



## THE SECRET OF OUR COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY.

Clerk (to applicant for post of office-boy). "THE GUVNOR'S OUT. CALL TO-MORROW AT NINE."  
Applicant. "OH, I SAY! CAN'T YOU MAKE IT LATER? I HAVE MY BREAKFAST AT NINE."

shown. But, great as was the strain involved in this painful process, even greater was that imposed on a successful author by the cruel impotency of the interviewer on the eve of publication. Such methods were absolutely alien to his nature, but he had to set against his own convenience the immeasurable disappointment which his refusal would cause his readers. It was one of the most pathetic tragedies of genius that the dictates of an austere reticence were so often set at naught by the impulses of a tender heart.

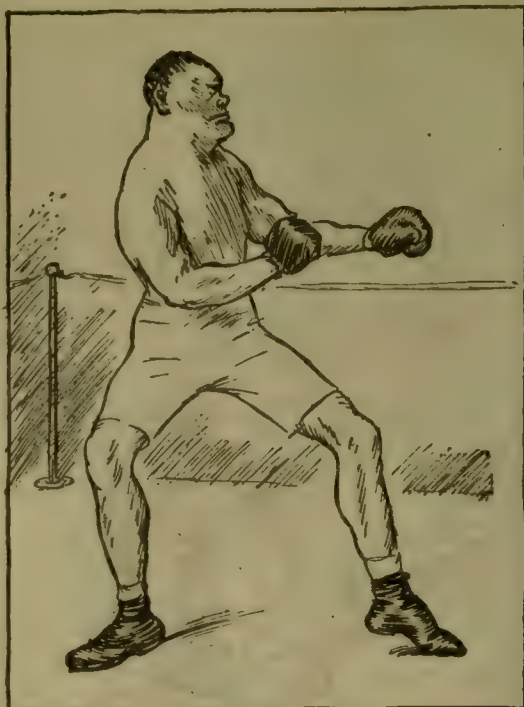
Sir H. H. HOWORTH said that the 6,500 columns of *The Times* which he had filled in the last thirty years had been covered in exactly 3,000 minutes or 500 hours. In his contributions to *The Morning Post*, where

he was accorded a larger type, he had attained a slightly greater velocity, almost equalling that of LOPE DE VEGA, the most prolific writer on record. On the other hand, in his *History of the Mongols* he had adopted a rate of progress more in keeping with the leisurely habits of the race whose records he was collating. He added the interesting fact that, in spite of the saying *nomen omen*, both Dean SWIFT and Archdeacon HARE were slow composers.

"Coroners' juries have frequently placed on record their disapproval of amateur doctring."  
*Manchester Guardian.*

Which, in the opinion of Mrs. Gamp, they ought to mind their own business and not interfere with matters connected with religion.





THE PICTURE OF A BOXER AS PUBLISHED FIFTY YEARS AGO.



AND THE PICTURE OF A BOXER AS PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

### MANES À LA MODE.

(A vision suggested by the inspiring rumour that green hair is about to become fashionable.)

IN Springtide when the copses stir  
And hawthorn buds on boughs are seen,  
My love shall seek the hairdresser  
And have her hair dyed green.

Gay priestess of a Dryad cult  
With leaf-like locks she'll haunt the trees,  
Securing this superb result  
With Boffkin's verdigris.

And feathered songsters all secure,  
The merle, the lark, shall come and sit  
Amongst her emerald *chevelure*  
And build their nests in it.

But when sweet Maytime draws to close  
Neaera still shall mark the date;  
She'll steal the red fires of the rose  
And daub them on her pate.

The ensanguined peonies shall grudge  
Her flaming top-knot's stolen hue  
(The bill shall come from Messrs. Fudgo,  
"To tincture, Two Pound Two").

And bees and wasps to sip its bloom  
Shall buzz about that glorious tire  
And, having sipped, shall feel a gloom  
And painfully expire.

Sad Autumn shall arrive, and still  
To suit the note the glades have struck,  
Most sweetly shall Neaera swill  
Her poll with barber's muck.

And now with gold and purple glow,  
Now russet and now rather wan,  
Weekly her scalp shall undergo  
Some transformation.

Till lastly, when by chymic jolt  
And sheer corrosion of the thatch,  
What time the withering woodlands moult  
My love shall moult to match,

And all those curls I loved to beg  
For keepsakes on the earth be strewed,  
Leaving her cranium like an egg  
Incomparably nude.

What matter? She can start again  
And ape the season's altering rigs  
More simply, having lost her mane,  
With *repertoires* of wigs.

EVOE.

### A Gold Coast Nut.

(Copy of Letter addressed to a London Tailor.)

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to say these words to you. I deem you will not have any vexation about my requirement. You may be pleased for my saying, your name having recommended to me by a certain friend of mine. He knows very well, else he could not give your name to me. Because no one knows you in this Gold Coast, with exception of him. That you are the best tailor at city called London. I desiderate to deal with in England. On the receipt of this note, genial forward me your samples by returning mail together with price list. I will be pleased to open a great business with you. . . . I will gladly submit your good reply by my great opportunities. hoping you will not fail. Yours faithfully —"

"To name a girl after a battle or other public event," says *The Daily News*, "is positively wicked, as it gives away her age. The numerous 'Almas' christened during the Crimean War had good reason to know this; so have the 'Jubilees' and the 'Trafalgars.'" Quite so. We know a dear lady who might easily pass for twenty if her parents had not named her "Ramillies."





### THE GIFT HORSE.

MR. ASQUITH. "THERE YOU ARE, SIR; WARRANTED QUIET TO RIDE OR DRIVE. HE'S BY 'CONVERSATIONS' OUT OF 'PARLIAMENT,' AND I'VE CALLED HIM 'THE LIMIT.'"

MR. BONAR LAW. "MANY THANKS, BUT I DON'T SEEM TO CARE MUCH FOR HIS TEETH."









### QUESTION TIME.

Effie. "MUMMY, WHEN YOU AND DADDY WAS ENGAGED DID YOU ENGAGE HIM OR DID HE ENGAGE YOU?"

### THE THREE WISHES.

(A Story for Little Innocents.)

ONCE upon the usual time, a poor but comparatively honest woodcutter dwelt in a tiny hut on the edge of a great forest. Since he was so poor, his fare was simplicity itself: black bread and a cheese of goat's milk, washed down by draughts of cold water bottled at a neighbouring spring—in a word, just those articles of food which your dear mamma has nowadays to order specially from the most expensive shops.

Well, one winter evening the poor man was enjoying (if you can call it so) his frugal supper as above, when there came a gentle tap at the door; and on opening it he perceived upon the threshold a very old woman dressed in a cloak of faded rags. She was so old and so remarkably ugly that had she been a duchess not the most inventive of reporters could have done better for her than "distinguished looking." So the woodcutter, not unnaturally, regarded his visitor with some suspicion.

"Kind Sir," quavered the old woman,

"I perish with hunger. Grant me, I entreat you, a crust of bread."

"Ah!" said the woodcutter—to gain time. He was, of course, well aware that there was at least a sporting chance of the old woman being a fairy in disguise, in which case it would be perfectly sickening to have neglected so good a thing. On the other hand he knew also that there were a great many undeserving cases. As he was deliberating, however, he perceived beneath the old woman's gown the glitter of a white satin toe, and this decided him to risk it. [N.B. For our youthful readers, this is an infallible sign for the detection of disguised fairies—try it at the next pantomime you go to.] "Come in and welcome, Mother," said the woodcutter, and flung wide the door.

Accordingly the old woman entered the hut, and having done apparent justice to what was left of the woodcutter's meal, "Now," said she, striking an appropriate attitude, "behold!" and in the twinkling of an eye there she stood, the complete fairy, all shimmer and spangles.

"Well!" exclaimed the woodcutter, looking as astonished as he could manage, "I haven't a notion how that's done!"

"And as a reward for your hospitality," continued the fairy, "choose three wishes, and they shall be granted."

"I assure you," began the woodcutter politely, "nothing was further from my—" but a look in the fairy's eyes stopped him. "Of course, if you insist," he said; adding in rather a different tone, "Perhaps you'll excuse me for putting the matter on a business-like footing."

So saying, he produced from his pocket a small pamphlet entitled, *On Transactions with Fairies; with Some Hints to Beginners*. Having studied this for a moment, "I suppose," said the woodcutter, "that by 'wishes' you mean without restriction? Not anything within reason, or economies of that sort?"

The visitor looked surprised and a little hurt. "There is no such thing as reason in Fairyland," she said stiffly.

"The mistake was mine," said the woodcutter.



"Only one wish is closed to you," resumed the fairy; "you may not wish to have any more wishes."

"That's a pity," said the woodcutter, "especially as I'd only just thought of it."

"An obvious precaution that we were obliged to take in our own interests. We lost heavily in that way at one time. But consider well. You have the choice of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. You can become the most powerful monarch in the world. Beauty can be yours, or wisdom or piety. You can—"

"I wonder," asked the woodcutter, "if you'd mind not talking for a moment? This is a delicate crisis and demands concentration. I think that first of all," he continued thoughtfully, "I will suggest that you endow me with perfect and unalterable self-esteem for ever, so that in case I make a fool of myself over the other two wishes I shall not have the misery of perceiving it."

"It is done," said the fairy, and at once the woodcutter was sensible of an inward elation like the effect of good champagne, only more so.

"I'm really managing this rather well," he thought with a smile. "I wish the foreman of the lumber works, who called me a fool yesterday, could see me now!"

And immediately there was the foreman, blinking and rubbing his eyes, and gazing with irritation at the fairy and the woodcutter. The latter laughed pleasantly.

"That," he said to the fairy, "is distinctly one up to you! If it wasn't for the gift of self-esteem I should be calling myself every kind of idiot. But the best of us are liable to error!"

"You have now," the fairy reminded him, "one wish left. Will you desire that your task-master here be returned to the place whence he came?"

"I will not," said the woodcutter. "If it amuses him to stay, he is quite welcome. If not, I imagine him to be capable of walking. Let me see. At the present moment the only wants I can suggest are both few and simple; a million pounds invested in Government stock, the constitution of a gladiator, and to be as wise as the greatest fool on earth imagines himself—these are the lot. But no doubt I shall recollect others presently."

"One wish only," the fairy repeated a little sharply, "and that without delay, for time presses."

"You needn't rub it in," said the woodcutter. "I have already made my choice. Are you ready? Go! I wish to have everything I really want in the world." He paused expectantly, and even a little apprehensively.

"It is done," said the fairy; but nothing happened.

"That's all right!" said the woodcutter with obvious relief. "I will now, as an extra, wish both you and the foreman good evening."

Whereupon he bowed them politely out of the hut and returned chuckling to his hygienic diet. Which appears to show that even in the year Once men were not always the fools that they are usually represented.



#### AIDS TO ADVERTISERS.

MILES OF FREE ADVERTISEMENTS BY USING RUBBER LETTER SOLES. (THESE CAN BE INKED AT WILL BY BULB ATTACHED TO TUBES RUNNING DOWN LEGS OF OPERATOR.)

#### THE NOSE HAS IT.

I WAS presiding at one of my periodical stocktakings.

"Sort them all out," I had said, "and let me see them."

When I had reached home they were all there, on view.

There were thirty-four this time. I went through them—A.H.L., T.W.T., E.F., G.H., M.L.K., O.T., B., F.W.H., and so forth.

"What a lot," I said.

"Yes; I think it's the biggest lot you've ever had. Last time there were only seventeen."

"And what did we do about them?" I asked.

"You went through them and nothing happened."

"I didn't send any back?" I said in astonishment.

"No. You got ready to, and then, I don't know why, but you didn't."

"What a low trick!" I said. "Worse than borrowing books. Some of these are pretty good, aren't they?"

"Yes, this one"—holding up F.W.H.—"is a beauty. The very finest quality."

I took it and felt it.

"It is," I said. "I wonder where he buys them. Bond Street, I suppose. Is there anything else as good as that one?"

"No, nothing quite so good; but these are all right;" and I was handed E.F. and M.L.K.

I felt them too.

"Yes," I said, "they're first-rate."

I laid them on one side.

"Very well," I said, gathering the rest into a bunch, "see that all those go back with my compliments, best thanks and regrets for the delay. I'll keep these three a day or so longer for patterns."

Did I say that all this happened last year? It did.

Yesterday I had another borrowed-handkerchief parade and found forty-three. The spectacle was not without its pathos. F.W.H. now had a lot of holes; so had E.F. and M.L.K. But of a softness still!

All the old friends were there too, in spite of what I had directed.

"I thought these were to have gone back," I said. "Didn't I say so?"

"Yes; but—"

"But what?"

"I didn't think you really meant it."

I suppose I didn't.

"Herr Ballin . . . spends his whole day in the offices of his company on the Alster, and rarely leaves Hamburg except for business journeys or to escape from some public cemetery."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Why is he so unpopular?

"Some day, perhaps a few centuries hence, if it is desired to turn the ship to the starboard, the order starboard will be given, and to the star-order 'starboard' will be given, and to the star-simpler, does it not?"

*Naval and Military Record.*

Much.

"With the exception of the police, Press representatives, and photographers there were comparatively few people in the thoroughfare. The photographers were requested by the police to refrain from operating, and they withdrew, while the remainder found their virgil very cold and unexciting."

*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

We confess that the Roman poet often used to leave us cold and unexcited too.





First Motorist (after very narrow shave). "BUT WHY ALL THIS FUSS? WE HAVEN'T DAMAGED YOU. YOU CAN'T BRING AN ACTION AGAINST US."

Second Motorist. "I KNOW I CAN'T, SIR, I KNOW I CAN'T; THAT'S JUST MY POINT."

### LOVE'S LABOUR.

I WALKED into Charles's room with undoubted meaning—that is to say, he could see I intended to be there.

"Hello!" said Charles. "Help yourself to a chair."

"Thanks," I said—"thanks," and I sat down.

Charles looked at me thoughtfully. "There's something the matter," he said.

"Ah! You've noticed it too, Charles. I thought so myself."

"Have you any idea what it is?" he asked.

I looked him steadily in the face. "Charles," I began, "you are a stockbroker. You know the value of money." He groaned.

"Very well, I have a question to ask you—a simple financial question. It is this. What, in your opinion as a stockbroker, a level-headed stockbroker, is the least one can start on?"

"It all depends," he said. "Of course there's the deposit of securities, £1000, and then—"

I waved my hand. "My dear man," I said, "I'm not thinking of marrying the Stock Exchange."

Charles closed his eyes. "Good Lord," he murmured. "Poor old thing. I never thought of this. Take a cigarette—or perhaps you don't smoke now."

I took a cigarette with a fine inde-

pendence. I carried it further and borrowed a match.

"Now," I said, "we must try and keep to the point. What is the least one can start on?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I've never begun. By the way, I must congratulate you. Who is she?"

"Daphne," I said, and smiled wanly. "You don't look well."

"I love her," I said simply, and the pathos of it all fairly gripped me.

Charles smoothed his hair. "We'd better stick to business," he said.

In an instant I was a business man. "Right," I said crisply. "Let me put the question in another way. What is the least on which one can start?"

"Well, it all depends on what sort of an establishment you wish to keep up. If you—"

"Nothing," I said quickly, "is good enough for Daphne. She's so absolutely sweet. She sings, Charles, divinely. She dresses perfectly. She plays the pianoforte exquisitely. She sings, did I say, divinely."

"Talking of establishments," said Charles—

"You're right," I agreed, and I moved into a chair by the table and drew out my fountain pen. "We shall want a house," I began helpfully.

"A house? Oh, yes, I know. One of those things with rooms. Just one house would do for a start, I suppose?"

I regarded him sorrowfully. "Charles, this is a serious matter."

"There's humour in everything if you look for it. How about eight hundred?"

"Eight hundred!" I laughed brokenly.

"Well, seven hundred?"

"Ha! ha!"

"Six hundred? Dash it, that's very little."

"Charles," I pleaded.

"I don't want to be hard," he said, "but in justice to the people who come to stay with you I can't go any lower."

"Not if we did without wine?"

"Six hundred."

"Wine and cigars, Charles?"

"Six hundred."

"I'll give up auction."

Charles cleared his throat as though about to make a concession.

"Make it five," I pleaded. "Make it five and you shall be my best man."

"Very well," he said, "I make it five hundred."

"And now, Charles, good-bye."

"Why good-bye?"

"I love her," I said simply.

"Poor old thing," he said. "Let me know about the wedding. I must make a point of being there."

I pressed his hand. "You're a brick," I said.

Then I hurried out into a taxi and drove to Daphne's.

She refused me.



## THE LEAN-TO SHED.

(Communicated by an eight-year-old.)

I've a palace set in a garden fair,  
And, oh, but the flowers are rich and rare,  
Always growing  
And always blowing  
Winter or summer—it doesn't matter—  
For there's never a wind that dares to scatter  
The wonderful petals that scent the air  
About the walls of my palace there.

And the palace itself is very old,  
And it's built of ivory splashed with gold.  
It has silver ceilings and jasper floors  
And stairs of marble and crystal doors;  
And whenever I go there, early or late,  
The two tame dragons who guard the gate  
And refuse to open the frowning portals  
To sisters, brothers and other mortals,

Get up with a grin  
And let me in.

And I tickle their ears and pull their tails  
And pat their heads and polish their scales;  
And they never attempt to flame or fly,  
Being quelled by me and my human eye.  
Then I pour them drink out of golden flagons,  
Drink for my two tame trusty dragons. . . .

But John,  
Who's a terrible fellow for chattering on,  
John declares

They are Teddy-bears;  
And the palace itself, he has often said,  
Is only the gardener's lean-to shed.

In the vaulted hall where we have the dances  
There are suits of armour and swords and lances,  
Plenty of steel-wrought who's-afraid-ers,  
All of them used by real crusaders;  
Courslets, helmets and shields and things  
Fit to be worn by warrior-kings,

(Glittering rows of them—  
Think of the blows of them,

Lopping,  
Chopping,  
Smashing  
And slashing

The Paynim armies at Ascalon. . . .  
But, bother the boy, here comes our John  
Munching a piece of currant cake,  
Who says the lance is a broken rake,  
And the sword with its keen Toledo blade  
Is a hoe, and the dinted shield a spade,  
Bent and useless and rusty-red,  
In the gardener's silly old lean-to shed.

And sometimes, too, when the night comes soon  
With a great magnificent tea-time moon,  
Through the nursery-window I peep and see  
My palace lit for a revelry;  
And I think I shall try to go there instead  
Of going to sleep in my dull small bed.

But who are these  
In the shade of the trees  
That creep so slow  
In a stealthy row?

They are Indian braves, a terrible band,  
Each with a tomahawk in his hand,  
And each has a knife without a sheath  
Fiercely stuck in his gleaming teeth.

Are the dragons awake? Are the dragons sleepers?  
Will they meet and scatter these crafty creepers?  
What ho! . . . But John, who has sorely tried me,  
Trots up and flattens his nose beside me;  
Against the window he flattens it

And says he can see  
As well as me,

But never an Indian—not a bit;  
Not even the top of a feathered head,  
But only a wall and the lean-to shed.

R. C. L.

## IN EXTREMIS.

A Nut lay dying. He was twenty-five. He had had a good time—too good—and the end was near.

There was no hope, but alleviation was possible. "Is there anything," he was asked, "that you would like?"

He was plucky and prepared for the worst.

"Yes," he said, "I'd like to know what I've spent since I was twenty. Could that be arranged?"

"Easily," they said.

"Good," he replied. "Then tell me what I've spent on my bally old stomach—on food."

"On food," they replied. "We find that you have spent on yourself an average of a pound a day for food. For five years that is, roughly, £1825."

"Roughly?" said the Nut.

"Yes. Counting one leap year, it would be £1826. But then you have entertained with some freedom, bringing the total to £3075."

"Yes," said the Nut. "And what about drinks?"

"We find," was the reply, "that on drinks your average has been eighteen shillings a day, or £1643 8s. 0d. in all."

"Good heavens!" said the Nut. "What a noble thirst! And clothes?"

"The item of clothes comes to £940," they said.

"Only three figures!" said the Nut. "How did I come to save that odd £60, I wonder?"

"Not by any idea of economy," they replied. "Merely a want of time."

"And let's see," said the Nut, "what else does one spend money on? Oh, yes, taxis. How much for taxis?"

"Your taxis," they said, "work out at seven shillings a day, or £639 2s. 0d."

"And tips?" the Nut inquired.

"Tips," they said, "come to £456."

The Nut lay back exhausted and oxygen was administered. He was very near the end.

"One thing more," he managed to ask. "What have I paid in cloak-room fees for my hat and stick?"

"Only £150," they said.

But it was enough: he fell back dead.

"An extremely able statement of the case for Federation is made up in a little book by Mr. Murray Macdonald and Lord Charnwood, which is just published (F. Fisher Unwin, 22s. 6d.)"—*Daily News*.

Look out for a really big book by the same authors, at £22.

We have long waited for a good definition of "tact," and here it is in *The Transvaal Leader*:—

"The police handled the large crowds who assembled at the station with considerable tact. One obstreperous fellow who appeared to be the worse for liquor got the butt-end of a rifle in his jaw after grossly insulting a constable, and he was then chased off by the crowd, who appeared to appreciate the tact of the police."

A chance for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE:—The Deforestation of Bootle.





*Instructor.* "NOW THEN, NONE OF THAT HIPSIDE DOWN FLYING 'ERE; YOU AIN'T IN THE HAVIATION CORPS."

### "FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES."

"You know this sort of thing isn't good enough," said I, returning the document to Minerva.

"His charges are certainly high," observed the lady of the house; "but I don't think, Jack, we could get as good a doctor anywhere for less money."

"I don't complain about the charges; I suppose they are all right. What I object to is this pompous way of telling me I am in his debt: 'Mr. John Spratt to Dr. Thom. For Professional Services to date, Ten Guineas.'"

"But, my dear, they all do it like that."

"Then they shouldn't. Tradesmen give full particulars of all charges made for their services: why not doctors?"

"Oh, they would never agree to that, Jack!" said Minerva in surprise. "It isn't etiquette. After all, a doctor is a doctor!"

"Let us hope so. At times I doubt it. But that is not the story. How do you suppose I am to check this account without the necessary details?"

"My dear," exclaimed Minerva, "how positively quaint you are! One never dreams of checking a doctor's account; one simply pays. Imagine asking a doctor for an invoice! The idea!"

"And a jolly good idea too," I said.

"Then we should know where we were. Would you pass your butcher's bills if they merely said, 'For Commercial Services to date'?"

"That is quite a different matter. Doctors are not butchers."

"Sometimes surgeons are, so it comes to much the same. Anyhow, I object to paying money without knowing what for. Let's apply for an invoice, if only for the principle of the thing."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," said Minerva rather sharply. "It sounds so mean, Jack, to ask a doctor for a detailed account—almost as if we didn't trust him."

"I shall mention that to the butel er next time I see him, and to the other tradesmen. It will save you a lot of trouble about the domestic accounts."

"Don't be absurd. If you're so anxious to have those petty details I think I can remember all the doctor's visits for you, without worrying him."

I drew out a sheet of account-paper. "The first time he came this year," she began, "was to attend Tommy. You remember—after that New Year party. He called twice—no, three times to see him."

"Item 1," I wrote. "To overhauling and repairing Tommy's tummy, time

and material, say 15s.' When Tommy next overrears himself I shall attend to his little business myself. Yes?"

"Then there was Aunt Maria who was staying with us and imagined she had appendicitis, poor old thing! You remember the specialist, Jack?"

"I remember the specialist's fee—three guineas for absolute tomfoolery! 'Item 2. To diagnosing Aunt Maria and failing to find anything wrong and recommending appendicitis. . . .' Shall we say a guinea for Aunt Maria's put-up job? I ought to get my money back since nothing was found in Aunt Maria. There should be at least a discount on false alarms."

"Then there was Baby," continued Minerva. "We didn't know what was wrong with him—and really I don't think now there was very much the matter, although I felt so anxious at the time. But the doctor never would explain fully."

"Of course not; that would be giving the game away. 'Item 3. To putting baby to rights, 2s. 11d.'"

"Two-and-elevenpence for baby!" protested Minerva. "If Aunt Maria was worth a guinea—"

"She was not. I said so at the time."

"—Baby is certainly worth more than two-and-elevenpence."



"Well, make it two pounds eleven. I don't care either way. What I want is an approximate idea of the way this fellow makes up his total."

"If he's charging two pounds eleven for all the little he did to Baby, he's certainly charging too much, Jack; and you ought to see him about it at once."

"Well, what next?"

"That was all, I think. . . . Oh, no. There was the time about Maudie's cold."

"Oh, those kids' colds!"

"Well, my dear, I have spoken to the children about it until I am tired. Do be reasonable."

"Item 4. To thawing Maudie's chest, lubricating throat, and taking hard edge off voice, time and expenses."

... How much?"

"He was only twice at Maudie, three times at Tommy. What did you put down for Tommy?"

"Fifteen bob; but Maudie is bigger than Tommy."

"She is big for her age," reflected Minerva. "I remember asking the doctor if he thought she was growing too fast."

"He'd call that a consultation."

"Item 5. To advising on rate of speed recommended for Maudie's growth, one guinea."

"I might have saved that charge," sighed Minerva. "But that was all. How much does it come to?"

"Allowing two visits to Maudie to be equal to three visits to Tommy, the total bill amounts to six pounds three shillings."

"But that's four pounds seven less than he charges."

"And observe I am allowing two pounds eleven for Baby's fidgets—or rather for your fidgets about baby—on the basis of Aunt Maria being worth a guinea a whim."

"Two pounds eleven for looking at Baby's tongue every other day when there was nothing really the matter with him at all! It's preposterous, Jack. There must be something wrong. You must see Dr. Thom at once about that account. Call to-morrow, dear, on your way to town."

I called. After all there is, as Minerva says, something inexpressibly mean in asking a doctor for a detailed account. This thought occurred to me as Dr. Thom shook hands, beaming

as usual with that genial heart-warming smile of his."

"Ah—er—Doctor—my wife would like to see you first time you're passing," I managed to say.

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Nothing much. A little matter of detail—that is—I mean Maudie's chest—or rather Tommy's stomach."

"Oh, we'll soon put that right, bless you. Don't you worry yourself about that, Mr. Spratt. Beautiful morning, isn't it?"

A little rough on Tommy, perhaps, but rougher on me.



THE AMERICA CUP.

"Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion."

*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act. V., Scene 1.*

[It is announced that the Defender is to be named Half Moon.]

### THE WARRANT.

OUR village cobbler, Roberts, has reduced the principle, "Put not thy trust in any child of man," to its very lowest and worst. He regards himself as simply born to be robbed and oppressed. Yet is he so mild and uncomplaining and unassuming about it all that no one, even the most persistent robber and oppressor, could ever find it in his heart to do him down. But even so his pessimism and readiness to be done are such that he must make it very hard for people to spare him sometimes. I have this story from our local banker, who was called upon by the Income Producer Company, Limited (of some obscure address in the City of London) to put the matter right.

It appears that Roberts had, after many years of economy, amassed some savings, which from the first he regarded as bound to land him in trouble. He indulged in twenty £1 shares in the I. P. Co., Ltd., only because he had to do something with the twenty pounds. He told everybody that he neither expected to see his capital again nor even to get any interest on it. He hinted darkly at worse things to come from the transaction, though what these might be he didn't pretend to know.

I have no inside knowledge of the I. P. Company, except that its stock doesn't appear among the list of Trustee Securities. But whatever trustees may think of it, it did declare at the end of 1913 (after a somewhat prolonged silence) a decent dividend on its ordinary shares. Maybe this was by reason of its innate honesty; maybe it was simply because it hadn't the heart to deny his rights to such a man as Roberts. Anyhow it declared its dividend, and, what is more, proceeded to pay it in the manner usual to limited companies.

And so in due course Roberts received a formidable-looking piece of paper, with the title, in very impressive lettering, "DIVIDEND WARRANT," and below the figures £1 8s. 3d.

There must be many, among the uninstructed classes, who have no idea what a dividend warrant may be, but few would, I think, at once take the dismal view of the thing that Roberts took.

By return of post the Secretary of the Income Producer Company, Limited, received an envelope addressed in a shaky hand and enclosing a postal order for a pound, together with a letter from Roberts, in which he prayed for a few days of grace, in which a poor but honest old man might raise the further 8s. 3d. thus demanded of him by legal process.

"The bride will be supported by five piers."  
*Evening Standard.*

Read this aloud to your wife and see if she isn't jealous. And then try her with this from *The Greater Britain Messenger*—

"BIG DAMS AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO  
THE CHURCH."

She ought to be shocked.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. CHARLES INGE has brought to the shaping of *Square Pegs* (METHUEN) some good and healthy thoughts about life and love and the waste of both, so that you get a wholesome impression of soundness and sincerity. And there's a dedication which makes one think the author is writing of realities which have been seen at close quarters. *Bernard Farquharson*, the big-hearted colonial, returning to England and seeing the waste of potentially good men in preposterous casual jobs which cannot lead anywhere, longs to give them the chances of the big spaces in South Africa (where, of course, there are no Labour troubles and a man's a man for a' that!). He ventures his capital in *The Dictator*, a Fleet Street derelict, in order to promote his emigration scheme, and his capital departs before either his public or the big-wigs are convinced. I can't think that *Bernard* had really thought out his scheme. And I wonder what he would have done if the little band of square pegs he got together in desperation hadn't had the sense to refuse his offer to ship them over to South Africa with his few remaining sovereigns. They would certainly have been in a fine round hole at the other side. But *Bernard* did a better thing. The only emigrant in his party was *Leonora*, and I like to think they lived happily ever after on his little orange-farm. I can only hope that his rival, *Pike-Sarpe*, a horrible little unctuous cad of a solicitor, will shortly do something to attract the official attention of the Law Society.

There will, I have no doubt, be joy in many a gentle heart over the glad news that Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS, whose *Professional Aunt* made for her so many friends, has created yet another charming relation. (*Grannie for Granted* (CONSTABLE) is the story of a delightful old lady who from her country home takes a placid and grandmaternal interest in the affairs of her descendants—their love affairs mostly, of course, or the engaging chatter of the smaller third generation. Some of the sayings of the latter are worthy examples of the "good enough for *Punch*" variety, which, as most persons with married friends know too well, is a phrase covering a wide range of quality. Most of them, however, are excellent and ring true. Of the love-affairs I feel myself a less competent judge, but I should fancy their appeal will be compelling to the expert. It is perhaps impossible for a book of this type wholly to avoid the charge of being sugary or pretty-pretty, but with my hand on my heart I can declare that Mrs. WEMYSS has done less to deserve it than most other writers would. I shudder, for example, to imagine what certain Transatlantic novelists would have done with the same material. In fine, here is as pleasant and likeable a treatise on *l'art d'être Grand-mère* as anyone need wish to read. I am uncertain as to the precise significance of the title, which may refer to the



McTavish. "Noo, MA FRIEND, SEE ME SENDIN' THE WEE BA' SCOOTIN' OWER THE BONNY BUR-R-R-N!"



McTavish (to caddie). "AWA', YE GREAT SUMPH, AN' TAK' IT COT O' YON DUR-R-R-TY DITCH!"

fact that you have only to ask a grannie and get what you want, or to the equal truism that grandmotherly devotion is often accepted as a matter of course. However it doesn't really matter. The important thing is that the public have asked Mrs. WEMYSS for "another of the same," and the request has been appropriately "granted."

I happen to have incontrovertible proof (of the external kind) that the one and only Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON is the author of *The Flying Inn* (METHUEN). Otherwise I should have judged, by internal evidence, that it was the work of an inferior writer of the same name as himself, and, curiously enough, the same initials. Though hesitating to encourage litigation I should have been inclined to recommend Mr. CHESTERTON to apply as soon as possible for an injunction to restrain this person from doing anything further to damage the real G. K. C.'s reputation. I should have hinted that every now and then I had come upon



a passage which might well be the work of the author of *Heretics* and *Tremendous Trifles*, and that only the intolerable dulness of the book as a whole persuaded me that it had been written by another hand. It deals with the adventures of *Lord Irywood* and *Captain Dalroy*, men of opposite views on the subject of temperance. *Lord Irywood*, having by some mysterious means (not explained) acquired despotic power in England, issued an edict that all inns should be abolished. At the same time he decreed that alcoholic liquor might be sold wherever an inn-sign stood. *Captain Dalroy* accordingly stole the sign of "The Old Ship," and carried it about with him, setting it up wherever his fancy dictated. And that, on my honour as a Learned Clerk, is the whole plot of a fat, closely-printed book of more than three hundred pages. I hope I have a fairly catholic appreciation of humour; certainly, I can enjoy most things, from MEREDITH to the American coloured comic supplement; but *The Flying Inn* was too much for me. It cannot have been easy to write, even given useful characters like *Lord Irywood* and *Captain Dalroy*, whose remarks can be made to run into three or four pages; but it is considerably harder to read. There are good things in it, just as there is gold (I understand) in sea-water, but the process of extraction is tedious.

Miss UNA SILBERRAD's novels are invariably good, and *Cuddy Yarborough's Daughter* (CONSTABLE) is among the best of them. *Cuddy* himself is delightfully irresponsible, and I felt a pang of disappointment when he disappeared from the scene, although, considering that he became increasingly lazy and comatose as he grew older, his decease, perhaps, was not premature. Apart from his affability, *Cuddy's* only claim to distinction lay in the fact that he was the father of his daughter. *Violet's* lot fell in rather stony places; as a child she was practically the guardian of her own father, and after his death she was governess to the child of a woman as irresponsible as *Cuddy*, but not half so comfortable to live with. Men swarmed round this *Lady Lassiter*, and she loved most of them. Under the circumstances it was fortunate that she had a most unsuspecting and tolerant husband. With no hesitation I recommend the tale of *Cuddy* and his daughter to the notice of all except the ultra-moderns. But, lest I should fail as a critic if I did no carping, I will say that, though I do not belong to any Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Infinitives, I should like Miss SILBERRAD to look at page 94, where she will find one that is not only split but split to smithereens.

On the paper wrapper of *Sarah Eden* (MILLS AND BOON) the publishers themselves call it "a novel of great distinction." Filled as I am with the natural lust of the reviewer to contradict a publisher about his own wares, I am bound to admit that I can find no phrase more apt for the impression this book has made upon me. There is exceptional distinction in the scheme of Miss E. S. STEVENS' story, and there is even more in the grave charm and dignity

of its telling. It is the record of the development of a singular and beautiful character; "a spiritual adventure" might have been its sub-title, for the events in *Sarah Eden's* life were those of mind rather than body. There are two main divisions of the story: in the first we watch *Sarah* from her beginnings as a quiet introspective child in her Devon home, and through the short course of her unsatisfactory married life. With considerable skill the author has here shown the various forces that were at work building up the heroine's character, and that strange blending of a practical and commanding efficiency with the idealism of a dreamer that exactly fitted her for the part she plays in the second half of her story. The change comes with the sudden death of her husband, and the first of the ecstatic visions that compelled *Sarah Eden* to leave her native country and prepare a place for her Divine Master in the home of His first coming. Thenceforward the scene is in Jerusalem, where *Sarah* establishes herself at the head

of her strange little company of fanatics. You can see how large is the plan of such a tale; it is one of which you could not reasonably expect a wholly satisfactory ending, and to my mind the latter portion is the weaker. But there are some delightful scenes of life in modern Jerusalem. And *Sarah Eden* herself remains always a profoundly moving personality. For her alone the book deserves to be called "a novel of great distinction."



BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.  
MUNICIPAL INFLATOR PREPARING A COACHMAN FOR AN IMPORTANT PUBLIC FUNCTION.

### A CRY FOR GUIDANCE.

(In a weekly paper, a correspondent—presumably in the first raptures—recommends falling in love as a cure for all worries.)

It is all very well to go talking like that,

But tell me, pray, how does one do it?

How feel at the sight of a hobble or hat

A passionate impulse to woo it?

I'm eager enough of my woes to be rid,

But Cupid needs help in the placing

Of shafts in a heart that's apparently hid

'Neath a tough pachydermatous casing.

I have mingled with maidens—the tender, the hard,

The coy and the clinging—in legions;

But none has contrived to inflict on the bard

A jolt in the cardiac regions;

Must I turn for assistance to science or art,

Or put my predicament meekly

To "Mona" who handles affairs of the heart

In *Sensitive Simperings* (weekly)?

Your wonderful cure, my beneficent lad,

For me, who am ready to try it,

Is robbed of its worth by your failure to add

A hint as to how they supply it.

So nice a prescription I'm anxious to trust;

'Tis milder than pills or emulsion;

But I can't fall in love; I require to be thrust,

And you ought to supply the propulsion.



## CHARIVARIA.

"I COME," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE last week, "from a farming stock right down from the Flood. The first thing a farmer wants is to be secure." It was of course during the Flood that the insecurity of land tenure was most noticeable.

Lord CARRICK, who a few months ago was appearing in a sketch at the Coliseum, seconded the Address in the House of Lords. We are glad to note the growth of ties between Parliament and the Stage, and we are not without hope that before long a further link will be added in the person of Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER.

A new form of flying boat is being built in America, in which it is hoped that somebody may fly from Newfoundland to Ireland in fifteen hours. In the event of Home Rule, we trust, for the sake of the intrepid aviator, that a still fleeter flying boat will be designed for the return journey.

A resident of Waltham Abbey has just received a letter with a Waltham Cross post-mark on the back of the envelope dated February, 31, 1914. We understand that the recipient proposes to return the letter to the Post Office marked "Date unknown."

With reference to the Old Time Supper which is to be a feature of the Chelsea Arts Club Ball we are requested to state that it must not be taken that all the food offered for consumption on that occasion will bear the stamp of antiquity.

An enterprising publisher has, it is rumoured, persuaded no less a personage than Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to write some books for him, and we are promised at an early date, "Essays on Lamb (shorn)," "The Fortunes of Montrose," and other works of creative fancy.

"I was shaved yesterday by a highly intelligent young Pole," says a writer in *The Express*. The Barber's Pole is of course a very old institution.

"Old Masters—VELASQUEZ and so on—what are they?" said Mr. Justice

Eve last week during a case dealing with pictures. "I should turn them into cash if they were mine." Seeing how often the old fellows painted Eve's portrait, this *dictum* of his Lordship strikes one as ungracious.

MESSRS. BRYANT AND MAY have issued a brochure describing how little houses may be made out of matches. A companion volume, entitled "How to light them," by a Suffragette, may be expected shortly.

It is sometimes asked, Why do so few individuals when sentenced to death for murder take advantage of their right to appeal? The answer is, Because the Court of Criminal Appeal has the power of increasing a sentence.



Butler (to new servant from the country). "WHEN YOU'VE QUITE FINISHED CLEANING NEXT DOOR'S STEPS PERHAPS YOU WOULD KINDLY BEGIN ON OUR OWN."

"Samuel, in the spirit of a notorious member of his race, one Pontius Pilate, disavows all responsibility in the matter of the shooting of Englishmen in the Transvaal."

New Witness.

Mr. Punch (to Mr. SAMUEL) Are! *Civis Romane!*

"BRIC-A-BRAC.—'My Somali Book' is a work by Captain Mosse, who spent a considerable time in the country, which Sampson Low is about to publish."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Modesty is all very well in its place, but to publish an area of over 400,000 square miles and then call the feat "Bric-a-Brac"—well!

"The full penalty of £20 and costs was imposed at Croydon Borough Police-court upon Ernest Montefiore de Wilton, of St. James's-street, W., for exceeding the ten-mile limit at Southend on Jan. 25.

Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Tables for Speed."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. DE WILTON, reading the advertisement: "No, thanks. A really slow table for me."

## THE STRIKE OF SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

SIR,—Is the nation properly alive to the seriousness of the educational *impasse* in Herefordshire? Personally I view with alarm the state of things of which that is a symptom.

What will it mean if this sort of thing spreads, as I fear it may? We shall have the children of our working-classes growing up ill-educated and with imperfect manners. Their spelling will become phonetic. They will cease to speak grammatically. They will lose their pleasing accent. Their lack of instruction in arithmetic may even lead them into errors savouring of criminality. Worse, they will fall back in their appreciation of music, art and poetry. They will be reading trashy and sensational literature rather than the classical works to which our elementary education directs their tastes.

To my mind, the condition of things is grave in the extreme, and for the sake of the children I beg the nation to wake up and put an end to conditions which make these strikes possible.

Yours obediently,  
EDUCATIONAL REFORMER.

SIR,—The most promising event of last week was the delightful strike of school-teachers in that beautiful county of Hereford. Happy children,

thus to be freed from the shackles of our so-called education. They will now go to the only school worth learning in—the school of Mother Nature; and if only the strike will continue long enough we shall see in years to come poets and painters and musicians making a glad procession from their Herefordshire homes to carry light and joy into our dark places.

Yours ecstatically,  
VAVASOUR PRINGLE.

"The Bishop of Zanzibar (Dr. Weston) arrived at Charing-cross from Paris yesterday afternoon. . . . He went to the House of Charity, 1, Greek-street."—*The Times*.

And a very good address for him.

"Shea, Blackburn Rovers' clever insight-right, scored all three goals for the Football League against the Southern League at New Cross."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Selection Committee's insight also right, evidently.



## GUESS WHO IT IS.

From a Competition in *People of Position* (with which are incorporated *West End Whispers* and *Mayfair Mysteries*). Prizes will be awarded to the three readers who are first, second, and third in guessing the identities of the greatest number of Society Personages indicated in the Guess Who It Is series of articles.

First Prize, a copy of this year's *Debrett*. Second Prize, a copy of last year's *Debrett*. Third Prize, a bound volume of *People of Position* (with which are incorporated *West-End Whispers* and *Mayfair Mysteries*.)

She is a woman who matters very much indeed. By birth and by marriage she belongs to two extremely ancient families, which were settled in Britain when it was entirely covered with forests and inhabited largely by wild beasts. But it is not any advantage of birth or of wealth that has made her the great social figure she is. It is her extraordinary charm and her arresting personality. She is not strictly beautiful, but her smile is peculiarly her own—a rare distinction in these days when there is so much that is artificial.

She has the reputation of being one of the three best dressed women in Europe, and never wears anything, not even her boots, more than once. Her wit is positively brilliant, and in this connection it may be asserted once for all that it was she who first gave vogue to the greeting, "Doodledo," an abbreviated form of "How d'you do," though others have been given the credit for that sparkling pleasantry. In the art of "setting down" she is unapproachable, combining gentle courtesy with fine satire and mordant epigram, as on the occasion when a certain pushing and impossible outside person claimed her acquaintance in public with a loud "How are you?" With her own look and smile she turned and gave him his *coup de grâce*—"Not any the better for seeing you!"—at which an exalted foreign Personage who was chatting with her laughed so much that he fell into an apoplexy.

She and her husband are sometimes at their beautiful place in Middleshire, and sometimes at their mansion in Belvenor Square. When they are not in England they are generally abroad. She is devoted to horse-riding, motoring, yachting, and ski-ing, but has not, like some of her set, forgotten how to walk. On the contrary, when in town she may occasionally be seen taking this old-fashioned form of exercise in the Park, placing one foot alternately before the other in her charmingly characteristic manner.

She has once or twice, in a delightfully mischievous spirit, amused herself by flouting those very social ordinances of which she is an acknowledged high priestess. When wars, strikes, and Governments are forgotten, it will still be remembered how, some years ago when she was a few months younger than she is now, she appeared in her box at the opera on a *MELBA* (and therefore a *tiara*) night wearing a necklace of spar beads and a large ribbon bow on her head. An electric shock ran through the house; opera and singers were unheeded; and the beautiful Countess of \_\_\_\_\_ tore the family diamonds from her head and neck, and, with a shriek of despair, flung them into the orchestra.

The subject of our article could have shone in any or all of the arts, had she cared to give her time and talents to them. Let it be said, too, that, though surrounded from her infancy with "all this world and all the glory of it," she has a serious side to her character, countenances the Church, and by no means discourages religion.

It is widely known that she keeps a diary. Ah! if only that diary, in its dainty, morocco, gold-clasped volumes, could be abstracted from the wonderful mother-of-pearl escritoire, carried out of the exquisite Renaissance boudoir, down the noble staircase and out of the massive hall-door, and, after the spelling, grammar and composition had been slightly overhauled, if it could but be published and given to the eager world, what an intellectual feast it would provide! And to the fair, gifted, high-born diarist what a fortune it would bring, and what a number of simply absorbing libel cases!

## GUESS WHO IT IS.

The *Daily Mail* must be more careful with its posters. Here are two recent examples:—

£2 A WEEK FOR LIFE.  
DRAMATIC END TO  
SACK CRIME TRIAL.

£2 A WEEK FOR LIFE.  
COOLEST FRAUD  
ON RECORD.

Lady Dorothy Wood, sister of the Earl of Onslow and wife of the Hon. E. F. Wood, M.P., son and heir of Viscount Halifax, was the recipient of birthday congratulations yesterday, when the Earl of Erroll, of Slain's Castle, Aberdeenshire, completed his 62nd year.—*Observer*.

The Earl of ERROLL'S turn for congratulations will come when Lady DOROTHY has a birthday.

## MR. PUNCH'S PANTOMIME ANALYSIS.

Now that the Pantomime season is drawing to a close and the intelligent student of this branch of Drama is tempted to pass it in review, it may be useful to him to have a list of possible Pantomimes drawn up in a tabulated form according to genus and species, that their finer distinctions, so easily overlooked, may be the better apprehended. Mr. Punch has no hesitation in placing his nice erudition at the disposal of his readers.

Pantomimes may be divided into those of a distinctly Oriental origin and milieu and those which are either associated with Occidental localities or with none in particular. For convenience we may divide them broadly and loosely into Oriental and Non-Oriental Pantomimes. Very well, then.

### I.—ORIENTAL.

A. With a ship (*Sinbad the Sailor*).

B. Without a ship.

(a) With a cave.

(1) Password to cave, "Open Sesame" (*The Forty Thieves*).

(2) Password to cave, "Abracadabra" (*Aladdin*).

(b) Without a cave (*Bluebeard*).

### II.—NON-ORIENTAL.

A. With a ship.

(a) With a cat (*Dick Whittington*).

(b) Without a cat (*Robinson Crusoe*).

B. Without a ship.

(a) With a giant.

(1) With a cat (*Puss-in-Boots*).

(2) Without a cat.

(i.) With a bean-stalk (*Jack and the Beanstalk*).

(ii.) Without a beanstalk (*Jack the Giant-Killer*).

(b) Without a giant.

(1) With animals: sheep (*Bo-Peep*); wolf (*Little Red Riding-Hood*); goose (*Mother Goose*); uncertain (*Beauty and the Beast*); two children (*The Babes in the Wood*).

(2) Without animals.

(i.) With footgear: shoes (*Goody Two-Shoes*); slippers (*Cinderella*).

(ii.) No particular footgear.

(a) With a "Jack" (*Jack and Jill*, *Little Jack Horner*, *The House that Jack Built*).

(b) Without a "Jack" (*The Sleeping Beauty*).

Notice on a suite of furniture:—

"Monthly payments 12/6. They will last a lifetime."  
Help!





## ONE OF US—NOW.

THE OLD POSTMASTER-GENERAL (to the new POSTMASTER-GENERAL). "THAT YOU, HOBHOUSE? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THROUGH TO YOU ON THIS INFERNAL TELEPHONE FOR THE LAST HALF-HOUR. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON BEING APPOINTED TO A DEPARTMENT WHICH I LEFT IN A STATE OF PERFECT EFFICIENCY."









Fair Yankee (who, on her first visit to England, has been told how extremely obliging the London policeman is). "SAY, WOULD YOU CURRY KINDLY DO UP MY SHOE-STRING?"

### "CINES" OF THE TIMES.

(A far-away Project of educational Films.)

O ADVENT of the age of gold,  
O happy day for proud papas  
When Hellas shall her tale unfold  
On secondary "cinemas"!

When "all the glory that was Greece  
And all the grandeur that was Rome"  
Shall hire on a perpetual lease  
The academic "Picturedrome."

O OVID on the screen for kids!  
O Helicon attained by 'bus!  
O filmographic Aeneids!  
O vitoscoped HERODOTUS!

Our boys shall note the sacred Nine  
Ascending their immortal peak,  
Also Apollo (he was fine  
In the old films as *Alf the Freak*).

They shall behold TEIBESIAS  
Telling the doom of Thebes, and  
con

With eyes but not with lips the  
crass

Way in which CEDIPIUS went on.

They shall observe quite painlessly  
The heroes toiling as they sit  
Rowing upon the sun-kissed sea  
With black smuts racing over it.

Some stout electroscopic "star,"  
Some Gallic beauty bistre-eyed,  
Shall show them in the years afar  
How Helen laughed, how Priam died,

And how the good AENEAS came  
Through faked adventures on the  
screen

To Latium, and what forks of flame  
Devoured a dummy Punic queen.

What snares the Queen of Love em-  
ployed,  
What Juno: mixed with local ads.,  
These shall be thoroughly enjoyed  
By all appreciative lads.

And some day, if the gods are kind  
To hearts so filled with classic feats  
In many a marble palace "cined"  
And puffed so oft in halfpenny sheets,

Shall come revulsion, faintly stirred  
By Phœbus' and the Muses' laugh,  
Against the foul sins of a word  
Like spectodrome or vitagraph.

Youth shall draw learning from the  
spring

Pierian, and be taught to know  
The clustered verbal shames that cling  
About the moving picture show,

Till at the last shall dawn a bright,  
A long-to-be-remembered day,  
When porticos of fanes of light  
Shall print Kinema with a K.

EVOE.

"H.M.S. CUMBERLAND.

Geneva, Tuesday.

The Municipality to-day gave a luncheon  
in honour of the officers and cadets of the  
training ship Cumberland.—*Reuter*."

*Naval and Military Record*.

Another record for WINSTON. He alone  
could succeed in getting *H.M.S. Cum-*  
*berland* to Geneva.

"Widcombe Manor, Bath, in which Field-  
ing is said to have written 'Tom Jones,' is to  
come under the hammer shortly. It is one of  
the smaller houses erected by Indigo Jones."  
*Manchester Evening News*.

It was, of course, the influence of his  
ancestor Indigo which so tinged certain  
episodes in *Tom's* career.



### THE BAZAAR CUSHION.

"HA! Someone has been sitting on it," cried Father William, snatching a flattened object off the piano-stool in high irritation. "It's abominable, you know," turning to me. "There are any number of cushions. The house is stuffed with cushions. Why people should always pounce upon this one and manhandle it in this way——" He put it on the table and began punching and squeezing and puffing and smoothing it till it had expanded to its full extent. Then he flicked the dust off it with his handkerchief. "I'll put it back in its box under the sofa," he said. "I can't understand how it ever got out."

He dropped into an armchair and instantly recovered his equanimity.

"And why should they spare that one?" I asked.

"That," said the old man solemnly, "is my bazaar cushion."

"I thought it looked as if it had escaped from a bazaar," said I.

"It came back only last night," he went on. "Are you a judge of cushions? How do you like it? Pretty nice piece of work, eh?"

"Yes," said I cautiously. "Looks to me pretty well put together and all that; but it's rather—well, hideous, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes," said Father William. "I

suppose it's the colour you object to. I confess it's a bit of an eyesore. But of course it has to be like that. It's a case of protective colouring, you know."

I didn't quite follow his line of thought and there was a short pause. "You would hardly think to look at it," the old man went on at last, "that that cushion has stood between me and all the trials and persecutions incidental to bazaars for nearly half a century. Perhaps the plague is not quite so bad as it was in the old days when I was in my first City parish, but I must say they were particularly active last summer. They have taken to holding them outside now, with Chinese lanterns, so that there is no close season at all. I had the wit at the very outset to see that the thing must be grappled with. They used to badger me in two separate ways. I was always expected to send some sort of contribution—and then I

had to go and buy things. That was the worst of it. I used to dive about, harassed and pursued, searching in vain for the price of my freedom, always confronted by smoking-caps and impossible needlework. It was a fearful ordeal."

"I know," said I, with sympathy. "I know all about it."

"But I found a way out, thanks to my cushion. I bought it at a Sale of Work for Waifs and Strays nearly forty-seven years ago, and I think you will agree with me that it is a fairly good cushion yet. Of course it has been re-covered more than once. It was getting altogether too well known in Streatham at one time. It used to be blue with horrid little silver spangles."

had more confidence in its staying powers. I find there is no particular hurry."

"Do you put a price on it?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I don't like to do that. That might put me in an awkward position if it came out. But I find it fairly exciting on each occasion to discover what I shall have to pay for it. It is generally more expensive now than it used to be in the old days. I suppose it is the rise in the cost of living. But I am seldom satisfied, either way. If it is too cheap I naturally feel rather slighted, seeing that it was I who sent it; and if it is too dear of course I am annoyed because I have to buy it. And it fluctuates extraordinarily. I have more than

once bought it in at half-a-crown and come home burning with indignation, and, if you will believe me, there was a blackguard at that big Sale of Work for the Territorials in the autumn who had the effrontery to charge me a guinea and a half. I was furious with him."

"I wish you would lend it to me, Father William," said I, after a pause. "We are getting up a Jumble Sale in Little Sudbury."

"No," said Father William firmly, "no. Little Sudbury is barred. The last time it was there on sale there was a very painful scene. I had arrived rather late, I remember, and I found my cushion

actually being sold by auction along with a pair of worsted slippers and a woolly door mat—in one lot. I thought it showed very poor taste. Besides, it is already booked to appear six times in the next fortnight."

### Harold Napping.

"How stupid are the degenerate Tories who call this man [Mr. LLOYD GEORGE] a demagogue."—Mr. BEGGIE on Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in "The Daily Chronicle," Feb. 5.

"He [Mr. LLOYD GEORGE] was, if you like, a demagogue."—Mr. BEGGIE on Mr. BALFOUR in "The Daily Chronicle," Feb. 7.

The Duke of SUTHERLAND, we see, values the diamond-studded gold watch and chain, of which he has just been relieved by two desperate Neapolitans, at £60. But the real question is, would the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER accept that valuation?



Dear Old Lady. "YOU HAVE A PICTURE IN THE WINDOW MARKED TEN-AND-SIX, BY A MR. HOLBEIN. COULD YOU TELL ME IF THAT IS AN ORIGINAL PAINTING OR MERELY A PRINT?"

"And how does it work?"

"It is beautifully simple. I am told that a bazaar is contemplated and asked if I will assist. Very well, I send my cushion. That is quite good enough; no one would expect me to do more. Then I go, on the appointed day, buy the cushion, and walk out with an enormous parcel for all the world to see that I have done my duty. Then it goes back in its box. The only bazaars that I am unable to assist are those which occur (as they sometimes do) when my cushion happens to be out."

"And is it never sold?"

"Well, look at it!" said Father William. "Of course it had to be of such a nature that there was no danger of its going off too quick. I used always to go early on the first day to make sure. But since the last time it was re-covered I have





"OH, JOCKYWOCK DARLING, YOU MUST TRY AND REMEMBER IT'S A TRICYCLE, NOT A BICYCLE."

### WHEN BOSS EATS BOSS.

ACCORDING to the New York Correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle*, the publication of a letter from Mr. CROKER, formerly the great Tammany Chief, attacking his successor, Mr. MURPHY, has greatly strengthened the campaign for purifying the Administration.

The recent meeting of the Statistical Society was rendered remarkable by a letter from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE who, in regretting his inability to be present, impressed upon the Society the need of upholding a vigorous and fastidious accuracy in the use of facts and figures. "To gain a momentary triumph over an antagonist in a public controversy by a misquotation, even though only a fraction is involved, is, in my opinion, an act which permanently disqualifies the offender from holding any place of responsibility." These golden words, so the President observed, ought to be engraved in indelible letters in every school in the kingdom.

The dignified and telling rebuke recently addressed by Mr. BERNARD SHAW to Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, for undue indulgence in paradoxical gymnastics, has given great satisfaction to the members of the Society for the Promotion of Simplified Thought. As the President of the Society, Dr. Pickering Phibbs, puts it, to have Mr. SHAW on the side of the angels is

enough to make the Powers of Darkness throw up the sponge.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE's remarkable speech at Wolverhampton, when he declared that it was the duty of Labour to uphold the British Constitution, has profoundly impressed Mr. LARKIN and Mr. LANSBURY, who are of opinion that the stability of the British Empire is now assured for at least one hundred years.

The publication of a letter from Mr. ROOSEVELT, censuring President WILSON for the prolixity and verbosity of his Presidential messages, will, it is believed, lend a powerful impetus to the campaign on behalf of brevity in public utterances.

"YOUNG LADY APPRENTICE WANTED—must be tall—to learn all higher branches of the trade."—*Advt. in (our favourite newspaper) "The Hairdressers Weekly Journal."*

You want to be tall to reach up to the higher branches.

From an Aberdeen firm's advertisement:—

SUCCESS COMES IN CANS, NOT IN CAN'TS.

ONCE-A-YEAR CLEARANCE.

TO-DAY AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

WONDER VALUES!

STIMULANTS TO ENCOURAGE PURCHASERS.

In the cans, we suppose.

### A GOLF JUDGMENT.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

DEAR SIR,—As I am not at all satisfied with the recent decision of The Rules of Golf Committee on the position created by a cow carrying off a ball in her hoof, I appeal to you to arbitrate in the following dispute between myself and my friend A (for I am too courteous to expose his actual name).

During some very wild weather we made an arrangement, before starting out, that, in the event of another storm coming on, the game should be decided by the score existing at the moment of our consequent retirement.

A was in receipt of six bisques. I holed out the first in five. A, who was in well-deserved trouble all the way, holed out in ten. I remarked, "One up!" to which A made no response. As we moved off to the second tee there was a loud clap of thunder and the heavens burst over our heads. A at once shouted above the tumult, "I take my six bisques and claim the hole and the match." He then headed swiftly for the pavilion.

I cannot believe that he was justified in his claim. What do you think?

Yours faithfully, FAIR PLAY.

*Editor's Decision.*—The original arrangement was bad in Golf Law. The match is therefore off, and each party must pay his own costs.



## TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

"Do you believe in magic?" Jack asked.

I hedged.

"Well, whether you do or not," he said, "I've got a rather rum story for you."

"Go ahead," I replied.

"Very well," he said. "It was on last Tuesday morning that I looked in at the watchmaker's to see if my watch was mended yet.

"It was hanging up in the glass case above the bench where he worked, with my name on a little tab attached to the ring.

"No," the man said, 'it's not done - in fact, I'm still observing it.'

"But it seems to be recording the time all right," I said.

"Yes," he replied—'seems, but it isn't. That's mere chance. Do you know, it's so fast that it's gained exactly twenty-four hours since you brought it in. That's not to-day's time it's registering, but to-morrow's. Leave it here another week, and I'll have got to the bottom of the mystery.'

"At first I was disposed to do so; and then I had an idea.

"No," I said, 'I'll take it.'

"But it's useless to you," he replied.

"I'll take it," I said. 'Just for fun.'

"He gave it me reluctantly and returned to his labours.

"I walked away from the shop very thoughtfully. Here was a curious state of things. I and the rest of the world were living on Monday, February 9th, while my watch was busily recording, a little too hurriedly, the progress of time on Tuesday, February 10th. To see into the future has ever been man's dearest wish, and here was I in possession of a little piece of machinery which actually was of the future and yet could tell none of its secrets.

"But couldn't it? Couldn't I wrest one at least from it?—that was what worried me.

"As I pondered, a newspaper boy passed me bearing the placard 'Selections for Lingfield,' and in a flash I bought one. My watch knew who had won! How could I extract that information from it?"

Jack paused.

"Good heavens," I interpolated, "what an extraordinary situation!"

"You may well say so," he said. "You see, if only I could share its knowledge, I should be rich for life; for it was now only a quarter to eleven, and the first race was not till one-fifty, and there was plenty of time to bet.

"But—

"I continued on my way deep in thought," Jack went on, "when whom

should I meet but Lisburne? Lisburne is the most ingenious man I know.

"Come and advise me," I said, and led him to a quiet corner.

"It's jolly interesting," he remarked, when I had finished, 'but of course it's black arts, you know, and we've lost the key nowadays. Still we must try.'

"We discussed the thing every way, in vain.

"Then suddenly he said, 'Look here, this watch represents to-morrow. That means it is through the watch that we must work. Here, let's get to-day's *Mail* and read it through the watch-glass and see if there's any difference?'

"We got it and did so.

"Lisburne removed the glass, found the racing news and read them through it. 'Good heavens!' he said, and turned white. 'Here, read this with your naked eye,' he said, pushing the paper before me.

"I read 'Saturday's racing results: 1.30, Midas 1, Blair Hampton 2, Chessington 3,' and so on. 'Prices, Midas 6-4,' etc.

"Those are Saturday's results," he said, shaking with excitement. 'But now read them through the watch-glass.'

"I did so, and they immediately changed to Monday's results. I was reading to-morrow's paper!

"Look at the prices," he cried.

"The prices! I hastily ran through them. They were splendid. 'Captain Farrell 10-1, Woodpark 10-1, Flitting Light 4-1.' And these horses, remember," he said, 'are going to run this afternoon!'

"What's the next thing to be done?" I gasped.

"The bookies," he replied.

"I suppose they're fair game," I said.

"Of course," he replied. 'The very fairest. But that's nothing to do with you, anyhow. You're in possession of magic and must employ it. They are the natural medium. How much can you muster?'

"I'd risk anything I could scrape up," I said. 'Say £750. And you?'

"Oh, I'm broke," he replied. 'How many bookies do you know?'

"Three," I said.

"Well," he replied, 'I know three more, and we can find men who know others, and who will bet for us. Because we must plant this out warily, you know, or they'll be suspicious.'

"Will you take it in hand," I asked, 'leaving me £150 for my own commissioners?'

"Of course," he said, 'if you'll give me ten per cent.;' and having copied out all the longer priced winners through the watch-glass he hurried off, promising to meet me at lunch.

"How to get through the intervening time was now the question. First I went to the telegraph office, and then to the barber's to have my hair cut. Forcibly to be kept in a chair was what I needed. The hair-cut took only half-an-hour; so I was shaved; then I was shampooed; then I was massaged; then I was manicured. I should have been pedicured, but the clock mercifully said lunch-time.

"Lisburne was there in a state of fever. He had distributed the £600 among fourteen different commission agents.

"Now we can have lunch," he said, 'with easy minds.'

"Easy!"

"But suppose the whole thing is a fizzle," I said. 'We've been far too impetuous. Impulse was always my ruin.'

"Oh no," he said.

"But if it's a fizzle," I said, 'what about my £750?'

"It won't be," he replied. 'It's magic. Let's order something to eat.'

"He ate; that is the advantage of being on ten per cent. commission. I couldn't."

Jack paused.

"Go on," I said. "Did the horses win?"

"Every one," he replied.

"At those prices?"

"Yes."

"Then you're frightfully rich?"

"No," he said.

"Why ever not? Surely the bookies haven't refused to pay?"

"Oh no."

"Then why aren't you rich?"

"Because I did the usual silly thing - I woke up."

## THE CAFE CHANTANT.

To the Editor of 'The Evening Post.'

SIR,—In writing on the 4th February I omitted from the lists of names of two of our kind helpers at the Café Chantant, Messrs. Le Cheminant and the Victoria Dairy. Will you kindly allow me to do so now. Yours faithfully, M. P. PIPON."

"The Evening Post," Jersey.

Apparently the Editor wouldn't!

"Yesterday a metal-gilt chandelier, 5ft. high, with branches for twenty-five lights, and numerous cut-glass pendants, fell at the one bid of half a guinea. The purchaser, who was sitting under it, seemed to be the most surprised person in the room."

Daily Telegraph.

If it fell on his head, we fear he must have been pained as well as surprised.

"N.B.—Welsh rarebit is most nourishing, and, with a plate of soap, makes an excellent dinner."—*Bombay Gazette*.

The soap, however nourishing, should be disguised; otherwise your guests will misunderstand you.





Stewardess. "WE ARE JUST NEARING THE HARBOUR, MADAM. WOULD YOU LIKE SOME HOT WATER?"  
 Passenger (faintly). "IT DOESN'T MATTER, THANK YOU; I'M ONLY GOING TO RELATIONS."

## LETTERS AND LIFE.

PREPARATIONS are already on foot for the great banquet to be given in honour of the famous Russian novelist, Dr. Ladislav Plovskin, who is to visit England in July. A representative committee has been formed, which includes, amongst others, Sir GILBERT PARKER, Mr. CHARLES GARVICE, Mr. SILAS HOCKING, Mr. C. K. SHORTER, Lord DUNSANY, Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS and Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, who will take the chair at the banquet. There is a peculiar appropriateness in this, for it was Mr. GOSSE who, some ten years ago, first called attention to Plovskin in one of his masterly studies. Since then, Plovskin has gained the Nobel Prize and become the object of a special cult which has centres from Tomsk to Seattle, and from Popocatepetl to Oshkosh.

The address which will be presented to the great Muscovite fictionist has been written by Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, and is a masterpiece of sensitive and discriminating eulogy. Thus in one passage Mr. DOUGLAS says, "while preserving your own individuality with miraculous independence, you have summed up in your work all the inchoate influences to be found in

HOMER, DANTE, SHAKESPEARE, VOLTAIRE and VERLAINE, and carried them to a pitch of divine effulgence only to be equalled in the godlike work of our marvellous MASEFIELD."

Dr. Plovskin is no stranger to England, for he was an intimate friend of the late EDWARD LEAR, who alludes to him under the name of Ploffskin in one of his touching lyrics, and, as we have seen, he owes almost everything to the generous appreciation of Mr. GOSSE, to whom he has dedicated his last novel, which bears the fascinating title of *The Bad Egg*. Portions of this, it is to be hoped, will be recited at the banquet by the author's brother-in-law, Mr. Ossip Bobolinsky, Managing Director of the Anglo-Manchurian Steam Tar Company.

In smart intellectual circles Tagore Teas are now all the rage. At these elegant and up-to-date entertainments China tea is absolutely proscribed, the refreshments, solid and liquid, being exclusively of Indian origin. After tea the guests cantillate passages from the prose and poetry of the Great Indian Master to the accompaniment of gongs (the Sanskrit *tum-tum*) and one-stringed Afghan jamboons, for the space of two or three hours, when their engagements

permit. Sometimes the reading is varied by mystical dances of a slow and solemn character, but all laughter, levity and exuberance are sedulously discountenanced, the aim of all present being to attain an attitude of serene and complacent ecstasy which enables them to invest utterances of the most perfect ineptitude with a portentous and pontifical significance.

"The advent to the episcopal bench of Dr. Russell Wakefield—the only Anglican Bishop on record to wear a moustache with a clean-shaven chin—does not appear to have aroused so much comment as the appointment of Dr. Ryle to the See of Liverpool in 1884. It was then said that the new prelate was the first Anglican Bishop to wear a beard for over 200 years."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

Dr. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD, of course, has not worn his moustache for a quarter of that time.

From a Hong Kong tradesman's circular:—

"EGGS! FRESH EGGS! AND TASTEFUL EGGS! FOR SALE.

These eggs are exceedingly pure and fresh, and can be proved by looking at or breaking them. The yolk when boiled-smell sweet, the white-glistened, relished, and favourable to health as well.

TRY our tasteless eggs as their quality bears. COME! COME! COME! and TRY to HAVE SOME."





*First Winter Sport (looking at a magnificent view of the Alps). "NOT BAD, THAT."*

*Second Winter Sport. "YES, IT'S ALL RIGHT; BUT YOU NEEDN'T RAVE ABOUT IT LIKE A BALLY POET."*

### THE HEN.

To-day it is not mine to sing  
A lay of love, a song of Spring;  
I tackle no uplifting thing  
Of arms and men;  
My muse is otherwise beguiled  
To gentler themes and measures mild;  
I sing of nature's artless child,  
The common hen.

Little she has of lyric stuff;  
Her bows, I grant, are merely bluff,  
Her sternmost pile of windy fluff  
Would leave one cool;  
Yet never since the world was planned  
Was aught more lofty and more grand  
Regarded as a mother—and  
Such an old fool.

In laying eggs is all her joy;  
Its rapture never seems to cloy;  
She knows no worthier employ  
In life than this,  
So to collect a fertile batch  
Still young, still fresh enough to  
hatch,  
And thus, by sterling effort, snatch  
A mother's bliss.

But, though the futile one will lay  
(When she's in form) an egg per day,  
She always gives the fact away  
With loud acclaim  
That all the novel truth may know;  
Whereby the unsleeping human foe  
Derives a tip on where to go  
To get the same.

It does not make her senses reel,  
This mystery, or dim her zeal,  
Till by degrees she seems to feel  
Her broken lot;  
She roams aloof, she grows depressed;  
And then, her broody sorrow guessed,  
Men lure her to a well-filled nest  
And bid her squat.

And now behold her, warm and wide,  
Her rounded form well satisfied,  
Though even in her highest pride  
She has no luck;  
The offspring that she tends so well  
Are probably of alien shell;  
Indeed, for all that she can tell,  
They may be duck.

Yes, one may grant that on the whole  
She would not thrill the poet soul;  
For, tho' she plays a decent rôle

Beyond all doubt,  
Where mental qualities are lacked  
We find but little to attract;  
She does not make, in point of fact,  
The heart go out.

But see her when some danger lies  
O'er her young brood, and, with wild  
eyes,  
Straight at the sudden foe she flies,  
Her full soul spurred  
To battle with the gnashing beak—  
A roaring tiger is more meek;  
And somehow one is bound to speak  
Well of the bird.

DUM-DUM.

From the "Found" column in *The Standard* :—

"Fox Skin Fur, on Hog's Back."

The last place where you would look  
for it.

"Natal first innings—Barnes, 5 wickets for 44 runs; Relf, 4 for 59; Woolley, 6 for 6; Douglas, 8 for 8; Hearne, none for 15; Bird, 1 for 9.—P.A. Foreign Special Telegram."  
*Glasgow Herald.*

And yet Natal won.





## THE MISSING WORD.

THE "PREMIER" PARROT (emerging from profound thought). "EX—EX—EX—EX—"

JOHN BULL. "LOOK HERE, HERBERT, IF YOU'RE GOING TO SAY 'EXCLUSION,' FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE SAY IT AND GET IT OVER!"

[Parrot relapses into profound thought.]







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 10.—Odd to find proceedings in House to-day reminiscent of incident in a famous trial. Occasion recognised as supremely momentous. Marks, within defined limit of time, crisis of bitter controversy. Before Session closes fate of Ireland and of the Ministry will be settled. PREMIER's speech awaited with gravest anxiety. Lobby thronged with animated groups. Before four o'clock—when SPEAKER returned to Chair elate with consciousness of singular foresight in having "for greater accuracy" possessed himself of copy of KING's Speech, presently read to expectant Members, most of whom heard it delivered from the Throne two hours earlier—stream of humanity flooded House, filling every seat and crowding Bar.

It was at preliminary gathering that case of *Bardell v. Pickwick* was recalled. House awaiting arrival of Black Rod with summons to repair to gilded Chamber. Message delivered, SPEAKER, escorted by SERJEANT-AT-ARMS carrying Mace, marches off. From Treasury Bench and from Front Bench opposite, Leader of House and Leader of Opposition simultaneously rise and fall in. Other Ministers and ex-Ministers with mob of Members complete procession.

When PREMIER and BONNER LAW met they heartily shook hands. CAPTAIN CRAIG and MOORE (of Armagh) looked at each other in pained surprise.

Here was the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. When seated in court awaiting opening of trial, *Mr. Pickwick* observed a learned serjeant-at-law make friendly salutation to his own counsel.

"Who's that red-faced man who said it was a fine morning, and nodded to our counsel?" he whispered to his solicitor.

"Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," was the reply. "He's opposed to us; he leads on the other side."

*Mr. Pickwick*, it is recorded, regarded with great abhorrence the cold-blooded villainy of a man who, as counsel for the opposite party, presumed to tell *Mr. Serjeant Snubbin*, who was counsel for him, that it was a fine morning.

Thus MOORE (of Armagh) and the COURAGEOUS CRAIG. Here were the contending forces set in battle array, and the first thing they behold is their Captain shaking hands with the commander of the enemy! An ominous beginning, they agreed, well calculated to depress the spirits of men who mean business.

It proved emblematic of what



*Mr. Pickwick* (Captain CRAIG) regards with abhorrence the exchange of salutations between *Serjeant Buzfuz* (Mr. ASQUITH) and his own counsel, *Serjeant Snubbin* (Mr. BONAR LAW).

followed. Expected that stupendous occasion would be marked by dramatic scenes, possibly by outbreak of disorder. Nothing of that kind happened. Scene was indeed impressive by reason of Chamber being crowded from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery. Also, whilst PREMIER in unusually low-spoken, comparatively halt-

ing voice, delivered critical passages of his speech, there was movement marking intense interest. Multitude on floor of House bent forward to catch the murmured syllables. Members crowding the side galleries stood up in same anxious quest.

Otherwise the accustomed signs and tokens of Parliamentary crisis were conspicuously lacking. WALTER LONG, whose return to fighting-line after bout of illness was warmly welcomed on both sides, pitched the opening note a little low. Not fierce enough to gratify Ulster, he correspondingly failed to irritate the Home Rulers.

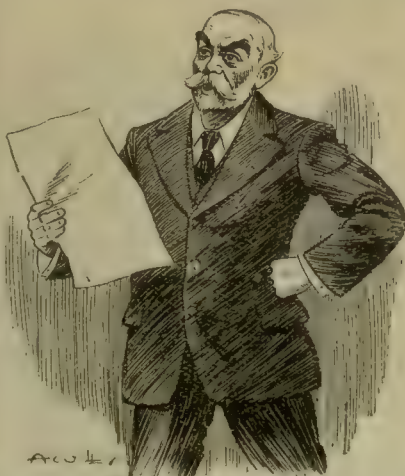
As for PREMIER, his part, adroitly played, was to appear to be saying a good deal without committing himself to definite pledges. Above all, not to inflame controversy. He brought with him unusually copious notes, but did not, as is his wont on such occasions, read from them the text of especially weighty passages. Spoke slowly, occasionally in a murmur, uttering his sentences as if deliberately weighing each word. Following WALTER LONG, he was received with prolonged cheers, testifying to personal popularity. When he sat down cheering was more polite than effusive.

Irish Nationalists barely contributed even to this circumspect note of approval. Throughout nearly an hour's speech they sat in ominous silence, listening to passages in which they seemed to recognise disposition on part of PREMIER towards mood of *Benedick*, who, when he said he would die a bachelor, never thought he would live to be married.

Had not PREMIER within the last twelve months frequently declared he would never consent to exclusion of Ulster from Home Rule Bill? And wasn't he now showing signs of disposition to surrender?

*Business done.*—Parliament reassembles. WALTER LONG, on behalf of Opposition, moves amendment to Address, calling upon Government to appeal to country before proceeding further with Home Rule Bill.

*Wednesday.*—Interest of sitting centred in speeches of CARSON and JOHN REDMOND. Former met with rousing reception from Opposition. Some Ministerialists would have liked to join in the demonstration, not because they



*Mr. JOHN BURNS* (holding list of the four new appointments to Government Departments, including his own to the Board of Trade). "Excellent choices!—with perhaps the exception of SAMUEL, HOBHOUSE and MASTERMAN."



share CARSON's views or admire his policy, but because they instinctively feel admiration for a man of commanding position who has sacrificed personal and professional interests to what he regards as the well-being of his country. Esteem increased by merit of his speech. Only once did he lapse into tone and manner of personal attack familiar to House when Ulster Members and Nationalists, hating each other for love of their country, join in debate. Turning round to top bench below Gangway, where JOHN REDMOND sat attentive, he said: "If you want Ulster, come and take her, or come and win her. But you have never wanted her affections; you have wanted her taxes."

This stung to the quick. REDMOND, leaping to his feet when CARSON resumed his seat, hotly denounced accusation as unworthy of his countryman.

House already began to show signs of satiety. Long intervals when benches were empty. COUSIN HUGH, speaking at favourable hour of six o'clock, failed to attract an audience to whom he might present his cheering forecast of an interval of six weeks spent in listening to speeches of Members below the Gangway, "poked up by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to attack the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY." Benches crowded whilst CARSON and REDMOND spoke. Filled up again when CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER in brief speech wound up debate on behalf of Government, and BONNER LAW, as usual unencumbered by notes, replied.

*Business done.*—Demand for immediate dissolution negated by 333 votes against 255. Opposition elate at reduced majority.

"I fancy," said PREMIER, smiling serenely upon the WINSOME WINSTON, "they would gladly suffer from our complicity."

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—Noble Lords, having disposed of Address, already find themselves in condition of frozen-out gardeners who have no work to do. Session but a few days old has already afforded fresh sign of disposition to belittle hereditary Chamber.

It happened thus. On opening night Lord LONDONDERRY, making his way along Peers' Gallery in Commons, came upon extraordinary sight. A stranger on front seat overlooking sacred quarter

allotted to Peers, finding himself incommoded by hat and overcoat, neatly folded up the latter, dropped it on the Peers' bench beneath and carefully placed his hat upon it. Hadn't LLOYD GEORGE demonstrated that the land belonged to the people? Here was undeveloped space. As a free man he claimed it for his own uses.

LONDONDERRY, halting, angrily regarded the incumbrance. Turned about with evident intention of calling attendant's notice to unparalleled liberty. At that moment his eye fell on the



"Noble Lords already find themselves in condition of frozen-out gardeners who have no work to do."

(Lord CURZON and Lord LANSDOWNE.)

countenance of the stranger. Could it be? Yes; it was the school proprietor whose patriotic offer of aid to Ulster in approaching civil war he had a few days earlier reported to an admiring nation. Letter offered to provide for two sons of any Ulster volunteer who fell in battle with the myrmidons of an iniquitous Ministry. As sometimes happens, pearl of the letter was hidden in the postscript. Writer explained that he could not very well go to the war himself but would send his partner.

Recognition placed new aspect on little affair. LONDONDERRY perceived it was simple ignorance of customs of the place that led to apparent indiscretion. So with genial nod passed on to seat over the clock.

Few minutes later outraged attendant, catching sight of the bundle, peremptorily ordered its removal.

*Business done.*—By 243 votes against 55 Lords carried MIDDLETON's amendment to Address demanding immediate dissolution. WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE communicated to the MEMBER FOR SARK his conviction that this hide-bound Government will take no notice of the mandate.

"Reminds me," said the Bold Baron, brushing away a manly tear, "of a hymn I learned in the nursery:—

'Tis not enough to say  
You're sorry and repent  
If you go on in the same way  
As you did always went."

### ANOTHER HAPPY ACCIDENT.

(From "The Daily Sale.")

The Daily Sale has peculiar pleasure in announcing that another of its insured readers has been gravely injured by an accident to the taxi-cab, omnibus, train or tram, in (or on) which he was travelling at the time of the disaster. The name of this reader (whose portrait is given) is Mr. Vivian Brackendope, the well-known amateur actor of Burton-on-Beer. Mr. Vivian Brackendope is indeed a lucky man. He is the ninth of our readers to be badly smashed up during the past six weeks. Now, who will be the tenth? Fill up the coupon on page 2 and you will be eligible.

### An Admirable Crichton.

"In the list of successes in the Cambridge Local Examinations we notice the name of P. T. Harris, of Wellingborough Grammar School, who gained credit for himself and his school by passing in every subject and gaining four distinctions, the distinctions being gained in arithmetic, French, algebra, and Little Bowden Pig Club."

Market Harborough Advertiser.

"COUNTRY LIFE: an Illustrated Journal for all interested in Country Life and Country Pursuits, complete from its beginning in 1897 to June 1906, profusely illustrated with views of ancient and modern seats, Country scenes, sporting incidents, and portraits of winning horses, prize beasts, and fashionable beauties."

Bookseller's List.

An ungallant sequence.

### The Wish is Father to the Thought.

"Then, after a last earnest statement of the Ulster position by Mr. Gordon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose to wind up the Government."—Daily Telegraph.





*Ardent Young Lady Visitor (who is being shown over author's sanctum). "How PERFECTLY SWEET IT MUST BE TO HAVE A ROOM WHERE ONE CAN WORK WITHOUT BEING DISTURBED."*

## AT THE PLAY.

### "THE MELTING POT."

It is impossible not to respect the earnestness of Mr. ZANGWILL when he treats of the persecution of his co-religionists in Russia, or their social exclusion in America. But when he appeals to an English audience he is addressing the converted. It is a good many years since the pogrom was a popular form of amusement in this country, and at present the Jew is the flattered idol of English Society. It may seem surprising that his play should have had so great a success in the States, where they are not supposed to have a passion for hearing home truths. But then its main theme is the glorification of America as the Melting Pot or crucible into which are flung the wrongs and hatreds and slaveries of the old world, to re-appear in the shape of justice and love and freedom. This is the theme upon which *David Quixano*, a Kishineff Jew who has lost all his family in a massacre, goes from time to time into an orgy of lyrical raptures. And indeed the swiftness with which the naturalised immigrant, of just any nationality, assimilates himself to local conditions,



A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

*David Quixano* (Mr. WALKER WHITESIDE) to *Herr Pappelmeister* (Mr. CLIFTON ALDERSON). "I cannot take a fee for playing in your orchestra. I am too Quixanotic to do a thing like that."

instantly changing his heart with his change of sky, and learning to wave his stars and stripes with the best of the native-born, must seem miraculous to the ordinary patriot. And here we touch the weak spot in Mr. ZANGWILL's pæan of the Melting Pot. For those who migrate to America for the sake of its democratic freedom are the few; and those who go there for the sake of its dollars are the many; and into the Melting Pot—or, to use an image more apposite to indigenous tastes, its Sausage Machine—are thrown not only the wrongs and hatreds of unhappy races but also the dear traditions of birth and blood and family ties and pride of country, to emerge in a uniform pattern without a past.

For his plot, Mr. ZANGWILL relies upon a very stagy coincidence. *Quixano* falls in love with a young Russian girl who conducts a Settlement Home in New York, and conquers her prejudice against his race, only to find that she is the daughter of the very officer who permitted the massacre at Kishineff in which *Quixano's* family had perished, and himself been wounded. In turn he naturally has his own prejudices to conquer, and does so. But not till he has scared us with the fear that he is



going to be false to his theory of purification by process of the Melting Pot.

Mr. WALKER WHITESIDE, who plays the part, was excellent in his quiet moods, and when he was obliged to rant was no worse than other ranters. The superb solidity of Mr. SASS as the Russian officer served as an admirable foil to the mercurial methods of *Quixano*. Miss PHYLLIS RELPH as the heroine mitigated the effect of her obvious sincerity by a bad trick of showing her nice teeth. Mr. PERCEVAL CLARK, as a young American millionaire, was pleasantly British. Humorous relief of a cosmopolitan order was provided by the Irish brogue of Miss O'CONNOR; the broken English of Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE; the Anglo-German of Mr. CLIFTON ALDERSON who played very well as *Herr Pappelmeister* (Kapellmeister to a New York orchestra); and what I took to be the Yiddish of Miss INEZ BENSUSAN as the aunt of the hero, a pathetic figure of an old lady with firm views about the keeping of the Jewish Sabbath, and a pedantic habit of celebrating with a false nose and other marks of hilarity the anniversary of the escape of the Chosen People from a Persian pogrom twenty-five centuries ago.

It might seem from this long catalogue of humorists that frivolity was the prevailing note of the play. But I can give assurances that this was not so. The prevailing note was a high seriousness, culminating in the last Act, when tedium supervened. I attribute my final depression in part to the scene—a bird's-eye view of New York from the roof-garden of the Settlement House. It was impossible to share *Quixano's* spasm of exaltation in the matter of the Melting Pot as he gazed on this very indifferent example of scenic art.

#### "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

I am not sure that Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER's faithful followers are being quite kindly entreated by him. He happens to have a keen sense of humour and for some little while he has been trying, with a very grave face, to see how much they will swallow. This time, everybody else except the initiated can see the bulge in his cheek where his tongue comes.

The alleged faults of the old school, which the new was to correct, were (1) an over-elaboration of detail in the setting; (2) a realism which challenged reality. ("Challenge," I understand, is the catch-word they use.) Both these qualities were supposed to distract attention from the drama itself. The answer, almost too obvious to be worth stating, is that the grotesque and the eccentric are vastly more distracting

than the elaborate; and that, if you only sound the loud symbol loud enough the audience has no ear left at all for the actual words. As for the "challenging" of reality the new school would argue that, as the stage is a thing of convention to start with—artificial light, no natural atmosphere or perspective, no fourth wall, and so on—all the rest should be convention too. The answer, again almost too obvious, is that, since the audience has to bear the strain of unavoidable convention, you should not wantonly add to their worry. And, anyhow, the human figures on your stage (I leave out fairies and superhumans for the moment) are bound to challenge reality by the fact that they are alive. If Mr. BARKER wants to be consistent (and he would probably repudiate so Philistine a suggestion) his figures should be marionettes worked by strings; and



Hermia (Miss LAURA COWIE). "I upon this bank will rest my head."

for words—if you *must* have words—he might himself read the text from a corner of the top landing of his proscenium.

And the strange thing is that no one in the world has a nicer sense of the beauty of SHAKESPEARE's verse than Mr. BARKER. Indeed he protests in his preface: "They (the fairies) must be not too startling. . . *They mustn't warp your imagination—stepping too boldly between SHAKESPEARE's spirit and yours.*" (The italics are my own comment.) He is of course free, within limits, to choose his own convention about fairies, because we have never seen them, though some of us say we have. Mr. CHESTERTON naturally says they can be of any size; Mr. BARKER says they can be of any age from little *Peaseblossom* and his young friends to hoary antiques with moustaches like ram's horns and beards trickling down to their knees. And as many as like it, and are not afraid of being poisoned, may have gilt faces that make them look like Hindoo idols with the miraculous gift of perspiration. But

he should please remember that the play is not his own. It is, in point of fact, SHAKESPEARE's, and I am certain he was not properly consulted about the Orientalisation of the fairies out of his Warwickshire woodlands. You will be told that he has been properly consulted; that he himself makes *Titania* say that *Oberon* has "come from the furthest steppe of India," and that she too had breathed "the spiced Indian air." But on the same authority Mr. BARKER might just as well have fixed on Asia Minor or Greece as their provenance. She charges *Oberon* with knowing *Hippolyta* too well, and he accuses her of making *Theseus* break faith with a number of ladies. Clearly they were a travelling company and would never have confined themselves to the costumes of any particular clime.

Anyhow, when at His Majesty's you saw *Oberon* in sylvan dress moving lightly through a wood that looked like a wood (and so left your mind free to listen to him), you could believe in all the lovely things he had to say; but when you saw Mr. BARKER's *Oberon* standing stark, like a painted graven image, with yellow cheeks and red eyebrows, up against a symbolic painted cloth, and telling you that he knows a bank where the wild thyme blows, you know quite well that he knows nothing of the kind; and you don't believe a word of it.

But, to leave SHAKESPEARE decently out of the question, I liked the gold dresses of the fairies enormously, so long as *Puck*—a sort of adult *Struwwelpuck* that got badly on my nerves—was not there, destroying every colour scheme with his shrieking scarlet suit, which went with nothing except a few vermilion eyebrows. I liked too the grace of their simple chain-dances on the green mound (English dances, you will note, and English tunes—not Indian). But in the last scene, where they interlace among the staring columns, their movements lacked space. Indeed that was the trouble all through; that, and the pitiless light that poured point-blank upon the stage from the 12-6 muzzles protruding from the bulwarks of the dress-circle. There was no distance, no suggestion of the spirit-world, no sense of mystery (except in regard to Mr. BARKER's intentions).

The best scene was the haunt of *Titania*, with its background of Liberty curtains very cleverly disposed. As drapery they were excellent, but as symbols of a forest I found them a little arbitrary. I do not mind a forest being indicated, if you are short of foliage, by a couple of trees (in tubs, if you like) or even a single tree; but somehow—and the fault is probably



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mine—the spectacle of hanging drapery does not immediately suggest to me the idea of birds' nests. I am afraid I should be just as stupid if Mr. BARKER gave me the same convention the other way round, and showed an interior with foliage to indicate window-curtains.

The play itself, with its rather foolish figures from the Court and the easy buffoonery of its peasants, does not offer great chances of acting; and Miss LAURA COWIE was the only one in the cast who added to her reputation. Her *Hermia* was a delightful performance full of charm and piquancy and real intelligence. Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY sacrificed something of her personality to the exigencies of a flaxen chevelure. Mr. HOLLOWAY'S *Theseus* was wanting in kingliness, and his hunting scene was perhaps the worst thing in the play. He was not greatly helped by his *Hippolyta*, for Miss EVELYN HOPE never began to look like a leader of Amazons. Miss CHRISTINE SILVER'S *Titania* had a certain domestic sweetness, but even a queen of fairies might be a little more queenly. Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY as *Oberon* was a curiously effeminate figure for those who recalled the manly bearing of his mother in the same part. Of the two bemused Athenian lovers, Mr. SWINLEY, as *Lysander*, bore himself as bravely as could be expected.

Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR had, of course, no difficulty with the part of *Bottom*, and Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY'S *Quince* and Mr. QUARTERMAINE'S *Flute* were both excellent. It is to the credit of the whole troupe of rustic players that nobody tried to force the fun.

Apart from a slight tendency to hurry, a trick that, except in swift dialogue or passionate speech, gives the effect of something learnt by heart and not spontaneous, the delivery of the lines—and some of SHAKESPEARE'S most exquisite are here—was done soundly.

Finally, no one who wants to keep level with the table-talk of the day should miss this interesting and intriguing production, especially if he hasn't been to *Parsifal*. O. S.

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"OVER MONT BLANC BY AEROPLANE.

"Thou, too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
Shoots downward."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Conquered, alas! and by one of they dratted flying machines.

---

"EASTBOURNE.—Furnished double-fronted villa, from April, for six or twelve months; facing south; near the downs, fifteen months from pier, five from 'buses.'—*The Lady*.  
Too near for us.

## TO SEPTIMIUS ON TROUT.

(A February Ode.)

To-day the young year in her sleep was stirring

In woods and hearts of men;

To-night 'tis sharper and the cold's recurring—

Septimius, what then?

Draw in and talk of politics and speeches  
To the old tiresome tune?

Not we who saw pale sunshine on the beeches

Only this afternoon;

Who saw the snowdrops frail in woodland hollows,

Who heard the building rooks

Herald a time of flowers and skimming swallows,

Green fields and brawling brooks!

Nay, pledge anew, Septimius, such gages  
Of May-time's radiant rout

Till, as becometh fishermen and sages,  
Our talk shall trend to trout—

To little trout, to little streams that scurry

Where the bill curlews cry,

O'er which the neophyte may splash and flurry,

Yet heap his basket high;

To careful trout, for pundits skilled and wary,

That use upon the chalk,

Plump and recondite, dubious and chary—

On such shall turn our talk.

Then since we're of the Faithful, vowed to follow

Old Thames's placid flow,

We'll breathe of his leviathans that wallow,

In bated tones and low;

And I mayhap shall say a word in token  
Of one prodigious friend

Who lurks—excuse a statement more outspoken—

'Twixt Marlow and Bourne End;

While you, Septimius, set memory roaming

To That which smashed amain

Your trace of proof, and hint how some soft gloaming

He yet shall come again.

So shall we sit this firelit hour, contriving

Blue halcyon days that hold

The lisp of streams in crisping reed-beds striving,

And meadows spun with gold.

---

"Insurance business is ransacted."

*Quarterly Post Office Guide*, p. 154.

The influence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE again.

## INTELLECTUAL DAMAGE TO ANIMALS.

We gather from *The Daily Sketch* that a reverend gentleman at Herno Bay has just founded the S. P. M. C. A., or "Society for the Prevention of Mental Cruelty to Animals," and holds, as part of his propaganda, that the Zoo should be disbanded and abolished, and, in fact, that no wild animals or birds should be kept anywhere in captivity at all.

The S. P. M. C. A. fills a long-felt want. Everyone with any sense of politeness or tact must recognise that it is grossly improper to wound the feelings of the lower orders of creation by the opprobrious use of such epithets as ass, donkey, cat, mule, pig, goose, monkey, and so on. Picture the mental torture and degradation undergone by the self-respecting rodent who overhears the contemptuous exclamation, "Rats!" Realise, if you can, the stigma attached to the hard-working order of garden annelids when, possibly in their very presence, one human being addresses another as a "worm"!

Then, again, take the deplorable breaches of etiquette on the part of visitors at the Zoo. We ourselves have heard the most uncomplimentary allusions made to the appearance of the baboons and the hippopotamus, in the hearing of these unfortunate creatures, and quite regardless of their *amour propre*. The callous Cockney takes care to insult his helpless victims only when they are behind bars and cannot retaliate effectively. One shudders to think of the mental humiliation that is daily experienced by the wart-hog and the mandrill. And even the nobler animals—the lions and bears—are not allowed to escape without prejudicial comment, especially at feeding-time. Not the slightest deference is paid to the private opinions and sentiments of these carnivores by the vulgar crowd of sight-seers. The parrots alone can ease their harassed souls and have the last word with the passer-by.

Meanwhile, we have to apologise to our cat for having recently upbraided him rather too freely for his nocturnal habits and general lack of discipline, not having considered the shock of such language to his sensitive mind.

ZIG-ZAG.

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"Young lady requires secretarial work of any kind, good writer and correspondent, accustomed to literary work, or would write up Parish fashions."—*Daily Mail*.

Smocks are no longer being worn. Sun-bonnets may be expected in a few months.





*Lady (in small Irish hotel). "WAITER, TAKE AWAY THAT BOTTLE AND PUT SOME CLEAN WATER IN IT."*  
*Waiter. "FAITH, MUM, THE WATHER'S ALL RIGHT; 'TIS THE BOTTLE THAT'S DIRTY."*

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"ANYHOW, I can remember this Court and can tell a tale it plays a part in, only not very quick." Thus Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, introductory, on the fourth page of his latest novel, *When Ghost meets Ghost* (HEINEMANN). Before it ends there have been as near nine hundred pages of it as makes no difference; and the things that the author remembers in the course of the tale, and the not-very-quickness with which he tells it, must be seen to be believed. The main outline of this more than leisurely plot is concerned with the coming together of two aged twin sisters, each of whom has been living for years in ignorance of the other's existence, so that they meet at last almost as ghosts. Hence the title. But you will not need to be told that there is ever so much more in the nine hundred pages than this. There are the children *Dave* and *Dolly*, for example; likewise *Uncle Mo*, and any quantity of humble London types; not to mention the group that includes *Lady Gwen*, and *Adrian Torrens*, and a score of others, all drawn with that verbal Pre-Raphaelitism in which the author takes such obvious delight. For myself I must honestly confess that I have found it a little overwhelming; but that, after all, is a question of individual taste. I suppose there is one comparison that is inevitable. I had meant to say never a word about CHARLES DICKENS in this notice, but, like the head of another CHARLES, it would come; and when the chief house in the story began to rumble and finally collapsed in a cloud of dust—well, could anyone help being reminded of how the same incident was handled by the

master of such terrors? In brief, this latest DE MORGAN left me with a profound and increased respect for the author; some little envy for the reader whose time and taste enable him to enjoy it as it should be enjoyed; and, for proof-readers and reviewers, a very pure sympathy.

*The Duchess of Wrexe* (SECKER) is, I think, the longest as it is certainly the most substantial novel that Mr. HUGH WALPOLE has yet given us. It is the work of one who has already made himself a force in modern fiction, and after this book will have more than ever to be reckoned with. Whether the reckoning will be to all tastes is another matter; I incline to think not. Four hundred closely printed pages, in which hardly anything happens to the bodies of the characters, but a great deal to their spirits—this perhaps is toughish meat for the ordinary devourer of fiction. But for the others this study of the passing of an epoch, the time of the Old Society, as symbolised by the figure of the *Duchess*, will be a delight. You might suppose from this (if you were unfamiliar with your author) that we had here a social comedy. Nothing in fact could be further from Mr. WALPOLE's design. For him, as for his characters, there is almost too haunting a sense of the tragedy of trivial things. No one in the book is happy. The *Duchess* herself, stern, aloof, terrible, broken but never bent by the oncoming of the New Order; the various members of the family whom she terrified; *Rachel*, the granddaughter, between whom and the old woman there exists the bond of one of those hatreds in which Mr. WALPOLE so exults; the secretary, *Lizzie Rand*—all of them are tremendously and miserably alive. I think the



matter is that they have too much sensibility, of the modern kind. They see too many meanings. A primrose by a river's brim, or more probably in a flower-seller's basket, is not for them a simple primrose, but a portent of soul-shaking significance. To make up for this the author has gifted them with his own exquisite sense of colour and words, and especially a feeling for the beauty of London that at times almost reconciles them to life. But I could wish them merrier.

Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's new novel, *One Man Returns* (MILLS AND BOON), opens with a very powerful and dramatic situation. Nothing in its way could be better than the description of the lonely *Trevena* family, of their vigil during the terrible storm, of the shipwreck and the sudden arrival of the two strangers, father and son, who are its only survivors. The father dies immediately without revealing his identity, and the son, slowly nursed back to health by the devoted care of *Enid Trevena*, resumes his life without any consciousness of the past, having forgotten even his own name. As

a matter of fact he is *Cyril Oswald*, the lawful inheritor of *Oswald Hall* and great estates, which, of course, pass into the possession of the nearest villain. This is *Major Harley*, a gentleman of a lurid past and an infamous present, mitigated only by the fact that he has a beautiful and amiable daughter, *Dorothy*, who, having been educated at *Roedean School*, conceives herself to be qualified to run after beagles. In the natural course of things she sprains her ankle and is beloved by *Rupert Sandford*, the chief beagler of the novel. She

then quarrels with her disgraceful parent, is adopted by *Mrs. Sandford* (mother to *Rupert*), and becomes the affianced bride of *Rupert*, though for a time she had been inclined to look with favour on *Cyril*. This young gentleman eventually recovers his estates by course of law and returns to Cornwall and *Enid* just in time to cut out that young lady from under the guns of *Merrifield*, a South African millionaire who had complicated the situation by providing *Cyril* with money for his law-suit. What happened to *Major Harley* is not stated, but I presume he must have drunk off the phial of poison which such desperate adventurers always carry concealed about their persons.

"The matrimonial career of suburban lovers," says Miss JESSIE POPE in a prologue to *The Tracy Tubbses* (MILLS AND BOON), "is seldom variegated by so many curious happenings as fell to the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Tubbs;" and to this statement I can give my unqualified assent. No sooner were the *T.T.'s* married than they were beset by such wonderful and various misfortunes that I should like to try and "place" them. The Lion, I think, won in a canter, *Aunt Julia* was a bad second, and The Chafing-dish was third, while among the "also ran" were several Policemen, The Balloon, *Cross-eyed Cranstone* and The Motor-Bicycle. But whether the *T.T.'s* were nearly devoured by wild

beasts or merely annoyed by aunts and chafing-dishes, they continued to embrace each other with magnificent heartiness whenever they had a moment to spare. In short, Miss POPE's high spirits never flag; and, even if you fail to be amused by all the incidents in the *T.T.'s* career, you will be glad to make the acquaintance—under a new aspect, for Miss POPE's talent as a maker of light verse is established—of a writer so unaffectedly cheerful and exhilarating.

"I cannot marry you or any man; I am not free," said *Polly Adair* to *Hemingway*, and the italics were her own. For my part, having been rather pointedly informed earlier in the story that the lady was understood in Zanzibar to be a widow, I began at this stage to suspect that there was something lacking in the lateness of *Mr. Adair*. This was a great pity, because *Polly* and *Hemingway* were obviously meant for each other, as she and he and I and Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS were unanimously agreed. But there the fatal obstacle was, whatever it might be. "I am not free," she repeated, and again the italics were her very own.

After much to-do, it came out that what she meant was that she had a brother who oughtn't to be free; ought, if justice were done, to be picking oakum or whatever else they pick in their leisure hours way back in U.S.A. And this was the whole and the sole fatal obstacle! *Hemingway* took it as it came; Mr. DAVIS seemed quite pleased about it; but I felt that I had been wantonly deceived. Baffle me by all means, said I, but do not lie to me. Maybe I was not in a good temper at the time, for the three preceding stories were not calculated to stir the gentlest reader's sympathies.

Possibly I am not in a good temper now, for the three later stories (though "The God of Coincidence" only just missed fire) were not distracting enough to deaden my sense of injury. A pity, for *The Lost Road* (DUCKWORTH) has such a good cover and the name of such a good author on the back of it.

#### Editorial Candour.

Notice in *Nash's Magazine* at the beginning of a new series:—

"The theme of this story is a strange one handled with the consummate skill one expects from so clever a writer as Gouverneur Morris. . . . This story will stimulate your interest. It is quite different from anything Mr. Morris has previously written."

"Cambridge.

The appointment of Mr. W. W. Buckland, of Caius, to be Regius Professor of Civil War is in accordance with general expectation, though there were those who thought that the Government might go outside the circle of University teachers."—*The Record*.

Mr. DEVLIN was surely indicated.

"CANARY WANTED. Young, intelligent bird wanted for training. For right bird, right price paid. Apply, with bird, Tuesday morning next, at 11 o'clock. M. D., Stage Door, Palladium, London, W.C."

*The Referee.*

Dangerous, asking for the bird like that.



AS DRESS PARADES HAVE BECOME QUITE A FEATURE OF MODERN LIFE, SURELY THE RESTAURANT OFFERS A RICH FIELD OF ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE ENTERPRISING OUTFITTER THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF WAITERS.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE has the mumps. It seems that his Imperial Father was not consulted in the matter beforehand, and further domestic differences are anticipated.

KING SISOVATH of Cambodia, we learn from *Le Petit Journal*, was so pleased with a white elephant sent him by the Governor-General of French Indo-China that he has raised the animal—a fine female—to the dignity of a Princess. The news soon got about, and considerable jealousy is felt at our Zoo, where there is not so much as even a baronet among the inmates.

General VON PLETTENBURGH, commanding the Prussian Guards Corps, has issued a decree against the wearing of the so-called "tooth-brush" moustache, pointing out that such an appendage is unsuitable for a Prussian soldier and "not consonant with the German national character." The implication is very unpleasant.

"It is generally reported," says a contemporary, "that Sir EDWARD GREY speaks no German, and French very badly. M. VENIZELOS, the Greek Prime Minister, declared that he had the greatest difficulty in understanding Sir EDWARD'S French." As a matter of fact a little bird tells us that on this occasion our Foreign Secretary was speaking Greek.

"Mr. Asquith," said *The Times*, "in a message to the Liberal candidate for South Bucks, emphasizes the prime importance of the Irish issue." There is, of course, nothing like massage for rubbing things in.

Herr BALLIN, head of the Hamburg-American Line, and Herr HEINEKEN, head of the rival North-German Lloyd Company, came to London last week, and are said to have concluded peace in the Atlantic rate war. We understand that the arrangement is to be known as the Pool of London.

The authorities at Barotse, *The Globe* tells us, have put a price on the heads of all lions there. One can picture the mean sportsman, with a pair of field-glasses, picking out the cheapest before firing.

"61,000 TERRITORIALS SHORT."  
*Daily Mail.*

Still, it is pretty generally recognised now that a small man may make every bit as good a soldier as a big one, and, besides, there is always less of him to hit.



CLOSE OF THE COURSING SEASON.

Among the temporary teachers appointed to carry on schools in Herefordshire during the teachers' strike was an asylum attendant. This confirms the report that many of the children were mad at finding that the schools did not close in consequence of the strike.

It is denied that the name of the Philharmonic Hall, where Mr. PONTING'S moving pictures of the Antarctic Expedition are being shown, is to be changed to the Philharmonic Hall.

RICHARD STRAUSS'S new work, dealing with the story of JOSEPH and POTIPHAR'S wife, is to be produced shortly in Paris. A musical play version of it, entitled "After the Man," may be looked for here.

From Rome comes the news that a young man who was being examined

in a hospital there has been found to have two separate stomachs. This announcement that the ideal man has at last been evolved has caused the greatest excitement here in Corporation circles.

"LYCEUM CLUB.  
100 YEARS OF PEACE."  
*Daily Telegraph.*

Surely a record for a lady's club?

"CHANGE OF NAME.  
FROM  
JACOB GALBA IWUSHUKU-BRIGHT  
TO  
GALBA IWUCHUKU OLUKOTUN."  
*Sierra Leone Weekly News.*

We notice no improvement.

Commercial Candour.  
Notice in a shop window at Reading:  
"TRY —'S SAUSAGES: NONE LIKE 'EM."



## CIVIL WAR ESTIMATES.

*(A Ministerial Apology.)*

Your talk is vanity, you who lightly vouch  
That we, indifferent to the country's call, shun  
A crisis under which the People crouch  
Like DAMOCLES beneath the pendent falchion;  
That from our minds, incredibly deluded,  
Ulster is still excluded.

It is not so. All day (between our meals)  
We find this topic really most attractive;  
In watches of the night it often steals  
Into our waking dreams, and keeps us active,  
Like sportsmen whom the rude mosquito chases,  
Trying to save our faces.

But we have other tasks, and "Duty First"  
Must be our cry before we yield to Pleasure;  
Our Annual Estimates must be rehearsed  
Ere more alluring themes engage our leisure;  
The Budget's claims are urgent; Ulster's fate  
Can obviously wait.

Besides, no Government should go to war  
Without the wherewithal to pay for forage,  
For ammunition and a Flying Corps  
And canned meats to stimulate the courage;  
And this applies, as far as we can tell,  
To civil wars as well.

For, though our foes confine us to a sphere  
Of relatively narrow operations,  
We are advised that they may cost us dear,  
And therefore, in our coming calculations,  
As Trustees of the Race we dare not miss  
To estimate for this.

Hence these delays—all carefully thought out.  
But when from hibernation we emerge on  
The vernal prime and things begin to sprout,  
Our Ulster policy shall also burgeon;  
With sap of April coursing through our blood  
We too shall burst in bud. O. S.

## THE GREAT RESIGNER.

*(A Forecast.)*

March, 1914.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN describes MR. JOHN REDMOND as "brother to the middle-aged sea-serpent from the County Clare."

MR. JOHN REDMOND denies that he is a sea-serpent.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, having denounced this denial as "the last effort of a defeated dastard," resigns his seat for Cork City.

MR. O'BRIEN is re-elected without a contest.

April, 1914.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN in an impassioned speech advocates conciliation all round in Ireland, and refers to MR. JOHN REDMOND as "a moth-eaten, moss-gathering malingerer of unparalleled ferocity."

MR. REDMOND is seen to smile.

MR. O'BRIEN, declaring that he has never been so much insulted in his life, resigns his seat for Cork City.

MR. O'BRIEN is re-elected without a contest.

May, 1914.

An Alderman of Cork fails to take off his hat to MR. O'BRIEN.

MR. O'BRIEN summons a meeting of his supporters

and, in a five-hours' speech, states that, in spite of the unexampled infamy of MR. REDMOND, he will never abandon his efforts for Irish unity.

MR. REDMOND says nothing.

MR. O'BRIEN states that "the truckling truculence of a mock-modest monster of meretricious mendacity cannot be allowed to prevail against a policy of sober and sympathetic silence."

MR. REDMOND having abstained from a reply, MR. O'BRIEN resigns his seat for Cork City and is shortly afterwards re-elected without a contest.

June, 1914.

MR. ASQUITH, in moving the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, does not mention MR. O'BRIEN, who swoons in his place and is carried speechless from the House of Commons.

On the following day MR. O'BRIEN issues to the world a manifesto of 60,000 words, in which he describes MR. REDMOND as "a palsied purveyor of pledge-breaking platitudes," and announces that the Irish question can be settled only by the good will of men of all parties.

MR. REDMOND takes no notice.

MR. O'BRIEN declares that he can no longer pursue a policy of conciliation and mildness, and resigns his seat for Cork City as a protest against the "frenzied flaunting of flattery and folly" in which, he says, MR. REDMOND spends his time.

MR. O'BRIEN, having been re-elected without a contest, immediately re-resigns twelve times in advance.

## CINEMA NEWS.

FINAL preparations have now been made to film MR. THORNTON'S first day as General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway. By kind permission of Lord CLAUD HAMILTON representatives of all the other railway companies are to be present to take notes, like the foreign military attachés in a war. A good "movie" should result.

Another film which should provide entertainment and instruction in the highest degree is the "Day in the Life of MR. C. K. SHORTER" which is now being arranged for. The great critic will be followed hour by hour with faithful persistence. He will be seen editing *The Sphere* with one hand and putting all the writing fellows in their place with the other. He will be seen in that wonderful library of his which covers two acres in St. John's Wood, reading, annotating and correcting; he will be seen at lunch at his club with other intellectual kings, his intimate friends; shaking hands with MR. HARDY; entering a taxi; leaving a taxi and paying the fare; dining with Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL; attending a first night and applauding only when applause is merited; and finally returning home to read more books. In all, about fourteen miles.

It will be regretfully learned by the great public, always ready for new thrillers, that all efforts to induce MR. BALFOUR to part with the cinema rights of his Gifford lectures have failed.

"In consequence of the farm labourers and carters employed on various farms in the parish and village of Chitterne having come out on strike, work of all kinds, with the exception of lambing, is at a complete standstill."—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle*.  
These black-leg ewes!

"Mr. Kipling, who met with a warm deception."—*Daily Graphic*.  
Not a bit of it. Everyone was frankly delighted to see and hear him.





## THE THRONE PERILOUS.

AUSTRIA AND ITALY (to the new Ruler of Albania). "BE SEATED, SIR."









Mother (to her boy, who has just struck his little sister with his Teddy Bear). "WHY DID YOU HIT YOUR SISTER IN THE FACE, JOHN?"  
John. "'Cos IT WAS THE ONLY PART OF HER I COULD SEE."

### MUSICAL DIAGNOSIS.

DR. JAMES CANTLIE has reported that "the placing of a tuning-fork against the body of a patient enables him to gauge the limits of the liver with almost hair-breadth precision." He believes that musical diagnosis will prove reliable in the case of broken bones, and asserts that already it has been proved that a fatty liver gives out tones distinct from a cirrhotic liver.

A superb performance of HERR RICHARD STRAUSS's "German Measles Concerto" was given last night by the Queen's Hall orchestra. The tempo was throughout wonderfully high. The three fine solo passages for the left kidney were finely rendered; while the exquisite *diminuendo* to convalescence with which the work concludes greatly impressed a neurotic audience.

The tuning-fork test has proved that several of the most popular of recent rag-time tunes were originally scored by the brain of a patient who had met with a severe concussion while attempting to escape over the high wall of an Asylum for Incurable Idiots.

An interesting incident is reported in the Medical press from a well-known Nursing Home. It appears that one

of the female attendants, on applying the tuning-fork to what was alleged to be the broken heart of a patient, was astonished to obtain as response the first five bars of "You Made Me Love You." The case has, we learn, been since discharged cured.

### NUPTIAL NOVELTIES.

["Two prominent members of the Horne Bay Angling Association were married on Saturday afternoon at St. Martin's Church, Horne Bay.

An interesting feature of the wedding was the assembly of members of the association, who lined the pathway to the church door and formed an archway of fishing-rods, to which silver horseshoes had been attached.

The bridegroom's father is not only president of the angling association, but captain of the Horne Bay Fire Brigade, members of which formed a guard of honour with crossed hatchets."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE nuptials of Mr. Desmond Wadilove and Miss Esther Priddie, whose parents are prominently implicated in the milk trade, were marked by several interesting and appropriate spectacular incidents. A specially attractive feature was the progress of the wedding procession between a double row of milk-cans. Later on the bride and bridegroom left for Cowes (I.W.) amid a volley of pats of butter defily hurled by the

officials of the Sursum Corda Dairy Company, Ltd.

Last Saturday the wedding of Mr. Nestor Young and Miss Leonora Dargle was celebrated with great *éclat* at St. Mark's, Datchet. Out of respect for the calling of the bride's father all the wedding party proceeded to the sacred edifice in bath-chairs, which imparted to the ceremony an air of solemnity too often neglected at up-to-date weddings. The bridegroom's father being a leading pork-butcher, imitation sausages formed part of the trimmings of the bride's going-away dress.

Mr. Donald MacLurkin, the golf professional of the Culbin Sands Golf Club, was married last Friday at Lossiemouth to Miss Janet Sutor, of Cromarty. A charming effect was produced by a guard of honour, composed of members of the golf club, holding aloft crossed brassies, beneath which the happy pair passed into the church, while the caddies clashed niblicks and other iron clubs. The bride wore a cream silk bogey skirt, slightly caught up so as to show the pink dots of the stymied underskirt, and a simple Dunlop V corsage. A dainty little pot-bunker hat completed a costume as novel as it was natty.



## THE ROYALISTS.

EIGHT of us travel up to town every morning by the Great Suburban Railway. I have no politics. Gibbs is a Unionist Free Trader. Three of the others are Radicals and three Unionists. On one side of the compartment are ranged *The Daily Mail*, *The Daily Express* and *The Daily Telegraph*. Boldly confronting them are two *Daily Chronicles* and a *Daily News*. Gibbs contents himself with a *Daily Graphic*, while I choose every day the paper with the least sensational placard.

You can imagine what the journeys are like. Filmer will put down his *Daily Express* and say with feeling, "If I could only get that infernal Welsher by the throat." Then Rodgers will lay down his *Daily News* and sneer, "What has aggravated the toadies of the Dukes to-day?" In a moment the battle is in full swing. Bennett breaks in with assertions that peace and unity will never prevail till the Cabinet has been hanged. Chalmers makes a mild proposal for the imprisonment of the Armament Ring which is gnawing at the country's vitals. And when there has been a by-election and both sides claim the moral victory I have no doubt that the men in signal-boxes think that murder is taking place in our carriage.

However, one day Filmer made a reference to Marconi speculations which caused Rodgers to shake the dust from his feet (an easy thing on the Great Suburban line) and leave the compartment at the next station. Then Chalmers and Simcox bore down on Filmer with statistics about our booming trade. When we reached the next station, Filmer darted out of the compartment, declining to travel any longer with a set of miserable Cobdenite Little Englanders. I was horrified—not at the absence of Rodgers and Filmer, which could have been endured—but at the idea that the gaps they left in the carriage might be filled up by even worse persons than politicians. Suppose golfers took their places. On one occasion, when Gibbs had influenza, an intruder had described to us the fixing of a new carburettor to his car.

Then the great idea came to me—the formation of the Society. The next morning I went up to Filmer and

Rodgers as they stood apart from us and each other on the platform and said, "Come to the others for a moment. They want to apologise to you."

"They didn't, but sometimes one has to choose between the cause of peace and that of truth."

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have noticed this. Nearly all our little controversies begin in one way. Somebody says, 'I call a spade a spade and BONAR LAW (or LLOYD GEORGE) a lying, treacherous scoundrel.' I propose that we form

and LONG, and the Radicals thought it would be ecstasy to hear panegyrics of LLOYD GEORGE and MASTERMAN from the Unionists.

The Society was formed at once and has proved an enormous success. Peace and goodwill reign amongst us. It is a perpetual delight to see Filmer put down his *Daily Express* and with the veins bulging out from his forehead say, "That accurate and careful financier who has so immeasurably raised the status of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer"; or to hear Chalmers remark, "Sad

would it be if that most honey-tongued and soft-hearted of politicians, dear F. E. SMITH, should have his life ended by a British bayonet."

One or two prepare their delicate eulogies beforehand and refer to notes; but this is thought unfair. The compartment, as a whole, prefers the impromptu praise that has the air of coming from the heart.

I am thinking of offering to the House of Commons and the House of Lords free membership in The Royalists. Perhaps Messrs. LLOYD GEORGE and LEO MAXSE would consent to act as perpetual Joint Presidents, with Lord HUGH CECIL and the Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD as Chaplains.

"He is only a tame duck who with sheepish timidity attempts to controvert the determination of a body of frontiersmen from their purpose by firing at them with a water squirt."

*Bulawayo Chronicle.*

It sounds more like a wild duck.



"AT SMITH"

MacBull. "I SHALL BE A GAY GRASS WIDOWER FOR THE NEXT TWO MONTHS—WIFE'S GONE FOR A HOLIDAY TO THE WEST INDIES."

O' Bear. "JAMAICA?"

MacBull. "No, IT WAS HER OWN IDEA."

ourselves into the Society for Not Calling a Spade a Spade."

"What do you propose to call it? 'A Royal'?" This from Gibbs, who is a master of auction bridge.

"By all means," I said. "It gives dignity and an enhanced value to a vulgar agricultural utensil. And the Society can be called 'The Royalists' for short. Its single rule is to be this, that any member speaking of any politician of the opposite Party except in terms of eulogy shall be fined ten shillings and sixpence. The fines to be divided equally between the Tariff Reform League and the Free Trade Union."

For a moment there was hesitation. Then the Opposition rejoiced at the idea of hearing the Radicals praise LAW

From Publishers' Announcements:—

"BORROWED THOUGHTS."

(A Handbook for Lent, with an Introduction by a popular Bishop.) Limp, 9d."

"Lot 3. Extra Dry, Cuvée Reservée, 60/- A really excellent pure Wine, which we bought lying abroad."

We trust they won't sell it lying at home.

"Generally crime is normal and no increase in mortality is reported. Little wandering, emigration, or emaciation is noticed. Cattle are being sold in large numbers in Hamirpur. Blankets are being distributed to the poor."

(For other Sporting News see page 8.)

*Advocate of India.*

There is nothing narrow about the sporting tastes of our Oriental contemporary.





Larry. "TRESHPASSING, IS UT? JUST WAIT TILL WE GIT HOME RULE. IVERY MAN 'LL DO AS HE LIKES THIN—AND THIM'S THAT WON'T 'LL BE MADE TO!"

### THE INVADERS.

From all sides news pours in concerning the rush for American managers of English concerns. At last the excellence of the American business man's habits are being recognised, probably not a little owing to the vogue of such plays as *Get-rich-quick Wallingford*, *Broadway Jones* and *The Fortune Hunters*, wherein we see hustling methods justifying by their success all the odd measures which led to dollars. That the dominating business man who thus rises to greatness has to marry a clerk or typist is perhaps only a detail, but if the plays are to be taken as a guide it is expected of him.

The great tailoring house of Tarn, which has just appointed a manager from Cleveland, Ohio, on the advice of Lord CLAUD HAMILTON, has completely transformed its cutting department. All jackets are now made to reach to the knees, with shoulders that project beyond the wearer's body one foot on each side. The trousers are wide at the knees and tight at the ankles, and are very effective. Walking-sticks must not be worn with these suits. Messrs. Tarn hope to bring back the frock coat very shortly, especially for politicians.

The American scholar who has just been appointed to the Chair of English Composition at Oxford has already made some drastic reforms. No longer may the student write that he has a book "at home"; he must say "to home." The participle "got" has gone in favour of "gotten"; while the only text-books in use are of Trans-Atlantic origin. The University has adopted the college cry of "No, No, No Eng Lish Need, Need, Need Apply!"

This yell will be used by Oxford partisans at the Inter-University Sports during the performances of American RHODES Scholars.

The latest news to reach us as we go to press is that the directors of various London music halls are thinking seriously whether or not they will call in American assistance for their revues, either producers, actors or musicians. But this is an innovating step which will require the deepest thought.

### SINGING WATER.

I HEARD—'twas on a morning, but when it was and where,  
Except that well I heard it, I neither know nor care—  
I heard, and, oh, the sunlight was shining in the blue,  
A little water singing as little waters do.

At Lechlade and at Buscot, where Summer days are long,  
The tiny rills and ripples they tremble into song;  
And where the silver Windrush brings down her liquid gems,  
There's music in the wavelets she tosses to the Thames.

The eddies have an air too, and brave it is and blithe;  
I think I may have heard it that day at Bablockhythe;  
And where the Eynsham weir-fall breaks out in rainbow  
spray  
The Evenlode comes singing to join the pretty play.

But where I heard that music I cannot rightly tell;  
I only know I heard it, and that I know full well:  
I heard a little water, and, oh, the sky was blue,  
A little water singing as little waters do.

R. C. L.



## AN APOLOGY THAT MADE THINGS WORSE.

WE had a fancy-dress ball on December 30th. They have these things in nearly all Swiss Hotels and you have to put up with them. As a matter of fact Matilda and I enjoyed ourselves. We supped well and danced quite often. At 3.30 A.M. we set out for our rooms. We took a lighted candle with us to keep us warm as we went. The way to get the most warmth from a candle is to sit round it. As the corridor was cold, we sat round the candle outside Miss Wortley's room, but this was quite accidental.

We didn't know that she had gone to bed at 10.30 P.M. with the primary object of sleeping and the ulterior motive of getting up the next morning in time to catch an early train. We weren't to know that she had wasted her time from 11 P.M. to 3.25 A.M. listening to a procession of revellers retiring to their rooms. We had no suspicion that she was just dozing off for the first time when we stopped to warm ourselves. We really made very little noise, though we may have laughed just a little. The report which has got about, that I tried to climb up the wall to see the time, is inaccurate. The clock is not nearly high enough up the wall to render this necessary, and I didn't care a button what the time was.

If we had known that the Germans who ought to have been asleep in the room opposite to Miss Wortley would come out into the corridor and shout in their nasty guttural language, we should probably not have tried to find out whether anything was attached to the other end of a piece of tape that protruded from under their door. It was quite a long piece of tape, and there was something attached to the end of it, though we never found out what that something was. Anyway, it was too large to pass under the door, though we pulled the tape quite hard. We had just given up our investigation and reached our respective rooms when the German family arrived in the corridor and commented on the matter.

I can't see that we were really to blame because Miss Wortley suffered from insomnia, missed her early train next morning and had to pay an extra half franc for having breakfast in her bedroom. She was very unpleasant about it and went round telling everybody that we had kept her awake all night. She was one of those women who— But there, I don't want to be nasty, and anyone who reads this will guess the kind of woman she was.

The next day was New Year's Eve. After dinner we took part in an Ice Carnival, then we saw the New Year in, and then we drank practically everybody's health. At 2 A.M. I was sitting in the lounge talking to Matilda when a kind of peaceful sensation came over me, and I began to be sorry that there was any bad feeling between Miss Wortley and us; so I said to Matilda, "It's New Year's Day and I should like to start it on friendly terms with everyone, including Miss Wortley. I think I shall apologise to her about last night; we may have been a little thoughtless."

"I don't see what there is to apologise for," said Matilda, "but I suppose it can't do any harm and it may help to make things pleasant all round. If you're going to apologise I suppose I ought to do the same."

"Come on then," I said.

"Where to?"

"To apologise."

"Don't be absurd; we can't apologise now. We'll apologise to-morrow."

"We might miss her to-morrow, and we ought to do a thing like this without delay and as early in the New Year as possible. If I don't do it now, I may not feel apologetic later on, and I don't want to go through the year with even a tittle of Miss Wortley's insomnia on my conscience."

Matilda seemed rather uncertain about it, but after a time recognised that I was right, and we went up to Miss Wortley's room. I had to knock loudly on her door before I got any answer, but eventually a sleepy voice said, "Come in."

I didn't think that we had better do that, so I knocked again.

"All right, you can bring in the water."

"It isn't exactly your shaving water—in fact it's hardly time to get up yet," I shouted.

"What's the matter? Is the place on fire?" I heard sounds as of a person getting out of bed, so I said, "You needn't get up, it's only us. We wanted to apologise about last night. We're sorry you didn't sleep very well. Of course it wasn't altogether our fault, but still we thought that we should like to apologise; in fact we didn't feel that we could go to sleep until we had apologised; and—and we wanted to wish you a Happy New Year."

I am not sure that I did the thing very well, but I am sure that it would have sounded better and that I shouldn't have ended so lamely if Matilda hadn't been so tactless as to laugh in the middle. Somehow I got the idea that the apology hadn't been accepted in

the spirit in which it had been tendered. Suspicious sounds came from within, including the click of a water jug; also the German family opposite seemed to be under the impression that it was time to get up—so we didn't wait to say Good-night, but slipped quietly out of the way. Miss Wortley's door and the door opposite opened simultaneously. There were two splashes like water thrown from jugs, and I fancy that more than one person got wet. It isn't easy to discover exactly what is happening when two people are shouting at the tops of their voices in different languages, but I didn't gather that they quite cleared the matter up to their mutual satisfaction.

## EVERY AUTHOR'S WIFE.

"What is the first step towards literary production? It is imperative, if you wish to write with any freshness at all, that you should utterly ruin your digestion."—H. G. WELLS.

"WHAT have you dined on, husband mine?"

"Chocolate creams and ginger wine."

"What did you take as an appetiser?"

"Haggis and Sauerkraut à la Kaiser."

"Didn't they give you any sweet?"

"Hard-boiled eggs and whisky neat."

"And your fruit, I trust, was over-ripe?"

"Doughnuts five with a pound of tripe."

"Have you had nothing at all since then?"

"Lobster and stout." "Then here's your pen,

"You must do a chapter or two to-night; Have a banana and start to write."

## New Anglo-German Entente.

"Young gentlemen wish young English lady to learn how for the common joint exchange for the language sunday by flying outs Pleasing writing at the office chiffré J. 810."—*Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*.

## NOTICE.

In order to popularise the Corporation Crematorium, at Crematorium Road, the Corporation have decided as an experimental measure to abolish the fees now charged for the use of the Crematorium for one year."

*Capital (Calcutta).*

The inducement leaves us cold.

## The Infant Samson.

"2s. 6d. REWARD will be paid for name of Small Boy who pushed a Cab Horse down in the Station Yard, Teignmouth."

*Express and Echo (Exeter).*

## More Commercial Candour.

From a Leeds grocer's circular:—

"A perfection of blending is obtained in— Tea, which, upon analysis, is pronounced to be absolutely injurious to health."



## THE IDEAL FILM PLOT.

[THE brisk demand by Cinema companies for new picture-play stories has led many writers of talent to turn their attention to this fascinating branch of literature. Unfortunately they often fail not only to acquire a proper knowledge of the technique of the art, but to take steps to ascertain what the public really wants. With the object of helping authors in both directions we publish below a scenario which has been described by an authority as "the ideal film plot."]

## THE FIREBRAND'S REDEMPTION.

## Persons :

*Ferdinand, a Cowboy.*

*General Devereux.*

*Phyllis Devereux, his daughter.*

*Joe, a soldier.*

*Cowboys, miners, soldiers, Indians, etc.*

## PART I.

*Ferdinand's headlong career to the Devil is arrested by the beautiful Phyllis Devereux.*

FIRST SCENE.—A drinking saloon in the Wild West. Cowboys, miners and Western demi-mondaines playing cards at top speed and drinking heavily. Enter *Ferdinand*, drunk and carrying a huge revolver in each hand and a tomahawk between his teeth. He forces the bar-tender to "hands up" and begins shooting down the bottles ranged along the counter. Enter *Phyllis*. As soon as *Ferdinand* sees her he drops the pistols and trembles violently. *Phyllis* regards him searchingly and leaves the saloon. *Ferdinand* follows unsteadily. Projection on screen:—

Gee, boys! Ferd's hit, sure!

SECOND SCENE.—Outside the saloon. *Phyllis* is seen entering a sumptuous motor. *Ferdinand* falls to his knees, but she disregards him. As the motor moves away he prepares to strike himself on the back of the neck with his tomahawk, but when the fatal blow is about to fall *Phyllis* leans over the back of the car and blows him a kiss. Enlargement of *Ferdinand's* face working with emotion and finally settling into an expression of immense determination. Projection on screen:—

I swear never to drink again!

## PART II.

*Ferdinand is called upon to show himself worthy, but the old Adam conquers.*

FIRST SCENE.—Outside *General Devereux's* tent. Soldiers, Staff Officers, etc. *General* sits in full uniform at a



"HAVE YOU ANY GOLF BALLS GUARANTEED TO GO STRAIGHT?"

"NOT HERE, MADAM. YOU MIGHT TRY THE CONJURING DEPARTMENT—FIRST FLOOR."

table. Enter *Joe*, a very fat soldier. He trips over his rifle, turns a somersault and salutes. The *General* points to the left and *Joe* goes off. Enter *Phyllis*, who talks and gesticulates with feeling. Projection on screen:—

Pop, I love him!

Enter *Ferdinand*. Much talk and discussion. Projection on screen:—

You must prove yourself worthy of her!

The *General* points dramatically to the left and writes at great speed. Projection on screen, in angular handwriting:—

Send help at once! We are surrounded and in sore straits!—*Devereux*.

He hands paper to *Ferdinand*. Both point dramatically to the left. *Phyllis* leans over her lover's shoulder and reads. All three point dramatically to the left.

SECOND SCENE.—A wood. Enter *Joe*, walking cautiously. Suddenly a Red Indian in full war paint rushes towards him. *Joe* turns tail and flies.

THIRD SCENE.—More wood. *Joe* is seen running at about thirty-five miles an hour, pursued by seven Indians.

FOURTH SCENE.—A tract of rocky country. *Joe* is seen running at about fifty-two miles an hour, pursued by fifteen Indians.

FIFTH SCENE.—The bank of a river. *Joe* is seen running at about seventy-eight miles an hour, pursued by twenty-three Indians. He trips over a stone and falls into the water. Enter





Mistress (discussing housemaid who has given notice). "WELL, OF COURSE, IF SHE WANTS TO GO SHE MUST. BUT IT SEEMS FOOLISH OF HER IF HER ONLY REASON IS THAT SHE WANTS A CHANGE. SHE WON'T GET A BETTER PLACE THAN THIS."

Cook. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I TELL THE SILLY GIRL, MA'AM. 'DEPEND UPON IT,' I SAYS TO HER, 'YOU 'LL ONLY BE GOING OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.'"

*Ferdinand* on horseback. He dismounts and fires a revolver. Four Indians bite the dust. He fires again. Four more Indians bite the dust and the rest fly. *Ferdinand* shades his right eye, peers into the river, dives in and presently reappears with *Joe*. The latter feels anxiously in his pockets and produces a flask. He hands it to *Ferdinand*, who drinks. Enlargement of *Ferdinand* drinking.

### PART III.

*Phyllis* again to the rescue.

FIRST SCENE.—The same. *Ferdinand* and *Joe* lie on the ground drunk. Enter *Phyllis* disguised as a soldier. Expressive despair. She searches *Ferdinand's* pockets and finds despatch, which is again projected on the screen. She points dramatically to the left and looks doubtfully at *Ferdinand*. Then she takes out a revolver, averts her eyes and shoots him in the shoulder. Projection on screen:—

They will think he has been wounded by the enemy and will suspect nothing!

SECOND SCENE.—A wood. *Phyllis* on horseback riding at a great pace

and waving the despatch in her right hand.

### PART IV.

*All's well that ends well.*

FIRST SCENE.—A hospital. *Ferdinand* and *Joe* lying in cots and attended by nurses. *Ferdinand* signals to *Joe* and they leap out of bed, gag the nurses and tie them up with towels. Then they make a rope of bedclothes and climb out of the window.

SECOND SCENE.—Outside the hospital. *Ferdinand*, in pyjamas, is seen sliding rapidly down the rope. *Joe* follows. The rope breaks and he falls with a crash to the ground.

THIRD SCENE.—A field, with an aeroplane attended by mechanics standing in it. Enter *Ferdinand* and *Joe* running. They climb into the machine, the motor is started and they shoot out of the picture.

FOURTH SCENE.—The sky. An aeroplane flying very high and very fast.

FIFTH SCENE.—A forest. *Phyllis* is tied to a tree and three Red Indians are about to run her through with spears. Suddenly they look upwards as if disturbed by some noise. At this moment *Ferdinand* drops to the ground from the top of the picture. He at

once shoots the Indians and releases *Phyllis*. The latter points dramatically to the right and produces a paper. Projection on screen:—

30,000 men will relieve you to-morrow!—Conolly.

*Ferdinand* and *Phyllis* both point dramatically to the right.

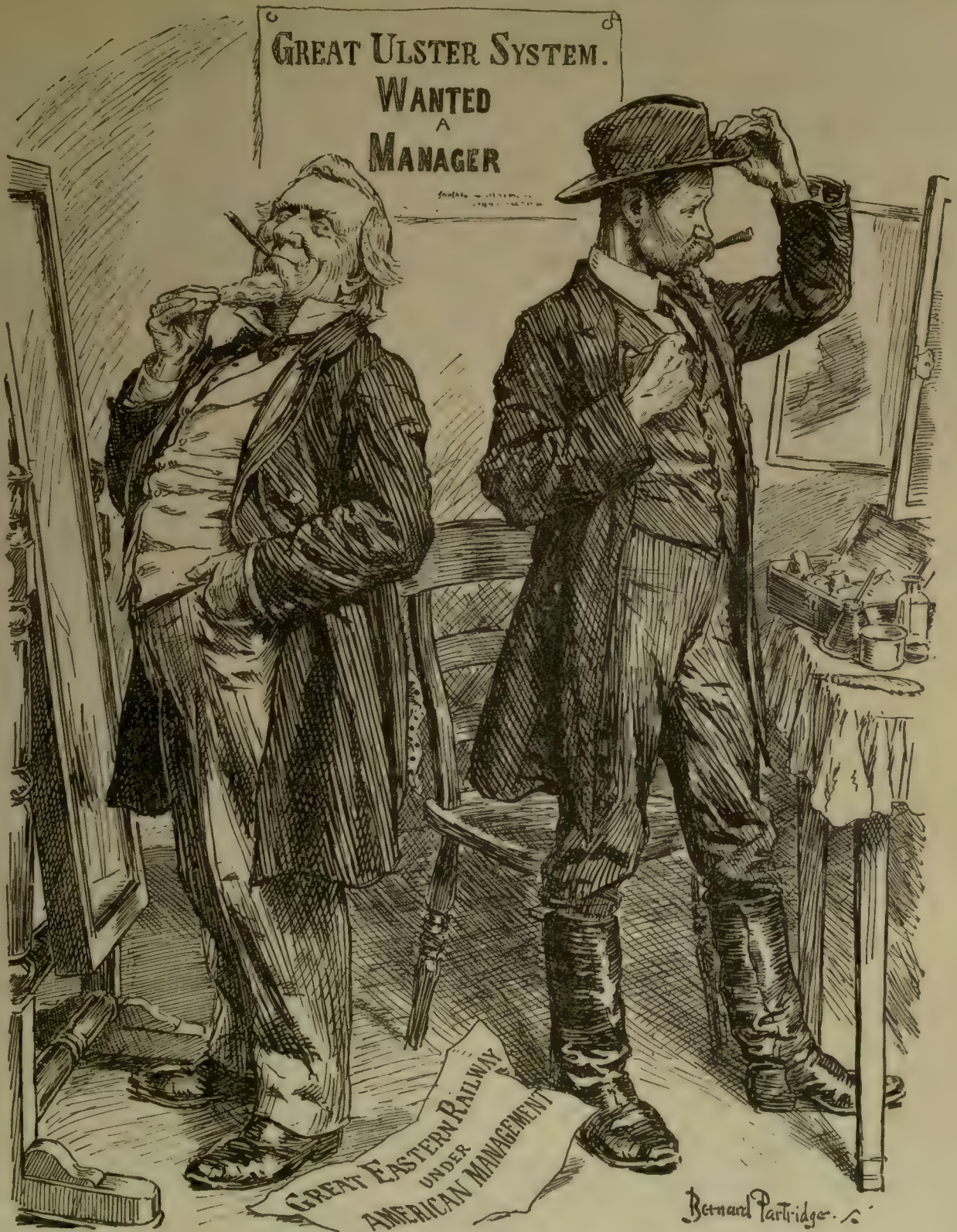
SIXTH SCENE.—Outside the *General's* tent. Soldiers and Staff Officers as before. Enter *Ferdinand* and *Phyllis*. *Ferdinand* hands the despatch to the *General*. Despatch is again projected on the screen. The *General* rises and salutes with much emotion. All present salute. *Ferdinand* clasps *Phyllis* in his arms to kiss her.

SEVENTH SCENE.—The Kiss—about twenty-five times life-size.

"Mr. G. Dyson, who succeeded Mr. W. S. Bambridge as organist at the college a little over two years ago, is leaving to go to Rugby, as organist there. Since he has been at Marlborough Mr. Dyson has given a large number of much-appreciated recitals in the college chapel. The organ is still undergoing repair."—*The Standard*.

We make no comment. This is Rugby's affair, not ours.





## DESPERATE REMEDIES.

COLONEL HERBERT H. ASQUITH (to Colonel Andrew B. LAW, on observing that he also has taken a leaf out of Lord CLAUD HAMILTON's book). "GUESS YOU WON'T CUT ANY ICE, BONAR, UNLESS YOU SHAVE THAT MOUSTACHE OFF."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, February 16.*—WORTHINGTON EVANS charmed House to-day by one of those little delicacies of feeling and taste favoured in the assembly. MASTERMAN has met the reward of conspicuous success at the Treasury by promotion to Cabinet rank. In his absence his place temporarily taken at Question Time by WEDGWOOD BENN, who, while careful to deprecate personal responsibility for promise to give 9d. for 4d., displayed remarkable intimacy with intricacies of the Insurance Act. WORTHINGTON EVANS, having as usual, after the leisure of a week-end, provided himself with collection of conundrums based on its working, knew that when he came down to-day he would find MASTERMAN'S seat empty.

Marked the occasion by presenting himself in mourning array—not the profoundest black such as *Hamlet* upon occasion affected, but a prevalence of decorous colour provided in what is known in drapers' shops as "The Mitigated Affliction Department." An uncompromising black tie was a determining note in his attire, testifying to sincere regret at parting from a Minister whom for three Sessions he has, so to speak, riddled with conundrums.

Insurance Act has suddenly again sprung into prominence. By odd accident revival is coincident with couple of by-elections going forward in Metropolis. JOYNSON-HICKS much struck by circumstance that announcement of scheme under the Act dealing with casual labour at the docks is promulgated just now, when election is proceeding in a constituency where there happen to be many docks and a multitude of casual labourers who have votes.

BONNER LAW, when he comes to think of it, equally surprised. Would the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER oblige by explaining? As for LORD BOB CECIL, he is so perturbed that he momentarily forgets he has leading question to address to PREMIER designed to extract secret intention with respect to amending Home Rule Bill.

LLOYD GEORGE, always ready to oblige, explains that scheme in question was prepared last Autumn, had frequently been referred to by MASTERMAN whilst still at the Treasury.

"I am sure," he added, with twinkle in his eye, "we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS for calling further attention to the matter at this particular moment."

Opposition not to be put off by badinage. Discover in apparently innocent accident evidence of that deep-seated tendency to import bribery and corruption into by-elections of which one of the Whips was this afternoon made a terrible example.

Above and below Gangway Members popped up desiring to put further questions. Too much even for patience of SPEAKER. Suggested matter had better be raised upon debate.

"Why, certainly," said JOYNSON-HICKS. Accordingly, when at eleven o'clock



Lord ROBERT CECIL is "perturbed."

debate on Address automatically stood adjourned, and Members were anxious to get home, the JOYNSON turned up, and we had it all over again for space of half-an-hour.

*Business done.*—ORMSBY-GORE moved amendment expressing regret that, in spite of all they had heard to its detriment in Lords and Commons, Government intend to proceed with Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. On division amendment negatived by 279 votes against 217. Reduction of normal Ministerial majority hailed with delight on Opposition benches.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—"What's this?" SARK asked, looking in at half-past four and finding House crowded with throng of strangers blocking approaches. "Is it the Land or the Church?"

"Neither," said MARCHAMLEY; "it's Marconi."

"Ah," said SARK, as if that explained everything.

On paper stood motion in name of AMPHILL for appointment of Select Committee to enquire into relation of Lord MURRAY with Marconi business. The name, more blessed than Mesopotamia, stirred glad Opposition to profoundest depths. Thought it over and done with; and here it was again, blooming like the aloe, though after briefer interval. Excitement broke through ordinarily ice-bound calm of the House.

Opposition benches crowded to fullest capacity. Privy Councillors and sons of Peers jostled each other on steps of Throne. Peeresses flocked down by the score. Curious effect of latest fashion in headgear displayed in side galleries. Nearly every bonnet—or were they hats?—was loftily plumed with black feathers, ominously familiar on hearses. It seemed as if the ladies had come to bury Caesar (of Elibank), not to praise or even condemn him.

MURRAY, arriving early, passed the Front Bench, where as ex-Minister he had a right to sit. Found a place immediately behind in friendly contiguity to former colleagues, Lord CREWE and Lord MORLEY. On stroke of half-past four he rose and, producing sheaf of manuscript, began to read. In low voice, with slow intonation, he turned over page after page, each scored with acknowledgment of contrition and regret for mistakes made. He

pleaded that "my error, such as it was, was an error of judgment, not of intention." As to purchase of American Marconi shares on behalf of the Liberal Party, "I have," he said, "myself assumed the burden by taking over these shares at the price paid for them at the date of purchase, and, as the House will appreciate, at very considerable personal loss."

Throughout ten minutes he was on his legs MURRAY, in unconscious sympathy with the hearse plumes that nodded over him from the side gallery at his back, spoke in funereal note. In the Commons so frank a confession, so ample an apology, would have been accepted with burst of general cheering. Shrewd Members know that an assured method of gaining temporary popularity is to commit a breach of order and take early opportunity of withdrawing anything offensive that may have been said, apologising for anything unseemly that may have been done. When, for



example, RONALD M'NEILL apologised for having chucked at the head of the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY a book containing rules for preservation of order in debate, he was almost rapturously cheered.

Chilliness of the graveyard froze round MURRAY as he read carefully prepared statement. When he sat down, faint murmur of applause rose from scanty muster on Liberal side. No sound, whether of approval or disapproval, broke the stillness of the serried benches opposite.

Effect contagious. LANS-DOWNE almost inaudible. CREWE quite so. Strangers at back of gallery, hearing no voice and seeing the Noble Lord standing at the table nervously wringing his hands and twiddling his fingers, thought he was conversing with the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet.

AMPTHILL above these evidences of human weakness. LANS-DOWNE in characteristically chivalrous manner suggested that motion for Committee should be withdrawn, affording opportunity to Noble Lords to consider MURRAY's statement and the best course to be taken upon it. AMPTHILL not allured by such considerations. As he shrewdly remarked, if he consented to withdraw his motion it could not be revived. All he would consent to was not to insist upon proceeding with business at to-day's sitting. Stipulated that his opportunity should not be hampered by "unavoidable delay."

On this understanding House adjourned, hearse plumes in side galleries forlornly nodding themselves out.

*Business done.*—LLOYD GEORGE at bay in the Commons. His famous Budget attacked afresh on motion of Amendment to Address. ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA personally mentioned in course of debate. Amendment negatived by 301 votes against 213.

*Thursday.*—Upon inquiry and reflection LANS-DOWNE discovered that in matter of proposed Marconi Committee AMPTHILL is in fuller accord with opinion of majority on his side of House than himself. Accordingly, adopts AMPTHILL's motion and moves it. CREWE offering no opposition, Committee appointed without division.

In Commons, just after 11 o'clock, news came of defeat of MASTERMAN in Bethnal Green. Turns out there was more in WORTHINGTON EVANS's assumption of "the inky cloak, good mother" than on Monday met the eye. Boisterous scene of exultation in Unionist camp, jubilant cries of "Resign, Resign."

"Resign!" growled SARK. "Why should WILSON resign a seat just won? It is true it was in a three-cornered fight, and by a majority of twenty-four



THE MAN FROM BOGOTA.  
Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK (talking); Lord MORLEY OF BLACKBURN (thinking).

he represents minority of electors. But the seat is his, and of course he'll keep it."

Curious how obtuse SARK can be upon occasion.

*Business done.*—Debate on Address agreed to in Commons. Forthwith set to on Estimates. Work cut out till 31st March. After that Home Rule and the Deluge.

"ON SHROVE TUESDAY, FEB. 24,  
COOK'S FAST DAY EXCURSIONS TO BIRMINGHAM"  
Midland Railway Leaflet.

The rest of us take our first "fast day," as usual, on Ash Wednesday.

## THE CANAL.

[An attempt to express in futuristic "verse" the emotions aroused by a futuristic painting bearing the above title.]

Mud, sedimentary, coffee-colour,  
And here a wedge, a sharp, keen,  
thrustful triangularity,  
And squares that writhe in painful  
green,  
Calling, clamouring—O venerable  
shade of EUCLID.  
Back in the ages, dusty,  
maculated,  
Across the slate-hued fogs of  
time,  
Behold them!—oblongs of  
sliding water  
And cubed banks,  
Bridges and barges, blatantly,  
wonderfully, inconceiv-  
ably angular,  
Calling, clamouring—canal,  
canal, canal!  
Out on the sea, restive and  
sloppy,  
A waste of salinity,  
So they aver,  
There are ships with masts,  
sails, halyards,  
Spankers, booms and things;  
There are lobsters and jelly-  
fish—not here.  
Nothing here but illimitable  
mysteries,  
Baffling unknowledgeable-  
ness,  
Fathomless, fainting from  
square to square,  
Oblongs and nosey triangles,  
ever so nosey,  
Shapes rhomboidal, per-  
chance rhombohedral—  
who knows?  
Puce and mustard-tinted—  
delicate,  
Oh, most delicate the mus-  
tard!—  
And russet, cadaverous pink,  
They mingle, compaginate,  
And their voices mingle,

They call me out of the frame,

They call,

Thinly and crazily,

Canal, canal, canal—slimy, crawly-  
crawly water!

## "LITERARY."

FREE.—Our 160-page book, 'Hints for Home Decorators,' will be sent free on receipt of 1½d. for postage. Full instructions on painting, staining, graining, varnishing, enamelling, stencilling, gilding, colour-washing, how to mix paints, colours, inks, dyes, and scores of valuable recipes."

Daily Citizen.

Now we know where our novelists get their local colour.





Rector (thanking all who have contributed to the success of the bazaar). "AND AS FOR LADY BLANK, I SHOULD NOT LIKE TO TELL YOU WHAT SHE HAS DONE."

### THE DEADLY BUTTON.

WE do not know whether the following incident occurred at Signor BEN TROVATO's famous restaurant on Fifth Avenue or not, but feel impelled, at any rate, to quote it as a warning, on the authority of *The Globe* of February 19th, and *The New York American* :—

"Giving a well-satisfied sigh after dinner a Pittsburg man burst a button off his waistcoat. It split in two. One half hit another man, with whom he was dining, in the eye. As a result his *vis-d-vis* may lose the sight of his eye. The other half struck the convive in the cheek, cutting the flesh."

This new and hitherto unsuspected possibility in ballistics must be rightly directed and also guarded against. There will be danger from the opposite side of the table at City dinners at about the tenth course and onwards, unless the wary guest can screen himself from the Corporation behind a laager of fruit-dishes and substantial ornaments.

If two gourmets fall out over the respective merits of their favourite

*entremets*, the remedy is now easy. There is the duel by button. Each of the principals, seconded by his particular waiter, after carefully taking his opponent's range and bearing, will suspire and hit him in the eye. The more replete combatant, having the greater equatorial velocity, will probably win, but the tailor can do a good deal towards securing a flat trajectory and freedom from swerve.

At Christmas dinners, Tommy, when adequately charged, can challenge a rival amateur of plum-pudding to a rally over the dessert, instead of expending his horse-power over crackers. A little training, of course, would be needed to secure a combine fusillade.

It is only right to add that evening-dress waistcoats are henceforward to come under those sections of the Geneva Convention which relate to missiles and explosives. No soft-nosed buttons, or studs which are liable to "bunch," are to be allowed. A special regulation further requires that persons more than fifty inches in circumference, and fire-eaters who have already marked their men, shall dine by themselves, or at

any rate only at a high table where there is no *vis-à-vis*. And page-boys are to be compelled to use hooks-and-eyes, unless they are engaged for a wedding or funeral salvo.

ZIG-ZAG.

### The Plural Voter.

"At the Wilmot-street Schools . . . the credit of being first fell to a well-known resident—a stone-mason by craft. . . . There was no mistaking the colour of his political opinions. He voted for Major Sir Mathew Wilson."—*Evening News*.

"'I am going to be the first man in England who ever voted at 7 a.m.,' said an enthusiastic workman at the Wilmot-street Station as he fell in with the opening of the front door. He voted for Masterman."—*Star*.

A message recently sent to a New Zealand chemist :—

"Please give the little girl a plaster for a man that a piece of wood blew off a shed and hit him in the rib."

"BAY GELDING, 5 years, 16 h.p., up to 13 stone; hunted up to date; good performer and temperate; quiet with road nuisances; 30 gs." Thirty guineas for a 16 horse-power horse is absurd.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND."

THERE is great entertainment at the Vaudeville for the admirers of Mr. NORMAN McKINNEL, among whom I propose to count myself whenever, as so rarely happens, he takes an evening off from his tyrannical methods—seldom very edifying when a woman is the victim. As the gentleman says in one of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S books, *Quoiqu'elle soit très solidement montée, il ne faut pas brutaliser la machine.*" Here it is true that Mr. McKINNEL started out on his familiar courses, but he soon found that he had to do with his match; that *Helen's* hand was always a little higher than his own. And, even when we saw him at his most dogmatic, the fact that the question of sex, in its physical aspects, did not enter into their relations—he was only her step-great-uncle—saved us from a great deal of uneasiness. In all his moods, whether of blustering self-assertion or reluctant surrender, of canny craft or protesting generosity, Mr. McKINNEL was equally admirable.

The local atmosphere of the Five Towns was established with less delay over detail than is customary in this kind. There was a lot of tea-drinking, I admit, but no doubt this beverage plays a strong part in the social life of the Potteries. There was also much handling of domestic provisions—streaky bacon, cheese, and so forth—but all this was proper enough in a play that largely turned upon the changes in an old celibate's *ménage*. But in the main it was a comedy of character, a struggle between youth and crabbed age, in which the younger will and the quicker wit prevailed. As we first see him, *James Ollerenshaw* is a crusty, browbeating, misogynist, hoarding his wealth, content with a mean habit of life, and convinced that nobody can get the better of him. As we see him at the end he is a tamed man, dependent on female protection against the wiles of a designing widow, and established, at great cost, with his niece in the noble and ancient mansion of her desire. There were subsidiary love-episodes, of course, but these, though novel in some particulars, were relatively perfunctory. The character of *James Ollerenshaw* was the real matter of resistance.

Miss NANCY PRICE'S *Helen* was a very probable performance. For myself I found her a little too minx-eyed for my taste, but no doubt this was part of the right Pottery touch. Minor characters were all brightly played, Miss MIELE MAUND being particularly happy as a garrulous young girl in the first flush

of an engagement, who subsequently throws over her violent *fiancé* on the ground that "she could never marry a man who pushes people into lakes." Even the *vieux jeu* of the designing



THE HIGH HAND.

*Helen Rathbone* .. Miss NANCY PRICE.  
*James Ollerenshaw* .. Mr. NORMAN McKINNEL.

widow took on a certain freshness in the robust hands of Miss ROSINA FILIPPI.

I am in the fortunate position of having yet to read Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S novel, from which Mr. PRICE'S comedy has been adapted, and am therefore free to treat the play itself on what I take to be its merits. It may be that the adapter assumed in us a little previous



MODES FROM "THE POTTERIES."

What Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S ladies wear to-day Vienna wears to-morrow.  
*Lilian Suetnam* .. Miss MIELE MAUND.

knowledge of the history of *Helen's* love affair, or that at least there was an obscurity about her past that wanted clearing up by retrospective illumination; but that is my only possible criticism; and I heartily congratulate the Vaudeville management on having at last discovered a play that promises to reward their enterprise.

Not suspecting that there would be a change of hours after the second night, I arrived on the third night punctually at 8, to find that the performance was announced to begin at 8.30. Punctually at that hour I returned, to find that it did not commence till 9; that in the meantime I was to assist at a song-and-talk recital of which no threat had been published. My quarrel is not with Mr. FREDERIC NORTON who did it, though his clever entertainment began with some songs about fishes and things that might have warned a Penny Readings' audience but left me bitterly cold. My complaint is of a wasted hour and a bolted dinner. I mention it only to prove that, whatever the provocation he has suffered, a Dramatic Critic is incapable of pre-judice. O. S.

## Another Impending Apology.

## "ALBANIA'S NEW RULER

HON. PRINCE WILLIAM WILL ENTER HIS KINGDOM. "HLOd"

*Westminster Gazette.*

Looping the loop on all fours?

"Shooting on the river Dee, in Kirkcudbrightshire, Colonel Kennaway, Greenlaw, shot a fine specimen of the male gadwall, a comparatively rare visitor."—*Glasgow Herald*.  
Col. KENNAWAY (to deceased male gadwall). "That'll teach you to be so beastly rare."

"The Wigan County Licensing Sessions were held yesterday. Superintendent Kelly stated that fifty-four persons had been proceeded against for drunkenness, an increase of 124 over last year."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.  
Superintendent KELLY should join the Government.

"A recital was given yesterday afternoon by Dr. Walter Alcock, who bears the title of organist and composer to His Majesty's Chapels Royal, and assistant organist of Westminster Abbey, and happens to be also an organist of exceptional attainments."

*Yorkshire Post.*

The luck of Royalty is proverbial.

## "WELSH PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

Milward, after compiling a break of 73, failed at a very easy shot, otherwise the contribution might have been higher."

*Sportsman.*

It would seem certain, but—you never can tell with these wily Welshmen.





*Wealthy Visitor.* "You 'ARD UP! WOT DO YOU DO TO MAKE YOU 'ARD UP? I NEVER 'EAR OF YOU GETTIN' A CAR FOR £2,000 AS I'VE JUST LONE, OR BUYIN' YOUR WIFE £3,000 WORTH O' JOGLERY AS I DID LAST WEEK, OR SENDIN' YOUR BOY A 'UNDED POUNDS-WORTH O' MECHANICAL TOYS AS I 'AVE THIS MORNIN'. YOU'VE 'AD BREAD AND CHEESE AND I'VE STOOD SIX JOLLY FELLERS A CHAMPAGNE LUNCH—'OW CAN YOU BE 'ARD UP?"

### THE DANGER SIGNAL.

"I think moods and colours are related to one another. For instance, you have to feel very happy and well to enjoy rose-pink."  
Miss GLADYS COOPER.]

DEAR, did the afternoon seem dull and dreary?

Sweet, did you murmur as the tears fell thick—

"My true love cometh not and I am weary;

This is a dirty trick?"

Hear my excuse. With laudable precision

I reached our rendezvous full early, but  
When you appeared in view, a rose-pink vision,  
I really had to cut.

For oh! your costume made me apprehensive;

That colour-scheme which caused my eyes to blink  
Proved you in joyous vein, while I was pensive  
And in no mood for pink.

I wanted converse with the gentle lily

And not the rose with all its flaunting show,  
Someone to stroke my hand and call me "Willie"  
In accents soft and low.

If we had met, your gaiety had grieved me;

There had been bitter back-chat to and fro;  
And so I stole away ere you perceived me;

Dear, it was better so.

### For all Tastes.

"Number of births on the 28th instant 16; number of rats trapped on the 29th instant 273."—*The Said Gazette.*

### THE EXPERT IN EXCELSIS.

THE invitation to Mr. ARTHUR BROCK, the well-known pyrotechnist, to express his opinion of STRAVINSKY'S orchestral fantasia, "Fireworks," on the occasion of its second performance at Queen's Hall on the 28th inst., has, we are delighted to learn, been fruitful of a series of similar invitations, not only in the sphere of music but also in the domain of art and letters.

Thus we understand that the place of the ordinary musical critic of *The Times* will be taken at the next performance of *Parsifal* by Mr. WATERER, the great floricultural expert, and Mr. DEVANT, the eminent conjurer, with a view to their contributing their impressions of the flower maidens and the methods of the magician *Klingsor* respectively.

Similarly, on the occasion of the next representation of WAGNER'S *Flying Dutchman* at Covent Garden, a signed criticism by the Chief Locomotive Superintendent of the Great Western Railway will appear in the pages of our contemporary.

The practice, which it is hoped will lend additional brightness to the vivacious criticisms of *The Times*, is not to be confined to Opera. The ASTRONOMER-ROYAL will be asked to record his impressions of BEETHOVEN'S "Moonlight" Sonata, and the officials of our leading lightships will be asked to report upon PARRY'S "Blest Pair of Sirens."

The application of the new method to literature promises to be equally interesting. It is an open secret that Messrs. GUNTER have been permanently retained by *The Pastry-cook's Gazette* to review all books dealing with the Glacial Epoch, Ice-action and Arctic Exploration.



## A CHARACTER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Under the title of "A Bygone" you recently published the tale of a certain estimable butler and his one lapse, during many years' service, into alcoholism. This reminds me of the shorter and sharper history of our own James, who came to our Northern home on a Monday afternoon and left upon the following morning.

For his chief characteristics he referred us, on application, to the opinion of a (Mrs.) Elizabeth Brown, of "The Cottage," Bamston, near Maidstone, Kent, who, he said, knew more about him than anybody else, and would take him back into her service later if need and opportunity arose. This opinion described him briefly but emphatically as honest, sober and willing. By way of the usual caution we wrote to this good lady direct and asked her to be so kind as to elaborate her views to us in confidence. In reply she wrote that James had been with her for eleven years on and off, had left her only because she was leaving "The Cottage," would be welcomed back by her when she settled down again, and meanwhile was very honest, very sober and very willing. There was that about the handwriting and style of this letter which made us feel that the writer might not be one of the old *noblesse*, but was, at any rate, a kindly, sensible and acute old body, who knew now and always what she was talking about. Moreover it indicated, but did not actually state, that the man had come to be regarded in the writer's household with feelings more friendly than those usually found between employer and employé: always, we thought, a strong recommendation of an old servant. On the strength of this correspondence we decided to give him a trial at least.

There was nothing peculiar about his appearance, except the suggestion of a secret sorrow, which was no business of ours. His willingness was at once apparent: our house being full for a hunt ball there was plenty of work for him to do, but even so he found time between tea and dinner to put in a preliminary polish of the silver, which, he told us, was his chief joy in life, or rather one of them. Moreover he refused to go to bed until our return from the ball, timed not to be earlier than 4 A.M., and insisted that he would sit up for us.

We drove off after dinner without a qualm; for, though my wife declares that she detected a suspicious smell of spirits as he put the carriage rug over her, unhappily she did not think to mention this till the next day. When

we got back in the small hours we found that, in accordance with his promise, he had indeed not gone to bed. There he was unmistakably in the hall. But he wasn't sitting up. . . . No. . . . Rather, he was lying down, back uppermost. . . . So much for his sobriety.

We resolved to show no mercy. Having promised to drive Captain Merriman, one of our guests, to the station to catch the early train to London, I was myself up betimes to see the sinful James also off the premises. His sorrow, no longer secret, was very manifest; it was a cold wet morning; it required some strength of mind to cast the fellow adrift and leave him to find his own way, with bag and baggage, to oblivion. But I did it.

One does not leave much margin of time on these occasions, and it was not long afterwards that we followed in the dog-cart; nor had we got far on our road before we espied the back of James ahead of us—one of the saddest backs I have ever seen. He had still four miles to go to the station; his bag was obviously not light; he looked as if he would not get four more yards without collapsing; no doubt he had had an exhaustive night; finally, even that stern disciplinarian, Merriman, took pity. So, "Jump up behind, you old blackguard," I called to him as I drew up alongside, and up he climbed, clinging to his seedy bag and protesting that this was very much more than he deserved.

As to his honesty you, Sir, must judge. The police doubted it from the start, and their experience led them to be sure that the reference was forged, that there was no "Cottage" and no Elizabeth Brown. No doubt he had managed to get our letter delivered to him and had forged an answer to that. On all points they were wrong and James was correct. There was "The Cottage" all right, very much a cottage; it had been vacated by the tenant, not voluntarily (who ever said it had?) but by reason of arrears of six weeks' rent, at 5s. 6d. per week. The tenant's name was truly Elizabeth Brown, though she was more commonly known as Old Bess, and she was the one person to know all about our James, being his wife. And we've no reason to doubt that she has taken him back into her service and was very glad to do it too.

In short, I cannot claim that James lied to us in any particular. So much for his honesty. As far as dishonesty was involved in the matter of the bag, I am not in a position to complain of that, seeing that it was by my agency alone that that bag got to the station,

and it was at my expense that our local porter deposited, *inter alia*, my wife's much valued Georgian tea service and spoons in the London train, just about the time that the theft of them was being discovered at home. Under the guilty circumstances I prefer to remain

Your anonymous

CORRESPONDENT.

## TO MINKI-POO

(SHUTTING ONE EYE).

I WATCH you, while the firelight glare  
Strews flick'ring fancies round the  
hall,

Replete with what exotic fare  
No watcher by The Wall  
Had ever thought to line himself  
withal.

And, as I mark the locks that weave  
A curtain for your eyes of flame,  
I sometimes think if you'd a sleeve  
To help you in the game,  
You'd find a laugh or two to fill the  
same.

For She in whose grey eyes there  
springs  
Ruth for the lowliest and the least  
Proclaims you heir of countless kings,  
An emblem from the East  
Of inward beauty in the outward  
beast.

She says you miss the sidewise roll  
Of palanquins in Something-Chang,  
Or sigh for little bells that toll  
Beside the Si-kiang,  
And dream-dogs of your old Celestial  
gang.

For me, I think that tiny heart  
Bears no such Oriental load;  
Your dreams concern no Pekoe mart  
Nor mandarin's abode,  
But some dim purlieu of the Edgware  
Road.

Well, young pretender, have your fling!  
Though Fate forbade you to adorn  
The pompous pedigree of Ming,  
No particle of scorn  
Shall ever fall upon the Briton born!

"It was contended that the captain had been placed in circumstances of exceptional difficulty. The solicitor for the Board of Trade said that between six and seven hundred pilgrims from Mecca swarmed on to the ship at Beyreuth to return to Morocco."

Westminster Gazette.

Another result of the expiry of the  
WAGNER copyrights?

"She went out rather quickly by the door, but none of them laughed."—From "The Cheerful Christian," by DAVID LYALL, in "The British Weekly."

She must try the window next time, and then, if they still won't laugh, the chimney.





First Irate Gentleman. "WHEN I 'ITS A MAN, 'E R MEMBERS IT."

Second Irate Gentleman. "WELL, WHEN I 'ITS ONE, 'E DON'T."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The *Golden Barrier* (METHUEN) was an affair of sovereigns, and the way of it was this. *Magdalen Tempest*, the heroine, had been left by her late father the mistress of many fine houses, and stacks and stacks of money. She had inherited also a disagreeable but honest butler, an aunt who was even more disagreeable but not honest, and an agent who was—well, who was the hero of the book. She had further gathered to herself a crowd of hangers-on more or less artistic, and all given to requiring small temporary loans. One of them, however, was a professed social reformer, a bold bad man of doubtful extraction, who was leagued with the aunt in a plan to marry *Magdalen* to himself and secure control of the cash. So *Magdalen* gave a Venetian Carnival in her great house, and it came on to thunder, and she found herself alone in a gondola with the painter (favourite hanger-on), who attempted, too vigorously, to improve the shining hour, and it was all rather awkward, when—romantically opportune arrival of the hero (name of *Denvers*), who flung the painter into the lake, clasped the heroine in his manly arms, married her and lived happy—No. That is where you are too hasty. There remained still the *Golden Barrier*. For, after an interlude of bliss, back came the intriguing aunt, the social reformer and all the crowd (save the submerged artist) and began to accuse *Denvers* of living on his wife's cheque-book. How it ends you must find out. If you object that there is very little in all this to suggest the spirit of fine romance which you

have learnt to associate with the names of AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE, I can only say that (while my rough synopsis does not justice to some pleasant characterization) I myself greatly prefer these two writers in their earlier and brocaded mood.

It seems to me that Mr. FRANCIS BRETT-YOUNG has done quite a distinguished piece of work in *Deep Sea* (SECKER). I have not cared to miss a paragraph of it and have certainly carried away an unusually vivid memory of that unnamed West-country fishing-town which he has so cleverly peopled with his creatures—with poor, simple, introspective *Jeffrey Kenar*, fisherman that was, looking at life through the oddly refracting medium of his window of old glass, and all but seeing visions; comely, bitter *Nesta*, his wife; simple, loyal *Reuben*, *Jeffrey's* friend, whose rejection of *Nesta Kenar's* overmastering passion turns her love to hate; *Reuben's* gentle wife, *Ruth*; and that sleek mortgagee, *Silley*, for whom men like *Reuben* toil that he may grow fat, nominally owning their vessels, actually in heavy bondage to their shrewd exacting masters. There are dark and deep waters of passion swirling in and out of these simple lives, and the author, whose method is broadly impressionist rather than meticulously realistic, contrives cleverly to suggest that what he imagines has in fact been closely observed. He can make and tell a story and he can marshal words with a certain magic. The tragedy ends peacefully with the resolution of the too bitter discord of *Nesta's* hate in love of the child of the man she had wrongfully and vainly desired. A book to be read.



Amongst the makers of what might be called, without in this case any disparagement, the commercial short story, I think I should place Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE as easily my favourite. The comfortable anticipation that is always mine on observing his name on the contents page of a popular magazine has been renewed by the sight of it attached to a collection of tales in volume form and called, after the first of them, *The Man Upstairs* (METHUEN). You must not expect a detailed criticism. All I can promise you is that, if you are a Wodehouseite, you will find here the author at his delightful best. He is winged and doth range. The heroes of these tales include (I quote from the cover) "a barber, a gardener, a play-writer, a tramp, a waiter, a golfer, a stockbroker, a butler, a bank clerk, an assistant master at a private school, a Peer's son and a Knight of the Round Table." So there you are; and, if you don't see what you want in the window, you must be hard to please. Personally, I fancy I would give my vote for the play-writing stories. "*Experientia*," as Mrs. Micawber's late father used to observe, "*does it*"; and here I have the feeling that the author is upon tried ground. But not one of the collection will bore you; there is about them all too nice a deftness, too happy a gift of phrase. I am told by the publishers that the American public fully shares my approval of this engaging craftsman. It shows their sense. But, if there is any threat of removing Mr. WODEHOUSE permanently to the other side of the Atlantic, where already he goes far too much, my guinea shall head any public subscription to retain him.

In an extremely able but peculiarly unpleasant book, *The Questing Beast* (SECKER), I think that Miss IVY LOW makes two serious mistakes.

"Tell her," writes the heroine to a friend after the first of two irregular love affairs, "that I thought, 'I am not that kind of girl,' and tell her that there is no 'sort of girl,' and that life is a sea and human beings must catch hold of life-buoys to keep them afloat." To this it may be answered, however, that there is "that kind of girl," and that *Rachel Cohen* was "that kind of girl," and that it is a kind which deliberately rejects life-buoys when flung out to them. The second mistake, as it seems to me, in a novel which is in many ways a very clever piece of realism, is a strong feminist or, at any rate, anti-masculine bias. Against the cunning dissection of the character of *Charles Giddey*, a worthless and conceited egotist, I have no complaint to make. It is one of the best things of its kind that I have read for a long time. But it seems unlikely, to say the least, that the heroine, after being deserted by the man she really loves, should, considering her very erotic and unprincipled temperament, find complete happiness in the publication of a successful novel and in devotion to her child. I feel that on a nature like that of *Rachel Cohen* even Royalties and Press notices would eventually pall. And in pausing I may remark that the beast *Glatisant* cuts a very episodic and unsatisfactory figure in the *Morte D'Arthur*. Pursued for a short while by *Sir Palamides* in his Paynim days, it scarcely comes into the cognisance of KING ARTHUR'S

Court and the Table Round. And I fancy that the circulating libraries will feel the same about "*The Questing Beast*."

I do not think that I can recall any novel that makes such insistent demands upon the weather as does Miss JOAN SUTHERLAND'S *Cophetua's Son* (MILLS AND BOON). The sun, the rain, the wind, the snow—these are from the first page to the last at their intensest, wildest, brightest, most furious, and as I closed the book and looked out upon a day of monotonous drizzle I thanked Heaven for the English climate. But I imagine that Miss SUTHERLAND was aware that nothing but the most vigorous of climatic conditions would afford a true background for her hero's tempestuous soul. *Lucien de Guise* was unfortunate enough to be the son of a flower-girl, and I had no idea, until Miss SUTHERLAND made it plain to me, how terrible his friends and the members of the smartest of London's clubs—"Will's, a place of great historic interest and brilliant reputation, developing gradually into one of the most exclusive clubs in London, and very strictly limited in numbers"—held so ignominious an origin. There is a scene in Will's where *Colonel Maclean*, "a handsome man and a famous soldier," expels *M. de Guise* "with a perceptible degree of asperity" in his voice—a scene that does the greatest credit to Miss SUTHERLAND'S imagination. Indeed, I am afraid that Miss SUTHERLAND'S ambition to write a really dramatic story has driven her into incredibilities of atmosphere, of incident, and of character. *M. de Guise*, with his flashing, gleaming eyes, his love of liqueurs, his passion for smashing the most priceless of Nankin vases whenever he sees them, is, surveyed



*Punctilious Burglar.* "SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, GUV'NOR, BUT WOULD YOU MIND LETTING ME HAVE THE THIRPENCE FOR YOUR SHARE OF THE INSURANCE STAMP? THIS IS THE FIRST JOB I'VE HAD THIS WEEK."

under these grey English skies, an unreal figure, and his world, I am afraid, too brightly coloured to be convincing.

"RULER wanted for Ireland (N.S.); good wages, permanency to competent, reliable man.—Full particulars to Box 167, Daily News, Manchester."—*Daily News*.

Don't reply to it, Mr. REDMOND. It is not in your line. It is a printer's advertisement, merely.

"The accident caused great excitement in the neighbourhood. A large crowd quickly gathered, and several medical men were hurried to the spot."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Those well-known surgeons, Mr. Robert Saurer and Mr. Benjamin Allen, enjoyed it most.

"A new French revue, entitled 'C'est Bon' (literally, 'It's Top-hole') is to be produced on Monday week."—*Evening News*.

Or, more roughly, "That's good."

In a catalogue of characters assumed at a Mayoral Fancy Dress Ball we are informed by *The Birmingham Daily Mail* that Professor and Mrs. SONNENSCHNIGER figured as "Socrates and Christian Thippe." Poor old pagan XANTHIPPE! SOCRATES is well avenged.



## CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to *The Globe* Mr. YEO, in returning thanks after the Poplar election, shouted to a female interrupter, "Shut up, you silly cat, shut up!" To this, we understand, the cat retorted generously, "My-Yeo!"

The GABY DESLYS' tradition? Miss LOTTIE VENNE is appearing at the Criterion in a *Pair of Silk Stockings*, and Miss MARY MOORE is touring the provinces in *Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace*.

The KAISER has forbidden the production at Herr REINHARDT'S Deutsches Theater of a play called *Ferdinand; Prince of Prussia*, on the ground that one of the characters is a member of the Prussian Royal Family. We ourselves should never have dared to hint that this fact renders the play unfit for the public.

Cheery notice on the window of an insurance office in New Broad Street, E.C.:—

"GUARANTEES,  
SICKNESS  
COMBINED  
WITH ACCIDENT."

Dr. DURHAM lectured last week on Explosives as an aid to Gardening; but many persons think that the quiet man who does not lose his temper gets better results.

Burglars, last week, broke into a synagogue at Newcastle-on-Tyne and removed practically all the articles of value, including a silver cup and a pointer. Surprise is expressed in some quarters that the pointer should not have given the alarm by barking.

Living artists sometimes complain that it is only the Old Masters who are appreciated nowadays. Authors would seem to be more fortunate. Take the following paragraph from *The Bedford Express*:—"On Sunday the well-known elocutionist, Mr. FREDERICK DUXBURY, visited Stevenage. He preached morning and evening at the Wesleyan Church, and in the afternoon he gave a sacred recital. His principal item on Sunday afternoon was Coulson Kernahan's 'God and the Ant,' but he included one or two lesser pieces, including a chapter from the book of Job."

It was stated last week in the Marylebone Police Court that there is a gang of thieves in London who do not hesitate to steal motor-cars whenever they find them unattended in the street. These scoundrels are crafty enough not to pick up the cars and put them under their arm, for they realise that this might attract attention, but they just jump in and drive off.

We are glad to note a renewed outcry against the unearthly noises made by

of some of the gateways on the local paths, the parish council has decided to widen them. It was found that this would be more economical than to send these citizens to Marienbad to have their bulk reduced.

Publishers are continually making finds, and Messrs. DUCKWORTH AND Co. have been peculiarly fortunate. In their current list they announce the publication of "Lost Diaries" and "The Lost Road."



Dad (who has brought his son to the links for the first time).  
"IS IT A GOOD LIE, HAROLD?"  
Harold (unconsciously ranking himself with the Great).  
"FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A GOOD LIE."

many motor-car hooters. If they must run over us, the least they can do is to let us die in peace.

It seems a pity that so little is done to encourage the growing love of art among the criminal classes. The Italian gentleman who guarded "La Gioconda" so carefully has not been so much as thanked for his pains, and now it is stated that six persons have been arrested in Paris and Brussels for removing art objects from the admittedly unsafe custody of museums.

Stout residents of Cornforth, Durham, having protested against the narrowness

"SALE OF VOTES BY WOMEN.  
INCIDENTS IN A CHICAGO  
ELECTION."

*Daily Express.*

By a curious coincidence we have seen ladies selling Votes for Women in the streets of London.

Yet another example of the industry of the foreigner. A pamphlet issued by the Lincolnshire Chick Farm informs us that "On the Cyphers' Co. Poultry Plant, one flock of 400 White Leghorns shows an average of 185.2 eggs per bird in 36.5 days." This, we need scarcely tell our readers, works out at 5.06849315 eggs per bird per day.

## Another Episcopal Scandal.

"KING AND NEW BISHOPS."

The King received at Buckingham Palace to-day the new Bishops of Chelmsford and St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich. The Home Secretary administered the oath.

FOUND TO BE INSANE.  
Judgment was reserved."

*Westminster Gazette.*

"Much the largest of all the woodpeckers in this country is the great black woodpecker (*Picus martius*). This is a very rare species, occurring only in the wilds of the wooded mountain areas. It is about 18 miles in length."

*Pekin and Tientsin Times.*

As the crow flies.

## England's far-reaching Influence.

"RESULT OF THE  
POPULAR ELECTION."

NO FOREIGNER SAFE IN MEXICO."

*"Yorkshire Observer"* Placard.

"SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY'S POSER STARTLES AUDIENCE."

Special Cable to the New York Times and Montreal Gazette.

London, February 4.—Sir William Ramsay raised the question whether the unfit should be left to die at the annual dinner of the Institute of Sanitary Engineers to-night.

*The Gazette (Montreal).*

There would, of course, be no difficulty about the "funeral baked meats."



## IN MEMORIAM.

## John Tenniel.

BORN 1820.

DIED FEBRUARY 25th, 1914.

Now he whose gallant heart so lightly bore  
 So long the burden of the years' increase  
 Passes at length toward the silent shore,  
 From peace to deeper peace.

And we, his honoured comrades, by whose side  
 His haunting spirit keeps its ancient spell,  
 We bring our tribute, woven of love and pride,  
 And say a last farewell.

Yet not farewell; because eternal youth  
 Still crowns the craftsmanship where hand and eye  
 Saw and interpreted the soul of Truth,  
 Letting the rest go by.

Thus for his pictured pageant, gay or grave,  
 He seized and fixed the moving hour's event,  
 Maker of history by the life he gave  
 To fact with fancy blent.

So lives the Artist in the work he wrought;  
 Yet Nature dowered the Man with gifts more dear—  
 A chivalrous true knight in deed and thought,  
 Without reproach or fear. O. S.

## THE PERFECT CONDUCTOR.

"GOOD MORNING, Sir," he said, as I boarded a leviathan one day last week. "What a beautiful morning, isn't it? What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" He deftly pulled half-a-dozen tickets from his stock and permitted me to inspect them.

"Fresh in this morning, Sir," he continued. "White, one penny; a great many people prefer them because they go well with any colour. For the blue ones we are asking twopence; they have only the same amount of information but take you twice as far. Sweet shade, isn't it?" He stepped back and held one up to the light for my benefit.

"Well, I really only wanted a pennyworth, but I *must* have one of the blue ones—they are attractive, as you say. I shall keep it in memory of you."

"Very good of you, Sir. You won't mind my making a little hole in it? A mere matter of form; and the bell, which rings to announce the conclusion of the operation, is, as you will notice, quite musical. A sovereign? I shall be delighted to change it for you." He gave me the correct change, bowed, and turned to answer a lady passenger.

"Have we passed Sloane Street?" she had enquired.

"We passed it at least five minutes ago, madam. Were you wishing to alight there?"

"I was," replied the lady; "but don't trouble—I can walk back."

He was horrified at the thought.

"Certainly not, my dear madam," he protested. Turning to the little ventilator-window by which he could communicate with the driver, he rapped. "William," he called, "a lady here desired to get down at Sloane Street. Do you mind . . . ?"

"Charles," responded the driver, stopping the 'bus, "you know our one ambition is to please the passengers who so trustfully commit themselves to our charge. Mingle my regrets with yours, as representing the Company, that we should have omitted clearly to intimate when we were in the vicinity of Sloane Street. We will lose no time in correcting the error."

"William," said Charles, "it is only what I should have expected of you. It is the least we can do." William turned the 'bus carefully and ran quickly back, to the admiration of the other passengers, who murmured unanimous approval of such graceful courtesy.

"This," announced Charles, as we pulled up after a while, having recovered the lost ground, "is South Kensington Station. We stay here one full minute for the advantage of any person who wishes to visit the neighbourhood; after which we shall proceed, if all goes well, to Putney, taking with us perchance those who have business in that direction."

I prepared to alight, and Charles shook my hand warmly.

"Speaking for William and myself, Sir, representing the Company," he said with emotion, "we are indeed sorry to lose you. It would have given us both great pleasure could your presence have graced the remainder of the journey. Still, doubtless your private affairs compel you to sever this so charming acquaintanceship, and on some future occasion I trust we may again meet?"

"I trust so, Charles," I answered. "Farewell."

"*Au revoir*," said Charles, waving a hand. Sorrowfully I left him, hearing as I departed his dulcet tones addressing the passers-by: "If anyone would care to step on, we are going to . . ."

## MANNERS FOR PARENTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Instead of writing all this nonsense about the behaviour of boys at school, why doesn't someone write about the behaviour of parents at school—at their son's school, I mean? That is a subject which really requires ventilation, for the behaviour of most parents at school is *positively mouldy*.

Of course it's very nice for your people to come down and see you and all that, but there's a good deal of anxiety about it which might easily be avoided, and I have therefore written out a few simple RULES FOR PARENTS AT SCHOOL which I hope you will publish.

(I.) Do not greet your son upon your arrival with "Well, boysie," or some such rotten expression as that. It's the sort of thing that it may take him years to live down.

(II.) Do not insist upon attaching the son of your old friend Smith to the party. Old Smith may be all right, but young Smith may be in a House you can't mix with, or something like that.

(III.) Do not say to your son, of someone else's cap, "That's a pretty cap; why don't you have one like it?" because it's probably either the First XI. colours, or the cap of a House you wouldn't be seen dead in.

(IV.) Do not tell the House Master how well your son played in the boys' cricket match last summer holidays. Your son is probably a perfect rabbit, and the master is certain to know it.

(V.) Do not discuss such subjects as "The Public School and the Development of Character" with the masters in your son's presence. It's very unpleasant to have the development of your character discussed. In fact it's hardly decent.

(VI.) Do not treat a member of the XI. as if he were an ordinary person; and—

(VII.) For Heaven's sake don't walk across Great Green. Only fellows who have been in the XI. two seasons may do so, yet I've known parents wander all over it before their sons could stop them, and only laugh when told what they had done!

Hoping you will publish this, as I think you ought to do,  
 Yours truly, CHUBB MINOR.





### THE NINE OLD MEN OF THE SEA.

RAMSAY MACSINDBAD. "WELL, WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE. THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN TEN OF 'EM."









### MORE NEW BLOOD FOR OLD ENGLAND.

INTRIGUED BY THE ACTION OF THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY AUTHORITIES IN IMPORTING A NEW MANAGER FROM THE STATES, THE GOVERNMENT, IT IS RUMOURED, ARE ABOUT TO GO EVEN FURTHER AFIELD IN SEARCH OF PROMISING TALENT FOR THE FRONT BENCH.

#### MY HEROES.

EVERY day of my life I am more and more impressed by the genius of two men. These men are GUTENBERG and MORSE. GUTENBERG invented printing and MORSE was more or less in at the birth of telegraphy. What should we do without either?

It is morning and I turn to the paper. It happens to be *The Daily Graphic*. What do I find? I find GUTENBERG and MORSE once more in collaboration. Thus:—

“MR. BALFOUR LOSES HIS WAY.

CANNES, Monday.

Mr. Balfour paid a visit yesterday in pouring rain to Mr. Chamberlain at the Villa Victoria. Mr. Balfour lost his way, and passing the house strolled along the Fréjus road, scanning the name of every house until he found a chauffeur who directed him to the Villa Victoria. Subsequently Mr. Balfour returned to the Hotel Continental and motored out to dinner.—*Central News*.”

What privileges we enjoy, we moderns! Five hundred years ago, four hundred, the world would have been in ignorance of any event of this kind. Statesmen would have lost their way in

foreign towns and no one at home would have known. Think of the privation! But now, not only, thanks to GUTENBERG, do we know it and think accordingly, but, thanks to MORSE, we know it the next day and our thrills are not delayed.

So much for the morning.

It is a few minutes later—evening. Not really evening, because it is before lunch, but evening enough for the Tenth Muse, bless her! I open *The Evening News* and what do I find? GUTENBERG alone; but how full of matter! Thus:—

“SEVEN.

The mystic number seven is curiously associated with the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knight, of Old Swinford, Worcestershire. She was born at the Seven Stars Hotel at the seventh hour of the seventh day of the seventh month.

There were seven customers in the bar when her birth was announced, seven persons were present at the christening, and there are seven letters in her Christian name.

Her father is the eldest of seven children and her mother the youngest of seven. She has seven uncles.”

There's for you! But of course this is not enough. The chronicler, try as

he might, is but a scamper after-all. Not only were there seven customers in the bar, but each had had seven drinks. Whiskey (there are seven letters in whiskey, spelt my way) punch. Each had a slice of lemon and there were seven pips in the lemon. Of the seven uncles each had a watch, making seven watches, and a cigar case, making seven cigar-cases. So it might go on for ever.

Similarly the nine deported Labour leaders arrived in the Thames nine minutes after somebody else and nine minutes before somebody else. The term “dock-berth” has nine letters in it, and Nine Elms is on the Thames too. Whew!

“We find ourselves generally in agreement with the writer [Dr. Figgis], so our enjoyment of his books is the keener and less critical. When we do criticise it is as though we found faults in a friend whom we know very well and regard very highly. This position Dr. Figgis has won for himself by the thoroughness as well as the cleverness of his literary work.”—*Athenaeum*.

Dr. Figgis must be a proud man to-day.



## INTERVIEWING FATHER.

SIR GEORGE is not a nice man. He is a mercenary, narrow-minded person. I never really liked him, but then he never really liked me. However, he is Miranda's father, so I decided to interview him. The interview took place at his office. He waved me to a chair, and, as it seemed all that I was likely to get, I took it.

"Well?" Sir George grunted.

His tone indicated an unfriendly spirit, so I retorted, "Well."

There was a slight pause. Then he said, rather aggressively, "I never lend money."

"I suspected it," I replied; "I practically never borrow money, but that is my misfortune and not my fault."

"Then what can I do for you?"

"You have a daughter——"

"I have," he interrupted.

"I knew we should find a common basis of agreement. Miranda is unmarried; I am unmarried."

"You suggest marrying my daughter?"

"I make no suggestion, but the idea had crossed my mind."

"Can you keep a wife?"

"I never lost one yet. I think that with a little tact——"

"I mean, have you any money?"

"Eighteen shillings and fourpence," I answered, producing that sum as evidence of my *bona fides*.

"That is not a very large capital on which to start married life."

"True, but I'm not mercenary. Yet perhaps, as we seem to have drifted on to the question of money, I might mention that I have property—house property."

"I don't believe much in house property in these days."

"I don't either. Though I lay no particular stress on the matter, I also have some mortgages."

"I don't care much about mortgages."

"I agree with you. Beastly things, I call them."

"What income do you derive from the property and the mortgages?"

"I don't exactly derive any income from either. You see, the two things go together—I mean the property and the mortgages. I don't fancy the mortgagees get much income from the property, though I suppose they try their best. Perhaps, strictly speaking, I can hardly call the property mine since the mortgagees took possession.

The mortgages however are undoubtedly mine. I created them, you know."

Sir George rose pompously, so I went on at once:

"I have some shares. I should like your opinion on them."

"What kind of shares?"

"The usual kind—paper, but quite nice artistic designs on them."

"In what companies?"

"I forget the names of the companies, but I think that they had something to do with rubber."

not very often, I get paid for my work. I believe that if I were married I could earn more."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, you see, I couldn't very well earn less."

"Then am I to understand that you have practically no income?"

"If it comes to that, has Miranda any income?"

"My daughter will have what I choose to allow her."

"And I shall have what I choose to earn, so it seems that we should be fairly well matched."

"Sir, I consider your request to marry my daughter an impertinence, and the flippancy with which you have conducted this interview an insult."

"Sir George," I said impressively, "he just before you are generous. If you think over the matter calmly you will recognise that I have made no such request. You are an older man than I, so I pass over anything that you may have said in the heat of the moment. I am willing to part friends."

For a moment I thought he would burst. He ignored my outstretched hand and almost shouted, "I don't care how we part, so long as we do part. You will oblige me by not seeing or communicating with my daughter again."

As I was passing through the door I remarked, "Without making any rash promises, I will endeavour to oblige you. I gather, as much from your demeanour as anything else, that you do not favour me as a suitor for your daughter's hand. As a matter of fact, I look with equal disfavour on you as a possible father-in-law. My real object in seeking this interview was to

remove any misapprehension you might have on the subject."

When I was well outside the door, laughter really took hold of me for the first time since Miranda refused to marry me.

"Mr. Hartley is the proud possessor of the English championship belt for running broad jump, having cleared something over 45 feet."

*The Morning Albertan.*

His pride is very excusable.

"In our day when many women consider the art of managing a home beneath the dignity of their supposed sex, not everyone knows how to make a pancake."

*Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury.*

"Supposed" is good.



*Underground Train Conductor (sulkily to passenger jumping in after train has started). "NAH THEN! IF YOU'D HA' FALLEN DAHN AND BROKE YER NECK I SHOULD 'AVE BEEN THE ONE TO SUFFER."*

"Then you can take my advice and sell them."

"Thanks awfully," I said, "if that means that you'll buy them. I always thought that I should eventually find someone to help me out."

"I will not buy your shares. But before I finally close this interview I should like to know, as a matter of curiosity, on what you live?"

"Meat and things, like other people. I'm no vegetarian."

"I mean, how do you obtain food and clothes? I see that you do wear clothes. At present I'm a little puzzled."

"It's a matter which has often puzzled me. I get them somehow. Sometimes I work and sometimes, but





### MARCH WINDS.

*Short-sighted Official (to gentleman pursuing hat). "CALL YOUR DOG OFF, SIR, CALL YOUR DOG OFF," ETC., ETC., ETC.*

### MOVING.

*(A Suburban Elegy.)*

WHEN I remember I shall tread no more  
In such a short time now the well-known street,  
And never to these ears shall sound the roar  
Of Perkins' cart-wheels, dangerously fleet,  
Bringing the boon of Ceres to the door,  
Nor those of Batson (Batson is the meat);—

When I recall that in the hours to come  
My eyes may never see the shape of Pott  
Planting his fish down, then methinks it's rum  
That mortal men should move and be forgot  
By those that serve their household daily, some  
Sending the right delivery, some not.

Full often on my homeward way I pause  
Where Jones is standing at his shop-front trim;  
We pass remarks about the nation's laws  
And how it still keeps up, though skies are grim;  
And Jones is most polite to me, because  
We've always got our groceries from him.

But the old orders soon shall cease to be,  
And I must pass into an unknown land,  
And at the corner by The Holly Tree  
Where now he lifts a ceremonious hand  
Yon constable shall scarce remember me,  
Not that he ever—Quite. You understand.

And alien lips from mine must move to swear  
Over the mangled remnants of a shirt  
Brutally done to death with fiendish care  
By yon steam laundry. Last I come to Bert;  
Bert's is the best known face in all the Square,  
Being the milk, and something more—a flirt.

Yes, for not only bleeds this heart of mine;  
There shall be tenderer spasms when we shift,  
Such bits of cheek, such observations fine,  
Such honied whispers have been heard to drift  
From Susan at the casement of her shrine  
To Romeo managing the tradesmen's lift.

Hers shall be all the loss; he'll soon forget.  
Others shall ope accounts when we are gone;  
Movings are all too frequent for regret;  
Yet one methinks there is shall dream upon  
Our name with soft remembrance, guard it yet  
Like some pressed violet. I refer to John.

I know our postal service, know full well,  
Though we have told them to what bourn we  
flit,

How many a missive shall obey the spell  
Of the old false address inscribed on it.  
And John shall bring them. And John's heart shall  
swell

For Harriet while he stuffs them through the slit.  
Evon.



## OUR LITERARY ADVICE DEPARTMENT.

CANDID advice given to the literary aspirant on easy terms by an old journalist. His fame is world-wide, but he prefers to be known as *THE OLD NIB*. Anyone sending him threatening letters will be prosecuted.

Frankly, LANCELOT, your *Passionate Pangs*; or, *Heart Throbs of a Retired Government Clerk*, will never bring you in a large income. You say friends have praised them highly, and you point out that TENNYSON had to wait years for recognition. Well, you must do the same. You could not have a better precedent.

You have a strong grasp of a situation, BENJAMIN, and the scene where *Uncle Henry* slips on the butter slide is quite thrilling. But you must compress a little and avoid certain faults of style. "She heve a sigh" is wrong; and I do not like "'Pshaw,' he shouted"; I do not think it could be done. I tried myself in my bath and swallowed a lot of soapy water. Pray be more careful.

I certainly like to hear from such an enthusiastic reader as WIGWAM. His idea of going to a fancy-dress ball dressed in a number of old copies of *Wopple's Weekly* is excellent and, if they let him in, ought to be a great success. I hope he wins the hair comb. As to his verses I have often seen worse. With a rhyming dictionary (for rhyming) and an ordinary one (for spelling) WIGWAM should go far.

ANGELINA's poem shows a nice domestic feeling which I appreciate. In these days of Suffragettes it is not every authoress who will say—

"I like to see a familiar face  
And I think home is a beautiful place."

But though "mother," as she says, is a very beautiful word it does not rhyme with "forever." "Other," "brother" and "smother" are the rhymes that I always recommend.

LEONIDAS has made a great improvement since I had to speak to him so severely last spring. *Sly Sarah* is quite a clever tale, and before very long LEONIDAS will find himself writing for *Soapy Bits* and papers of that calibre. Of this I am sure. His characterization is strong, his style is redolent of *bravura* and his general atmosphere is *fortissimo*. The character of the arch-deacon might be improved; indeed, if LEONIDAS is going to send it to *The Diocesan Monthly*, I should say it must be improved. Why should he slap *Sarah's* face? No reason is given for this, and it is surely a very questionable action. Human nature may be

human nature, but archdeacons are archdeacons. By the way there is only one *l* in spoonful.

HENRY must be careful. This is the third time he has sent me his epic. There are limits.

There is not much demand for tales of this description, HOPEFUL. But as you say you like writing them I do not see who is to prevent you. If you can get the permission of the local authorities by all means give a reading at the Home for the Half-Witted.

I have no doubt CLAPHAM ROVER means well, but he has a lot to learn. There are no events of any kind in the three tales he sends me. The only thing that ever happens is that the hero is kicked downstairs. Even then he lies prostrate in the hall for two days. Surely the maids might have swept him up. CLAPHAM ROVER must remember the great words of DEMOSTHENES when he swallowed a pebble on the sea beach: "Action, action, and again action." He was thinking of lawyers, of course, but his words have a lesson for us all.

INGENUOUS is the exact opposite of CLAPHAM ROVER. I rise from his tale an absolute wreck. "Splash, she was in the river;" "plonk, he was on the floor;" "whiz, a bullet shot past him." INGENUOUS must really go more quietly and make a little less noise. Why not write a few essays on some of our lesser known female didactic writers, or some such subjects as "People one is surprised to hear that Dr. JOHNSON never met"? It would do him a lot of good. But above all he must study that master of Quietism, the incomparable author of *The Woman's Touch*, *The Silent Preacher*, *Through a College Key-hole*.

PARSIFAL has pained me very much. He sent me a long poem, and after I had given him a very detailed criticism I discovered that he had simply copied out a poem of WORDSWORTH's familiar to us all from our earliest childhood. I have lost his address, so I cannot tell him privately what I think of him, but it was a dirty trick.

CIUDAD RODRIGO (I don't know why he calls himself that; he writes from Balham) sends me an essay on GEORGE BORROW. It follows with great fidelity the line of established fact, never deviating into the unknown. After reading it I felt that I did not want to hear any more about GEORGE BORROW for a long time.

ARRIÈRE PENSÉE, TOOTLES, PONGO and HUGGING: see answer to CIUDAD RODRIGO.

I did an injustice to PARNASSIAN in my answer to him last week. Owing to a misprint I was made to say that "his poems were written" (which they were not, but typed, and very excellently typed too). What I meant to say was that his poems were rotten. Sorry.

## THE MILITANT'S SONG.

EACH morning, vigorous and bright,  
I sing my little song:—  
"If I don't do the thing that's right  
I'll do the thing that's wrong."

And if I chance to miss my aim  
By slight miscalculation  
I go on singing just the same  
With equal exaltation.

So when I light my little sticks  
To burn up "No. 8"  
And find I've kindled "No. 6"  
My joy is just as great.

And when my little stones I dash  
At windows in a hurry  
And hear the corner lamp-post smash  
I see no cause to worry.

And when I take my little whip  
To punish "Mr. A."  
And find I've made another slip  
I giggle out, "Hurray!"

And under lock and key I trill,  
Although my cell's a strong one:—  
"I didn't hit the right man, still  
At least I hit the wrong one."

## Bethnal Green and Leith.

We are asked to say that some of the best friends of the Government take a grave view of the acclamations with which the Liberal Press has been greeting the recent "moral victories" of the Party at the polls. A few more of these moral victories and the language of triumph will, they fear, be exhausted before an actual victory occurs.

"Lord Plymouth's donation of £30,000 completes the purchase of the Crystal Palace. The shortage was due to Mr. Camberwell's refusal to contribute, and also to a reduction in Mr. Pinge's contribution by £15,000."  
*Otago Daily Times.*

On the other hand we are glad to be in a position to say that Lord Penge, the Hon. Mrs. Sydenham Hill and the Dowager Lady Dulwich have behaved most generously.

"Respecting Ichthemie Guano, you can make use of my name, as it is one of the best fertilisers on the market."

*From a Trade Circular.*

We should like to know what our old friend Ichthemie Guano has to say about this. He will not like to hear that anybody else's name competes with his in the fertilising market.





### THE HOLY ESTATE: AN EX-PARTE VIEW.

*Her Ladyship.* "SO YOU ARE LEAVING TO GET MARRIED, THOMPSON? I MUST COME AND SEE YOUR WIFE WHEN YOU ARE COMFORTABLY SETTLED."

*The Lover.* "THANK YOU, ME LADY. SHE SEEMS A NICE QUIET SORT OF GIRL, AND I 'AVE HEVERY 'OPE SHE 'LL MAKE ME COMFORTABLE."

### BELLES LETTRES AND OTHERS.

MOST of us have been startled to observe how very far real life falls short of the standard of books. The realisation has come home to me with great force after reading *Whispers of Passion*, a collection of love-letters by "Amorosa," which I could not refrain from comparing with certain authentic love-letters (as I suppose I must call them) which happen to be in my possession.

What a contrast! What a melancholy contrast!

Here, for example, is the tender opening of one of "Amorosa's" efforts:—

"BELOVED,—This morning I saw the sun rise from behind the grey hills that rampart our secluded vale. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, as I watched, the sombre robes of the Night were irradiated and enrobed by the mysterious fires of the Dawn. And herein, my dear one, I seemed to grasp a deathless symbol of the awakening of Love between us, the first slow gilding of our grey lives by the roseate glamour of romance. . . ."

And so on. Now read this, taken from one in my own collection treating of the same subject:—

"DEAR WOGGLES,—How dare you hint that I'm lazy? As a matter of fact I saw the sun rise only this morning, which reminds me of a story. I daresay you know it already. A small boy decided to keep a diary, and the first entry he made was: '1st January—Got up at 8.15.' His mater objected to this on the ground that *got up* was too slangy. 'Look at the sun,' she said. 'The sun doesn't *get up*; it *rises*.' The same evening, after the boy had gone to bed, she looked at the diary again. There was only one other entry: '*Set at 9.*'

Not much of a yarn, is it, Woggles? But still it's good enough for you. . . ."

Or consider this beautiful conclusion:

" . . . Dear, I am all thine. My soul calls to thee across the night; the beating of my heart cries through the darkness—Thine, thine, thine!

Good night, adored one, good night.  
AMOROSA."

And contrast it with the following:—

" . . . And now I must dry up or I shan't be in bed by midnight, and the old man will lose his hair and say I'm ruining my precious constitution. Ta, ta. Be a good infant.

Yours, MADGE."

"Amorosa's" lover appears to have sent her a bracelet, and must have felt richly repaid when he received this:—

" . . . As I clasped the slender circlet around my wrist I seemed to hear a voice which said, 'This is pure gold; let your love be pure. It is an emblem of infinity; let your trust be infinite. It is a pledge of fidelity; let your faithfulness be immutable. . . ."

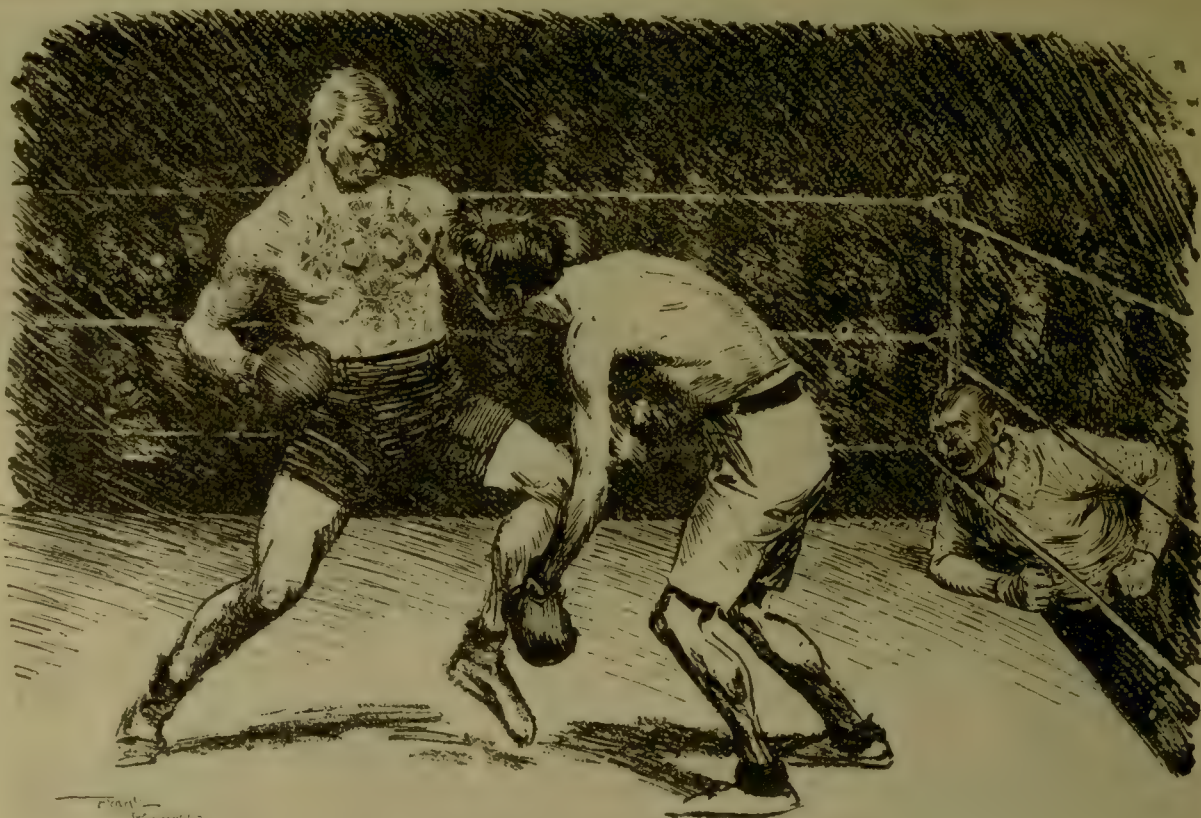
But this is how Madge expresses herself on a similar occasion:—

" . . . Thanks very much for the bracelet. It seems pretty decent. . . ."

Let me give two other extracts which happen to treat of similar themes. Here is the first:—

" . . . I heard music surging in great waves of divine beauty from





### THE TATTOOER'S ART.

*Exasperated Backer.* "IT 'IM, CHARLEY; DON'T LOOK AT THEM PICTURES."

Belnobbio's 'cello, and, magically, wonderfully, it lured and compelled my thoughts, beloved one, to you. In all those immortal harmonies I heard your voice; the Master's rapt-features faded into mist, and I saw instead your own grave, strong face. Tell me, what is this power which can so converge all beauties to one centre? . . ."

And here is the second:—

"... I went to hear Kranzer yesterday, and oh, Woggles, I tell you, he is the edge, the very ultimate edge! I rave over him day and night. I'm madly, head-over-heels, don't-know-how-to-express-it in love with him. I'm going to throw you over and follow him about all round the world, and whenever I get the chance just lie down and let him wipe his boots on me. So—resign yourself to it; you'll probably never see again.

Your fatally smitten MADGE."

Occasionally, it is true, there occurs in these deplorable letters just a touch of sentiment, but how crudely, how prosaically expressed. Immediately after the passage quoted above, for instance, I find this:—

"P.S.—Dear old boy, you don't mind when I rag you, do you? 'Here's just a teeny-weeny x for you. M."

How does "Amorosa" phrase such a sentiment?

"... My lips cannot touch your lips, but my soul seeks yours, and in that spiritual embrace there is something of eternity."

\* \* \* \* \*

And yet, after all—

### GNOMES FOR GOLFERS.

In April when the cuckoos call  
Glue both your optics on the ball.

In May avoid the water-ouzel  
Whose warning note predicts a foozle.

In Summer when the lies are good  
Propel it smartly with the wood.

In August should the peacock shriek  
Renounce the baffy for the cleek;

But if your stroke becomes too "scaffy"  
Give up the cleek and use the baffy.

In Autumn when the lies are clammy  
Replace the brassie by the "Sammy."

But when the course is dry and grassy  
Replace the "Sammy" by the brassie.

In Winter when the lies are slimy  
Be up or in, or lay a stymie.

When caddies chatter on the green  
Rebuke them, but remain serene.

But when they hiccough on the tee  
Pay them their regulation fee.

When'er you chance to top your drive  
Before you speak count twenty-five.

But if you slice into the rough  
Thirty will hardly be enough.

When beaten by a single putt  
You may ejaculate, "Tut, tut."

But if you're downed at dormy nine  
Language affords no anodyne.

Where frequent pots the green environ  
Take turf approaching with the iron.

No game is lost until it's won;  
The duffer may hole out in one.

If down the course the pill you'd punch  
Be careful what you eat at lunch.

A simple cut from off the joint  
May cure your shots to cover-point.

But lobsters, trifle and champagne  
May even prove the plus-man's bane.

### The Nine St. Denys's.

"Theroupon the Labour party sang 'The Red Flag,' the deportees joining in the chorus, bearing their heads during the singing."  
*South Wales Echo.*





A DEVOTEE OF "THE DOCTRINE."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Lords, Monday, February 23rd.*—Temporarily relieved from thoughts of Ulster or meditations upon Marconi, House gave itself up to bright debate on question not less attractive because of spice of personality. Spice acquired additional piquancy since it was not supposed to be there. Its absence was indeed formally insisted upon. "Oh no, we never mention him. His name is never heard." All the same, as debate went forward, names *did* occur. Glances, furtively shot from side to side of House, casually rested upon particular seats, whether empty or occupied.

SELBORNE introduced subject by moving Resolution condemning principle that a contribution to Party funds should be a consideration to a Minister recommending to the Sovereign bestowal of a titular honour. Subject delicate one to handle. As SELBORNE admitted, WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and RIBBLESDALE in succession concurring, it was not a Party question. Notorious that since the days of Lord NORTH both political parties are tarred with same brush. Through difficult circumstances SELBORNE adroitly picked his way in lively speech. Sorely handicapped by Resolution, the effect of which, even with assistance of other House, would, as RIBBLESDALE pointed out, be absolutely nil. "In the end," he said, "both Houses would be only expressing a pious, almost a Pharisæical opinion."

This conceded, the Lords, having no work to do, might have done much worse than devote sitting to breezy debate.

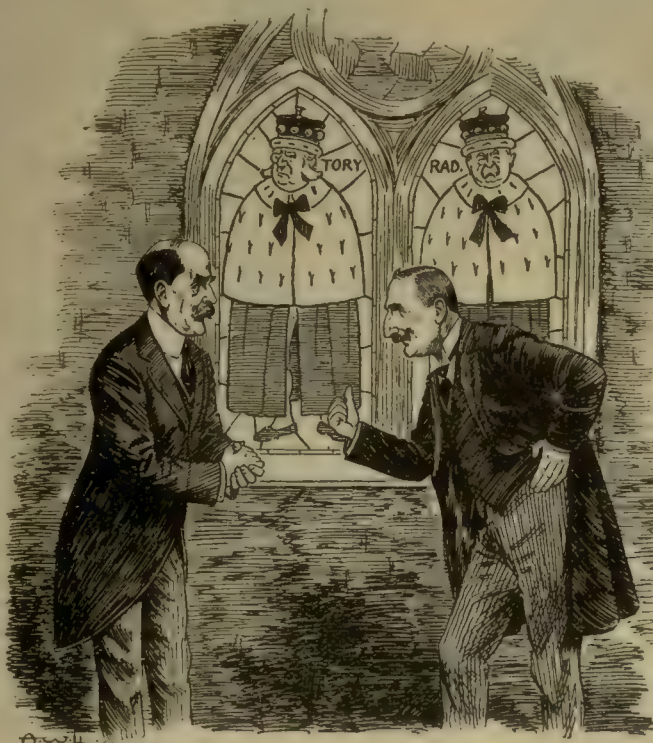
WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE at his best in his enunciation of principles upon which, were he dispenser of honours in the Radical camp, he would choose his peers. Whilst taking broad view of case on eugenic principles, he would be inclined to make selection in favour of childless candidates.

"The sons of newly-created Radical peers are," he shrewdly remarked, "almost certain to be Tories, while a Radical grandson of a Radical peer is a phenomenon never seen."

Incidentally the bold Baron took occasion to remark that his own title

was conferred upon an ancestor in reward for active part taken in placing the Tudor dynasty on the throne. Some noble lords, whose patent to peerage is of rather more recent date, whilst agreeing generally with his views, thought this remark superfluous. Why drag in the Tudors?

WILLOUGHBY's graphic account of an interview with the agent of a moneyed applicant for honours was capped by RIBBLESDALE, who confided to listening Senate particulars of occasions when as a Whip he had from time to time been "approached."



Lord CREWE (to Lord SELBORNE on his way to the Debate on the Sale of Honours). "I trust we shall have no stone-throwing."

Lord SELBORNE. "I'm entirely with you. Too much stained-glass about, what?"

MILNER, shocked by what he regarded as frivolity, proposed to treat the subject "with a slight approach to seriousness." Proposal cast a blight over proceedings which were hurried to conclusion.

*Business done.*—SELBORNE's Resolution agreed to with verbal amendment.

*House of Commons, Tuesday.*—Resemblance of House of Commons to the sea never more strikingly illustrated than at to-night's sitting. For five hours and a half deadliest calm reigned. Benches less than half full. Questions drowned through appointed period. House got into Committee of Supply on Civil Service estimates. Votes for Colonial Service offered occasion for debate on Camel Corps disaster in

Somaliland last August. LULU defended in detail the policy and action of his department. At half-past eight, talk still dragging slow length along, he moved closure. Division on proposal to reduce the estimate, equivalent to vote of censure, ran Government majority up to 125.

Suddenly scene changed. It was the mid-dinner hour, period at which House is as a rule dismally empty. The four-hundred-and-seventy Members who had taken part in the division, instead of fleeing in accordance with custom as if fire had broken out, made for their seats, whence rose the buzz of excited talk that presages a tempest.

The miracle was worked by Ulster. FALLE, having by favour of fortune at ballot-box secured portion of sitting as Private Member's property, moved Resolution calling upon PRIME MINISTER forthwith to submit to House his proposals for alteration of Government of Ireland Bill. Opposition mustered in support. Ministerialists whipped up to last man. When, following mover and seconder of Resolution, PREMIER appeared at the table he was welcomed by shout of exultant cheering. Significant contrast with his reception when, a fortnight earlier, he stood in same place and seemed inclined to dally with proposal for exclusion of Ulster. Instinctively, or through whispered information, Ministerialists knew he was now, as they put it, "going straight."

Their most sanguine expectation justified. PREMIER in fine fighting form.

"Gentlemen opposite," he scornfully said, "seem to think we here can be likened to a beleaguered garrison, driven by the stress of warfare into an untenable position with failing supplies, with exhausted ammunition, with shaken nerves, and that it is for them, the minority of this House, to dictate the terms of capitulation that are to determine whether we are to be allowed to surrender with or without the honours of war."

That sufficed to indicate his position. Whilst disclosure increased enthusiasm on Ministerial side it correspondingly inflamed passion on benches opposite.

There was an anxious moment when fisticuffs seemed imminent across the table in close proximity to shocked



Mace. CARSON making interruption (one of a continuous series), PREMIER thought it was WALTER LONG, and severely enjoined him to restrain himself. LONG hotly retorted that he had not spoken. Angry cheers and counter-cheers resounded in opposing camps. PREMIER, accepting assurance of his mistake, apologised. Fisticuffs postponed.

Warned by experience, PREMIER took no notice when MOORE OF ARMAGH shouted, "Why do you funk a General Election?" or when later he received from same source disclaimer of belief in his sincerity; or when another Ulster Member characterised forceful passage in his speech as "Tomfoolery."

Fresh roar of cheering broke over excited host of Ministerialists when by way of last word PREMIER declared, "We are not going at the eleventh hour to betray a great cause."

*Business done.*—Proverbially swift descent from sublime to ridiculous. Demand of Opposition for instant disclosure of Ministerial plan altering Home Rule Bill met by Amendment from Liberal side declaring confidence in Government. This carried by majority of 73. When put as substantial Resolution eleven o'clock had struck. No opposed business may be taken after that hour. House accordingly forthwith adjourned. Record of night's business in Journals of House prepared for perusal of posterity is comprehended in word "That—"

*Thursday.*—House puzzled by question on Paper standing in name of H. P. CROFT. Member for Christchurch desires "to ask the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he has received petitions in favour of immediate legislation dealing with imported plumage through all or any of the Prime Ministers of the States of Australia."

How, why and under what circumstances plumage should be "imported through" Prime Ministers of the Australian Commonwealth no one can guess. Generally agreed that, if such painful procedure actually be the Colonial custom, prohibitive legislation cannot be too soon undertaken.

SYDNEY HOLLAND, for many years the prop and stay of the London Hospital, has taken his seat in the House of Lords on accession to the Viscounty of Knutsford. Apart from hereditary claim, he is the ideal type of the class of peer whom reformers on

both sides look to for restoration of the prestige and usefulness of the Upper Chamber. Nevertheless it is hoped he will not give up to Westminster what was meant for mankind—the splendid devotion of capacity and energy to the service of the sick poor of London.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

#### The New Matrimonial Insurance.

"HUSBAND INSURED AWAY."

"Daily Mail" Heading.



"Gentlemen opposite seem to think we here can be likened to a beleaguered garrison, driven by the stress of warfare into an untenable position."—Mr. ASQUITH in the debate on Mr. FALLE's resolution.

#### The Land Campaign once more.

"Large Foot Path, very strong, reduced to 6s. 11d., less than half-price."

Advt. in "The Accrington Observer."

"Are we not having just a little too much London? A glance over our rapidly growing fixture list suggests that the predominance of the great Metropolis in matters of golfing is becoming rather too pronounced."—*Golfing*.  
It's not fair to the privonces.

"Members of the Chicago Bachelor Girls' Club, who number sixty at present, say they must receive affirmative answers to this list of questions before they will marry:—

... Have you bad habits, such as drinking or smoking to excess? ..."—*Daily Mirror*.

"The answer is in the affirmative."

"Then I am yours."

#### A SIGN OF DECAY.

(A bull recently got into a china shop, but was coaxed out before any damage was done.)

We cut but a decadent figure;  
Our virtues grow sickly and pale;  
Our forefathers' valour and vigour  
Live only in poem and tale;  
Our thews are beginning to soften;  
No more are we sturdy and hard;  
These facts have been often and often  
Explained to the bard.

But still to despondent repining  
He never consented to yield;  
For comfort amid our declining  
He looked to the beasts of the field;  
Though others grew haggard with grief, he  
Maintained a refusal to quake  
So long as our bulls remained beefy  
And a steak was a steak.

But now there is cause to repine, a  
Dread portent of what to expect:  
A bull has got lose in the china  
And nothing, no, nothing's  
been wrecked.  
Where fragments were wont to be scattered  
Like forest leaves under a gale  
Not even a saucer was shattered  
By a flick of the tail.

Oh, say, can this care for the tea-cup  
Proclaim that the common decay  
Is busting the bovine physique up  
And hasting the horrible day  
When the bard, too, must take  
up the story  
That the halo of England grows dim,

Since the beef, whence she  
gathered her glory,  
Is void of its vim?

#### Honours Easy.

"£25 Reward.—Lost, either at Folkestone Harbour or from a Pullman Car, a Gentleman's Fur Coat, lined with minx."

*Morning Post.*

"Miss Trenerry, wearing a coat of rose charmeuse, with white fur collar, and several gentlemen."—*Express and Echo (Exeter)*.

"Young Man requires board and lodging in Carshalton; hot and cold bath preferred."

*The Herald (Sutton).*

He can't have it both ways at once.

"At the Gare de Lyon this afternoon Roland was welcomed by General de Castelnau, who embraced him and took his arm to the buffet of the station, where a reception was held."—*Daily Telegraph*.

General DE CASTELNAU. "Donnez-le un nom."



## THE TELEPHONE AGAIN.

TING-A-LING.

*Patient Subscriber.* Hullo.*Gruff Voice.* Are you Bond and Lapel?*Patient Subscriber.* I'm afraid you've got the wrong number. We're Gerrard 932041. The Society for the Prevention of Wet Feet amongst the Genteel Poor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ting-a-ling.

*Same Patient Subscriber.* Hullo.*Same Gruff Voice.* Bond and Lapel?*S. P. S.* No, they've given you the wrong number again. We're Gerrard 932041. Ring off, please.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ting-a-ling.

*S. P. S.* Hullo.*S. G. V.* Bond and Lapel? I'm Major—*S. P. S.* My dear Sir, will you believe me that we're *not* Bond and Lapel? We're Gerrard 9-3-2-0-4-1. Don't let me have to speak to you again, there's a good fellow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ting-a-ling.

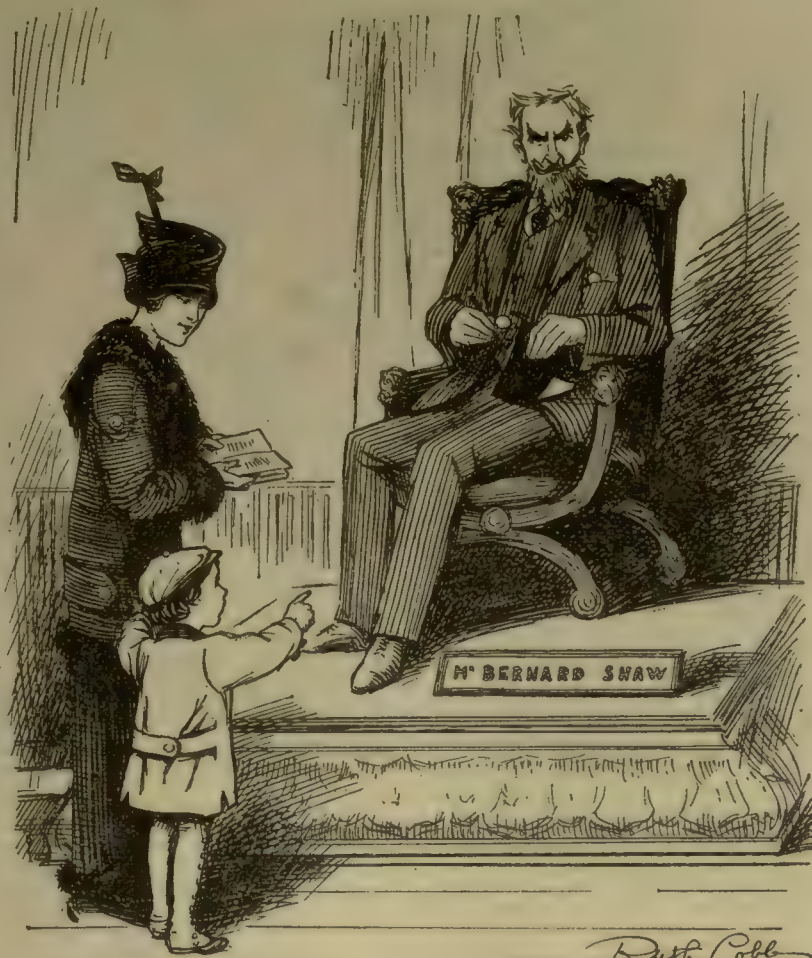
*Exchange.* You're thr-r-r-rough.*S. G. V.* { Hullo.*S. P. S.* {*S. G. V.* Bond and Lapel, dammit!

I want— Don't you "tut" me, Sir.

I TELL YOU YOU ARE.

*S. P. S.* Oh, all right. Well, what can I do for you?*S. G. V.* Eh?*S. P. S.* I said, What can I do for you?*S. G. V.* I'm Major Smith. I want you to make me—*S. P. S.* Marjorie who? Speak up, please.*S. G. V.* MAJOR, M-A-J-O-B, MAJOR. MAJOR SMITH. CAN YOU HEAR THAT?

I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A BLUE SERGE SUIT BY TO-MORROW WEEK.

*S. P. S.* A little louder . . . That's better. If you'll wait a moment I'll just jot down your measurements.*S. G. V.* Measurements! What the—! I'm Major Smith.*S. P. S.* Hold the line a moment and I'll see if we have them. Are you holding on? . . . Hullo. Major Smith, you said? Sorry, but the fact is we've got two Major Smiths on our books. Would you kindly tell me which one you are?*S. G. V.* I'm Major—Smith—of—3—Mecklington—Gardens—Kensing-ton.*S. P. S.* Oh, yes. Close to the Oval.*S. G. V.* KENS-S-SINGTON!*S. P. S.* Oh, Kensington with an "s." Yes. I know. Well now, how would you like it made? Will you have the

Tommy (his first visit to Madame Tussaud's). "MUMMY, CAN'T THAT MAN TALK BITHER?"

trousers to match? We're doing a very smart line in buff canary trouser-ings, just—

*S. G. V.* I said a BLUE SERGE SUIT, Sir!*S. P. S.* Sorry. I was thinking of the other Major Smith. Then we'll say trousers to match. Yes, I've got that. Do you wear them turned up or down? Down. Trousers turned down and sleeves turned up. No, both down. Yes. Now what about box pleats? Shall we say box pleats?*S. G. V.* Don't you put any of your new-fangled dodges on *my* clothes, young man, because I won't have it.*S. P. S.* No box pleats. I'll make a special note of it. Then to-morrow fortnight without fail.*S. G. V.* To-morrow WEEK. And if you don't send that dress suit of mine by six to-night—*S. P. S.* Dress suit? Dress suit? What dress suit? This is the first I've heard of any dress suit.*S. G. V.* WHAT?*S. P. S.* It can't be done, old chap.

You'll have to borrow one for to-night.

*S. G. V.* Y-y-you insolent p-puppy. P-put me through to the manager. At once.*S. P. S.* Thanks so much. Then I'll put you down for a subscription. The Society for the Prevention of Wet Feet amongst the Genteel Poor, you know.*S. G. V.* —! —! —! (Biff . . . bang . . . ting-a-ling . . . buz-z-z-z-z-z.)*S. P. S.* Exchange.*Exchange.* Number, please.*S. P. S.* Put me through to the Repairs Department. . . Oh, Repairs Department. I'm ringing up on behalf of Major Smith, of 3, Mecklington Gardens, Kensington. Send someone round at once, please. His telephone has burst.

"ST PAUL'S.

£70,000 WANTED FOR THE FABRIC."

Standard.

Another chance for Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY.



## THE WEDDING PRESENT.

"At last," I said, putting down my newspaper, "there is hope for England. Here is a man who announces his approaching marriage and hopes that wedding presents will not be sent."

"Pooh," said the lady of the house.

"Why," said I, "do you say 'pooh'?"

"Because," she said, "it's not a bit of good hoping for anything of the sort. You might just as well abolish weddings at once. People won't go to one unless they have a chance of seeing their own present and admiring it so much that the detective begins to suspect them."

"Yes," I said, "isn't the detective splendid? Nobody ever fails to spot him, and yet there he is every time, firmly convinced that everybody takes him for the bridegroom's uncle or the bride's godfather by a former marriage, or something of that sort. I really do feel I couldn't do without the detective."

"There you are," she said. "You can't have the detective without the presents."

"Very well," I said, "we'll let presents go on a bit longer and chance it."

"And don't you forget," she said firmly, "that you've got to choose a present for George Henderson to-day."

"George Henderson?" I said dreamily. "Do you think George Henderson *wants* a present? Isn't he the sort which 'hopes that wedding presents will not be sent'? I've always felt he had a look in his eye which said, 'Dear old chap, I shall be married some day. Whatever you do, don't send me a present.' Haven't you felt that about him, too?"

"No," she said, "I haven't. In fact George has always seemed to me the very man for a present. And now he's going to be married. It's the chance of a lifetime."

"Well, then," I said, "if you feel like that *you* ought to buy the present. You'll do it better. You'll put more real feeling into it."

"That may be," she said, "but you're going to London, and I'm not. You'll have to do it this time."

"Oh, very well," I said; "have it your own way; but I warn you I shall buy silver candlesticks."

The two elder girls, who had been listening with eager interest, now broke in.

"Dad," said Helen to Rosie, "is going to try for his old candlesticks."

"Yes," said Rosie; "but you'll see he won't be allowed."

"Cease, babblers," I said. "In earlier and less conjugal days no wedding was considered complete without my silver candlesticks. It was all so simple, too. I called at Gillingham's, wrote out a card, gave an address, and away went the present. And what's more, they all wrote back and said it was the one thing they had been longing for."

"Oh," said the lady of the house, "they'll write like that about anything. At any rate, we won't have candlesticks. They're quite useless now, you know. Nobody has candles."

"And that," I said, "is what makes candlesticks so valuable. There's nothing base and utilitarian about them. They are appreciated for their beauty, and there's an end of them. Do, do let me buy a pair for George Henderson."

"No," she said; "the whole of the rest of the silver-smith's art is open to you, but we will *not* have candlesticks."

"I told you so," said Rosie to Helen.

In the afternoon, accordingly, I wandered into the establishment of Messrs. Gillingham, jewellers, goldsmiths and silversmiths, and heaven knows what besides. For a few moments I steeped myself in the glittering magnificence of

the objects displayed around me. Then a polite and very well-dressed young man—not my usual one, but a stranger—spoke to me.

"Are you being attended to, Sir?" he said.

"No," I said, "not yet. I'm not quite ready for it. Still, I may as well begin."

"Yes, Sir."

"What," I said, pointing to a diamond tiara, "is the price of that?"

Two ladies who were making a purchase turned round and gazed at me with an awe-struck but approving look. The young man was evidently much impressed.

"That," he said, "is one of our newest designs. The stones are all specially selected. The price"—he studied the little tag attached to it—"the price is £1,050; very cheap for the value."

"It is," I said, "wonderfully cheap. I can't think how you manage to do it. I will think about it." In the meantime I should like to see something smaller and not quite so valuable."

"Is it a wedding present, Sir?"

"Don't," I said, "let us call it a wedding present just yet. If we do it's sure to turn out a sugar-sifter. Let's think of it as a mere gift."

"Yes, Sir."

"Of course we may find that the man to whom we're going to give it is about to be married, but that will be only the long arm, won't it?"

"The—I beg your pardon, Sir."

"A coincidence, you know; and we're not the men to be put off by coincidences, are we?"

"No, Sir. Would you like to see the manager, Sir?"

"No," I said, "the manager would only confuse me. Show me some silver inkstands and some sugar-jugs—I mean some claret-sifters—that is, some silver decanters, you know, and some silver fruit-baskets."

"Yes, Sir." He went away and returned with an inkstand.

"This," he said, "is a very favourite pattern. It combines a large inkpot and a match-stand and a rack for the pens—"

"I know," I said; "they never stay in it."

"No, Sir. And there's a little candlestick for sealing-wax—"

"I'll have it," I said feverishly. "Put it aside for me at once. This is really a most remarkable piece of luck."

"Yes, Sir. Anything else?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll have a sugar-sifter, too. Any sugar-sifter will do. I'm only doing it as a concession."

"Yes, Sir. Where shall I send them?"

I gave the address with great gusto, and when I reported the result of my labours at home I said nothing about the little candlestick. The mere joy of having bought it was enough for me. Thus George Henderson received from us his fifth inkstand and his seventh sugar-sifter. He wrote and said that they were the two things he had most been wishing for.

R. C. L.

"He looked at her with infinite gentleness. 'I know all about it,' he said.

She covered her face with her hands and cried brokenly. But, coming closer, he put both hands on her shoulders, and lifted her tea-stained face to his."—*Tasmanian Courier Annual*.

Tea merchants are invited to compete for the advertisement.

"Hodgkins, however, drew ahead, and finally won as stated, the scores being: Hodgkins, 400; Sunderland, 367. The winner's best breaks were 24 and 17 (twice), and the doser's 32, 25, and 20."

*Sporting Life*.

He should have made the dose stronger.





*Dog Pincher (to possible purchaser). "I WOULDN'T SELL 'IM FOR FIFTY QUID, ONLY THEY DON'T ALLOW NO DAWGS IN OUR FLATS AT MALLABY MANSIONS."*

### FARES.

"Is that you, Herbert?" I said in surprise.

It was.

Strange how machinery can influence a man. The last time I had seen Herbert he was a rubicund cheerful gardener. He was now a London taxi-driver, with all the signs of that mystery on him: the shabbiness, the weariness, the disdain.

"Are you glad you gave up gardening?" I asked him.

"Can't say I am now," he replied. "There's more money in this, but the work's too hard. I miss my sleep, too."

"You can always go back," I said.

"I wonder," he replied. "I'd like to. This being at every one's beck and call who happens to have a shilling is what I'm tired of."

"What about tips?" I asked.

"I get plenty of them," he said. "In fact, if the clock registers tenpence or one and fourpence or one and tenpence I practically always get the odd twopence. That's all right. It's the people who don't want to tip but

daren't not do it that I can't stand. And there are such lots of them. That's what makes taxi-drivers look so contemptuous like—the tips. People think we want the tips; but there's a time when we'd rather go without them than get them like that."

I sympathised with him.

"Then there are the fares who always know a quicker way than we do. They're terrors. They keep on tapping on the glass to direct us, when we know all about it all the time. It's them that leads to some of the accidents, because they take your eyes off the road."

I sympathised again and made some mental notes for future behaviour myself.

"But the pedestrians are the worst," he continued.

"The pedestrians?"

"Yes, the people who walk across the road without giving a thought to the fact that there might be a vehicle coming. The people that never learn. The people that call you names or make faces at you after you've saved their silly lives by blowing the hooter at them. Every minute of the day one

is having trouble with them, and it gets on one's nerves. It's them that makes a taxi-driver look old sooner than a woman."

"So you'll go back to the land?" I said.

"I don't know," he said. "I'd like to, but petrol gets into the blood, you know."

I suppose it does.

"Dr. Grenfell remarked that the tourist traffic [to Labrador] was beginning to grow. Life in winter was very attractive, and was enjoyed as people enjoyed winter in Norway. One of his few personal reminiscences was how he fell through the ice and expected to be frozen to death."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Us for Labrador, every time.

Paragraph in a petition addressed to a Government official by a Baboo who wished to protest against the conduct of another Baboo:—

"His hatred of me is so much that in the heat of his animosity he wilfully omitted to put in the formal epithet 'Mr.' to my name, which no man of honour would drop because not so much for disregarding me, but that he would be doing injustice to the European etiquette."



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE LAND OF PROMISE."

"I'm about fed up with God's Own Country," says the waster in the play, a youth who, after exchanging a safe thousand-a-year at Bridge for the dangerous delights of "Chemin-de-fer," had been invited by a stern sire to migrate to Canada. And even so he had not been present during the Third Act to see the things that we saw, or he would have learnt some more discouraging facts which are never mentioned in the philosophy of the emigration-agents; for example, that the solitude and wide spaces of the Golden West seem to induce, even in the honest native worker, a reversion to the state of a dragon of the prime. But he had already seen, in the case of *Norah Marsh*, whom poverty had driven to seek the shelter of her brother's roof on a Manitoba farm, how the drudgery and petty jealousies of a narrow Colonial *ménage*, the familiar society of hired hands, and the lack of life's common amenities, had developed a gently-bred Englishwoman into a sour-tongued shrew.

Worse was to follow when, as a sole escape from the bitter spite of her plebeian hostess, she consented to marry a barbarian who was looking for a woman-of-all-work to manage his primitive shack. Here, having already mislaid her feminine charm, she loses all sense of honesty. First, when ordered to do her household duties—which were of the essence of the contract—she declines to obey till he uses brute force; and then, when he demands of her the attitude of a wife (a very embarrassing scene), she protests that this was no part of the bargain.

I can't imagine what she supposed the bargain was about, if it didn't require her to be either wife or servant.

Terrorism was the man's simple solution; but those who looked, in the last Act, for a tamed and adoring shrew were to be disappointed. Brute force had only produced a patient obedience; and it was not till a damaged crop had brought them to the edge of ruin that she consented to become his ministering angel. But by that time we knew too well her distaste for Manitoban methods to believe in the sincerity of this sudden conversion.

Altogether, after what Mr. MAUGHAM has done to my illusions, I have given up any thought of going to God's Own Country in search of a larger existence.

The acting was perhaps better than the play, though the play was good up to a point. The Second Act, with its fierce jealousy and wrangling and the futile efforts of the farmer (admirably

played by Mr. C. V. FRANCE) to intervene between wife and sister, was excellent. For the rest, it was the personality of Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, as the savage mate of the shrew, that dominated the scene. There is no better rough diamond (and he was really very rough) in the whole stock of stage-jewellery. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, though no actress could have done more with her part, had less chance than usual of showing her particular gift of *finesse*; and *Norah's* character was too inconsistent to command our sympathy. Not that we necessarily gave it to the man. Indeed it was a flaw in the play that our sympathies were never thoroughly en-



Extract from "The Prentice (Manitoba) Post":—"The wedding was quite an impromptu affair, the happy pair going straight to Mr. Taylor's shack, where they are spending the honeymoon quietly."

*Norah* .. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH.  
*Frank Taylor* .. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE.

gaged by either party. We were, of course, prepared to range ourselves on the winning side, but there was no victory. The issue was decided by *force majeure* in the shape of a wretched weed that destroyed the crop.

The situations, though of a rather strenuous order, gave occasion from time to time for humorous relief. At first, when the English servant in the opening Act rudely interposed with a facetious comment on the sincerity of the grief of certain mourners, I feared lest the humour was going to be distributed loosely without regard to the propriety of its mouthpiece. But the rest was reasonable enough; and my only complaint about the best repartee ("There's no place like home." "Some people are glad there isn't") has to do with its antiquity rather than with its appropriateness.

I have never been to Manitoba (and,

after seeing *The Land of Promise*, I am definitely resolved, as I said, never to go), so I cannot say whether Mr. MAUGHAM's interiors corresponded to the facts; but their freedom from any signs of picturesqueness gave them an air of being the right thing. Life in these parts no doubt revolves largely round the simple joys of the stomach. Seldom have I seen so much eating on the stage. We began at Tunbridge Wells with a funeral tea (though perhaps I ought to pass this over as taking place outside the Dominion); then as soon as we get to Dyer (Manitoba) we had a mid-day dinner, with washing-up; and then at Prentice (Manitoba) we were regaled with a supper of black tea and syrup.

I am confident that there is a great opening for drama dealing solely with Life Between Meals. To see people smoking on the stage is sufficiently irritating; but, when you are assisting at a First Night after a sketchy repast from the grill, all this feeding on the stage, however frugal the menu, makes for exasperation.

Finally I must compliment Mr. MAUGHAM on his ironical title. For his play, too, is a thing "of promise" rather than achievement, if it is to be judged by the test of the Last Act. Still, if a play only promises well enough and long enough—as this play did—that is an achievement in itself.

O. S.

## THE TORTOISESHELL CAT.

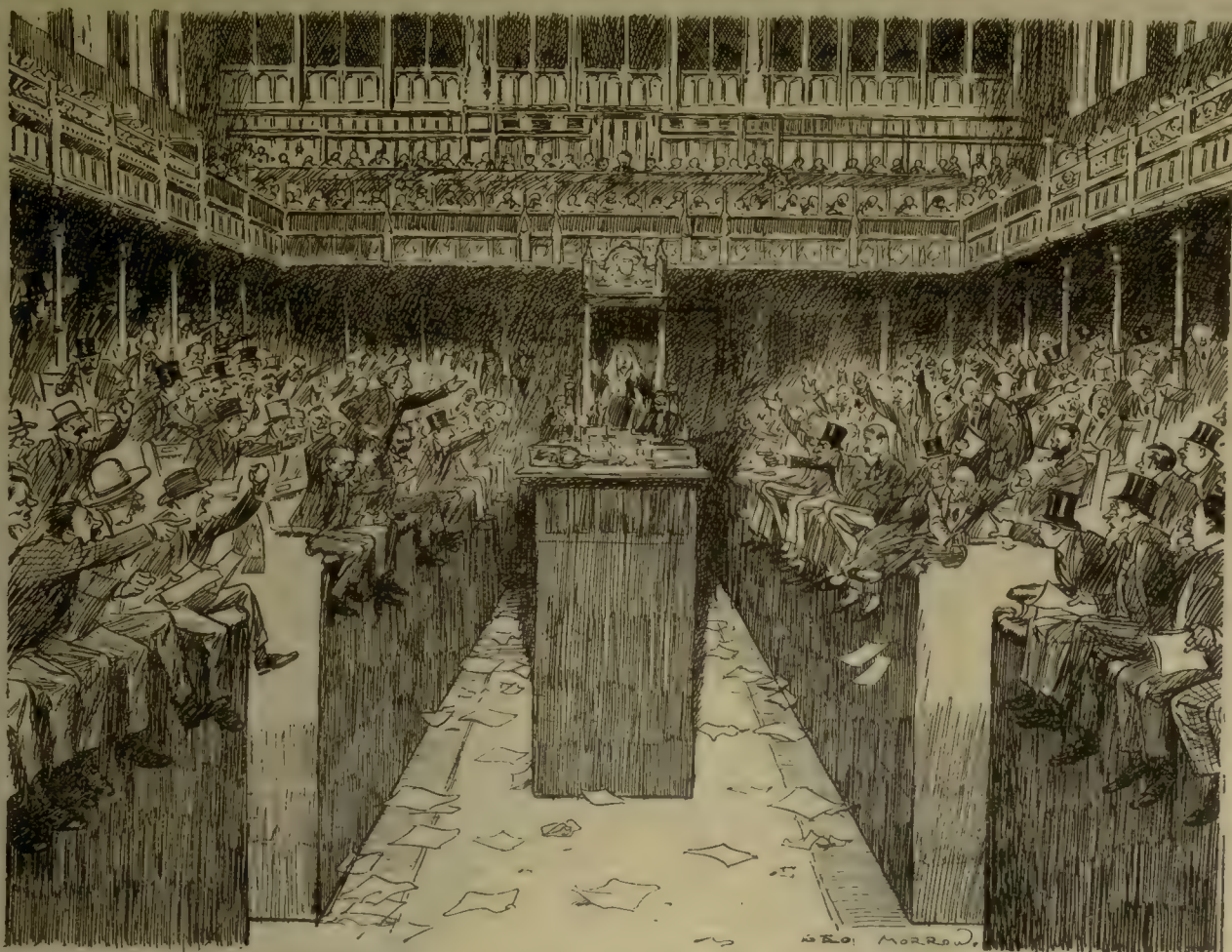
The tortoiseshell cat  
She sits on the mat,  
As gay as a sunflower she;  
In orange and black you see her  
blink,  
And her waistcoat's white, and her  
nose is pink,  
And her eyes are green of the sea.  
But all is vanity, all the way;  
Twilight's coming and close of day,  
And every cat in the twilight's grey,  
Every possible cat.

The tortoiseshell cat  
She is smooth and fat,  
And we call her Josephine,  
Because she weareth upon her back  
This coat of colours, this raven black,  
This red of the tangerine.  
But all is vanity, all the way;  
Twilight follows the brightest day,  
And every cat in the twilight's grey,  
Every possible cat.

## The Thrusters.

"The Ball given by the Ministry of Communications last night in the new Waichiaopu Building was a great success in every way. Although only 1,500 invitations were sent out, more than that number of guests attended the Ball."—*Peking Daily News*.





IN THE ALMOST CERTAIN PROSPECT OF A STORMY SESSION, WHY NOT ADOPT THE "TERRACE" SYSTEM AS NOW USED AT THE ZOO?

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I could best convey my impression of Miss ETHEL SIDGWICK's work by quoting the advertisement of a popular magazine which used to proclaim that "these stories are different." All of Miss SIDGWICK's are this, though you might possibly be hard put to it to say exactly how. It is chiefly an affair of style; there is about all of them a certain dignity of utterance that combines with their humanity to produce an effect wholly individual and rare. Take her latest example, *A Lady of Leisure* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON). There is really very little to arrest attention in the story itself; the characters are persons whom you could meet every day, but in Miss SIDGWICK's hands they become creatures of extraordinary fascination. The result is a novel by no means easy to criticise; partly because one is left with the feeling (of course the most subtle compliment to any author) that the characters have fashioned it themselves. Time and again one seems to observe Miss SIDGWICK working towards some inevitable *scène-d-faire*, when bounce! off go her people on an entirely unexpected tack, which you must yet admit to be the very one they quite obviously would follow. Never was a cast so incalculably alive. Naturally for this reason its vagaries (they are almost all in love and generally with the wrong person) would take too long to recount in detail. I can only state my personal preference for the group that

consists of the heroine, *Violet Ashwin*, her father, the fashionable physician, and her brainless but quite wonderful mother. I plump for the *Ashwin* household in short as a really brilliant contribution to the homes in modern fiction. I don't say you will find their charm easy of assimilation. The society of such clever and elusive folk as *Violet* and her father is bound to be hard going at first for the general. But *Mrs. Ashwin*—oh, she is a joy, a marvel, an exasperation! You will delight to read about her.

The first thing I have to say about *Initiation* (HUTCHINSON) is that it might have been written by Dr. CLIFFORD. The nice people in it are all Roman Catholics, but a group of Huguenots or of Calvinistic Methodists would have served the author's purpose equally well. For ROBERT HUGH BENSON, the novelist, has (so to speak) told Monsignor BENSON, the priest, to mind his own business, and leave him to his, which is the telling of a story, and not the advocacy of any particular form of religion. The second point to notice in the book is that it divides its characters, and incidentally all characters, into those who are initiated and those who are not. The initiated are those who have learnt, chiefly by suffering, the lesson of life, which is that it treats us as it likes. Because they have learnt it, they trust, even when they do not understand, the purpose of the life-giver; because they trust they do not kick against the pricks. The young Catholic English gentleman, of whose initiation the story tells,



suffers prodigiously under two of the greatest misfortunes, physical and mental, that a man may endure and live. And yet, when he comes to die, you feel, and he knows, that they are not misfortunes, but the opening up of the way of life. The chief cause of his mental suffering, a young girl of eighteen or nineteen, is described (well on in the book) as a practically insane egoist. She is, to my mind, the weak spot in the story. Frankly I don't believe in her. A girl of her age could not have been so selfishly cruel, and yet have taken in her world as she did. I will own that she took me in at first; but that was the author's fault. He ought not to have let me, as his reader, think her charming and particularly sympathetic when he knew all the time that she cared for no one but herself. I don't think that is playing the game. All the same, I like his book.

Having read Mr. REGINALD BLUNT's book, *In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout* (MILLS AND BOON), I am now prepared to pass an examination in the history and the worthies (or unworthies) of Chelsea. I know that DON SALTERO was no Spaniard, but an ardent collector of childish curiosities who for a time kept a coffee-house and a smoking club of which "the ornaments and apparatus" were eventually offered to CHARLES LAMB. If I am asked about Dr. MESSENGER MONSEY I shall say that he "tried hard, but with indifferent success, to popularise his own method of extracting teeth by tying one end of a piece of catgut to the offending molar and the other to a perforated bullet, putting the latter with a full charge of powder into a revolver and then pulling the trigger."

Then again there is BARTHOLOMEW JOSEPH ALEXANDER DE DOMINICETI, Lord de Cete et de Cortesi, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire and Noble of Venice in terra firma. How did he with his resounding name come to be in Chelsea and there establish "baths, fumigatory stoves and sweating chambers" for the relief of distressed humanity? This question and a hundred others of a similar nature you will find answered in Mr. BLUNT's delightful book. Let Mr. BLUNT take you by the hand and guide you through his beloved Chelsea. He is the most urbane and the most agreeably gossiping companion. He will re-introduce you to Sir THOMAS MORE, Sir HANS SLOANE; to NEILD, the prison-reformer, and his son JOHN, the famous miser; to the CARLYLES and their servant JESSIE HEDDLESTONE, and a host of others. And he will remind you that Dr. JOHNSON endeavoured to manufacture Chelsea china, and that his *chefs d'œuvre* always collapsed in the firing. Take my advice and acquire Mr. BLUNT's book.

I suspect that Mr. Simpson, who gives his name to the story *Simpson* (METHUEN), can hardly have shared my own exhausting acquaintance with modern fiction, otherwise it is unlikely that he would have behaved as he did. What happened was this. Simpson, though on the wrong side of forty, well off and eminently lovable, was unmarried. Find-

ing a charming old house in the country, he conceives the idea of renting it as a kind of bachelor residential club where he and other congenial cronies can enjoy the life of ease untroubled by any form of feminism. Well, that, to start with, one might fairly describe as "asking for it." But when I add that the old house in question was the property of a still young and charming widow you will probably agree with me that poor Simpson hadn't even a dog's chance from the beginning. It is possible that this fore-dooming may a little spoil your enjoyment of Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT's otherwise pleasant tale. Naturally, so far from women being banished from its pages, they simply abound; and the tale of the progress of the bachelor club resolves itself into a chronicle of proposals. There is however an attractive variety about the love affairs, of which I liked best that of the youngest couple. With two there is a note of tragedy; and though the courtship of Gilbert Strong, a respectable country lawyer, and the wild gipsy whom he marries may strike you as fantastic, the end of their romance is well told with a fine suggestion of inevitability. On the whole an agreeable and easy-going tale, though without any unusual claim to distinction.



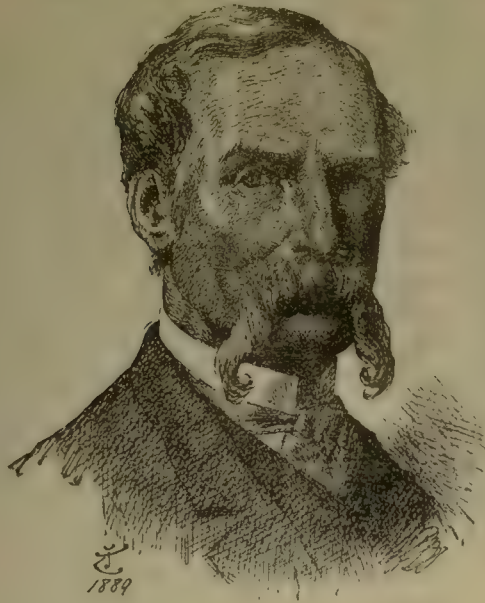
IT WAS AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH WHO, WHILE TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT, WAS OFFERED THE CROWN OF ONE OF THE SMALLER STATES AND REFUSED IT, SAYING, HE "DISLIKED THESE BLIND-ALLEY OCCUPATIONS."

I quite realise that I have not the shadow of a case against Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. He frankly calls his book *Ten Minute Stories* (MURRAY), and that is exactly what they are. Nevertheless I did feel a little aggrieved when each of them stopped with a jerk just as I had become absorbed. One has a sense of having been cheated of one's rights. That is why, though many of these sketches are as good as they can be, I do not

think that the book will be quite so popular as others of his. But devout Blackwoodsmen will add it to their collections and re-read the majority of its contents again and again, as I propose to do. On second thoughts, indeed, I may say that perhaps Mr. BLACKWOOD is not so unfair to his public as I have suggested, for he is one of those writers who are not dead and done with after a first perusal. He can pack a vast deal of food for thought even into a ten-minute story. A good example of what I mean is to be found in number fifteen of the collection, "Ancient Lights." Even a scene-shifter at the Savoy Theatre would believe in fairies after one reading of that. And if, after studying "If the Cap Fits," you lightly steal a fellow-member's hat from your club, I shall regard you as a very reckless dashing fellow. With the awful example of *Field-Martin* before me, I would not do it for a fortune. I shall buy one of those frightful plush hats which you see in shops but never out of them, and I shall have my name in large letters on the inside band. And to the hat-waiter's insidious "This is just as good, Sir," as he offers me some sinister bowler or topper with a past, I shall reply with gestures of disgust and threats to write to the committee.

"Detached 7-roomed horse wanted."—*The Newbury Weekly News*.  
Where is your one-stalled ox now?





## SIR JOHN TENNIEL.



FIRST CONTRIBUTION.  
Nov. 30, 1880.

LAST week, within three days of his ninety-fourth birthday, our old friend and comrade, SIR JOHN TENNIEL, who sat at the PUNCH table, week after week, for fifty years, and retired full of honours in 1901, passed away; and we take up the sad but grateful task of inscribing in these pages a memorial to his great art and his sweet and simple nature.

When Sir John Tenniel was born in 1820, Disraeli and Gladstone, destined to be his most fruitful subjects, were respectively fifteen and eleven. Napoleon was still living, at St. Helena; Dickens, whom Tenniel was to know and act with, was eight; Thackeray, his companion at the Round Table, was also eight; Browning was eight, Tennyson eleven, and Macaulay nineteen. At that time Byron was engaged on *Don Juan*, and Carlyle on articles for *Brewster's Encyclopedia*, with all his books yet before him; Lamb had not begun to be "Elia." George IV. had succeeded to the throne a month before Tenniel was born. Five days before his birth the Cato Street Conspiracy was unmasked. On April 1st, 1820, Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, was created a baronet. On May 1st, Thistlewood and four of his fellow-conspirators were hanged. In August, the trial of Queen Caroline was begun. Tenniel was seventeen when Victoria ascended the throne, and twenty-one when King Edward VII. and PUNCH were born. Interesting to think of what an extraordinary period of activity Tenniel was to see, and not only to see, but to comment upon with unrivalled trenchancy and dignity.

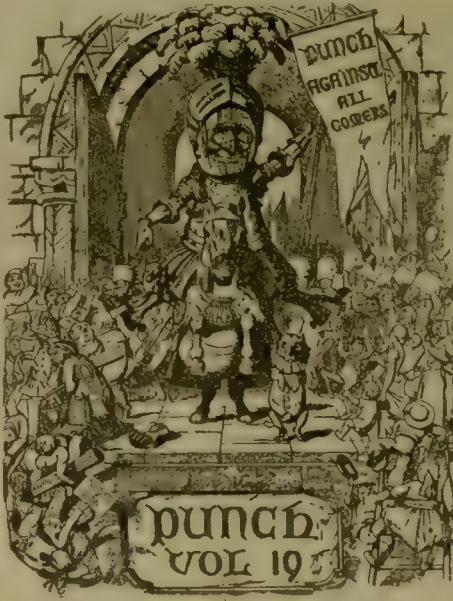
John Tenniel was born in Kensington, on the 28th of

February, 1820. He was the son of John Baptist Tenniel, an instructor in arms, to whose influence may probably be traced some of the soldierly bearing of which Tenniel's friends speak. Upon discovering his artistic bent, young Tenniel entered the Royal Academy Schools; but these he soon left for the Clipstone Street Art Society, where he met his lifelong friend Charles Keene, drew from the nude, and attended the anatomy lectures of Dr. Rogers, with J. C. Hook, afterwards R.A., who painted "Luff Boy!" and Henry Le Jeune, later an A.R.A., as fellow students. He studied the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum, and he frequented the reading-room and the print-room of that Institution, and also the Tower, for the purpose of acquiring that remarkable knowledge of costume and armour which has been the envy of so many artists since. These lessons, largely self-imposed, and a sojourn in Munich, may be said to constitute the whole of Tenniel's tuition.

He began to exhibit almost as early as Millais, for when he was only sixteen an oil painting by him, entitled "The Stirrup Cup," was hung at the Suffolk Street Gallery, and not only hung but sold, its purchaser being Tyrone Power, the Irish actor. That was in 1836. The next year Tenniel had a picture in the Academy—a scene from *The Fortunes of Nigel*—and he continued to be accepted there until 1842. Soon after that time he was attracted by the project to decorate the new Houses of Parliament with mural paintings, and was among the candidates with a fine cartoon of "The Spirit of Justice," which, though it was not chosen, won a medal. It was in order to study the art of fresco that Tenniel visited Munich; and the late Cosmo Monkhouse, to whose monograph on Tenniel we are indebted for many of these facts, attributes the Teutonic cast of Tenniel's early work to the influences which he there received. "The Spirit of Justice" certainly has a German air.



## Sir John Tenniel.



TITLE-PAGE.—VOL. XIX. 1850.

that painting alone was not likely to bring him either riches or fame, he took to book illustration and black-and-white, his first work being a series of drawings for an edition of *Æsop*, published by Murray in 1848. Had Tenniel not accepted that commission, and thus proved his power not only as a draughtsman of animals, but of animals, and men too, under dramatic conditions, he would most probably have never been selected by Mark Lemon (on the suggestion of Douglas Jerrold) to succeed poor Dicky Doyle, when, in 1850, that delightful artist and sensitive man felt it incumbent upon him to resign his seat on the staff of *PUNCH* on account of the paper's attitude to the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member. *PUNCH* not being then in the position it has since made for itself (largely by its new recruit's assistance), and Tenniel being a young, serious, and ambitious man, he was, says Mr. Spielmann, at first "by no means enamoured of the prospect of being a *PUNCH* artist. He was rather indignant than otherwise, as his line was high art and his severe drawing above 'fooling.' 'Do they suppose,' he asked a friend, 'that there is anything funny about me?' He meant, of course, in his art, for privately he was well recognised as a humorist; and little did he know, in the moment of

Tenniel however did design one cartoon for the House of Lords—a Saint Cecilia—and it is interesting to know that it is the only one among those which were contributed at the same time that is still in existence. All the others have faded away. This permanence may be considered a proof of its author's characteristic thoroughness.

Having decided

hesitation before he accepted the offer, that he was struggling against a kindly destiny."

Many years later, however, we find Tenniel, his destiny accepted, protesting to Mr. Spielmann about the allegation that he was not funny. "Some people declare," he said (in 1889), "that I am no humorist, that I have no sense of fun at all; they deny me everything but severity,

'classicality,' and dignity. Now, I believe that I have a very keen sense of humour, and that my drawings are sometimes really funny."

How people of sane mind could suggest that Tenniel had no humour, after certain of the cartoons that are reproduced in this memorial supplement alone, to say nothing of the "Alice" drawings, remains and will remain a mystery; but the vagaries of criticism are always with us.

Doyle, by leaving *PUNCH*, deprived it of its most fantastic and whimsical hand, upon which it had relied not only for the broad fun of Brown, Jones and Robinson, but also for its grotesque initials, borders and headings; as well as for the Almanack, then almost as important a publication as the paper proper. Tenniel had never the frolic gaiety of Dicky Doyle; but he had something which was to be of far more value to *PUNCH*—he had a simple sincerity and a grave seriousness which, when fun was not called for, were destined

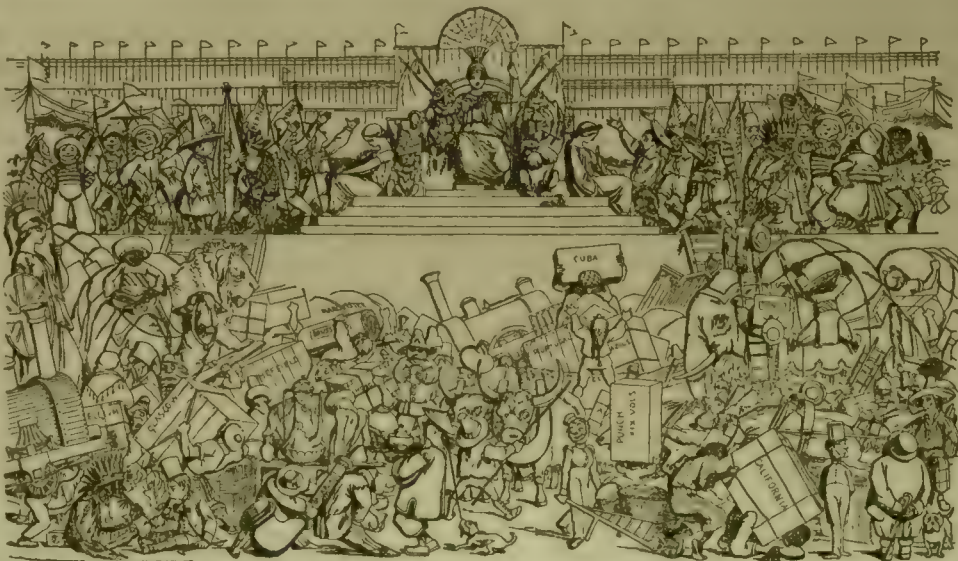
to lift the paper to heights it had never known and possibly had never expected to know. Not that he failed in the lighter tasks originally demanded of him, as a glance at two of the reproductions of his earliest drawings on the present page will show; but his work proper was all to come.

When Tenniel made his first drawing in



LORD JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

First Cartoon—Feb. 1, 1851.



MAY DAY, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.

May 3, 1851.



## Sir John Tenniel.

3



"Well, Charley, how do you like the old Horse?"  
 "O! Be-be-beau ti-ful, e-e-easy as a Cha-a-air."  
 First "Social" Contribution.—May 24, 1851.

PUNCH—it is reproduced on page 1, and was one of the exhibits at Mr. PUNCH's Pageant in 1909 that attracted most attention—he was thirty years of age. Peel had just died. His first cartoon came in the following year, and dealt with Lord John Russell and Cardinal Wiseman (see page 2), and though he did not until 1862 become cartoonist-in-chief, he relieved Leech on many occasions in the interim. From 1862 until 1901 Tenniel reigned supreme, not only recording history, but, as was remarked by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, at the dinner on the artist's retirement, making reputations too. Mr. Choate's wise and witty words ran thus:—

"No wonder that there were to be found on the committee the names of so many of the leading statesmen, scholars, artists and gentlemen of England. Especially it was not to be wondered at that the statesmen bowed at his shrine, for had he not for the past fifty years been keeping a school for statesmen? It was a school of morals, virtues, manners, discipline, politics and principles. . . .

"He really thought Sir John had not realised until he came there how much he had been doing for England down to that day. Let them think what he had done for the last fifty years. In those fifty volumes were contained the biography of the famous men in the world, and it was interesting to see how from decade to decade he had cultivated and developed the statesmen whom he had taken in hand in budding youth and led on to triumph and fame. It was said on good Biblical authority that the hairs of a statesman's

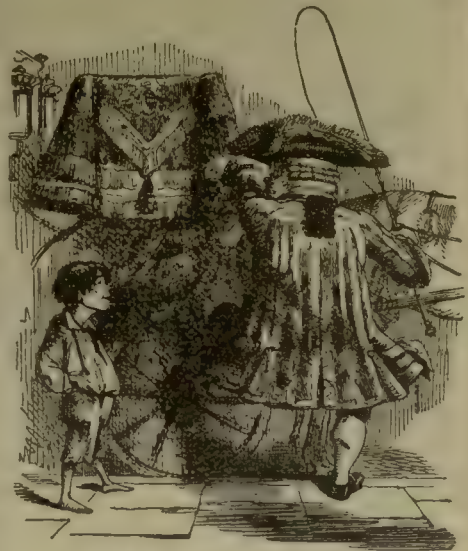
head are all numbered. Nobody knew it better than Sir John Tenniel, who took a blushing, rosy-cheeked, ambitious youth by the hand when he got up to make his maidenspeech in the House of Commons, and followed him from year to year, and decade to decade, so that by studying his successive sketches you might tell exactly how those numbered hairs

had fallen away, and how the great dome of thought and experience and wisdom stood up to make up for the loss. How much he had done for all the great men of England! The Chairman's great national poet had said:—

Wad some power the giftie gie us,  
 To see oursels as others see us.

That was exactly the power that was his. He had enabled every great man of England, after he had achieved his task—perhaps it was a great speech, a great battle, or perhaps a great blunder—to take up PUNCH and see himself exactly as others saw him. He had also taught the great men of England in the last half-century that there was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

"It was most interesting to judge Sir John's own career in his own published illustrations. Was he right in thinking that he discovered in them in constantly increasing degree a gentleness, kindness and tenderness from year to year and generation to generation exhibited by him in those wonderful pages? Was he right in believing that time, which had



THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

Blackguard Little Boy (to Queen's Coachman.) "I say, Coachy, are you engaged?"

April 29, 1854.



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT IN ENGLAND, SEPT. 15, 1784.  
 VINCENT LUNARDI THROWING OUT A LITTLE BALLAST.  
 Sept. 27, 1851.



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKESPEARE.

King Henry: "Sweetheart, I were unpmanly to take you out, and not to kiss you."  
 Hen. VIII., Act I, Scene 4.

Aug. 25, 1866.



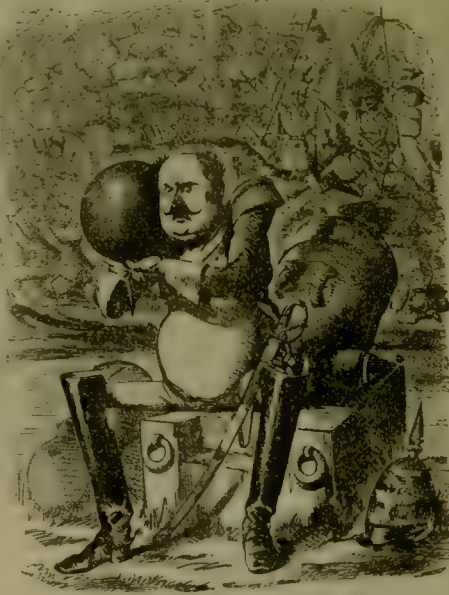
## Sir John Tenniel.

dealt so generously with him, had only mellowed and softened him, so that to-day, when he laid down his pencil, he was dreaded by none, and absolutely and devotedly loved by all? Was he right also in thinking from the evidence of his hand that England herself had in the last half-century mellowed with him, and that she had grown very much less alone and aloof than she appeared to the rest of the world half a century ago?"

That was a very interesting point to make, and Mr. Choate might have gone farther and pointed out how Tenniel, before photography was common, was the chief link between Parliament and the people. He not only made reputations, but he created intimacy.

One of Tenniel's earliest cartoons to shadow forth his vivid historic manner, as we may call it, was that (reproduced on this page) in June, 1854, at the beginning of the Crimean troubles, in which Nicholas, the Tsar, is seen holding a shell to his ear, and as he listens to it (as children do to sea shells) beholding a vision of armed men. But the first cartoon in which the artist's great power displayed itself—on which his moral intensity was stamped—was that reproduced below: "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," one of the great English historic drawings. Tenniel, it may be said, had good fortune in beginning his PUNCH career at a time when such momentous events as the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny were moving the world; but, had he lacked the sincerity, the simplicity, the dignity and the power which were so notably his, that opportunity would have meant nothing to him. Tenniel as PUNCH's cartoonist is one of the best examples of the right man in the right place at the right moment.

A little more of the very interesting conversation between Tenniel and Mr. Spielmann may be quoted here:—"As for political opinions, I have none—at least, if I have my own little politics, I keep them to myself, and profess only those of my paper. If I have infused



WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

June 10, 1854.

face, and *vice versa*; but if I only succeed in getting the character I seldom go far wrong—a due appreciation is an almost infallible guide. I had the opportunity of studying Mr. Gladstone's face carefully when he did me the honour of inviting me to dinner at Downing Street, and I have met him since; but I fancy, after my 'Mrs. Gummidge' [see page 11] cartoon and 'Janus,' I don't deserve to be honoured again! His face has much more character and is much stronger than Mr. Bright's. Mr. Bright has fine eyes and a grand, powerful mouth, as well as an earnest expression, but a weak nose—artistically speaking, no nose at all—still, a very intellectual face indeed."

It was Gladstone who made Tenniel a knight, in 1893; and the PUNCH staff entertained their artist at dinner at the "Mitre," at Hampton Court, in celebration of the event.

Lord Salisbury had meant to confer the honour, but left office too soon.

It was in 1864 that Tenniel accepted the commission for that other series of drawings upon which, with his 2,000 and more cartoons, his fame will rest—the illustrations to Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. Mr. Balfour, in his speech at the Tenniel



THE BRITISH LION'S VENGEANCE ON THE BENGAL TIGER.

Aug. 22, 1857.



## Sir John Tenniel.

5



THE QUAKER AND THE BAUBLE.

"It is the Land which the territorial party represents in Parliament. . . . That is the theory of the Constitution: Blackstone says so. But it is a thing which is not likely to be respected much longer, and it must go, even if involving the destruction of the Constitution."—Mr. Bright, in his *Penny Organ*.

Feb. 5, 1859.

the gratitude of the world. I do not mean to dwell upon that subject, yet I cannot forget that he is in some respects one of the most successful illustrators of books that I think we have ever seen.

"There are books in which the text is a mere otiose and almost unnecessary appendage to the illustrations. There are other books, still larger in number, in which the illustration is an impertinent intrusion upon the attention of the reader, distracting his mind from the literary masterpiece with which he is concerned, and intruding alien

banquet in 1901, without the ill-said what ought to be said about those joyous pictures. "We must not," he remarked, "forget, in drinking his health, that it is not only as a man who has contributed that immortal series of cartoons to English history that he is known to fame, but he has other claims upon

trations any more than you could conceive the illustrations unelucidated by the text. Our guest of this evening is one of the happy creators of this kind of illustration. There are books known to all of us in which it would be as impossible to forget the illustrator as it is impossible



THE SENSATION STRUGGLE IN AMERICA.

June 7, 1862.

and unsympathetic ideas to disturb the current of his thoughts. Those books are numerous. But there is a third class of book, in which the illustration and the text are so intimately connected, in which the marriage between the two is so happy and so complete that you cannot conceive the text adequately

for many years by the independent critics of PUNCH. I do not believe that the satire of that journal has ever left a wound. I do not believe that any man has felt sore after having been good-naturedly held up to the ridicule—I am afraid I must use the word—of the world. I do not believe any man has ever felt sore, even for half



PEACE.

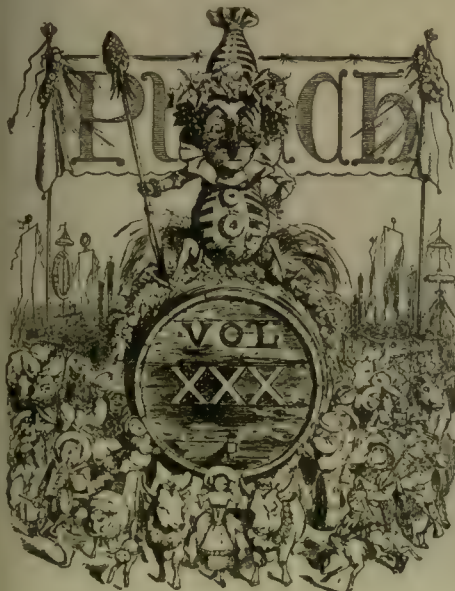
MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR A COLOSSAL STATUE, WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

May 3, 1862.

—and as I hope it will be long impossible—to forget the author."

It was upon Sir John Tenniel's retirement in 1901 that the banquet in his honour (to which reference has already been made more than once) was held at the Métropole. The day was June 12th, 1901, and Mr. Balfour, who was in the Chair, made one of the most charming, graceful and satisfying speeches of his career. The concluding portion was as follows:—

"I think we should all be very fortunate if we were as kindly dealt with by our friends as we have been



TITLE PAGE.—VOL. XXX. 1856.



TITLE-PAGE.—VOL. XXXVIII. 1860.



an hour, so happy has been the taste, so wise the discretion, which has guided the general policy of that journal, and which has animated the art of our guest of this evening.

"I am told that in the course of his great career he has designed more than two thousand cartoons for PUNCH. I am further informed that for more than forty years the number of times in which he has not been found at his post, and in which he has not contributed his quota to the amusement and instruction of the world, might almost be counted on the fingers of one's two hands—a marvellous feat of industry, a marvellous example of continuous and successful perseverance. But, after all, the industry and the perseverance are but the smallest qualities which have been shown throughout this period of forty or fifty years.

"For I doubt whether, in looking back over that long stretch of time, our guest would have found one single occasion on which he could reproach himself, or on which any man could reproach him, for having for one instant lapsed into even a trace of vulgarity; in which the smallest acerbity or venom could be found in any of his productions or in which the great cause of peace, humanity and civilization was not furthered by his efforts. Now that is a marvellous thing to say of one whose occupation has been satire—satire in its broadest sense. I know no satirist, or hardly any satirist, of which the same could honestly be said. It can honestly be said of our friend; and I think that not only



THE AMERICAN JUGGERNAUT.

Sept. 3, 1864.

his fame, but the fame of British journalism, is raised by a record like that, and that the whole tone of public life, irrespective of politics or creed, is the better for such a sweetening influence. . . .

"Think of the scope of our friend's experience. Think of the Ministries which he has seen rise up, culminate and decay; think of the revolutions abroad which he has witnessed, of the wars which he has recorded, of the great subjects of social interest which one by one he has dealt with during the forty years which have elapsed since he became the delineator of the cartoons in PUNCH.

"It is a great record—a record which embraces a vast mass of details. In it you will see, not by laborious and pedantic description, but by the actual delineation of the

moment, the changing fashions of dress, of armament, of all the various particulars of a civilised life which the artist can deal with so successfully by his pencil, and which even the ablest historian can hardly make living to posterity by even the most admirable literary description.

"Therefore it is that in my judgment our guest of this evening is destined to be for the historian of the future one of the great sources from which to judge of the trend and character of English thought and life in the latter half of the 19th century. They will say of him, and say truly, that in carrying out this task he has shown imagination, humour, pathos; that he has, when the occasion arose, shown righteous indignation;



THEY'RE SAVED! THEY'RE SAVED!

April 20, 1867.



## Sir John Tenniel.

7



A LEAP IN THE DARK.

August 3, 1867.

but that the one thing which he has never shown is bitterness of spirit; that the one vice, the one quality, which no one will ever attribute to him is that want of charity without which even the greatest virtues lose all their charm.

"In such guise I am convinced he will appear to posterity. But we have little concern with them; to us he is the great artist and the great gentleman of whom I now ask you with full glasses to drink the health."

The occasion was rendered unforgettable to many who were present by the seizure of silence which overtook the guest of the evening after his health had been drunk and which rendered him unable to do more than acknowledge his thanks; and by Mr. Birrell's exceedingly happy reference to it afterwards. Sir John's feelings prevented him from saying more than these few broken sentences:—

"If any answer were needed, or example, I should say, to prove the truth of the old adage, that some have greatness thrust upon them, none, I think, could be more convincing than that which my presence at this particular time affords, and which the tremendous reception which has just been accorded me so unmistakably confirms. What I have done that this amazing honour should be thrust upon me, and why I am here at all, altogether passes my feeble imagination to discover. Unhappily I have no gift of words; I have never addressed or attempted to address . . ." (At this point, says *The Times* report, Sir John Tenniel paused for a few moments, exhibiting signs of strong emotion; and this little interval of silence was received with every mark of sympathy by his audience, who renewed the cheers with which they had greeted his rising). Resuming, he said, "Anything

that I might attempt to say would not in the least degree express my feelings, and I am afraid I can only express my very heartfelt thanks." The audience, *The Times* report continues, then rose again, gave three enthusiastic cheers for their guest, and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mrs. Silver, who was present with Miss Tenniel and a few other ladies, laughingly remarked to Sir

John that he had avoided his after-dinner responsibilities with great skill. "Oh, no," he assured her; "I had a beautiful speech, but I couldn't say another word of it."

Mr. Birrell, who followed Mr. Choate, from whose remarks we have already quoted a passage, referred with his usual felicity to Sir John's emotion. After complimenting Mr. Balfour upon his speech—"perfect in form and perfect in feeling"—Mr. Birrell added that, delightful as Mr. Balfour's eloquence was to listen to, they had had "from Sir John Tenniel a speech which made one in love with silence."

In 1909 came another public expression of the high opinion—almost reverence—in which Sir John Tenniel's name was held, when the papers referred to his entry, on



FRANCE, SEPT 4, 1870.  
"AUX ARMES, CITOYENS;  
FORMEZ VOS BATAILLONS."  
The "Marseillaise."  
Sept. 17, 1870.



A VISION ON THE WAY. "BEWARE!"

July 30, 1870.



## Sir John Tenniel.



THE ROYAL BLANKSHIRE HUSSARS (YEOMANRY).  
"INSPECTION PARADE."

Sergeant-Major.—"When I'd say 'Drama'—mind they be out to Drama—; but when I'd say 'Squads',—whip 'em out smart, and 'Dress up' 't'Gutter."

Almanack 1871.

February 28th, into his ninetieth year. In the leading article on Modern English Caricature which was printed in *The Times* on February 27th, apropos of this event, the aim and methods of our great cartoonist were admirably characterised. He was at his best, said the critic, "not in attacks upon men or things, but in the summing up of some moving situation by a picture which, if it were literature and not art, we should call metaphorical. His masterpiece, perhaps, was the cartoon called 'Dropping the Pilot' [see page 13], in which he recorded the dismissal of Prince Bismarck. That cartoon was not an attack upon any one, but simply a moving record of the event. It expressed the sense of tears in mortal things without further comment or criticism. There was no caricature in it, and indeed Sir John is not by nature a caricaturist. There is nothing either bitter or whimsical in his art; therefore he has never had any difficulty in keeping within those bounds which his own talent, as well as the taste of the time, dictated for him. He was right to work as he did, and we can only admire the grave and kindly and just spirit which was revealed in all his works."

From another excellent article called forth by the same event—in *The Daily News*—we take the following just passage:—"Tenniel may claim, indeed, to have created the cartoon as understood in England. When *PUNCH* took a young artist of ideals, fresh from painting fresco on the walls of the Houses of Parliament, and made of him its chief pictorial satirist and commentator on great affairs, a new influence was brought into play. If we consider all that marks the best work of Tenniel, the splendid firmness and purity of his line, the loftiness of his conception, the boldness and fidelity of his treatment, the wonderful strength of it all, we take away an impression of dignity—dignity such as showed itself in the erect and quiet personality, in the avoidance of all publicity and display in his simple, secluded life, in the refusal to grasp at money, in the unbroken maintenance through fifty years of a standard of effort that outlasted the power of the pencil. He could draw President Carnot bounding in air like a ballet-dancer, and the picture would be dignified. He could show the British Lion in preposterous check trousers and white waistcoat, and there would be dignity in it. . . ."

It has been remarked that in his delineation of real men Tenniel was less happy than in his delineation of animals and of the men whom he evolved from his own fancy—such as the heroes of the Alicant mythology. He was weak, or at any rate mannered, it used to be objected, in his drawing of legs. There is some truth in the criticism, but the point is small. In spite of any such weakness Tenniel could, when moved, compel respect from the readers of *PUNCH*; while in cartoons of pure ridicule, in which also he excelled, his eccentricity was a gain, as for example in the "Pas de Deux," on page 10.

Against any humorous foibles as a draughtsman of the human form can be set the power and accuracy which he brought to his lions and tigers and other animals. No one, not Landseer himself, has so translated into line, stone or colour, the grandeur of the lion. Tenniel's lion was truly the King of beasts, the noble creature that it is in *As You Like It*—a lion such as only an artist who was also a single-minded patriot of profound devotion could draw.

After his retirement in 1901 Tenniel nursed the project of



"VÆ VICTIS!"

PARIS, MARCH 1st, 1871.

March 11, 1871.





"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES!"  
ALADDIN adapted.)

April 15, 1876.

such friends as desired his presence—in dabbling in oils and even colouring photographs. Latterly his sight, never very strong—for he had lost the use of one eye entirely early in life, in a fencing contest with his father—failed more and more, and towards the end he may be described as blind. He declined towards the grave, however, very happily, his latter days, although marked by the loneliness inseparable from extreme age, being for the most part serene.

SIR FRANCIS BURNAND, for many years Tenniel's editor, writes of his old colleague as follows:—For certain important and most interesting details of the earlier part of Sir John Tenniel's career I am indebted to Mrs. Fred Evans, who has been for many years one of his most intimate friends. Mrs. Fred's knowledge of the facts is exceptional, her husband, the late Fred Evans, having been the junior in "Bradbury and Evans," which immediately succeeded the old original firm which had become the proprietors of PUNCH on its being sold to them by Mark Lemon and his fellow-workers. Subsequently, after the decease of both Mr. Bradbury and of "Pater" Evans, Fred Evans retired from the business, and the firm became "Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.," as it has since remained, and as it is now as I write.

Mrs. Fred Evans, when she was a mere child of eight, well remembers John Tenniel in his "salad days" as a good-looking, dapper, bright, well-set-up, young artist, about twenty-nine years of age.

re-drawing and colouring his best cartoons, but failing sight interfered with that scheme. He spent, however, much of his new and endless leisure—which was exceedingly rarely interrupted by any excursion into the open air, for he increasingly disliked the London streets and had to be fetched by main force by

"I had heard much concerning Sir John—then of course Mr.—Tenniel," Mrs. Evans informs me, "from my father, Mr. Lloyd, well known as publisher and engraver, whose house of business was on Ludgate Hill."

In the earlier part of the eighteenth century some members of the Tenniel family, of French Huguenot descent, had taken up their quarters in Liverpool, whence, after some little time, they transferred themselves to London. After the death of his wife Mr. Tenniel, Sir John's father, settled in the Bayswater district, then a comparatively rural suburb. The Tenniel family consisted of three sons, Reginald, Adolphus and John, and three daughters, of whom two married, one becoming Mrs. Green, still living; the second, Mrs. Martin, some time since deceased; the third, Miss Tenniel, by several years Sir John's junior, remained unmarried, and was for a considerable period able to devote herself entirely to him and to the care of his household.

Sir John's father was a *maitre d'armes* of the Angelo School: he taught fencing. His brother Reginald taught dancing. Adolphus took to farming. At his eldest sister's house, which, I am under the impression, was near Buntingford, Sir John at one time was wont to take his occasional holiday. I have always been given to understand that he had a fair supply of nephews and nieces, to whom he was ever most generous.

At a very early age Tenniel devoted himself to art. He appears to have been self-taught. If so he had an admirable instructor; and as a student he must have worked very hard for many years, before he became professionally known as a painter in oils, and had obtained a considerable reputation as an illustrator of books. When Mrs. Fred Evans first saw him, Tenniel had been engaged by her father to paint the figures into some large picture representing "The Entrance of Queen Victoria into the Queenstown Harbour," "This picture," adds Mrs. Fred, "I well remember. My father's firm, 'Lloyd Brothers, of Ludgate Hill,' published the engraving." Mrs. Evans and Mr. Monkhouse differ as to the fate of Tenniel's first painting, for Mrs. Evans doubts if it found a purchaser, or, if it did, "Sir John contrived to get it back again, as," she adds, "it is still in his possession."



PROMETHEUS UNBOUND; OR, SCIENCE IN OLYMPUS.

Almanack, 1879.



## Sir John Tenniel.



THE "PAS DE DEUX"

(From the "Scene de Triomphe" in the Grand Anglo-Turkish Ballet d'Action.)

August 9, 1878.

wife's mother, resided with him, and to her John Tenniel was devoted. His grief at the decease of this kindly old lady might have proved fatal to his career had it not been for the encouraging presence of his unmarried sister, Miss Tenniel, who, most fortunately for him and for all the world which he has interested and amused, found herself at liberty to take up her abode with him and to relieve him of all housekeeping responsibilities.

Before he had been invited to join the staff of PUNCH he had attracted considerable attention by his black-and-white illustrations, among which will be remembered his *Æsop's Fables* and *Lalla Rookh*. Later on he gave us some delicious *Ingoldshy Legends*, and, almost recently as it seems, so fresh are the pictures in everyone's memory, so frequently are they adapted, quoted and apologetically imitated, he delighted everyone with his immortal illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass*.

Tenniel faithfully served PUNCH under two changes in the proprietary constitution, and under a succession of editors four in number—Mark Lemon,

While quite young, and with a promising career before him, Tenniel married a Miss Giani. Unfortunately she was not by any means in robust health. Hoping for the best, they lived most happily for the space of two years, at the end of which time Tenniel was left a widower. Of the marriage there was no issue. From this blow he never thoroughly recovered. For many years after, Mrs. Giani, his



"HOLD ON!"

"AN ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE."—Mrs. Malanprop.

June 10, 1882.

Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor and myself. To every one of them in turn he was, indeed, a pillar of strength. As time went on, for the satisfactory execution of double-cartoons, that in earlier days he would have thought out, de-signed, and produced within forty-eight hours, he became gradually convinced that an extension of twenty-four hours had become essential. In such cases, by pre-arrangement, the usual Wednesday's council would be transferred to the Tuesday in that week.

Whenever some details at the time of discussion had escaped the attention of the deliberating assembly, Tenniel used to rely upon my coming round to him on Thursday morning, when, at an early hour, he would have already sketched out his tracing of the cartoon, and then, together, he and I would thoroughly rediscuss the subject, carefully considering every point. As a rule I would find him in his study, as he rarely availed himself of his studio, with his drawing board before him, and on it the tracing of the cartoon well-nigh completed. The chief difficulties of the composition had been almost invariably surmounted, and then for half-an-hour or so we would discuss matters generally, the situation particularly, and ere I left we would settle as to when and where we should meet for our ride. Delightful were those hours with John Tenniel, our



"OUT OF THE WOOD!"

August 27, 1881.





"TOO LATE!"

Telegram, Thursday Morning, Feb. 5.—"KHARTOUM TAKEN BY THE MAHDI. GENERAL GORDON'S FATE UNCERTAIN."  
February 14, 1885.

a master of grotesque humour, but nonsense he discarded. His Chinese Dragons, his Gog and Magog, and such-like creations, while full of intention, were all delightfully absurd.

His volumes of cartoons are with us; choose where you will, not a single really great opportunity, historically speaking, within the last thirty-nine years of John Tenniel's artistic reign, has been missed. From the very nature of the case not a few susceptibilities must have been hurt, yet never, as it seems to me, from a general English public point of view, did Sir John Tenniel knowingly deal an unfair blow.

Farewell, "Jackides," for thirty-four years my fellow-workman on PUNCH, and, apart from that, invariably my friend and frequent companion. I look back to the times we spent together as ranking among the most delightful memories of my life; nor do I think that the recollection of them will have been one whit less pleasant to yourself.

So after all these years we part. And, please God, happily in eternity to meet again.

OF Tenniel as a guest at the weekly dinner, as a companion, and as a host, others of his colleagues at the PUNCH Table—some now, like himself, no more—have put on record a few memories.

"Few men," said the late Henry Silver, "have been so reserved. Even his most intimate friends knew next to nothing of him in the intimate sense. He was a widower when he joined the PUNCH staff.

"Jackides," as long ago for his specialty in classics had he been christened by Shirley Brooks.

Sir John's hand was ever the artistic servant of his head and heart. What he most deeply felt, he most strongly drew. Where ridicule was well deserved, or when sympathy or indignation had to be forcibly aroused, Sir John's arrow, never drawn at a venture, "hit the gold." He was

He seemed never to forget his bereavement." Mr. Silver was in the habit of rowing every year to and from Oxford with Tenniel and the younger Charles Dickens and others. An extract from one of Mr. Silver's diaries describes one of these annual voyages. The year was 1865.

"Saturday, July 29.—Start 10.20. J. T. [John Tenniel], stroke; D. M. [Du Maurier], 3; H. S. [Henry Silver], 2; Loui, bow; Fred Evans, cox, till lunch.

"Abingdon; Nuneham; Clifton; swim in warm water; lunch under lee of haystack, out of wind.

"D. M. changes to bow after lunch, and knocks himself up by 'spurting'! J. T. and H. S. row all day. 29 miles. Sleep at Streatham, where Charley Dickens [the younger] joins us at supper—on ham and eggs. Came from 'Guild of Literature' at Knebworth.

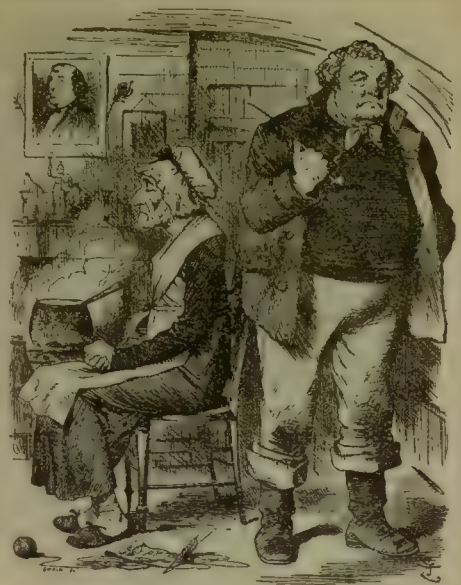
"Sunday, July 30.—Breather before breakfast in pretty beech woods—lots of birds twittering.

"Charley, stroke; J. T.; H. S.; D. M., bow; Fred and Loui, cox, alternate with bow.

"Bathe and lunch at Mapledurham: after stiff pull through potato field and lettuces and rushes!!

"Sultry spin by Reading. Haze on lawn at lovely Sonning! Henley at seven.

"Monday, July 31.—Fred to town with Loui. Lloyd, his papa-in-law, cox; Charley; J. T.; H. S.; D. M., bow. Rain begins at first lock. Shelter under willows, and find a dragon-fly's skin—vacated recently. Downpour at Cookham. Lunch in Lord Boston's boat-house, and disturb a colony of moths when we light our pipes. Spurt 40 strokes per minute, timed by cox, through steaming showers by misty wooded banks. Stop at Maidenhead. Strip, and find a fire pleasant, and chicken and champagne ditto. 8.45 train to town. N.B.—H. S. only rows right



THE POLITICAL "MRS. GUMMIDGE."

Mrs. Gummidge-Gladstone. "I ain't what I could wish myself to be. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrary. I make the house uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it!!!"  
John Peggotty-Bull (deeply sympathising—aside). "She's been thinking of the old 'un'!"—David Copperfield.  
May 2, 1885.



"ONLY HIS PLAY."

"Russian force attacked the Afghans, killing 500 men."—Telegram, Thursday, April 9.  
"The Russian Government hope that this unlucky incident may not prevent the continuance of the negotiation. . . (Laughter)."—Mr. Gladstone, quoting M. de Giers, the same evening.  
April 18, 1885.





SINK OR SWIM!!

April 10, 1886.

through, and not stiff afterwards."

John Leech, who was by a year Tenniel's junior, hunted with him with some regularity, not always, Mr. Silver says, to the advantage of their PUNCH work.

The late Linley Sambourne recalled that he first met Tenniel at Mark Lemon's funeral in 1870. Tenniel's chief recreation was riding; and his favourite horse

for many years was a "Miss Brown," who, when her hour struck, was by her owner's especial wish, as some return to his "models," given as a meal to the lions at the Zoo. In 1892 Tenniel gave up riding.

The churchwarden was Tenniel's staple companion after the dinner; but it was often varied by a little Charles II. pipe given him by Charles Keene, who had a collection of them. "I can't think of anything else to say," Tenniel's successor as chief cartoonist added, "except that for nearly forty years not the slightest shadow crossed our friendship."

"It chanced at the PUNCH Table," says H. W. L., "that I, through a long course of years, sat almost immediately opposite Tenniel, and had exceptional opportunity of studying his beautiful nature and perfect manner. To the last I was undetermined as to whether he more resembled Don Quixote or Colonel Newcome. With the growing burden of four-score years on his shoulders, he was in spirit the youngest of the staff. His upright, lithe figure, his ruddy countenance, his bright and cheery look, belied the tale of his years. Conjoined with a healthy body was a sunny temper. Through an exceptionally long life, brought into contact with innumerable people, it is safe to assert that he never made an enemy. In overwhelming measure he had that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends. Of these last the most attached were those admitted to closest intimacy.

"During our long companionship at the weekly dinner-table, I never knew him absent either on account of illness or of making holiday. He once, greatly daring, visited Venice. But the expedition sufficed. 'London's good enough



"WHAT OF THE NIGHT?" October 27, 1886.

for me,' he used to say, when others talked of holidays outside the four-mile radius.

"He did not at the PUNCH Table take a leading part in discussion of the design or detail of the preparation of the cartoon for the following week. He listened closely, and when the picture came out those who had contributed suggestions to its form perceived how by some subtle touch of humour or fancy Tenniel had improved upon them.

"When he left the historic Table graced with his presence for fifty years, he meant occasionally to look in again. So recently as March 25th, 1907, he wrote to me: 'Now that spring, according to the almanack, has really begun (it's snowing at the present moment), I am looking forward to the happiness of meeting the dear clever boys again, and, on the earliest Wednesday I can manage, shake hands.' Only once did he go through an ordeal which, though giving unmixed pleasure to others, must for him have had some note of sadness."



THE TEMPTER.

Spirit of Anarchy. "What! No work! Come and enlist with me, - I'll find work for you!"

November 27, 1896.





DROPPING THE PILOT.

March 9, 1860.

Referring to Tenniel's histrionic efforts, H. W. L. says that he greatly cherished some photographs, "two pence coloured," in which he was almost unrecognisable in theatrical dress. Of the whole range of his appearances on the amateur stage we have no record, but in 1852 he was one of the distinguished company that visited Newcastle and Sunderland to perform in Lytton's comedy, *Not so Bad as we Seem*, for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art. Charles Dickens was the moving spirit, and among the others were Frank Stone, Wilkie Collins, Mark Lemon,

and Clarkson Stanfield. Tenniel was the last survivor of that merry band of mummors.

At the amateur performance at the Adelphi in 1869 for the family of the late Charles H. Bennett, of PUNCH, Tenniel played the part of Colonel Lord Churchill in Tom Taylor's drama, *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*. The part of Keziah

UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.  
(Modern Ulster Version. After C. R. Leslie, R.A.'s celebrated picture.)

Mrs. Ulster. "Now, Mr. Bull, do you see any 'greens' in my eye?"  
April 22, 1893.

Mapletoft, in the same play, was taken by "Miss Ellen Terry (Mrs. Watts)." This was the occasion of the first performance of Sir Francis Burnand's lyrical *Cox and Box*.

"I had never," says R. C. L., "met Tenniel before I took my first dinner at the PUNCH Table in April, 1890. The prospect of shaking hands with him made up no small part of the pleasure with which I looked forward to the feast. I had been brought up on a liberal diet of PUNCH back volumes as well as current numbers, and had learnt a good deal of modern history from Tenniel's glorious cartoons. I felt as if I was about to be introduced to a great historic figure who had somehow survived from the splendid past to our own degenerate days. I am sure that, through all the years of our association, I never lost that early feeling of reverence. Indeed, it increased with me, for there was a simple straightforward dignity about Tenniel's appearance and his manner

that could not fail to impress the most careless of his companions. At the same time he was so kind and friendly, so considerate and so genial, that affection was very soon added to reverence.

"After I had met him there came another feeling of which I have never quite rid myself. I knew, of course, that he



MR. PUNCH IN FAIRYLAND—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"Weaving spiders, come not here;

Beetles black, approach not near."—Shakespeare.

Almanack, 1894.





"WHO SAID—'ATROCITIES'?"

(After the Popular Engraving.)

"Old as I am my feelings have not been deadened in regard to matters of such a dreadful description."—*Mr. Gladstone's Birthday Speech at Hawarden on the Armenian Atrocities, December 29, Jan. 12, 1895.*

soldierly and downright. In some other life he must have set a squadron in the field.

"I have heard it said that he never suggested a cartoon himself. It is quite true that he generally preferred to sit quietly smoking his pipe while the discussion was initiated and developed by others; but I can remember more than a few occasions when he broke in upon our deadlock with a new and happy suggestion of his own which was eventually adopted *nem. con.* Very often, too, when we thought we had reached the term of our labours and referred the suggested picture to him, he crushed it with the one word 'impossible,' very scornfully delivered. From this judgment there was rarely an appeal. My memory of him during these cartoon discussions presents him to me as the embodiment of an almost deferential courtesy, about which there was something rather formidable, as though it sometimes cost him an effort to restrain himself from breaking his churchwarden over the head of someone who was pushing a futile suggestion beyond reasonable limits. The churchwarden never *was* broken, but it continued to inspire respect.

"In my early days at the Table, by the way, we all took to churchwardens, chiefly, I think, out of regard for Tenniel. He penned a device of my initials on the bowl of mine. I kept it and smoked it for many years, but a waiter finally smashed it.

"There was one strong link between us—that of oarsmanship. He had rowed a great deal in his young days, and used to speak of the sport and its traditions with a wholehearted enthusiasm. All things

had never been a soldier, but I couldn't help thinking that he must have been at one time a cavalry colonel. His eyes had a fierce sort of flash in them, and his long moustaches, his hawk's nose, and his healthy complexion, burnt in, as it were, by the suns and winds and rains of many marches, all added to the illusion. He held himself, too, as straight as a dart, and his speech was



THE OLD CRUSADERS!

THE DUKE OF ARG-LL AND MR. GL-DST-NE "BROTHERS IN ARMS" AGAIN.  
BULGARIA, 1876. ARMENIA, 1895.

May 18, 1896.

that were manly, upright and honourable had an irresistible attraction for him. I think he would rather have cut his tongue out than utter anything boastful."

"I sat with Tenniel at the PUNCH board for some ten years," J. B. P. writes, "and saw, besides, something of him at my own house and others', both before and since his retirement; and from the day when I first met him, in the fulness of

his power, until his failing sight made it impossible for him to do the only work he cared for, I realised with increasing sureness that the great quality that distinguished the man, as it distinguished his work, was Dignity.

"I met him first in 1891, when I first joined the 'Table.' The two supremely interesting personalities for me were Tenniel and Du Maurier—'Jackides' and 'Kiki,' as they were to one another—and at my first dinner all my attention was concentrated on those two. I well remember the impression Tenniel produced on



ON THE PROWL.

Dec. 5, 1896.





HARCOURT'S PASTORAL.  
"BID ME TO LIVE, AND I WILL LIVE,  
THY PROTESTANT TO BE!"

ROBERT HARRICK'S "To Anthea, who may command him anything."  
Feb. 8, 1899.

pedantry his enunciation always charmed the ear by the rare purity of the vowel sounds. I've only once heard his match in this—the late Lord Coleridge.

"And then I saw him at the business of his 'cut.' There he sat, a grave, placid figure, with that dominant note of strong simplicity suffusing every word and action. Reticent he was—not often himself suggesting, but weighing every suggestion of others—impatient of all superfluity, resenting and rejecting anything that would hamper the translation of his theme into terms of his own forceful austere line. He puffed his churchwarden continuously—one remembers the firm, nervous grip of his fingers on the stem and the vague half-sketched gestures that punctuated his talk; the occasional flashes of fun and the rare liftings of the veil that let his enthusiasms peep out. But always the qualities that radiated from him were those of which his work was compact—strength and reticence. No personality ever reflected more completely the work it projected.

"In those days he used to walk to Bouverie Street from Maida Vale, but always rode back, and I've often shared his cab with him and talked shop, and got glimpses of his methods and so forth. Without any pig-headed prejudices, he was always very loyal to the traditions he had inherited. He never took kindly to 'process engraving,' because it meant pen-and-ink work, which he found irksome, though he used it with mastery, and the 'process' reproduced it admirably; what he loved was the manipulation of a hard pencil on the wood-block lightly washed with white; and when the camera enabled him

me—an impression of extreme courtliness and suavity. One noticed first the tall soldierly figure and the precise neatness of his dress, and then, as he gave one a cordial greeting, the exquisite diction with which it was pronounced. It was a keen pleasure to listen to his speech. Without a trace of Burgmeyer's

to dispense with the block and preserve his original drawings he never felt that the innovation was an un-mixed blessing. He loved, too, to talk about costume and armour, of which his knowledge was extensive. I remember his bringing out for me at his 'den' in Maida Vale a set of



PLAIN ENGLISH.

JOHN BULL (to Boer). "AS YOU WILL FIGHT, YOU SHALL HAVE IT. THIS TIME IT'S A FIGHT TO A FINISH."

Oct. 11, 1899.

Maximilian prints and discoursing lovingly on them. And no need to tell you how he knew and understood the greatest of all cartoonists—Dürer.

"Sport, too, he loved—old-fashioned English outdoor sport—rowing, hunting, fishing; but motor-cars and bicycles were *anathema maranatha* to him."

F.A. contributes some reminiscences of Tenniel just after his retirement, which form a picture of serene old age. The evening of an honourable life can never have been quieter or sweeter:—

"I met Tenniel occasionally, after his retirement, in the houses of his most intimate friends, looking as hale and cheery as ever. But for the last few years of his life he declined all invitations to dine out, though old friends and colleagues who came to see him were always cordially welcomed. He would come out on to the first-floor landing to receive the visitor, and take him into his study, a comfortable room with well-filled book-shelves, old armour, carved oak cabinets, a few bronzes and casts—mostly equestrian, a few of wild animals. The walls were hung with his own

water-colour, chalk and pen-and-ink drawings. 'This is my den,' he would tell you; 'I've never made any changes here, and at my age I've ceased to care for luxury.'

"Then he would show you what he had been engaged upon that day, remarking meanwhile, 'It's not work, merely amusing myself. My work is over.' I found him once retouching an early oil-painting of his, 'St. Cecilia,' which he had begun for the House of Lords Fresco Competition; at another time he was painting 'Griselda being parted from her child'; at a third he was



WHO SAID "DEAD"?

March 7, 1900.



## Sir John Tenniel.

colouring a wood-engraving of his, 'Firing the Beacon'; and he showed me a set of water-colour drawings—one of St. George and the Dragon, the rest scenes from Shakespeare, which he had just completed. 'No,' he said, 'I shan't send them to be exhibited anywhere. What's the use? They don't care for my work except in connection with PUNCH. Besides, I'm tired—I can't take the trouble.'

"He was only able to paint or draw for an hour or so a day, as his eyesight was failing fast, and for months together he would not leave the house at all. But he always seemed wonderfully well and vigorous, and quietly contented, speaking even of the prospect of total blindness with resignation.

"Often he would talk of old times—of how he had been sworn in as a special constable during the Chartist Riots, and walked up and down on his allotted beat, 'hoping I shouldn't have to fight anybody,' he added, with his curiously boyish laugh of self-disparagement. As it happened, no rioters came his way, which, as he was a good all-round athlete, and no one who knew him could doubt his courage, was fortunate for them. Once he described the friendly rivalry there had been in the hunting-field between himself and Leech, which ended at last in Leech's admission that Tenniel took fences which he himself did not care to ride at. Tenniel had hunted, too, with Anthony Trollope, whom he considered a reckless rider, and had seen putting his horse at a five-barred gate while it was being opened for a more cautious sportsman. When Tenniel left off hunting I do not know, but he rode regularly until quite late in life. During another of our talks he brought out a note-book which, as a young man, he had taken to the opera and theatres, and which was full of impressions, some in pencil, some in colour, of Grisi and Mario, Lablache and Jenny Lind, Charles Keane and Macready, and other stars of the forties and early fifties. I think it was then that he said

he had been to see *Richard the Second* at His Majesty's not long before, but found he could see nothing on the stage distinctly, and had decided to give up play-going.

"I never saw any indication of decline in his mental vigour. He was always keenly interested in the latest doings of his old friends and colleagues, and fully acquainted with current topics and events, though of the latter he would speak with a certain detachment, as matters in which he could no longer be directly concerned.

"Whatever the weather, no protests from a departing visitor would prevent him from coming downstairs and opening the front-door himself. 'Of course I shall come,' he would say, with a kind of humorous petulance; 'I'm not so feeble as all that!' And he would stand at his open door, thanking his guest in his kind voice for coming to see him, and assuring him that he was always glad to see him—'you know that's the truth, don't you?' And one left his gate with a deeper reverence and affection for him than ever, and a stronger sense of the dignity and beauty that attend the old age of a great and good man."

F. A. refers to Tenniel's house in Maida Vale. From there he moved, with some indignation, to a flat in Fitzgeorge Avenue, West Kensington. Some little time later the death of his sister left him in the care of a faithful companion. His sight had long failed him, but memory kept the inward vision bright. Only a few weeks before his death one of his colleagues found him able to talk and think clearly about old friends of the PUNCH Staff. Another wrote of him at the last: "He is slowly sinking—without pain, perfectly happy—just waiting for his end. He wanders a good deal, and is back at the PUNCH Table, talking to his old comrades or designing splendid cartoons."

And so the end came, very gently—just at the hour when we were talking over the subject of the week at this Round Table that he loved so well.



TIME'S APPEAL.  
SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S LAST APPEARANCE IN "PUNCH."

Jan. 2, 1901.



## CHARIVARIA.

A CONTEMPORARY describes one of the deported Nine as the Brain of the party. This is a distinction which just eluded Mr. BAIN.

The Admiralty has decided that, in the place of the grand manœuvres this year, there shall be a surprise mobilisation. Last year's manœuvres were, we believe, something of a fiasco, but to ensure the success of the surprise mobilisation five months' previous notice is given.

"Every man," says the Bishop of LONDON, "must be his own Columbus and find the continent of truth." This is the first time that we had heard America called the continent of truth, and one wonders where the present fashion of flattery is going to end.

We read that a Russian writer named LUNATCHARSKY has been expelled from Germany. Is it possible that he is a relative of Mr. MAX BEERBOHM's friend Kolniyatchi?

At the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, two young millionaires figured as amateur jockeys. We understand now the meaning of the expression "putting money on a horse."

"Futurist frocks," we are told, were a feature of the Chelsea Arts Club ball. Just as in these days "Fancy Dress" often seems to mean that the dress is left to the fancy, Futurist frocks, we presume, are frocks that may appear in the future.

An American journalist has been pointing out how London lags behind other great cities in the matter of shop-window dressing. There would seem to be no limit to our decadence. Even our shop-windows are inadequately clothed.

A meeting has been held at Kingston to consider the possibility of providing "some counter attraction" for the young people who frequent the streets on Sunday evenings. Seeing that most of them are at the counter during the week—you catch the idea?

"Monkey nuts are dangerous," said Dr. ROUND at an inquest last week. Judging by the mild-looking specimens one sees walking about in the streets appearances are certainly deceptive.

A contemporary, by the way, propounds the question: Why does the "nut" always wear his headgear on



Curate (forte). "... TO HAVE-AND-TO-HOLD."

Bridegroom (deaf). "EH?"

Curate (fortissimo). "TO-HAVE-AND-TO-HOLD."

Bridegroom. "To 'AVE AND TO 'OLD."

Curate. "FROM-THIS-DAY-FORWARD."

Bridegroom. "TILL THIS DAY FORTNIGHT!"

the back of his head? This custom is certainly queer, for, if he really cared about his personal appearance, he would wear the hat over his face.

We regret to learn that an attempt to teach a modern Office Boy manners has failed. A friend of ours met his Office Boy in the street, and the lad merely nodded to him. To shame him the Master raised his hat with mock solemnity, at which the lad said, "That's all right, but you needn't do it."

The fashion, which originated on the Continent, of having the face and neck painted with miniature works of art is reported to be spreading to London.

And the practical Americans are said to be considering a further development in the form of advertisements on the face by means of neat inscriptions, such as "Complexion by Rouge et Cie," "Teeth by Max Gumberg," and "Dimples excavated by the American Face Mining Co."

"England," says General CARRANZA, "is the world's bully." The General must please have patience with us, for there are signs that we are improving. In the same issue of the evening paper which reported this dictum of his the following announcement appeared under the heading "LATEST NEWS":—"There were no bullion operations reported at the Bank of England to-day."



## BYLES FOR THE BILL.

[In a letter addressed to *The Times*, headed "PASS THE BILL AND TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES," SIR WILLIAM BYLES makes the statement:—"I for one will take the risk without hesitation."]

DARKLING I sing. Ere Tuesday's hour for tea  
Shall set this doggerel in the glare of day,  
He who adjured us still to "wait and see,"  
He will have tweaked the mystic veil away,  
And you will know—whatever it may be.

You, but not I; for I have yet to wait.  
Far South, beneath (I hope) a stainless sky  
The pregnant news shall find me, rather late,  
Powerless to watch the ball with steadfast eye  
Through sheer distraction as to Ulster's fate.

Pain would I have upon my well-pricked ear  
Such tidings fall as prove that party pride  
Yields with a mutual grace. And yet I fear  
These desperadoes on the Liberal side—  
BILL BYLES (for one), the Bradford Buccaneer.

"Pass"—so he boldly writes—"the Bill and take  
(His conscience will not let him run to "damn")  
"The Consequences." That is why I shake  
Even as when the shorn and shivering lamb  
Observes the wolf advancing in his wake."

I see him bear, this dreadful man of gore,  
A brace of battleaxes at the slope;  
I see him fling his gauntlet on the floor,  
And (shouting, "BYLES for REDMOND and the  
POPE!")  
Let loose the Nonconformist Dogs of War.

Ah! take and hide me in some hollow lair,  
Red hills of Var! and ye umbrella-pines,  
Cover me like a gamp! I cannot bear  
This Apparition with its armed lines  
Humming the strain, "*Sir BYLES s'en va-t-en guerre.*"  
March 7. O. S.

## THE END OF IT ALL.

It was the opening of the new Parliament of 1919 A.D.  
They had got IT.

If you can't guess what they had got you must be obtuse.  
The great procession of Women M.P.'s formed in Trafalgar Square. Behind them were the ruins of the National Gallery (the work of the immortal Miss Podgers, B.Sc.); before them were the fragments of the Nelson Column (Miss Tunk's world-famous feat).

The free fight concerning the leadership of the procession was settled by the intervention of mounted police. They decided that all the would-be leaders should march abreast with two armed policemen between each pair of them to prevent casualties by the way. So the head of the procession started off sixty abreast down Whitehall.

It was a magnificent spectacle. All the M.P.'s wore green-and-white wigs because it was the fashion, and in addition green-and-white whiskers to assert their equality with men. Each processionist carried a model of her greatest work. There was Mrs. Spankham with a superb model of Westminster Abbey—its petrolling had been the greatest stroke in convincing the voters of the pure motives of the feminists. Miss Sylvia Spankham bore aloft the City Temple, Miss Christabel Spankham the Albert Hall, whilst Mrs. Lawrence Pothook waved triumphantly a lovely representation of King's Cross Station. Magnificent too

was Mrs. Drummit riding astride a fire-engine as an emblem of peace and goodwill.

The crowd viewed the procession with awed silence, only breaking into cheers when Miss Blithers, blushing modestly, held up a cardboard representation of the Albert Memorial she had nitro-glycerined. Miss Bliggs marched triumphantly in a bishop's mitre bearing a pastoral staff, in recognition of her great feat in forcibly feeding a wicked bishop who had written a letter to the Press against forcible feeding. Misunderstood by the crowd was Mrs. Trudge, who wheeled a perambulator containing two babies. The onlookers thought that Mrs. Trudge was about to take her innocent offspring to the House of Commons, and those out of hat-pin range murmured, "Shime," "Give the kids a chawnce." They did not know that Mrs. Trudge was no base slave of man, that she had no children of her own, and that the wax babies she wheeled in the perambulator merely indicated that she was the heroine who had doped a nursemaid with drugged chocolate and abducted a Cabinet Minister's twins.

Unhappily Miss Bolland also passed unidentified, though she held a cardboard tube aloft. Not even a taxi-driver cheered as the intrepid lady passed who had blown up the electrical-generation station of the Tubes and made London walk for a month. There too was Mrs. Tibbs, brave in her misfortunes. She had missed her election by one vote just because, when she came to the booth to vote for herself, lifelong habit had been too strong for her and she had phosphorused the ballot box.

An unfortunate breeze from the river played havoc with the processionists' whiskers, and one or two of the weaker spirits in the ranks argued that some of the Government offices in Whitehall ought to have been left standing for protection—at any rate till the procession was over.

On they went, each of the twenty leaders in front explaining how she had led the movement to triumph. On the top of the fire-engine Mrs. Drummit danced a futurist dance, symbolic of the subjection of man. At last they reached the portals of the House. The leaders broke into a run to secure front places on the Government benches.

"Stop," cried a police superintendent, rushing from the building.

"The days of man's tyranny are over!" shouted twenty voices together.

"Maybe," said the police superintendent, "but some of 'em are catching up to you. They've dynamited the Houses of Parliament, and if you go inside you'll pop like roasted chestnuts."

And as they watched the flame the leaders realised the sad fact that they had not left a building standing in London roomy enough for a Parliament.

## Commercial Candour.

"Tooth Brushes are so constructed that the bristles get right into the smallest crevices of the teeth. Moreover the bristles positively won't come out."—*Advt. in "London Opinion."*  
That has sometimes been our bitter experience.

## The Choir Inaudible.

"The chorus gave ample evidence of having made great strides since their last appearance in public, all the items for which they were responsible being well sustained and rendered in first-class style. Special mention should be made, however, of their rendering of 'A Spring Song,' which was given in quite a professional manner, the chorus dispensing with both music and words, and the audience evinced their appreciation of this really fine effort by long continued applause, to which the chorus responded by repeating it."

*Avacdon Independent.*

There would probably be no words to the applause and very little music; so the chorus could easily repeat it.





### GIFT FOR GIFT.

GENERAL BOTHA. "WELL, I SUPPOSE ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER; WE MUST GIVE HIM A WARM RECEPTION."







## STUDIES IN DISCIPLESHIP.

THE TIMES' THIRD LEADER.

THE statement made in these columns by a well-informed correspondent that the incomparable NIJINSKY is so delicate that by his doctor's decree he is obliged to abstain from all forms of exercise save that involved in his beloved art, gives us, in the vivid phrase of our neighbours, "furiously to think." At the first blush incredulity prevails, but recourse to the annals of history, ancient and modern alike, furnishes us with abundant confirmation of this strange anomaly. HANNIBAL was a martyr to indigestion, while his great rival, SCIPIO AFRICANUS, suffered from sea-sickness even when crossing the Tiber. Wherever we look we are confronted with the spectacle of genius fraying its way to the appointed goal in spite of physical drawbacks which would have paralysed meritorious mediocrity. WOLFE was a *poitrineaire*, and NELSON would never have passed the medical examination to which the naval cadets of to-day are subjected. But the case of NIJINSKY is more tragic because abstinence from skating and riding, of which he was passionately fond, entails greater anguish on so sensitively organised a temperament than it would on a mere man of action, and the suffering of a great artist may lead to international complications which it is terrible to complicate. Russian dancing is as necessary to the well-being of our social system as standard bread; yet when we think of the sacrifices which its hierophants undergo in order to minister to our pleasure the sturdiest Hedonist cannot escape misgivings. Still, we may find consolation in the thought that sacrifice is necessary to perfection. Such sacrifices take various forms. In the case of NIJINSKY we see a man of immense brain power specialising in a most exhausting form of physical culture to remedy his extreme delicacy. At the opposite extreme we find cases of men so extraordinarily powerful that they are obliged to abandon all exercise and lead a purely sedentary life in order to counteract their abnormal muscularity. Thus Lord HALDANE, who in his earlier days thought nothing of walking to Cambridge one day and back to London on the next, has now become more than reconciled to the immobility imposed on the occupant of the Woolsack.

It needs no little exercise of the imagination to form a mental picture of Lord HALDANE as a member of the Russian ballet, or, to put it in a more concrete form, making the famous flying exit in *Le Spectre de la Rose*. Could fancy be translated into fact, the



## THE BRUTE AGAIN.

*Weary Hostess.* "YES, I'VE BEEN HAVING SUCH TROUBLE WITH BABY. EVERY NIGHT I HAVE TO GET UP ABOUT TWENTY TIMES, GETTING HIS THINGS——"

*Visitor.* "WHY DON'T YOU MAKE YOUR HUSBAND DO SOMETHING?"

*Hostess.* "OH, I DAREN'T WAKE MY HUSBAND; IF I DO HE ALWAYS DRINKS BABY'S MILK."

drawing power of such a spectacle would be prodigious. On the other hand, and in view of the notorious adaptability of the Slavonic temperament, we can well imagine NIJINSKY proving an admirable Lord Chancellor. Exchanges of this sort would add to the comity of nations besides enhancing the amenities of public life, and it is perhaps not too much to hope that provision for carrying this out may be in the Government's scheme for the Reform of the House of Lords.

"New Zealand mutton was yearly increasing in public flavour."—*Times*.  
It mustn't get too powerful.

From an advertisement of a land sale in *Ceylon Morning Leader* :—

"An undivided  $\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{36} + \frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{3}{80} + \frac{1}{24} + \frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{18}$  parts of the land called Vitarimalage Gamwasama at Yatawala in extent 500 aumunams paddy sowing."

A chance for a newly-created peer who wants a family seat from which to take his title and quarterings.

The meeting of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA as described in HUTCHINSON'S *History of the Nations* :—

"When they met first he was twenty-nine and she was sixteen; now he was forty-two and she was twenty-seven."

Anyhow she would say so.



## A LOST LEADER.

"ENID," I said, "we must offer something to somebody."

"You don't mean Squawks?" she pleaded piteously.

"I wish I did," I sighed. Squawks is a Pomerachshund—at least I think so; though Enid inclines towards the Chowkingese theory. Anyhow, he himself has always realised that someone had blundered, and has worked steadily to make a dog of himself.

"Well, if it's not Squawks, I don't care," remarked Enid.

"I wish you'd take some interest."

"What in?"

"In what I say."

"What *did* you say?"

"We must," I repeated, "offer something to somebody."

"That's not very enthusey. Unless"—and her whole face brightened—"you mean what you call your reading-chair. It threw me on to the floor and knelt on me only yesterday; and I know Aunt Anne—"

"Enid," I said sternly, "that's not the point."

"I was afraid not."

"The thing is, one must be in the swim. Everybody is offering things right and left now. Look at SUTHERLAND, DERBY—even LLOYD GEORGE."

"I didn't know they were friends of yours."

"Not exactly; but—"

"Then why so familiar?"

"My dear," I explained, "that is the point. Once get your name in the papers at the end of a two-column letter and you are the friend of all the world—it gives one an *entrée* to the castle of the Duke and the cottage of the crofter."

"Even before you've written it?"

"I have written it!"

"Oh, how splendid! Where?"

"In here," I said, tapping the best bit of my head.

"Oh, *that*!" And then, pensively: "Next time Mary Jane has a brain-storm, I'll tell her to call you 'Charley.' Poor girl!"

"I don't think you quite appreciate," I remarked.

"I don't. What exactly do we stand to gain?"

"There's the rub. Not lucre. Perish the thought! But one begins to be a power, an influence. People whisper in the Tube, 'Who's that?' 'That! Don't you know? Why Him—He! The man who is making the Government a laughing-stock.

The man who holds the Empire in the palm of his hand. The man who—"

"Thanks," said Enid. "We had better buy a gramophone. I thought you were getting fidgety at home."

"Dearest," I explained, "it is not that. It is because I feel in me a spirit that will not be denied. Give me the opportunity and I will make this land, this England—"

"Hush, Squawks. Was'ms frightened then, poor darling!"

"That dog—"

"Hush!" said Enid to me. "How are you going to begin?"

"It is quite simple. Somebody writes something to the papers."

"Yes; so far it sounds easy."

"Now that something is hideously disparaging to my class and calling. I promptly answer him."

the public officials down into the arena."

"Don't forget the gas-man; he was very rude last month."

"Not that kind," I explained.

"Cabinet Ministers, Secretaries of State, the whole machinery of government shall writhe under the barbed shafts of my mockery. Ridicule is the power of the age. Ridicule in my hands shall be as bayonets to NAPOLEON, as poison to a BORGIA." I gasped.

"Help!" said Enid, taking up *The Daily Morn.* "Here's the very thing," she went on. "Somebody called 'A. Lethos'—"

"Pah! A pseudonym."

"Well, anyhow, he says that all political writers are worthless sycophants. You might begin on that."

"I will," I cried. "But craven anonymity is not my part. My name shall stand forth boldly.

Fate's finger points the way. How do you spell 'sycophant'? The type has gone a bit dizzy over it."

And I plunged into the fray.

"Sir," I began; and there followed 2,000 words of closely-woven argument, down to "I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant."

I read it through carefully, looked up "sycophant" in the dictionary, and wrote it all out again.

Then I showed it to Enid.

"Why have you spelt 'sycophant' like that?" she asked.

"I—"

"No, 'y.'"

"It is a 'y.'"

"Oh!" (Pause.) "What about the offer? Mr. Lethos says that nine-tenths of what is written nowadays is only worth the ink and paper."

"The offer," I reminded her, "will come later."

"Oh! I just thought— You might get rid of those articles on 'Happiness in the Home' at cost price. They're running up to quite a lot in stamps."

I posted the letter to the Editor.

Next morning I seized the paper nervously. There was my name at the end of a column and a half. I had begun.

I sat down to wait for the next step. It came with the mid-day post in a letter from Saxby, who is—or was—my friend.

"Good old Tibbles," it ran; "I knew some juggins would rise, whatever I wrote. But fancy landing you!—Yours ever, BEEFERS."

Now how *can* a man save his country on a thing like that?



Kind Old Gentleman. "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PET! I HAVE ALWAYS A SOFT PLACE FOR ANIMALS."

"That is, if you can be funnier at his expense than he at yours."

"I shan't be funny at all."

"No?" said Enid thoughtfully.

"Mine will be a scathing indictment, and of course I shall bring in the political situation. He writes back, evading the point at issue. I crush him with figures and statistics, and make him a practical offer—a few deer-forests, a paltry township, or my unearned increment, as the case may be."

"The mowing-machine is out of order," Enid remarked.

"I quote passages in his letter as the basis of negotiation. He pretends to accept. I point out how, when and why he has been guilty of paltry quibbling, and show that the Party he supports fosters such methods and manners."

"Is that all?"

"No. And that is just where I shall differ from everybody else. I shall go on where they have stopped. Having made one individual ridiculous, I shall broaden the basis of operation. With consummate skill I shall gradually draw



**SMILES AND LAUGHTER.**

ON days of gloom and sadness,  
When nothing brings relief,  
When men are moved to madness  
And women groan with grief;  
Though growing daily dafter,  
I might, as once I did,  
Have cheered myself with laughter,  
But laughter is forbid.

If I should treat of CARSON,  
His guns and rataplan,  
It's something worse than arson  
To smile at such a man;  
Since chaff would make his pulse stir—  
And this he cannot brook—  
The more he talks of Ulster  
The solemn we look.

Then, should I meet a CECIL  
(Lord ROBERT or Lord HUGH),  
His manifest distress 'll  
Be very sad to view  
Unless I'm in a proper,  
A gloomy frame of mind,  
And put a heavy stopper  
On mirth of any kind.

Next POUTSMA brings his quota  
For giving me delight,  
Who wants to punish BOTHA  
By living in his sight;  
Or, foiled of such a strife-time,  
Decides to have a blow  
And spend a briny lifetime  
In sailing to and fro.

And SEDDON, who gave greetings  
To those deported nine,  
Invited them to meetings  
And asked them out to dine,  
And begged of them and prayed them  
To be no longer banned,  
But hardly could persuade them  
To leave the ship and land.

These two, the gloom beguiling,  
Might make me greatly dare,  
Might set my face a-smiling  
And win my soul from care;  
The fêted and the feeders  
Might well provoke some chaff;  
But no—they're Labour Leaders,  
And so we mustn't laugh.

And, last, there's LAW, our BONAR,  
Who in a burst of tact  
Is minded to dishonour  
The loathed Insurance Act;  
With opposites agreeing,  
He faces North by South,  
And keeps the Act in being  
And kills it with his mouth.

He too might smooth a wrinkle,  
Although he's stern and grim,  
And make my eyes to twinkle  
By seeing fun in him;  
Cursed be that cheerful vision,  
And cursed all sense of fun:  
It is a foul misprision  
To smile at anyone.

**REVERIE.**

"NO, DARLING, NOT IN THE STUDY. YOUR FATHER WENT ROUND IN BOGEY TO-DAY AND WANTS TO HAVE A NICE LONG THINK ABOUT IT."

**HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SELL?**

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail.")

HAVE you anything you think of burning as useless, but would naturally prefer to sell? Why not try one of our small advertisements? Every day we receive thousands of letters testifying to their power. Here is one, picked up at random:—

"Please discontinue my advertisement of a half-pair of bellows and a stuffed canary, as the first insertion has had such remarkable results. On looking out of my bedroom window this morning I observed a queue of some hundreds of people extending from my doorstep down to the trams in the main road. They included ladies on campstools, messenger boys, a sad-looking young man in an ulster who was reading SWINBURNE'S poems, and

others. Only with difficulty could the milkman fight his way through to place the can on the doorstep, and the contents were quickly required to restore a lady who had turned faint for want of a camp-stool. While I was shaving, a motor mail-van dashed up and left seven sacks of postal replies to the advertisement. One by one, eighty-three people were admitted to view the goods, and a satisfactory bargain was made with the last of these. I then telephoned for the police to come and remove the disappointed thousands, who were disposed to be riotous. My garden gate is off its hinges, the garden itself has the lawn inextricably mixed with the flower-beds, my marble step is cracked in three places, and my stair-carpet is caked with mud. I do not know any other paper in this country in which a two-shilling advertisement could produce such encouraging results."



## ORANGES AND LEMONS.

### I.—THE INVITATION.

"DEAR MYRA," wrote Simpson at the beginning of the year,—"I have an important suggestion to make to you both, and I am coming round to-morrow night after dinner about nine o'clock. As time is so short I have asked Dahlia and Archie to meet me there, and if by any chance you have gone out we shall wait till you come back.

Yours ever, SAMUEL.

P.S.—I have asked Thomas too."

"Well?" said Myra eagerly, as I gave her back the letter.

In deep thought I buttered a piece of toast.

"We could stop Thomas," I said. "We might ring up the Admiralty and ask them to give him something to do this evening. I don't know about Archie. Is he——"

"Oh, what do you think it is? Aren't you excited?" She sighed and added, "Of course I know what Samuel is."

"Yes. Probably he wants us all to go to the Wonder Zoo together . . . or he's discovered a new way of putting, or—— I say, I didn't know Archie and Dahlia were in town."

"They aren't. But I expect Samuel telegraphed to them to meet him under the clock at Charing Cross, disguised, when they would hear of something to their advantage. Oh, I wonder what it is. It *must* be something real this time."

Since the day when Simpson woke me up at six o'clock in the morning to show me his stance-for-a-full-wooden-club shot I have distrusted his enthusiasms; but Myra loves him as a mother; and I—I couldn't do without him; and when a man like that invites a whole crowd of people to come to your flat just about the time when you are wondering what has happened to the sardines on toast, and why doesn't she bring them in—well, it isn't polite to put the chain on the door and explain through the letter-box that you have gone away for a week.

"We'd better have dinner a bit earlier to be on the safe side," I said, as Myra gave me a parting brush down in the hall. "If any further developments occur in the course of the day ring me up at the office. By the way, Simpson doesn't seem to have invited Peter. I wonder why not. He's nearly two, and he ought to be in it. Myra, I'm sure I'm tidy now."

"Pipe, tobacco, matches, keys, money?"

"Everything," I said. "Bless you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Myra lingeringly. "What do you think he meant by 'as time is so short'?"

"I don't know. At least," I added, looking at my watch, "I do know. I shall be horribly late. Good-bye."

I fled down the stairs into the street, waved to Myra at the window . . . and then came cautiously up again for my pipe. Life is very difficult on the mornings when you are in a hurry.

At dinner that night Myra could hardly eat for excitement.

"You'll be sorry afterwards," I warned her, "when it turns out to be nothing more than that he has had his hair cut."

"But even if it is I don't see why I shouldn't be excited at seeing my only brother again—not to mention sister-in-law."

"You only want to see them so that you can talk about Peter."

"Oh, Fatty, darling"—(I am really quite thin)—"oh, Fatty," cried Myra—"lean and slender"—would perhaps describe it better—cried Myra, clasping her hands together—(in fact the very last person you could call stout)—"I haven't seen the darling for ages! But I shall see Samuel," she added hopefully, "and he's almost as young." ("Svelte"—that's the word for me.)

"Then let's move," I said. "They'll be here directly."

Archie and Dahlia came first. We besieged them with questions as soon as they appeared.

"Haven't an idea," said Archie. "I wanted to bring a revolver in case it was anything really desperate, but Dahlia wouldn't let me."

"It would have been useful too," I said, "if it turned out to be something merely futile."

"You're not going to hurt my Samuel, however futile it is," said Myra. "Dahlia, how's Peter, and will you have some coffee?"

"Peter's lovely. You've had coffee, haven't you, Archie?"

"Better have some more," I suggested, "in case Simpson is merely soporific. We anticipate a slumbering audience, and Samuel explaining a new kind of googlie he's invented."

Entered Thomas lazily.

"Hallo," he said in his slow voice. "What's it all about?"

"It's a raid on the Begum's palace," explained Archie rapidly. "Dahlia decoys the Chief Mucilage; you, Thomas, drive the submarine; Myra has charge of the clockwork mouse, and we others hang about and sing. To say more at this stage would be to bring about a European conflict."

"Coffee, Thomas?" said Myra.

"I bet he's having us on," said

Thomas gloomily, as he stirred his coffee.

There was a hurricane in the hall. Chairs were swept over; coats and hats fell to the ground; a high voice offered continuous apologies—and Simpson came in.

"Hallo, Myra!" he said eagerly. "Hallo, old chap! Hallo, Dahlia! Hallo, Archie! Hallo, Thomas, old boy!" He fixed his spectacles firmly on his nose and beamed round the room.

"You haven't said 'Hallo!' to the cook," Archie pointed out.

"We're all here—thanking you very much for inviting us," I said. "Have a cigar—if you've brought any with you."

Fortunately he had brought several with him.

"Now then, I'll give any of you three guesses what it's all about."

"No, you don't. We're all waiting, and you can begin your apology right away."

Simpson took a deep breath and began.

"I've been lent a villa," he said.

There was a moment's silence . . . and then Archie got up.

"Good-bye," he said to Myra, holding out his hand. "Thanks for a very jolly evening. Come along, Dahlia."

"But I say, old chap," protested Simpson.

"I'm sorry, Simpson, but the fact that you're moving from the Temple to Cricklewood, or wherever it is, and that somebody else is paying the thirty pounds a year, is jolly interesting, but it wasn't good enough to drag us up from the country to tell us about it. You could have written. However, thank you for the cigar."

"My dear fellow, it isn't Cricklewood. It's the Riviera!"

Archie sat down again.

"Samuel!" cried Myra. "How she must love you!"

"I should never lend Simpson a villa of mine," I said. "He'd only lose it."

"They're some very old friends who live there, and they're going away for a month, and the servants are staying on, and they suggested that if I was going abroad again this year——"

"How did the servants know you'd been abroad last year?" asked Archie.

"Don't interrupt, dear," said Dahlia. "I see what he means. How very jolly for you, Samuel."

"For all of us, Dahlia!"

"You aren't suggesting we shall all crowd in?" growled Thomas.

"Of course, my dear old chap! I told them, and they're delighted. We can share housekeeping expenses, and it will be as cheap as anything."



"But to go into a stranger's house," said Dahlia anxiously.

"It's *my* house, Dahlia, for the time. I invite you!" He threw out his hands in a large gesture of welcome and knocked his coffee-cup on to the carpet; begged Myra's pardon several times; and then sat down again and wiped his spectacles vigorously.

Archie looked doubtfully at Thomas. "Duty, Thomas, duty," he said, thumping his chest. "You can't desert the Navy at this moment of crisis."

"Might," said Thomas, puffing at his pipe.

Archie looked at me. I looked hopefully at Myra.

"Oh-h-h!" said Myra, entranced.

Archie looked at Dahlia. Dahlia frowned.

"It isn't till February," said Simpson eagerly.

"It's very kind of you, Samuel," said Dahlia, "but I don't think——"

Archie nodded to Simpson.

"You leave this to me," he said confidentially. "We're going."

A. A. M.

### THE CHAMELEONS.

(From "*The Gladiator*," Nov. 1914.)

#### ASSOCIATION.

#### WHITEBROOK ROVERS V. BROMVILLE.

THE meeting of these teams on Saturday last produced a struggle of titanic dimensions worthy of the best traditions of the famous combinations engaged. On the one hand we saw the machine-like precision, the subtle finesse so characteristic of the Whitebrook men, while at the same time we revelled in the dash and speed, the consummate daring displayed by their doughty opponents. We have witnessed many games, but for keenness and enthusiasm this one must rank . . . . In a game where every man acquitted himself well it is difficult to particularise; but Brown, Jones, Green and McSleery for the Rovers, and Gray, Smith, Black and McSkinner for the Broms, may be mentioned as being shining lights in their respective positions.

(From "*The Gladiator*," Nov. 1915.)

#### ASSOCIATION.

#### WHITEBROOK ROVERS V. BROMVILLE.

Before a huge crowd exceeding £0,000 these historic combinations met on Saturday, and provided a rich treat for those who had the privilege to be there. The officials of both clubs have been busy team-building, and the sides differed in many instances from those antagonizing on the same ground a year ago. That the changes have been



"PORTER, WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE WAITING HERE FOR?"  
"YOU 'RE WAITIN' TO GO ON, SIR."

judicious and beneficial Saturday's game abundantly proved. The men played with great earnestness, evincing much local patriotism, and in their contrasted styles—the polished artistry, the scientific precision of the Rovers, and the dash and forceful intrepidity of the Broms—were at their very best. We have seen many games, but this must rank . . . . While every man did himself justice, it may not be invidious to mention, for the Rovers, Gray, Smith, Black and McSkinner, and for the Broms, Brown, Jones, Green and McSleery, as being bright particular stars in their respective departments.

From a literary weekly:—

"It is a terribly accurate saying about the loud laugh and the vacant mind—Pope never got down surer to the bare bones of the truth." Nor did GOLDSMITH when he pointed out the danger of "a little learning."

From two consecutive items of "*News in a Nutshell*" in the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*:—

"Lieut. —, of an infantry regiment at Lemburg, Austria, fell fast asleep on February 14, and all efforts to wake him have proved futile ever since.

A sleeper weighing 8 cwt. was found on the Great Western Railway near Banbury just before the arrival of a train from the north." However, it was not the lieutenant.





### THINGS THAT ONE MIGHT HAVE PUT DIFFERENTLY.

"HOW DE DO, LADY SMYTHE? I'VE JUST DRIVEN THE MOTOR OVER TO FETCH MY WIFE AWAY."

"HOW NICE OF YOU, ADMIRAL; BUT I DO WISH YOU'D COME SOONER."

### FORGIVENESS.

*(A Dream after losing a Dog.)*

METHOUGHT I saw the man that stole our Tim  
In a night vision; and "Behold!" he cried,  
"This was a task too easy for my whim,  
A job of little worth and little pride,  
An Irish terrier." Then his pal replied,  
"I know a place where you may pinch with ease  
One of these here carnation Pekinese.

"You see them nasty spikes on that there wall?  
Climb it, and you shall find a little yard;  
An unlatched casement leads you to a hall,  
Thence to the crib where, odorous with nard,  
Slumbers the petted plaything; 'twere not hard  
Out of his cushioned ease (and gorged belike  
With sweetmeats) to appropriate the tyke."

So, filled with high ambition and the hope  
Of gaining huge emolument, this man  
Hung to the toothéd battlements a rope,  
Climbed and leapt down to execute his plan—  
But even as he leapt a noise began  
As when the Arctic icebergs break and grind;  
This was because his pants were caught behind.

Awhile they tore, then stayed. And helpless there  
Betwixt the silvery moonlight and the ground  
He hung convulsive, grasping at the air,  
For two full hours it may be, whilst a hound  
Of the Great Danish breed, that made no sound

Save a deep snarl, below him watching stood  
(This portion of my dream was very good).

And much he vowed because of his great pain  
That he was the most dashed of all dashed fools  
And never would he steal a dog again,  
No (strite!) he would not. He recalled the rules  
That teachers taught him in the Sunday Schools  
And thought on serious happenings and the grave;  
And with dawn's earliest flush his trousers gave.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And having waited for a time I went  
To see him in the hospital. And hours  
Of earnest converse with the man I spent,  
Told him of Nemesis and what dark powers  
Punish our mortal crimes, and brought him flowers,  
Dog-roses and dog-violets, and read  
The Eighth Commandment out beside his bed. EVOE.

*The Daily Telegraph* on the next Drury Lane melo-drama:—

"We are able to say on the very best authority that the idea at the root of the story is of a quite unusual nature; indeed, if secrecy were not for the moment imposed, one might even go a step further and declare it to be of startling originality."

As it is, one doesn't; for if once the secret got about that the play was to be original there would be riots in Fleet Street.

"Song, 'March of the Men of Garlick' (Tune, Welsh melody)." *Ripon Observer.*

A pardonable mistake. The national emblem is of course the leek.





## THE WOOING.

MISS ULSTER. "AN' WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HIM SENDIN' ME FLOWERS WHEN I'VE TOLD HIM 'NO' ALREADY?"

MR. PUNCH. "WELL NOW, COME, MY DEAR—WON'T YOU JUST TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THEM BEFORE YOU START TURNING UP YOUR PRETTY NOSE?"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF  
TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, March 2.*—In speech of flawless lucidity displaying perfect command of columnar figures upon which strength of British Navy is based, the WINSOME WINSTON moved Supplementary Estimates amounting to two and a-half millions. These raise total expenditure of year on the Navy to forty-eight millions. "A serious event," he admitted amid sympathetic cheers from below Gangway to his right. Necessity arises from increased expenditure on oil reserves; from demand for a quarter of a million for the new aircraft programme, an item unknown to OLD MORALITY or CHILDERS when successively at the Admiralty; from increment of wages and acceleration of ship-building.

He might have mentioned that of grand total close upon two millions is legacy left by former Ministry on account of liabilities incurred before 1905. Whilst present Government, austere-minded, pay their way as they go, meeting increased expenditure out of revenue, PRINCE ARTHUR, with characteristically light heart, built ships and strengthened fortifications, raising the money by loan, which he gaily left to posterity to pay off. Posterity has this pleasant task in hand now, and will continue to be engaged upon it for next twenty years.

WINSTON judiciously refrained from pressing the point. Had enough on his hands with discontented supporters below Gangway, who resent ever-increasing burden of Naval expenditure. RAMSAY MACDONALD lodged protest on behalf of Labour Members; stopped short of moving reduction of vote. This done by DAVID MASON of Coventry. "A hollow demonstration," was GILBERT PARKER's terse description of the revolt. On a division Estimates were carried by a majority of 203. Only 34 voted for reduction.

Prolongation of debate plainly boring. By exception, one listener sat it out with unwearied attention. Nothing precisely cherubic in face or figure of Lord FISHER OF KILVERSTONE, better known on sea and land by the affectionate diminutive JACKY FISHER. Nevertheless, as he sat perched in Peers' Gallery



"A HOLLOW DEMONSTRATION."

(With acknowledgments to GILLRAY's caricature of NAPOLEON as Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians.)

[Mr. D. M. MASON's motion for the reduction of the Supplementary Navy Estimates was defeated by 237 votes to 34.]

immediately over the clock, a place ever associated with the genial presence of EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, there flashed across the mind a familiar couplet sung by DIBDIN:—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft  
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

Whilst jealous for maintenance of Naval power, no Admiral or Sea Lord did more to improve conditions of life on the lower deck than did JACKY FISHER. Retired from active service, his multiform commissions under

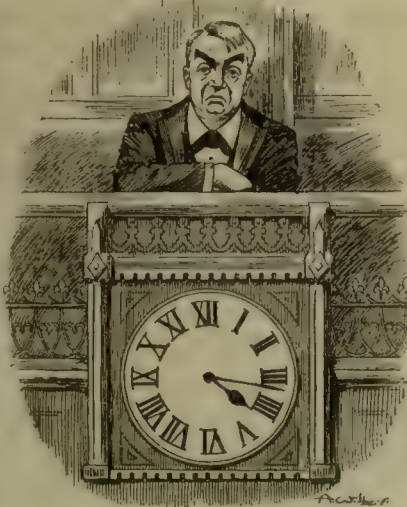
theless managed to sum up purport of intended speech by denouncing state of things as "a scandal and disgrace to the Government." At this stage Opposition Whips, counting heads, discovered that, if not at the moment in actual minority, Government would, if division were rushed, find themselves in parlous state. The word—it was "Mum"—went round Opposition benches.

Unfortunately for success of plot Ministerial Whips also alive to situation.

"After your ruling, Sir," said Lord BOB with ominous politeness, "I cannot develop my argument, but I propose to persist in my motion, and will divide the Committee."

Not if LEIF JONES knew it. For him, as for all good Ministerialists, subject suddenly developed interest, urgently demanded consideration. This he proposed to bestow upon it. A Bengal tiger about to lunch off a toothsome native, discovering the anticipated meal withdrawn from his reach, could not be more sublimely wrathful than were gentlemen on Opposition benches. And LEIF JONES, too! The mildest-mannered man that ever turned on a water-tap.

After a moment of petrified pause, natural to Bengal tiger on discovering reality of his discomfiture, there burst forth roar of "'Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!'" From appearance of LEIF JONES's lips, he was continuing his remarks. Not a



JACK'S JACK.  
(Lord FISHER.)



syllable rose above the storm. After it had raged for some moments CHAIRMAN pointed out that, whilst divagation in direction of Rosyth was out of order, it was competent to any Member to discuss the vote as a whole.

This too much for A. S. WILSON, who has been surprisingly reticent since Session opened.

"Is it right for the CHAIRMAN," he asked, "to protect the Government from what may be an inconvenient position?"

"A grossly disorderly observation," the CHAIRMAN retorted.

A. S. withdrew the remark, the more willingly since designed effect gained.

COUSIN HUGH, for some time moving uneasily in corner seat below Gangway, bounded to his feet. Member near him simultaneously rose. With sweep of left arm, after manner of RICHARD III. directing the cutting off of the head of BUCKINGHAM, he waved the appalled Member down. Was getting on nicely with what he had to say when, like GRAND CROSS on historical occasion, he "heard a smile."

It came from WINSTON.

"I notice," said COUSIN HUGH glaring on the Treasury bench, "that the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, who is very ignorant on many matters, is amused at this observation."

WINSTON explained that what he had laughed at was "the lordly gesture with which the noble Lord swept away another honourable gentleman."

LEIF JONES, proposing to continue his remarks, presented himself again. Greeted with fresh yell of execration. Battled for some moments with the storm. Too much for him. Reached forth hand; seized imperceptible tankard of invisible stout; gratefully wetted his parched lips withal. Refreshed, he tried again; no articulate word dominated the din.

After further ten minutes of uproar, through which from time to time A. S. WILSON tried to get in more or less relevant remark and was instantly extinguished by the CHAIRMAN, who masterfully managed difficult situation, WINSTON interposed. A bird of the air had brought news from Whips' Room that all was well. Accordingly the FIRST LORD graciously conceded division clamoured for.

Its result profound surprise. So far from Government lacking support, the amendment was negatived by more than two to one. Majority rushed up to 140.

Evidently been a mistake somewhere. *Business done.*—Supplementary votes agreed to.

*Thursday.*—Dramatic turn in position of Home Rule Bill. PREMIER hitherto steadfast in deferring Second Reading till close of financial year. As result of confabulation between two Front Benches arranged that Supplementary Estimates shall be hurried up so as to make opening for immediate debate on Second Reading.

Accordingly ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL to-day brought in Bill for First Reading. No need of persuasion of silver tongue to carry this stage. Proceeding purely formal. Fight opens on Monday, when



SANCTUS  
LLOYDUS  
GEORGIVS

"I understand you have only one Welsh saint. Well, there'll soon be another; it will be Saint Lloyd George. I would canonise him right away."—*The Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD at Westbourne Park Chapel.*

PREMIER, moving Second Reading, will explain his "suggestions" of amendment.

*Business done.*—Home Rule brought in, being third time of asking. Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill and Plural Voting Bill also read amid vociferous cheering by Ministerialists.

"His brilliant flashes of wit and humour evoked hearty applause, and sometimes even laughter."—*Teesdale Mercury.*

Almost the last thing you would have expected.

"One of the strongest traits in Mrs. Barclay's character is a love of all creatures, great and small—thrushes, wagtails and robins come to her when she calls, and she keeps a little box of worms to feed them."—*Woman at Home.*

Sometimes the worms must wish she wasn't quite so loving.

## THE DOWNWARD TREND.

COME, Nora, Nance and Nellie,  
Let us study BOTTICELLI  
When we feel the gnawing craving to  
be smart;

If we want to be *de rigueur*  
We must educate the figure  
To show the downward trend of "plastic  
art."

The outline should be slack,  
Slippy-sloppy, front and back,  
Till bodice, skirt and tunic—every  
stitch—

Seems to call for the support  
Of the handy-man's resort—  
That naval gesture termed the "double  
hitch."

The shoulders must be drooping,

The knees a trifle stooping,  
And the widest waist, remember,  
takes the prize;

When motoring or shopping  
The *coatee* must be flopping  
Through a belt that's sagging  
downward to the thighs.

But the evening toilette scheme  
Shows the opposite extreme,  
And, when for dance or dinner  
you're equipped,

A clinging "mermaid's tail"

The nether limbs must veil,  
While the corsage is the only  
part that's slipped.

"At the close of the match, Mr. Burnett, Kenmay, announced the result and called for cheers for the winners. Mr. J. Fulton, President English Province R.C.C.C., responded."—*Field.*

We are sorry that Mr. FULTON was the only one. After his opening "Hip—hip—hip" even the most timid or indifferent should have joined in.

"Tickets purchased before the date will admit holders at 2 p.m. to view the machine used when 'looping the lopp,' and the passenger carrying machine."

*Advt. in "The Varsity."*

At the risk of embarrassing this anonymous Samson we shall go early and view him.

"Councillor Johnson said the Bye Laws were not in a satisfactory state, and suggested that Councillor Bayman be added to the number."

*Mossel Bay Advertiser.*

Henceforward the penalty for breaking Councillor BAYMAN is forty shillings.

Report received by a South African mine-manager:—

"The mule being experimented with by feeding on bad mealies is still being carried out, but up to date the animal seems to keep in normal condition."

They must carry him out again.





## MR. PUNCH'S GALLERY OF BRAVE DEEDS. No. 1.

THE HERO WHO TOOK OUT A PARTY OF LADIES FERRETING.

## THE RING.

KEEKS v. COCKLES.

I.—OLD STYLE.

By Tony Shovell.

THE much-boomed fight between Nobby Keeks and Bill Cockles ended in something of a fiasco, the last named being knocked out with a terrific uppercut in the first round.

The men stripped well, and appeared in excellent fettle. The fight commenced precisely at 11.22, only fifty-two minutes after the advertised time.

*1st Round.*—Both men opened warily, sparring for an opening. Presently Cockles stepped in and drove his left hard to the nose, drawing blood. Keeks drew back, and Cockles, following up his advantage, got in a nicely-judged left hook on the eye, which began to swell ominously. Though his supporters were obviously chagrined, Keeks kept his head admirably, and cleverly ducked under a right swing and clinched. At the breakaway Cockles got his left home on the ribs, but in doing so left himself open, and Keeks shook him up badly with a jab to the jaw. Cockles' hands dropped momentarily, and Keeks,

whipping in a smashing right uppercut, had his man down and out.

A poor struggle, lost solely through carelessness.

II.—NEW STYLE.

By Philip Keppermann.

AT twenty-two and a-half minutes past eleven last night a man stood looking wistfully over a sea of faces looming whitely through a thin blue haze of tobacco smoke. At his feet lay stretched the limp body of his antagonist. The disappearance of one eye under a large red swelling, combined with a patulous and rubescent nose, detracted to some extent from the dignity of his appearance. An ugly patch of crimson over his left ribs held the attention fantastically, morbidly. It was blood, human blood, his own blood. The thought fascinated me . . .

Somewhere a voice was counting slowly, steadily, unhesitatingly—*one—two—three* . . . The voice had in it the inexorable quality of Fate; it brought tears to the eyes like the wail of the Chorus in some Greek drama.

I looked at the man by my side. His regard was fixed intently on the prostrate figure in the ring. His fingers

played uneasily with his watch-chain. He wore evening dress, and I noticed that his tie was a little crooked.

Away outside we caught the distant hoot of a motorcar. A dog barked. Then a woman in the audience sneezed; it seemed unwarrantable, impertinent, almost a desecration . . .

The voice that was counting ceased. The limp figure did not move. The one wistful eye of the victor closed for a moment in relief. There was a sudden incursion of hurrying figures into the ring. . . .

The great fight was over. Nobby Keeks had beaten Bill Cockles.

By Theresa Chingles.

I was one of forty-four women who witnessed the great battle last night. There were, it was said, over three thousand men.

On my left sat a young girl in a rose-pink evening dress, with a dove-colour opera cloak covering her bare shoulders. Her eyes followed intently the struggling figures on the stage, and I observed that she wore an engagement ring with three diamonds.

A few seats away, surrounded by a swarm of men in evening dress, sat a



grey-haired woman, watching the fight with interest through a gold-rimmed lorgnette. Her eyes twinkled as heavy blows were delivered, and when one of the men began to bleed copiously from the nose, she uttered an exclamation of delight. She wore black.

So far as I could observe, no woman present showed any sign of repulsion. It seemed to me significant of the times. I whispered to my neighbour, "*O tempora! O mores!*" but she replied coldly, "Not at all!" I checked my impulse to add "*Autres temps, autres mœurs!*"

Of the actual fight I am not competent to speak. I was most interested in the referee, whose strong mobile face reminded me occasionally of Lord BYRON, at other times of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

*By the Rev. Robert Shuckleberry.*

I had never seen a boxing contest before I was invited by the enterprising editor of *The Daily Gong* to witness the encounter last night between "Nobby" Keeks and William Cockles.

I found an excellent seat reserved for me. It was nearing midnight when the two men mounted the platform. Cockles came first, wearing a scarlet dressing-gown with yellow collar and cuffs. He seemed to me a bluff, hearty, good-tempered-looking man, though perhaps unduly prominent in the lower jaw. Keeks, who followed, wore a bright green dressing-gown with a pink sash, and shook hands with six or seven members of the audience. He was taller and heavier than his opponent, and his features, to my mind, more intelligent but less amiable.

There was a long delay, during which I was given to understand that the men's hands were being bandaged for some reason. At length the swarm of seconds and advisers disappeared to the sound of a gong, and the combatants stood up and advanced upon one another. I was embarrassed to observe that they were nearly nude, but my embarrassment did not seem to be shared by any of the ladies present, so perhaps I have no right to complain.

The actual boxing did not last nearly so long as the preliminaries. This was perhaps just as well, since Keeks, afterwards announced the victor, unfortunately sustained considerable damage to his right eye and was also losing blood from his nose—nasty injuries which, in my opinion, should have led to the competition being stopped while he received medical attention. No doubt the injuries were undesigned.

Cockles soon afterwards fell down, and refused to rise while some indi-

vidual slowly counted ten. This, I was told, indicated that he was desirous of withdrawing from the contest before his antagonist sustained any further damage. In my judgment this generosity merited the award of victory; but no doubt the authorities know their business.

I was glad to have an opportunity of gaining a new experience, but on the whole I must say I prefer a quiet rubber of whist.

### THE OPPORTUNIST.

THE personal distinctions, experiences, successes, opinions, anecdotes and statistics of Dr. Peterson, F.R.C.S., M.R.C.P., are too many for me to mention here, but are never too many for him to mention anywhere. That was the difficulty with which the Governors of the St. Barnabas Throat and Ear Hospital were confronted from the beginning to the end of their business of administration. As member of their honorary staff he performed his fair share of successful operations, but when it came to speech-making he had no consideration either for his own throat or for anybody else's ears.

"It's my belief," said the Chairman, at the special meeting of the Board called to arrange the programme for the opening of the new wing, "that the whole of this project originated in Peterson's desire to make himself heard."

"I certainly remember his introducing the matter to the Board," said Thompson, "with a brief sketch of his own career."

"And if the foundation stone could only speak," said Vernon-White, "it probably wouldn't be able to recall the name of the man who laid it, but would repeat from memory the whole of Peterson's private history."

"Proposed, seconded and carried unanimously," reported the Secretary, "that at the opening of the new wing no speech be made by Dr. Peterson."

"So much for our resolution," said Bainbridge. "Nevertheless the company will have barely got seated before it hears Peterson wondering whether he may occupy a moment of their valuable time with a little experience which happened to him the other day."

"Even he will give way to Sir Thimgummy," said Thompson, referring to the great man who had been invited to make the great speech.

Bainbridge was always a pessimist. "Whether," he said, "the context be the opening of the new wing or the duty of gratitude to the man that opened it, the one subject the meeting will hear all about will be the son of Peter."

"Proposed, seconded and carried unanimously," reported the Secretary, "that the vote of thanks to Sir Frederick Gorton be moved by the Chairman."

"I see myself," said the Chairman, "resuming my seat after a few moments of inaudible confusion, and I hear a ringing voice crying forth: 'In rising on behalf of the Medical and Surgical Staff to propose a vote of thanks to our dear Chairman, I may perhaps be permitted to remind you that I joined that staff in 1887, and that since I—'"

"Who's the senior member of the staff?" asked the Chairman.

"Peterson," said Bainbridge.

"Who's the oldest in mere age?"

"Peterson."

The Chairman thought hard. "The event is fixed for April 29th," said he. "Whose week on duty is that?"

The Secretary looked up the books. His face fell. "Peterson's," he said.

"Proposed, seconded and carried unanimously," said the Chairman hurriedly, without troubling to take the vote, "that Dr. Wilkes be appointed to move the vote of thanks to the Chairman, and that the Secretary be instructed to explain the matter, with due tact and circumspection, to Dr. Peterson."

"Dear Peterson," wrote the Secretary,—"At the ceremony of the opening of the new wing, my Board is particularly anxious that everything should go with a swing, and that there shall be no possibility of any hitch. I am instructed to ask you if you will be so good as to hold yourself in readiness to make the big technical speech of the day in the unhappy event of Sir Frederick Gorton failing to turn up. One is never safe with these London men, and it is for that reason that the Board hopes you will not mind putting yourself to trouble which may prove wasted. Some of the less eloquent members of the Staff can be got to make the short formal speeches."

Sir Frederick turned up all right, as the Secretary had taken care that he should, and declared the wing open, and thanked the Board for asking him. Thereupon the Board, by its Chairman, thanked him, and he rose again and very briefly thanked the Board for thanking him. Then Dr. Wilkes got up and thanked the Chairman even more briefly still, and the Chairman got up again and thanked Dr. Wilkes for thanking him. In fact, only one man didn't get his share of formal gratitude, for no one thanked Dr. Peterson for rising (if he might) to express a few words of thanks to Dr. Wilkes.

Anticipating this possibility, Dr. Peterson devoted the larger part of his speech to thanking himself.





Grannie. "AND WIT'S THE MATTER WI' ME RIGHT LEG, DOCTOR?"

Doctor. "OH, JUST OLD AGE, MRS. MACDOUGALL."

Grannie. "HOOTS, MAN; YE'RE HAVERIN'. THE LEFT LEG'S HALE AND SOOND, AND THEY'RE DAITH THE SAME AGE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To read *An Englishman Looks at the World* (CASSELL), a collection of "unrestrained remarks on contemporary matters"—aeroplanes, CHESTERTON and BELLOC, libraries, labour unrest, the Great State, and the like—by Mr. H. G. WELLS, is to be delighted or infuriated according to your natural habit of mind. If established in tolerable comfort in a world which you judge, for all its blemishes, to be on the whole rather well run, you will resent exceedingly this pert young man (for Mr. WELLS is still astonishingly young) with his preposterous eagerness, his insane passion for questioning and tinkering and most unfairly putting you and your kind in the wrong. You will no doubt find excellent grounds for doubting his ability to reconstruct; for suspecting what you will feel to be his pretentious breadth of view, his assumed omniscience. But if, on the other hand, thinking life in your sombre moments a nightmare of imbecility and in your more expansive moments a high adventure of immeasurable possibilities, you are straitened between cold despairs and immense hopes, you will readily forgive this irreverent, self-confident critic-journalist any crude things he may have said in his haste for sake of his flashes of perception, his happily descriptive phrases, his inspiring anticipations, his uncalculating candour, and above all his generous preoccupation with things that matter enormously. "What we prosperous people who have nearly all the good things of life and most of the

opportunities have to do now is to justify ourselves."—That is a sentiment and a challenge repeated or implied throughout the book. This Englishman-looking at his world looks with quick eyes. He is himself so intensely interested that he can only fail to interest such as find his whole attitude an outrage upon their finally adopted convictions and conventions.

Have you noticed the way in which certain stories bear the mark of a particular place or period? If ever there was a novel that vociferated "Cambridge" in every line, *The Making of a Bigot* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is that one. Well indeed may its paper wrapper display a drawing of King's Chapel, though as a matter of fact only the action of the first chapter passes in the University town. Miss ROSE MACAULAY has based her story upon a quaintly attractive theme. Her hero, *Eddy Oliver*, is a type new to fiction. *Eddy* saw good in everything to such an extent that he allowed himself to be persuaded into active sympathy with the aims of practically everyone who was aiming at anything, however mutually irreconcilable the aims might be. "He went along with all points of view so long as they were positive; as soon as condemnation or rejection came in, he broke off." Consequently, as you may imagine, his career was pleasantly involved. It embraced the Church, various forms of Socialism, and at one time and another some devotion to the ideals of Nationalism, Disarmament, Imperial Service and the Primrose League. But please don't imagine that all this is told in a spirit of comedy. Miss



MACAULAY is, if anything, almost too dry and serious; this, and her disproportionate affection for the word "rather," a little impaired my own enjoyment of the book. It contains some happily sketched types of modernity—all of them Cambridge to the back-bone; and *Eddy's* final discovery (which makes the bigot), that one can't achieve anything in life without some wholesale hatreds, is genuine enough—more so than the system of card-cutting by which he settles his convictions. Miss MACAULAY has already, I am told, won a thousand pounds with a previous book; this one proves her the possessor of a gift of originality that is both rare and refreshing.

I could imagine a novel with which I could sympathise deeply, based upon the theme of England's regeneration by means of the right type of Tory squire, but it would be a novel with a more credible hero and conceived in a less petty spirit of party bias than Mr. H. N. DICKINSON has given us in *The Business of a Gentleman* (HEINEMANN). For, in the first place, *Sir Robert Wilton*, who figured of

course in *Keddy* and *Sir Guy* and *Lady Rannard*—he has, in fact, by this time married *Marion*, late *Sir Guy's* widow—is far too jumpy and nervy a person to fit my ideal of a paternal landlord, and what is, after all, more important, I feel convinced that his tenants and stable-lads would have thought the same. Secondly, I refuse to believe that a spinster, however soured, however much devoted to the cause of Labour and misguided crusades for social purity, would have behaved as *Miss Baker* does in this book, and deliberately attempted to father a false scandal on *Sir Robert* merely because she hated his type. And if the author replies that

he knows of such an instance I maintain that it was just one of those things which the art of selection should have prompted him to leave out. I have, of course, no fault to find with Mr. DICKINSON's style, which as usual is curiously simple yet at the same time attractive, nor with his powers of character-sketching. His schoolboy of seventeen, *Eddie Durwold*, is in this book particularly good. It is the things that these people do that bothers me. And if I might venture to rename *The Business of a Gentleman* the title I should choose is "The Escapade of an Egoist."

Mr. SIDNEY LOW has paid some visits to Egypt and the Sudan, has kept his eyes very wide open and has written *Egypt in Transition* (SMITH, ELDER) in consequence. The Earl of CROMER, who has also been there or thereabouts, introduces the book to the notice of the public with an appreciative preface. Am I then in a position to pass judgment? Yes, I am; for I can claim to be literally more informed on the subject than most people, having above my share of friends and relations who have been there. I have the clearest possible picture of the country—a stretch of sand, some pyramids in the background, and, in the centre foreground, smiling enigmatically—not the Sphinx, but my friend or relation. I at once gave Mr. Low five marks out of ten upon discovering that none of his illustrations reproduced himself either on or off a camel.

On less personal grounds, I have no scruple in giving him the remaining five for the vastly interesting facts, political, international, social and racial, with which he entertained me. It requires no small skill in a dispenser of such facts to make them entertaining. Twice only was I minded to quarrel with him; once when he expressed a general contempt, based upon one egregious example, for the foreign exports of Oxford and Cambridge, and again when he got on to the subject of tourists, who include my nearest and dearest, and abused them from the standpoint of a "visitor." In the first case he was absurd, in the second, commonplace; but he made ample compensation for both by his memorable chapter of "Conclusions," in which he gave me clearly to understand why East, being East, will never be joined to West, always West, but yet how the twain have got within measurable distance of one another.

There must have been moments when NAPOLEON found St. Helena a little quiet for a man of his temperament; when the monotony of his life there pressed somewhat hardly

upon him. On these occasions I like to think of him saying philosophically to himself, as he remembered what Mr. RUDOLF PICKTHALL calls "the last phase but two," "Well, after all, this isn't Elba. I've got that much to be thankful for." In *The Comic Kingdom* (LANE) Mr. PICKTHALL shows how everybody on the island struggles to make a bit out of their visitors. Little children rallied round with posies of wild flowers, demanding large sums in payment. Bogus monks waved crosses at him, and, if he pretended not to notice them, rolled in the dust under his carriage wheels. There was never a moment when somebody was

not calling with a bust of the Emperor or Empress, price three hundred francs. And itinerant bands played under his windows into the small hours of the morning. I can imagine him saying, in the words of ORESTES, "Dis is a dam country." ORESTES was the guide who conducted Mr. PICKTHALL through the island. It revolted him, but he did it. "I tink we better leave to-morrow," was a sort of refrain with ORESTES. He had a poor opinion of Elba, which I for one do not share. After reading *The Comic Kingdom* I feel that one of my coming holidays must be spent climbing its hills and supplying its thirsty inhabitants with wine. The scenery is apparently worth while, and the natives appear a friendly lot. I like their enthusiasm for literature. They turned out in their hundreds and insisted on Mr. PICKTHALL's standing treat, just because they mistook him for a great historian. When I tell them I write for *Punch* they will be all over me.

From a notice of "The New Standard Dictionary" in *The London Teacher*—

"The Dictionary is arranged in alphabetical order, thus being a great time saver, and one can find what is required with the greatest ease." Otherwise it is so awkward, when you want to know how to spell "parallel" in a hurry, to have to go through one volume after another until you come to it.



A WORLD'S WORKER.

LADY OF TITLE TAKING LESSONS IN BUILDING-CONSTRUCTION PRIOR TO PERFORMING THE CEREMONY OF LAYING A FOUNDATION-STONE.



## CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the grave importance of the present political situation, the price of *Punch* will remain as heretofore.

"The risk of flying is very greatly exaggerated," says Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Then why funk a General Election?

Some people have such a nasty way of putting things! Liberal gentleman to Unionist gentleman: "Well, have you taken the pledge?"

Attempts are now being made to establish penny postage between England and France. The Germans are said to feel flattered that we should still consider the privilege of corresponding with them worth two-pence-halfpenny.

The public indignation against the woman who damaged the "Rokeby Venus" continues unabated, and most inhuman propositions are being made. One gentleman has even been heard to suggest that the woman ought to be made to serve her term of imprisonment in the Royal Academy.

General VILLA's statement that, unless the ransom he demands is paid at once, he will expose the body of the son of General TERRAZAS to the fire of the Federals confirms the opinion prevalent in this country that General VILLA is not really a very nice man.

"THE BENTON INQUIRY  
PROMISE THAT JUSTICE WILL BE  
EXECUTED."

Observer.

We were under the impression that this execution had taken place some time since in Mexico, for Justice has not been seen there for a long time.

A Norfolk doctor declares that the sting of a bee is a most effective cure for both rheumatism and sciatica. It is also an infallible cure for inertia.

The yearly volume of judicial statistics just issued shows a marked decrease in business in all the courts except the Divorce Court; and there is some talk of the legal profession erecting a statue of a co-respondent as a mark of their appreciation.

Persons who like to be seen reading a two-penny newspaper are now in a quandary since the price of *The Times* has been reduced, and it is again rumoured that, in order to cater for this class, an unsuccessful halfpenny



## LOOKING WELL FORWARD.

First Survivor from Wreck (to Second Survivor). "'OW MUCH OUGHT WE TO ASK OFF THE MUSIC-'ALLS WHEN WE GET BACK—'UNDRED-AN'-FIFTY QUID A WEEK OR TWO 'UNDRED?'"

paper is about to raise its price to twopence.

Sussex has been suffering from an epidemic of sheep-stealing. The police theory is that the sheep are carried off at night in motor cars—the silly creatures accepting with alacrity the novel offer of a ride in an automobile.

Several prominent authors having stated that their best ideas come to them while taking a tub, quite a number of unsuccessful scribes have, we hear, almost made up their minds to the experiment of one bath a week.

In an Introductory Note to the serial publication of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, entitled "Why I wrote the Story," the Master attempts to shift the blame—or, anyhow, to apportion the responsibility. One day, it seems, Mr. CARNE heard the story which forms the basis of the novel. He first told it to

a Cabinet Minister, who was "visibly touched." He next tried it on a tailor, who was "just as obviously affected." Then comes this delicious passage:—"After that I called on my publisher and, not being able to get the story out of my thoughts, I told it to him as well. His eyes filled, his head dropped, and he was as deeply touched as I and the tailor and the Cabinet Minister had been." It is generally understood that Mr. HEINEMANN has since had a complete recovery.

"Owing to the number of rats and crickets in her bedroom a nurse employed by the Dudley Board of Guardians, it was stated at the meeting of the board yesterday, had resigned.

It was decided to engage a professional rat-catcher."—*Daily Mail*. It is, however, not altogether satisfactory to be nursed by a professional rat-catcher, and some of the patients are already complaining most bitterly of the change.



## THE HAT.

"Of course," said the lady of the house, "you can turn yourself into a hermit if you like. We'll build you a little cell, and——"

"What?" I said. "A real hermit, in a long robe like a bath-gown? With a real cell, and a dish of herbs on a plain deal table, and some rocks to sleep on, and a folio volume always open at the same place? May I really be like that?"

"Yes," she said, "that's what you're coming to. And there'll be a notice stuck up on a tree—'This way to the Hermit,' with a painted hand."

"I know the sort," I said. "A hand with only one finger."

"Yes, one finger pointing in the direction of the cell. And all the village children will follow you when you go out, and you'll threaten them with a gnarled stick, and you'll be indicted as a nuisance."

"But not for a long time," I said. "I shall have lots of good hermiting before that happens. I shall have my breakfasts quite alone and nobody will ask me to go to Mrs. Latimer's musical afternoon in London, 4 to 7."

"Well, you're not a hermit yet, so you'll have to come to Mrs. Latimer's with me. You know you'll enjoy it when you get there."

"I won't."

"And you'll meet plenty of your friends."

"But I don't want to meet my friends," I said. "Friends are people you go on being friends with without meeting them. That's the essence of true friendship, you know. Absence doesn't alter it. You keep on thinking of dear old Jack and what fun you used to have together at Cambridge; and then some day a funny old gentleman comes up to you in the street and says you don't remember him, and you pretend you know him quite well, and it's Jack all the time, and you wonder how he's got so old while you yourself have kept on being as young as ever. That's friendship."

"This," she said, "is not an Essay Club."

"What should a woman know of friendship?" I said bitterly. "Besides, I shall have to get a new top-hat."

"Well," she said, "there's nothing so very awful in that. But what's the matter with the old one?"

"The old one," I said, "is a blacked sepulchre, and even the black part of it is not very good. The lining is of the sort that makes it necessary to place it on a table with the opening down. Fortunate woman, your hats require no lining and you don't take them off. You cannot sympathise with my feelings. Such a top-hat as mine is good enough for a Board meeting, but it cannot go to Mrs. Latimer's musical afternoon. Her footman would despise me."

"Very well," she said, "get your new hat and have it ready for this day fortnight."

The upshot of this conversation was that on the following day I went to London, wearing my old top-hat, and called at Messrs. Hutchfield's, the famous hatters. It is not a very large shop, but it is very high, and something like a million white hat-boxes, each presumably containing a hat, are stacked in gleaming tiers from floor to ceiling. The higher ones are fetched down by means of a long pole provided at one end with a sort of inverted hook. It is a most dexterous and pleasing trick, only to be attempted by an old hand. An inexperienced practitioner would certainly bring down an avalanche of hat-boxes on the heads of the customers. On one side of the room there is a patent stove in which several irons were heating, not for torture, but for the improvement of hats. Several aproned attendants were bustling about, and one or two customers with bare heads

were eyeing one another with an exaggerated air of haughty nonchalance, as who should say, "Observe, we do not wear white aprons. We do not *belong* to the shop. We are genuine customers. We are waiting for our hats."

"Good morning," I said.

"Good morning, Sir," said one of the attendants; "what would you be requiring to-day?"

"I think," I said, "it was a hat. Yes, I'm sure it was. A top-hat, you know—one of your best."

"Pardon me, Sir," With a graceful and airy movement he whisked off my old hat and took its measure in length and breadth.

"You mustn't draw any inference from the lining," I said. "I'm not really as poor as all that. I've meant to have it re-lined several times, but somehow I never brought it off. Still, it's been a good hat."

"Yes, Sir," he said.

"Could it be——"

"Oh, yes, Sir, we could re-line it for you and make it look almost as good as new."

"Splendid!" I cried. "Then I shan't want a new one, shall I?"

"Well, Sir, it would take some little time. You would want to wear something to go on with till it's finished."

"There is," I said, "some force in that. Put the machine on me at once."

"The what, Sir?"

"The machine," I said. "The beautifully contrived apparatus made of ever so many wooden keys like the inside of a piano—only these are set in circles. It fits close to the head and you can make it looser or tighter, and when you've got it on you look like a Siamese king in his crown. And when you take it off you tear out a piece of paper and that gives you the exact measure to a hair's-breadth. Come, I'm ready."

His face relaxed into a serious kind of smile.

"Certainly," he said, "you shall have it on, Sir, if you like. But I thought, being an old customer and your measure being known, it might not be necessary."

"Very well," I said, "I'll give up the machine, but I don't see how I can take any further pleasure in this purchase. Still, if you know me so well——"

"We don't forget customers of thirty years' standing," he said proudly.

"That settles it," I said. "I will now buy four hats—a top-hat, a bowler, a soft felt and a straw hat."

"Yes, Sir," he said, and from an upper tier he extracted a hat-box out of which he shortly produced a top-hat and placed it on my head. It did not fit at first, but fire soon reduced it to obedience.

"The others must be similarly treated," I said as I left the shop.

Unfortunately in the interval it had begun to rain and every taxi seemed to be taken. You know what a new top-hat looks like after that. However, with two hats to choose from, I am now ready to face Mrs. Latimer's footman.

R. C. L.

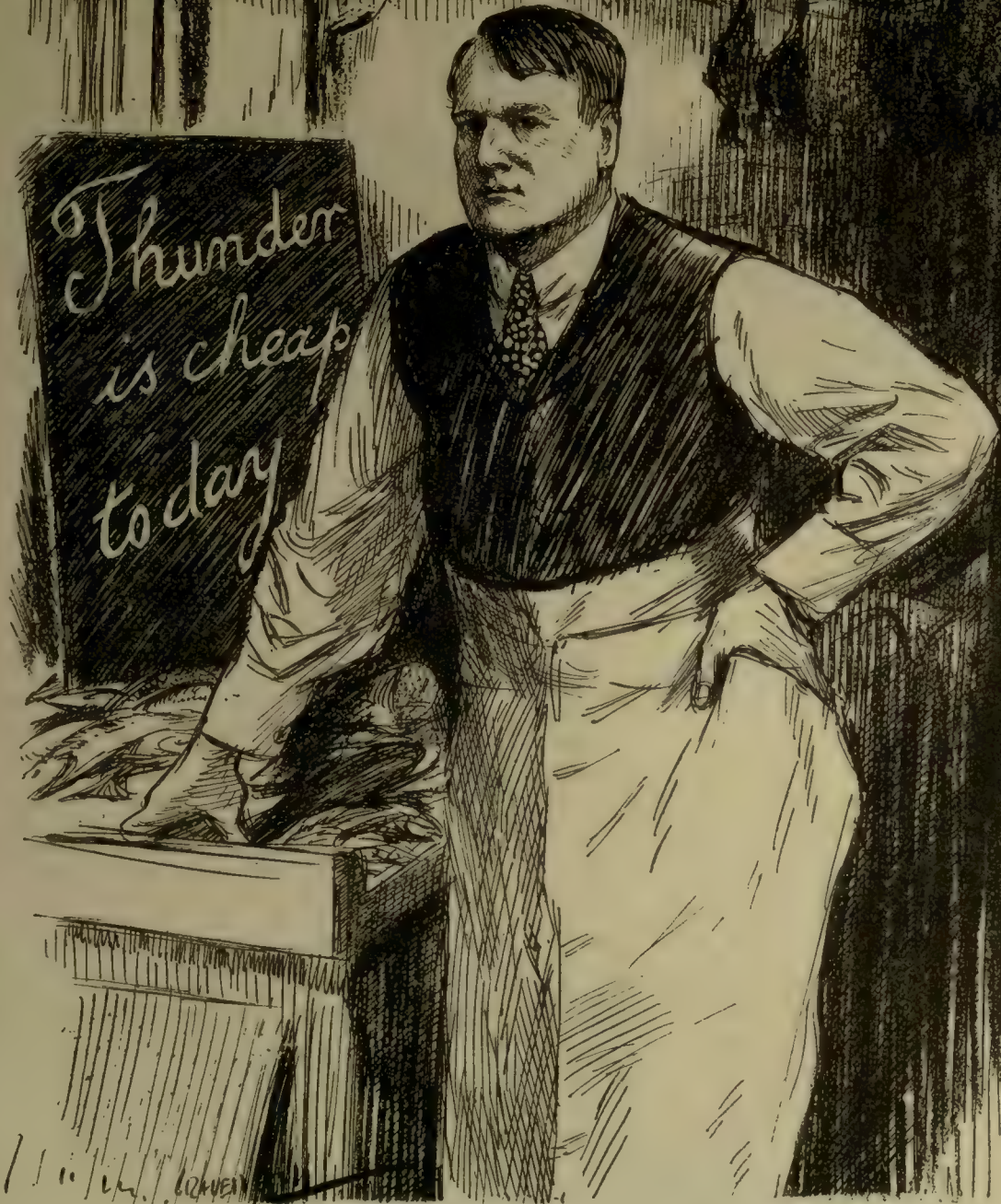
"It has been arranged that the dinner which the Modern Languages Association had intended to give to Professor Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, on the occasion of his forthcoming visit to England to lecture before the Association, shall be amalgamated with the public dinner arranged by the Committee of Friends and Admirers of Professor Eucken."—*Morning Post*.

Professor Eucken (at last giving way): "What is this, waiter?"

Waiter (confidentially): "Another little amalgamation, Sir. The Modern Languages' ice pudding and the Friends and Admirers' soft roes on toast."



# NORTHCLIFFE STORES



## PENNY WISDOM.

["In view of the grave importance of the present political situation *The Times* will be reduced in price to a penny."—*Press Association*.]









Reclining Nut. "I DON'T BOTHER TO HOLD THE GIRLS NOW-A-DAYS, I JUST LET 'EM NESTLE."

### OUR NEW PENNY PAPER.

THANKS to Sir EDWARD CARSON—or, as *The Times* prefers to put it, "the grave importance of the present political situation"—the price of *The Times* has fallen to one penny.

While it must be admitted that the famous journal is well worth a penny, we think it only fair to say that certain issues of *The Daily Mail* and *Evening News* last week, whose amazing editorial organisations were so freely and disinterestedly engaged in overcoming colossal obstacles in order to give information about the approaching revolution, were worth anything from fourpence to ninepence apiece.

If these philanthropic journals had not been behind *The Times* last week, what might we not have missed? Who, for instance, would have learned that "the price (2d.) . . . was equivalent to that of one penny paper and two half-penny papers *per diem*"? We have checked that statement, with the aid of a ready-reckoner and a Latin dictionary, and we find it substantially correct. We are also able to agree to the further statement made last Thursday, that "from Monday next *The Times*, together with any one of the halfpenny

morning papers, will be obtainable for less than the present price of *The Times* alone." If the mathematician who dug up that fact had said "evening" instead of "morning" his statement, curiously enough, would still have been right.

Thanks to the reminder from *The Evening News* that first numbers had been known to become valuable, fetching from £10 to £100, some 27,000 people put aside nice clean copies of *The Times* on Monday, in the hope of selling them at a profit of about 24,000 per cent. in 1964.

The greatest achievement in the annals of journalism was of course *The Daily Mail* man's successful attempt to interview the publisher of *The Times*. How he managed it we cannot think; but we are very, very grateful to him. We may add that ours is the only journal that has succeeded in interviewing the intrepid reporter. "How did you contrive to force your way through the seething mass in Printing House Square, and pass the closely-guarded portals of the world's chief and largest newspaper office; and by what means did you persuade the Colossus of publishing to tell you anything about it?" we asked. We regret that we cannot give his reply; only

the incomparable genius of the painter of *La Gioconda* could do that.

A curious incident took place outside the Mansion House on Monday. In the Agony Column of a famous two-penny newspaper on Saturday the following announcement had appeared: "Will wats f. u. outsd. Mansn. Hs. 10-11 Mon. morn. Carry cop. *Times* so I may no its u." A frantic lady rushed at so many young and middle-aged men, exclaiming, "Horace! at last we meet!" that long before 10.30 it was necessary for a kindly City policeman to lead her away to a neighbouring chemist's for first aid.

"The fact that to-day is the 104th anniversary of the birth of Mr. Gladstone prompts reflection as to the different ways in which their birthdays have been regarded by some famous men."—*Westminster Gazette*.

*The Writer (as he finishes)*: "Got it in at last, thank Heaven!"

"A number of motor-cars, including one belonging to Mr. Lloyd George, are blocked in the Snowdon district, and the sheep farmers are much perturbed."—*Morning Post*.

However, they can sleep soundly in their beds now, for he is back in London again.



## THE SLIT TROUSER.

(Whose arrival in England is reported in the photographic press.)

You who see advanced attire  
Photographed for you to mock,  
Hold your ridicule or ire,  
Wax not scornful at the shock;  
Let not your compassion freeze,  
Hark to Archie for a bit,  
Ponder, if you please, his pleas,  
Patience, ere you slight his slit.

Long there raged a warfare grim  
In the councils of the Nut;  
Socks were all in all to him  
Abso-simply-lutely; but—  
Here's a problem for you pat—  
How shall Archibald disclose  
Through the thickness of the spat  
Iridescent demi-hose?

Yesteryear that problem  
vexed;  
One day spat he  
would fare,  
Lacking colour; and the  
next  
Spatless, in chromatic  
wear.  
No dilemma rends him  
now,  
Bidding this or that  
to go.  
See, his side-cleft bags  
allow  
Spat and sock an equal  
show.

## "DASH."

"THERE'S no book like it," said A. "Get it at once."

"You must read *Dash*," said B.

"If you take my advice," said C., "and you know I'm not easily pleased by modern fiction, you'll get *Dash* and simply peg away till you've finished it. It's marvellous."

"I suppose you've read Darnock's *Dash*?" said D. "It's by far his best thing."

At dinner my partner on each side gurglingly wished to know how I liked *Dash*, taking it for granted that I knew it more or less by heart.

So having read some of Darnock's earlier work and thought it good, I acquired a copy of *Dash* and settled down to it.

I had not read more than two pages when it occurred to me that I ought to know what the other books in the library parcel were; so I went to look at them. One was a series of episodes in the career of a wonderful blind policeman who, in spite of his infirmity, performed prodigies of tact on point duty, and by the time I had finished

glancing through this it was bed-time. I put *Dash* under my arm, for I always read for half-an-hour or so in bed. How it happened I cannot imagine, but when I picked up the book and began to read I found, much to my surprise, that it was the other library novel.

"Have you begun *Dash* yet?" B. asked me at lunch.

"Oh, yes, rather," I said.

"I envy you," he replied. "How far have you got?"

"Not very far yet," I said.

"It's fine, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Fine."

The next evening I had just taken up *Dash* again when I remembered that that other novel must be finished if it was to be changed on the morrow, so I turned dutifully to that instead. It was a capital story about a criminal

The next day I changed the two library books that were finished for two more, but it was *Dash* which I took up first. There is no doubt about its being a very remarkable book, but I had had a rather heavy day and my brain was not at its best. What extraordinary novels people do write nowadays! Fancy making a whole book, as the author of *Hot Maraschino* has done, out of the Elberfeldt talking horses! In this book, which has an excellent murder in a stable in it, the criminal is given away by a horse who tells her master (it is a mare) what she saw. I couldn't lay the story down.

That night I dined out and heard more about *Dash*. In fact, I myself started one long conversation on that topic with an idle lady who really had read every word. I went on to recommend

it right and left. "You must read *Dash*," I said at intervals; "it's extraordinarily good."

"Some one was telling me he couldn't get on with it at all," said one of my partners.

"Not really?" I said, and clicked my tongue reproachfully.

"Yes, he says it's so involved and rambling."

"Ah, well," I said, "one must persevere. Books mustn't be too easy. For my part—Yes, champagne, please."

"I'll get it, anyway," she said. "I feel sure your judgment is sound."

Looking in at the club

later I found D. playing snooker. After missing an easy shot he turned the talk to *Dash*.

"Tip-top, isn't it?" he said.

"Which is your favourite chapter?" I asked.

His face told me I had him.

"Oh, well, that's difficult to say," he replied.

"Surely you think that one about the stevedore's spaniel, towards the end, is terrific?" I said.

"Of course that's fine," he replied, "but I was just wondering whether—"

But I didn't stop to listen. There is no stevedore and no spaniel in the whole book, as I had carefully ascertained.

The next day I had A., B. and C. with the same device.

Meanwhile I am plodding away with *Dash*. I have now reached page 27. A great book, as all agree. But the books that I shall read while I am reading it will make a most interesting list.



## TACT.

MR. ANCHOR ALWAYS WEARS A MOUSTACHE FOR THE SOUP COURSE WHENEVER HIS UNCLE, THE GENERAL (FROM WHOM HE HAS EXPECTATIONS), DINES WITH HIM.

who murdered people in an absolutely undetectable way by lending them a poisoned pencil which would not mark until the point was moistened. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

The next evening I was getting on famously with the fifth page of *Dash* when the library parcel again arrived, containing two new books for those I had returned in the morning.

Meeting C. the next day he asked me if I did not think *Dash* the finest thing I had ever read.

I said yes, but asked him if he had not found it a little difficult to get into.

"Possibly," he said, "possibly. But what a reward!"

"You like books all in long conversations?" I asked.

"I love *Dash*," he said, "anyway."

"Did you read every word?" I asked.

"Well, not perhaps every word," he replied, "but I got the sense of every page. I read like that, you know—synthetically."

"Yes, of course," I said.





SCENE—Arrivals at Fancy Dress Ball.

Policeman. "NOW THEN, COME ALONG THERE, COME ALONG."

Taxi-Driver. "'ARF A JIFF, COPPER; I THINK THEY 'VE STITCHED ROMEO'S MONEY INTO 'IS BACKBONE.'"

## A HARD CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the friend of my family from 1816, I ask you for advice on a subject which touches me painfully both as a husband and a father. My wife is, as I personally know, the dearest woman in Great Britain, and our child is, I am credibly informed, the finest child in Europe. *Infandum renovare dolorem.*

Our child is four months old; it is named Eunice. Yesterday I found my dear wife with the infant weeping piteously—my wife, that is, not the infant. I proceeded at once to use all the means in my power to soothe her and to ascertain the reason of her unhappy state. But it was only after a considerable time and the expenditure of no little ingenuity on my part that she revealed the secret.

"I knew how it would be, John," she said between her sobs, "I knew from the first. I felt sure that when baby came you wouldn't care for her. And—and you *don't*."

I at once took the child in my arms and guggled to it. The child, I am happy to tell you, Sir, responded at once to my paternal attention and guggled happily in reply. I felt patriotic pride in the part I had taken in adding to the womanhood of my beloved country.

A few days later I found my wife sobbing violently. Carrying the child with me—it was still guggling—I crossed to her and again used my best endeavours, not only in consolation, but to ascertain the cause of her fresh unhappiness. Again it was long before I obtained a reply. But at last she said: "I knew how it would be, John," her sobbing was as violent as before, "I knew from the first. I felt sure that when baby came you would only care for her and neglect me."

Now, Sir, what shall I do?

Your inquiring admirer,  
MATTHEW HAILE.

P.S.—My wife is sobbing again as I write. I have at last ascertained her trouble. It is that I don't care for the baby.

"The other night a rabbit ran for a quarter-of-a-mile in the flare of a lighted motor-car on the Eggleston road."—*Teesdale Mercury.*

"I hope," puffed the rabbit, well within record at the end of the fourteenth lap, "I hope it won't burn itself out before I've finished."

"To accomplish this distance at an average speed of 20 miles per hour would take 28½ hours. To this time, however, had to be added the Channel crossing both ways, which takes, roughly, about eight hours."—*Motor Cycling.*

"Roughly" is good, alas!

It is difficult to order our emotions as we would have them be. Try as we will, we cannot read aloud the following extract from *The Birmingham Weekly Post* with the solemnity which properly it should call forth:—

"A feature of the programme was the opening chorus. During this a lady gardener in male attire arrived on the stage with a wheelbarrow full of vegetables, and caused amusement by throwing these among the audience. Presently the missiles commenced to hit persons, one victim being the vicar, who, struck in the eye by a turnip, was compelled to retire."



## ORANGES AND LEMONS.

## II.—ON THE WAY.

"TOULON," announced Archie, as the train came to a stop and gave out its plaintive dying whistle. "Naval port of our dear allies, the French. This would interest Thomas."

"If he weren't asleep," I said.

"He'll be here directly," said Simpson from the little table for two on the other side of the gangway. "I'm afraid he had a bad night. Here, *garçon*—or—*donnez-moi du café et—*" But the waiter had slipped past him again—the fifth time.

"Have some of ours," said Myra kindly, holding out the pot.

"Thanks very much, Myra, but I may as well wait for Thomas, and—*garçon, du café pour—*I don't think he'll be—*deux cafés, garçon, s'il vous—* it's going to be a lovely day."

Thomas came in quietly, sat down opposite Simpson, and ordered breakfast.

"Samuel wants some too," said Myra.

Thomas looked surprised, grunted and ordered another breakfast.

"You see how easy it is," said Archie. "Thomas, we're at Toulon, where the *ententes cordiales* come from. You ought to have been up long ago taking notes for the Admiralty."

"I had a rotten night," said Thomas. "Simpson fell out of bed in the middle of it."

"Oh, poor Samuel!"

"You don't mean to say you gave him the top berth?" I asked in surprise. "You must have known he'd fall out."

"But Thomas dear, surely Samuel's just falling-out-of-bed noise wouldn't wake you up," said Myra. "I always thought you slept so well."

"He tried to get back into my bed."

"I was a little dazed," explained Simpson hastily, "and I hadn't got my spectacles."

"Still you ought to have been able to see Thomas there."

"Of course I did see him as soon as I got in, and then I remembered I was up above. So I climbed up."

"It must be rather difficult climbing up at night," thought Dahlia.

"Not if you get a good take-off, Dahlia," said Simpson earnestly.

"Simpson got a good one off my face," explained Thomas.

"My dear old chap, I was frightfully sorry. I did come down at once and tell you how sorry I was, didn't I?"

"You stepped back on to it," said Thomas shortly, and he turned his attention to the coffee.

Our table had finished breakfast.

Dahlia and Myra got up slowly, and Archie and I filled our pipes and followed them out.

"Well, we'll leave you to it," said Archie to the other table. "Personally, I think it's Thomas's turn to step on Simpson. You ought to assert yourself, Thomas, anyhow. Throw some jam at him and then let bygones be bygones. But don't be long, because there's a good view coming."

The good view came, and then another and another, and they merged together and became one long moving panorama of beauty. We stood in the corridor and drank it in . . . and at intervals we said "Oh-h!" and "Oh, I say!" and "Oh, I say, really!" And there was one particular spot—I wish I could remember where, so that it might be marked by a suitable tablet—at the sight of which Simpson was overheard to say "*Mon Dieu!*" for (probably) the first time in his life.

"You know, all these are olive trees, you chaps," he said every five minutes. "I wonder if there are any olives growing on them?"

"Too early," said Archie. "It's the sardine season now."

It was at Cannes that we saw the first oranges.

"That does it," I said to Myra. "We're really here. And look, there's a lemon tree. Give me the oranges and lemons and you can have all the palms and the cactuses and the olives."

"Like polar bears in the arctic regions," said Myra.

I thought for a moment. Superficially there is very little resemblance between an orange and a polar bear.

"Like polar bears," I said hopefully.

"I mean," luckily she went on, "polar bears do it for you in the polar regions. You really know you're there then. Give me the polar bears, I always say, and you can keep the seals and the walruses and the penguins. It's the hall-mark."

"Right. I knew you meant something. In London," I went on, "it is raining. Looking out of my window I see a lamp-post (not in flower) beneath a low grey sky. Here we see oranges against a blue sky a million miles deep. What a blend! Myra, let's go to a fancy-dress ball when we get back. You go as an orange and I'll go as a very blue, blue sky, and you shall lean against me."

"And we'll dance the tangerine," said Myra.

But now observe us approaching Monte Carlo. For an hour past Simpson has been collecting his belongings. Two bags, two coats, a camera, a rug, Thomas, golf-clubs, books—his compartment is full of things which have

to be kept under his eye lest they should evade him at the last moment. As the train leaves Monaco his excitement is intense.

"I think, old chap," he says to Thomas, "I'll wear the coats after all."

"And the bags," says Thomas, "and then you'll have a suit."

Simpson puts on the two coats and appears very big and hot.

"I'd better have my hands free," he says, and straps the camera and the golf clubs on to himself. "Then if you nip out and get a porter I can hand the bags out to him through the window."

"All right," says Thomas. He is deep in his book and looks as if he were settled in his corner of the carriage for the day.

The train stops. There is bustle, noise, confusion. Thomas in some magical way has disappeared. A porter appears at the open window and speaks voluble French to Simpson. Simpson looks round wildly for Thomas. "Thomas!" he cries. "*Un moment,*" he says to the porter. "Thomas! *Mon ami, il n'est pas—* I say, Thomas, old chap, where are you? *Attendez un moment. Mon ami—er—reviendra—*" He is very hot. He is wearing, in addition to what one doesn't mention, an ordinary waistcoat, a woolly waistcoat for steamer use, a tweed coat, an aquascutum, an ulster, a camera and a bag of golf clubs. The porter, with many gesticulations, is still hurling French at him.

It is too much for Simpson. He puts his head out of the window and, observing in the distance a figure of such immense dignity that it can only belong to the station-master, utters to him across the hurly-burly a wild call for help.

"*Où est Cook's homme?*" he cries.

A. A. M.

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"THE  
GREAT CONFLICT.

1886—1914—?

THE END IS NOT YET.

TO-MORROW."

Observer.

Well, well! After twenty-eight years we can wait another day.

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"ESSAY CLUB: March 1st.—The Poetry of John Masfield, or Vegetarianism—is it more Humane?"—*Time and Talents*.

Less blood-stained, anyhow.

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From a letter in *The Natal Mercury* headed "Butter through the Post":—

"We send it to Donnybrook by the quickest method, i.e., on the post-card."

We have often found some on our post-cards.



## THE GALLANT SONS OF MARS.

["A troop of the Queen's Bays, 2nd Dragoon Guards, while galloping past the Royal Pavilion at Alder-shot, observed a woman fall from her bicycle in a faint.

"They instantly drew rein, and, dismounting, assisted her to the 5th Dragoon Guards orderly room, where they vied with each other in giving her every possible attention.

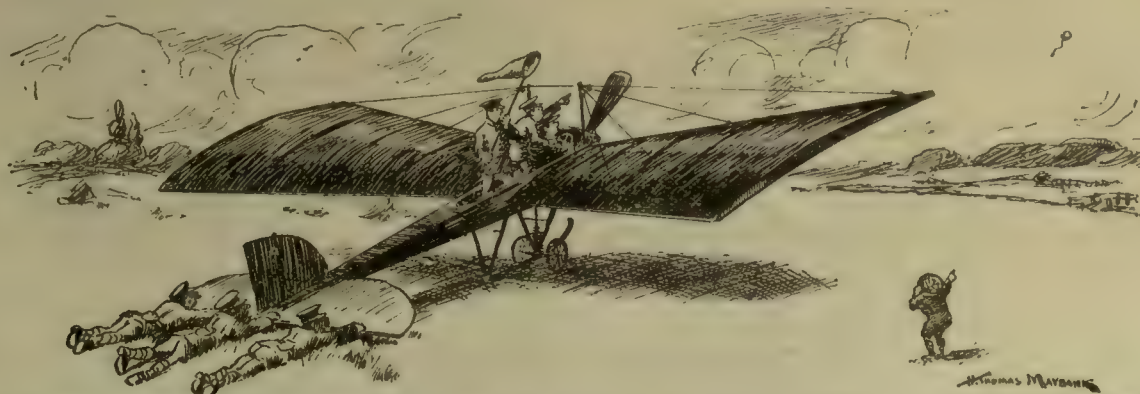
"She speedily recovered and was able to resume her journey to Farnborough."—*Daily Paper.*]



A YOUNG LADY, WHILE WALKING BY A KIOSK IN WHICH THE BAND OF THE ROYAL HEAVIES WAS PERFORMING, BY A MISCHANCE GOT A FLY IN HER EYE. PERCEIVING HER PLIGHT, THE BANDSMEN IMMEDIATELY CEASED PLAYING AND RAN TO HER ASSISTANCE, EACH CONTESTING WITH THE OTHER TO REMOVE THE OFFENDING INSECT.



IN A HIGH WIND LAST WEEK ON LAFFAN'S PLAIN AN OLD GENTLEMAN LOST HIS UMBRELLA. SOME LANCERS TAKING PART IN A SHAM FIGHT AT ONCE WENT IN PURSUIT AND SPEEDILY RESTORED THE RECALCITRANT ARTICLE TO ITS GRATEFUL OWNER.



LAST SATURDAY, WHILE AT PLAY, A SMALL BOY HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO LOSE HIS HOLD OF A TOY-BALLOON. A SQUADRON OF THE ARMY FLYING CORPS, WITNESSING THE LITTLE FELLOW'S GRIEF, AT ONCE RENDERED ASSISTANCE AND, WITH THE AID OF A MONOPLANE, QUICKLY RETRIEVED THE BAUBLE.





*Lady* (to elderly and confidential maid). "I'VE OFTEN WONDERED WHY YOU'VE NEVER MARRIED, SIMPSON?"  
*Simpson* (disdainfully). "I DON'T LIKE MEN IN ANY FORM, MY LADY."

### THE WILD SWAN.

(*Lament on a very rare bird who recently appeared in England and was immediately shot.*)

OVER the sea (ye maids) a wild swan came;  
 (O maidens) it was but the other day;  
 Men saw him as he passed with earnest aim  
 To some sequestered spot down Norfolk way—  
 A thing whose like had not been seen for years:  
*Lament, ye damsels, nor refuse your tears.*

Serene, he winged his alabaster flight  
 Neath the full beams of the mistaken sun  
 O'er gazing crowds, till at th' unwonted sight  
 Some unexpected sportsman with a gun  
 Brought down the bird, all fluff, mid sounding cheers:  
*Mourn, maidens, mourn, and wipe the thoughtful tears.*

Well you may weep. No common bird was he.  
 Has it not long been known, the whole world wide,  
 A wild swan is a prince of faerie,  
 Who comes in such disguise to choose his bride  
 From those of humble lot and tame careers,  
*Of whom I now require some punctual tears.*

Wherefore, I say, let every scullion-wench  
 Grieve, nor the dairy-maid from sobs refrain;  
 The sad postmistress, too, should feel the wench,  
 And the lone tweeny of her loss complain;  
 Let one—let all afflict the listening spheres:  
*Deplore, ye maids, his fate with rueful tears.*

It was for these he sought this teeming land,  
 High on the silvery wings of old romance;  
 One knows not where he had bestowed his hand,  
 But e'en the least had stood an equal chance  
 Of such fair triumph o'er her bitter peers  
*And the sweet pleasure of their anguished tears.*

O prince of faerie! O stately swan!  
 And ye, whose hopes are with the might-have-beens,  
 Curs'd be the wretch through whom those hopes have  
 gone,  
 Who blew your magic swain to smithereens;  
 Let your full sorrows whelm his stricken ears;  
*Lament, ye damsels, nor refuse your tears.*

DUM-DUM.

*The Lady's Realm* on a new film:—

"The cost from first to last amounted to £12,000 . . . The entire cast—an enormous one, numbering eight thousand people . . . visited Rome and the Nile."

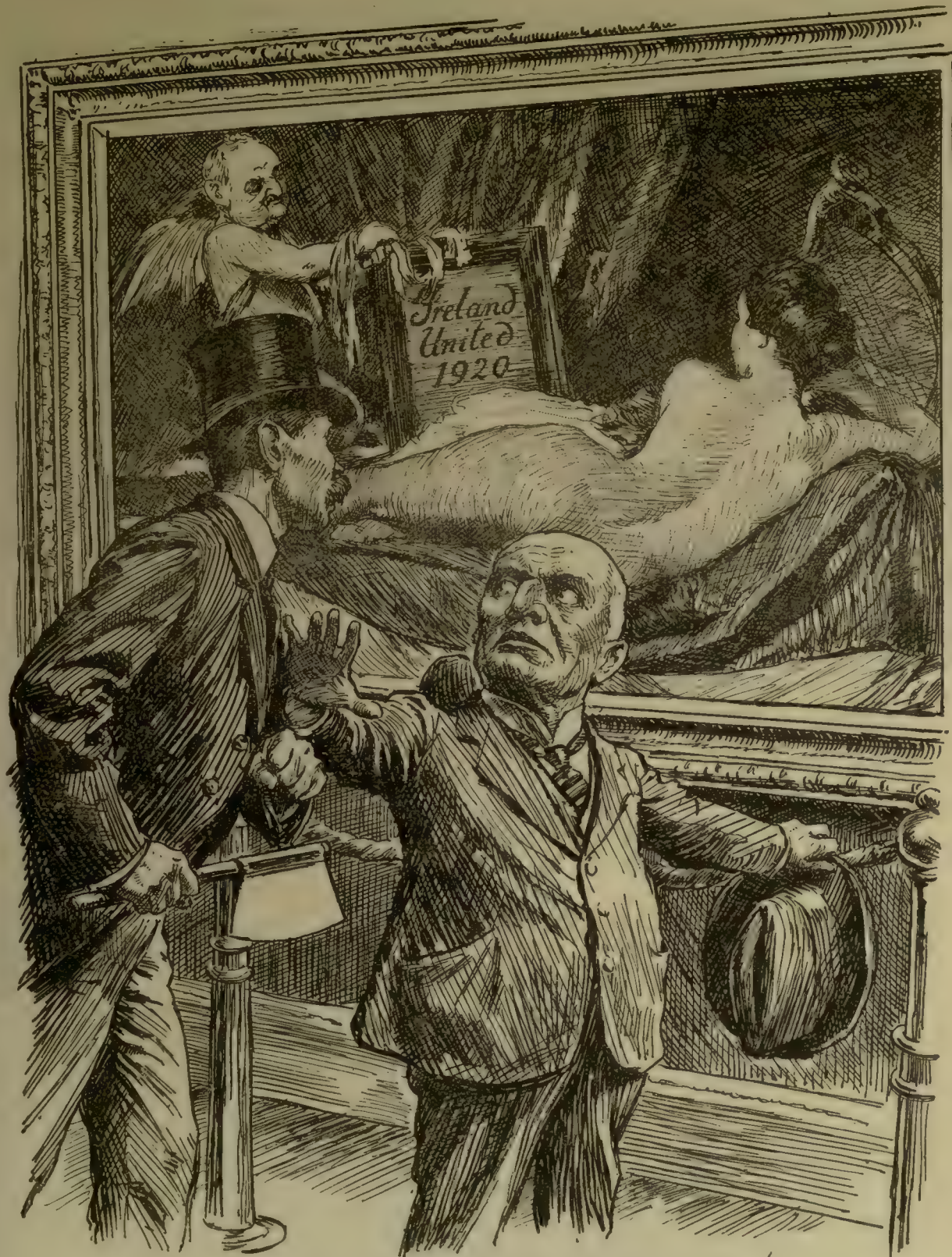
This decides us where to spend our holidays. To do Rome and the Nile for £1 10s. a head is not a chance to be missed.

It has been asked, "Where were the police?" Here is the answer:—

"The six cuts appeared to have been inflicted with the cutting edge of a chopper, and the seventh with the flat part of the end of the copper." *Manchester Guardian.*

*Robert* (putting his foot through the picture): "May as well make a job of it."





### THE LATEST VELASQUITH.

MR. PUNCH (to Mr. BONAR LAW). "DON'T HACK IT ABOUT NOW. YOU'LL HAVE TWO CHANCES IN THE NEXT SIX YEARS."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, March 9.*  
—When on conclusion of Questions the PRIME MINISTER rose to move Second Reading of Home Rule Bill, House presented appearance seen only once



MIJNHEER KAARSON.

(*The New Orange Free Stater.*)

[Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN referred to Ulster as the new "Orange" Free State, which has just received official recognition.]

or twice in lifetime of a Parliament. Chamber crowded from floor to top-most bench of Strangers' Gallery. Members who could not find seats made for the side galleries, filling both rows two deep. Still later comers patiently stood at the Bar throughout the full hour occupied by the historic speech. A group more comfortably settled themselves on the steps of the SPEAKER'S Chair. The principal nations of the world were represented in the Diplomatic Gallery by their ambassadors. As for the peers, they fought for places in limited space allotted to them with the energy of messenger-boys paid to secure places in the queue of first night of new play at popular theatre.

Entering while Questions were in progress PREMIER was received with rousing cheer. Renewed with fuller force when he stood at the Table to discharge his momentous task. That the enthusiasm was largely testimony to personal popularity and esteem appeared from what followed. Weighed down with gravity of responsibility, as he unfolded his plan he found lacking the inspiration of continuous outbursts of cheering that usually punctuate important speeches by Party leaders.

Radicals and Nationalists were prepared to accept his concessions to Ulster feeling; but they did not like them. REDMOND'S declaration that the PREMIER "has gone to the very extreme limits of concession" drew from Ministerialists a more strident cheer than any accorded to their Leader as he expounded his plan.

Consciousness of this significant lukewarmness reacted upon PREMIER. He spoke with unusual slowness, further developing tendency of recent growth to drop his voice at end of sentence.

BONNER LAW studiously quiet in manner, moderate in speech. Nevertheless, perhaps therefore, made it clear that PREMIER'S overtures, unloved by his followers, will not be welcomed by Opposition. CARSON, who had enthusiastic reception from Unionists, flashed forth epigram that put Ulster's view in a phrase.

"We don't want sentence of death," he said, "with a stay of execution for six years."

Circumstances provided TIM HEALY'S opportunity. Seized it with both hands. On behalf of Liberal Party, PREMIER proposed the vivisection of Ireland. JOHN REDMOND consented. Plan submitted was that four counties of Ulster might, if they pleased, be excluded from operation of Home Rule Act for period of six years.

"Would any sane Britisher," TIM asked, "embark upon civil war for the difference between six years and 666 years?" As he mentioned the Number of the Beast TIM turned to regard the Irish Leader perched in corner seat at top of Gangway. "Why should not the hon. gentleman give up that, as he has given up everything else? The remains of his principles ornament every step of the Gangway."

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Home Rule Bill moved. Debate adjourned for indefinite period.

*Tuesday.*—Prospect of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER brought up at Bar by RANGLES and CASSEL attracted big House in spite of trial opening in mid-dinner-hour. As the quarters of an hour sped benches continued to fill up till, when LLOYD GEORGE rose to offer his defence (which speedily merged into form of attack), there were fully five hundred present.

Prisoner indicted on grounds of repeated inaccuracy, particularly on account of ineradicable tendency to speak disrespectfully of dukes. Nothing could be nicer than manner of prosecuting counsel. They were there to discharge a public duty as champions of the truth, vindicators of desirable habit of abstention from exaggeration.

"I am," said RANGLES, "not here

to be personally disagreeable to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whom I have always found genial and courteous."

As for the junior counsel, he was affected almost to tears in prospect of task jointly committed to him.

"I do not wish," he said in his opening sentence, "to make anything I say more offensive or unpleasant than—than the necessities of the case warrant."

Ribald Radicals laughed loudly at this way of putting it. With the more sober-minded its ingenuousness had favourable effect, maintained throughout admirable speech.

No one enjoyed the affair more than prisoner at the bar. Like his great prototype, LLOYD GEORGE is never so happy as when, with back against wall, he turns to face an attacking host.

"Reminds me of days that are no more," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking on animated scene from modest quarters on a back bench. "Feel thirty years younger. Am transported as by a magical Eastern carpet to times when DON JOSÉ rushed about the country, fluttering his Unauthorised Programme, bearding barons in their dens, lashing out at landlords, and unceremoniously digging dukes in the ribs, what time a pack of scandalised Tories barked furiously at his heels. LLOYD GEORGE is an able man, courageous to boot, endowed with gift of turning out sentences that dwell in the memory, delighting some hearers, rankling in hearts of others. After all, he is but a replica, excellently done I admit, of the greatest work of art in the way of Parliamentary and political debate known to this generation."

Even while SARK murmured his confidences to his neighbour they were



The only bird that, in Mr. TIM HEALY'S view, requires the sympathies (if not contempt) of the Plumage Bill.



pointed by dramatic turn in lively speech. Among charges of inaccuracy specially cited was LLOYD GEORGE'S description of the Highland clearances, whereby, he asserted, "thousands of people were driven from their holdings by the exercise of the arbitrary power of the landlord." "I will give you an authority for that," he said, and proceeded to read a passage of burning eloquence, in which multitudes of hard-working, God-fearing people were depicted as driven from the land that had belonged to their ancestors, their cottages unroofed, themselves turned out homeless and forlorn.

"Who said that?" scornfully inquired an incautious Member seated opposite.

Quick came the reply. "The Right Honourable Member for West Birmingham," the CHANCELLOR answered in blandest tones.

Followed up this neatly inserted thrust by quoting from Tory newspapers, platform and Parliamentary speeches what was said of DON JOSÉ in those his unregenerate days. Some of them curiously identical with those in use just now for edification and reproof of another public man.

*Business done.*—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER indicted for habitual inaccuracy, gross and unfounded personal attacks on individuals. Vote of censure negatived by 304 votes against 240.

*Thursday.*—Major JOHN AUGUSTUS HOPE, late of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, nearly had his breath taken away at Question time. Close student of methods of WORTHINGTON EVANS, Mrs. Gummidge of Parliamentary life, not yet recovered from depression as he sits below Gangway "thinking of the old 'un'" (MASTERMAN). The Major has of late displayed much industry in devising abstruse conundrums designed to bring to light dark places in working of Insurance Act. In MASTERMAN'S enforced and regretted absence, duty of replying to this class of Question on behalf of Minister undertaken by WEDGWOOD BENN, whose sprightly though always courteous replies greatly amuse both sides.

To-day the Major fired off, as it were from a mitrailleuse, volley of minute questions involving prolonged research on part of Minister to whom they were addressed. Before the smoke had quite cleared away BENN rose, remarked, "I

assure the honourable and gallant gentleman he is totally incorrect," and resumed his seat.

The Major gasped. After devotion of precious time to looking up material for his conundrums, after skill and labour bestowed in shaping them, was this the result? Every hair on his head bristled with indignation. His voice choked with anger. His eye, accustomed to survey other battlefields, gleamed on the laughing faces that confronted him. Unseemly merriment increased as he attempted to put Supplementary Questions, which got unaccountably mixed up between Section 72 of the National Insurance Act, 1911, and the provision of Insurance Regulations (No. 2) (Scotland).



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER  
as seen by his opponents and by his admirers.

If the Major survives shock more will be heard of this.

*Business done.*—In Committee on Army Estimates.

### A BOOK OF THE DAY.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A TURNIP. BY ATO MATO, F.R.V.S. Illustrated in colour. Messrs. TUBER, ROOT AND CO. Price 3s. net.

(Reviewed by A. D. RYAN, M.A.)

THERE have been autobiographical studies of the animal world; why not of the vegetable? This is a delightful monograph, executed with consummate skill and verisimilitude throughout. The author, who holds the Professorship of Cereal Metaphysics at the University of Tokio, has devoted the greater part of his life to the study of the vegetable kingdom; and we need hardly remind our readers of the exceedingly interesting treatise, entitled "The Psychology of the Cabbage,"

which appeared in a recent issue of the *Carnifugal Quarterly*.

It is indeed time for a more scientific treatment of *vegeto-animal* phenomenon; and Mr. MATO is the pioneer of a science which, we hope, will soon receive the attention which it undoubtedly deserves. The present volume is in its way a masterpiece. The author has successfully avoided treating his subject from a too human point of view, and we are paying him a very high compliment when we say that the more we study the work the more we are impressed with what we may best describe as the "vegetability" of the writer's mind. The book is racy and convincing style, and bears the

stamp of imaginative originality. An acquaintance to whom we lent the book admirably expresses the impression we had formed of it by saying that it might have been written by EUSTACE OF HALLIE MILES. It is characterised throughout by the lofty and detached spirit in which a cultured turnip would view the troubled course of mundane events. The sentiments expressed on such questions as Woman Suffrage, Home Rule, LLOYD GEORGE'S land policy, though inevitably Radical in tendency, are admirably sane and unbiassed. We cannot do better, if we would convey to our readers some conception of the general tone of the work, than quote the opening

paragraph:—

"I was born of humble but worthy parents, but the first years" [weeks?] "of my existence were embittered by the loss of both father and mother. My father, who was then in the prime of life, was torn one day from the bosom of his family, tied up in a sack, and taken with some two hundred fellow-sufferers to a slaughter-house, where he was cruelly butchered. Still more tragic was the end of my dear mother. Like my father she was dragged away from her native soil. She was then hurled into an empty shed, where for many days she languished, deprived of both food and light. At last she was thrown into a tumbrel with some five hundred unfortunates, carted to a neighbouring farm, thence deported in strict captivity to Covent Garden, and finally conveyed to the sumptuous household of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who devoured her in three gulps."

From this poignant passage the reader may see for himself the profound understanding which Mr. MATO has brought to bear on his theme. We commend this book to all lovers of nature.



### THE CINEMA HABIT.

THE writer of "The Ideal Film Plot," which appeared in a recent issue of *Punch*, has quoted an "authority" (anonymous) for the approval of his scenario. It is quite evident that this "authority" (so-styled) must belong to the plebeian ranks of the film-world. It cannot reside in *our* suburb.

Our cinema theatre is, I venture to state, of a far superior order, both as to drama and as to morality. It is not a mere lantern-hall, close and stuffy, with twopenny and fourpenny seats (half-price to children, and tea provided free at *matinée* performances), but a white-and-gold Picturedrome, catering to an exclusive class of patrons at sixpence and a shilling, with neat attendants in dove-grey who atomise scent about the aisles, two palms, one at each side of the proscenium (*real* palms), and, in addition to a piano, a mustel organ to accompany the pathetic passages in the films. Moreover, the commissionaire outside, whose medals prove that he has seen service in the Charge of the Light Brigade, the Black Hole of Calcutta, and the Great Raid on the House of Commons in 1910, is not one of those blatant-voiced showmen who clamour for patronage; he is a quiet and dignified *réceptionnaire*, content to rely on the fame and good repute of his theatre. Sometimes evening dress (from "The Laburnums," Meadowsweet Avenue, who are on the Stock Exchange) is to be seen in the more expensive seats.

It is unquestionably a high-class Picturedrome. True that the local dentist, who is a stickler for correct English, protests against the designation: "I have pointed out to him that if a "Hippodrome" is a place where one sees performing hippos, then surely a place where one sees performing pictures is correctly styled a "Picturedrome."

I am acquiring the cinema habit.

It is very restful. Each film is preceded on the screen by a certificate showing that its morality has been guaranteed by Mr. REDFORD. I have complete confidence in Mr. REDFORD's sense of propriety. If, for instance, a bedroom scene is shown and a lady is about to change her gown, one's advance blushes are needless. That film will be arrested at the loosing of the first hook or button. Virtue will always be plainly triumphant and vice as plainly vanquished. Even the minor imperfections of character will be suitably punished. When on the screen we see Daisy, the flighty college girl, borrowing without permission her friend's hat, gown, shoes, necklace and



Gladys (who has been told she may see her convalescent Daddy, but fails to recognise him with ten days' growth of beard). "MUMMY, MUMMY, DADDY'S NOT THERE; BUT THERE'S A BURGLARER IN HIS BED."

curls in order to make a fascinating display before her young college man, it is certain that she will be publicly shamed by her friends and discredited in the eyes of her lover whose affections she seeks to win in this unmoral fashion.

On the screen we shall be sure to meet many old friends. The young American society nuts, in square-rigged coats, spacious trousers, and knobby shoes, will buzz around the pretty girl like flies around a honey-pot, clamouring for the privilege of presenting her with a twenty-dollar bouquet of American Beauty roses. The bouquet she accepts will be the hero's; and the other nuts will then group themselves in the background while she registers a glad but demure smile full in the eye of the camera.

The hero, however, loses his paternal expectations in the maelstrom of Wall

Street. Throwing off his coat—literally, because at the cinema we are left in no doubt as to intentions—he resolves to go "out West" and retrieve the family fortunes.

Our old friends the cow-boys meet him at the wooden shack which represents the railway station at Waybackville, registering great glee at the prospect of hazing a tenderfoot. We know full well that he will eventually win their respect and high regard—probably by foiling a dastardly plot on the part of a Mexican half-breed—and we are therefore in no anxiety of mind when they raise the dust around his feet with their six-shooters, toss him in a blanket or entice him on to a meek-looking, but in reality record-busting, broncho.

In the middle of the drama we look forward to the "chases," and we are



never disappointed. Our pursued hero, attired in the picturesque bandarilleros of shaggy mohair and the open-throated shiterino of the West, will race through the tangled thickets of the picadoro-trees; thunder down the crumbling banks of amontillados so steep that the camera probably gets a crick in the neck looking up at him; ride the foaming torrent with one hand clasping the mane of his now tamed broncho, and the other hand triggering his shooting-iron; and eventually fall exhausted from the horse at the very doorstep of the ranch, one arm, pinged by a dastardly rifle-bullet, dangling helplessly by his side. (It is, by the way, always the arm or shoulder; the cinema never allows him to get it distressingly in the leg or in the neck.)

In the ultimate, with the wounded arm in a sling, he will tenderly embrace the heroine through a hundred feet of film, she meanwhile registering great joy and trustfulness, until the scene slowly darkens into blackness, and the screen suddenly announces that the next item on the programme will be No. 7, Exclusive to the Picturedrome.

We are greatly favoured with "exclusives." It may be possible that other suburbs have these films, but it must be second-hand, after we have finished with them. The names of the artistes who create the rôles are announced on the screen: "*Captain Jack Reckless*—Mr. Courey van Highball," or it may be "*Juliet*, Miss Mamie Ruffles." Or it is a film taken at the local regatta or athletic sports, and the actors in it include all the notabilities of the district. We flock to see how we (or our neighbours) look on the screen, and enjoy a hearty laugh when the scullers of "*The Laburnums*" register a crab full in the eye of the camera, or "*The Oleanders*" canoe receives a plenteous backwash from a river-steamer.

But the staple fare is drama—red-blooded drama, where one is never in doubt as to who is in love with whom, and how much. Sometimes, to be frank, there is a passing flirtation, due to pique, between a wife and a third party, leading to misunderstandings, complications and blank despair on the part of the husband; but as there is always a "little one" somewhere in the background, we are never anxious as to the final outcome. It will end with the husband embracing the repentant (but stainless) wife, and at the same time extending a manly hand of reconciliation to the third party.

We also like the dying fiddler (with visions) and the motor-car splurges—especially the latter. In our daily life we are plagued with motor-cars, cycle-

cars and motor-cycle side-cars, being on a highroad from London town to the country; but on the screen we adore them.

The cinema is very restful. There are no problems to vex the moral judgment; no psychological doubts; no anxieties. It will be "the mixture as before," ending in the loving, lingering kiss.

Say what you will of Mr. REDFORD, he never deprives us of the kiss.

### WATER ON THE BRAIN.

SOME interesting revelations have been published in *The Daily Mail* on the tonic effect of the bath on our greatest workers, notably stockbrokers, novelists and actors.

Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER declared that he read plays in the bath and that the best results were obtained by those selected either in the bath or on a long railway journey. "A man," he added, "is always at his best in his bath." Again, Mr. CHARLES GARVICE, the famous novelist, said that he always felt intensely musical while having his bath, though the ideas for his stories came chiefly while he was shaving.

We are glad to be able to supplement these revelations with some further testimony from the élite of the world of letters.

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, in the course of an interesting interview, spoke eloquently on the daily renewal of the bath. From the day when he first became a Wet Bob at Eton he had never wavered in his devotion to matutinal and vespertinal ablutions. In fact, his philosophy on this point might be summed up in the quatrain:—

A bath in the morning  
Is the bookman's adorning;  
A bath at night  
Is the bookman's delight.

His ideal form of exercise was a ride in a bath-chair, just as his favourite diet was bath-chaps and bath-buns. For the rest he found that the ideas of his best pars came to him while he was using a scrubbing-brush which had belonged to Posh, EDWARD FITZGERALD's boatman.

Mr. LAURENCE BINYON, the poet and art critic, confessed that some of his choicest lyrics had been composed when he was using a loofah. But it must be applied rhythmically, to the accompaniment of a soft hissing sound such as was affected by stable-hands when grooming high-mettled steeds. Mr. BINYON added that it was a curious thing that while frequent references abounded in the classics to drinking from the Pierian spring, no mention occurred of bathing in it. But the divine afflatus no doubt worked differ-

ently in different ages. DIOGENES lived in a tub, but there was no evidence that he ever took one.

Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD, in reply to a request for his views on the subject, said that he considered soap and water to be an invaluable intellectual stimulant. DICKENS was a great believer in it; so, too, was *Lady Macbeth* and the famous Bishop WILBERFORCE, known as "Soapy Sam" from his excessive addiction to detergents. CHARLES LEVER, again, whom he knew intimately, had a passion for washing and, so he believed, started a soap factory, which was still in existence.

The Baroness Orczy pointed out to our representative that there was a natural harmony between different sorts of baths and different styles of composition. For heroic romance, cold baths were indispensable. For the novel of sensation she recommended champagne with a dash of ammoniated quinine. Similarly with regard to the use of soaps. Thus in any of her stories in which royalty played a prominent part she found it impossible to dispense with Old Brown Windsor.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM contented himself by cordially endorsing Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER's statement that he was (if ever) at his best in his bath.

### IN MARCH.

THERE is cloud and a splash of blue sky overhead,

And the road by the common's the brave road to tread;

You miss all your neighbours,

And hear the wind play

His pipes and his tabors

Along the king's way.

From the elms at the corner the rooks tumble out

To dance you Sir Roger in clamorous rout;

For all honest people

There's gold on the whin,

And bells in the steeple,

And ale at the inn.

The brewer's brown horses, they shine in the sun,

And each of the team must weigh nearly a ton.

They stamp and they sidle,

Their great necks they arch,

And snatch at the bridle

This morning of March.

For Winter is over, you see the fine sights—

The geese on the common, the boys flying kites,

The daffydownillies

That stoop on the stem,

And my pretty Phyllis

Who's gathering them.



## SIGNERS OF THE TIMES.

RALSTON came into the railway carriage with a fountain-pen and a huge sheet of official-looking paper.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said. "This is a non-party business. I am just getting a few signatures——"

"Don't apologise, Sir," interrupted Baffin. "I am delighted to see a young man like you working in such a cause. Every loyal Englishman, unless blindly ignorant or filled with Radical spite, will be delighted to sign it."

Grabbing the fountain-pen he scribbled the imposing signature, "James Baffin, Hughenden, Tulse Hill."

"It doesn't involve any financial responsibility?" enquired Macdougall with a touch of national caution.

"Not in the least. You just sign," replied Ralston.

Down went the name of Luke Macdougall.

Wilcox had to have his attention drawn to the petition because he pretended to be absorbed in *The Times*—reading it with the attachment of an old subscriber, though we all knew he had only taken it for two days.

"Of course," said Wilcox, "at the present moment I could not think of taking any active part in military operations myself, but I am sure my son-in-law——"

"You are not supposed to do anything but sign," said Ralston.

"Certainly, certainly, I'll be very pleased to sign. My son-in-law is a most determined young fellow and feels most strongly on this point."

And Mr. Wilcox amiably offered up his son-in-law as a vicarious sacrifice.

Dodham was a little dubious. "You see I'm not a politician," he began.

"Politics have nothing to do with it," said Ralston.

"No one, Sir, but an abject coward," broke in Baffin, "would shrink from saving his country at such a critical moment."

"Well," said Dodham, "one can't be far wrong when non-party men like KIPLING and GEORGE ALEXANDER are signing. I think I shall be justified."

The name of J. Percival Dodham was added to the list.

Ralston turned to me. "You will sign, old man?"

"No, thanks," I said. "Signed a teetotal-pledge when I was six, and my aunts have brought it up against me ever since. Besides I haven't a father-in-law to take my place."

We stopped at a station.

"I'm off," said Ralston; "got to rake up more signatures."

Four men glared contemptuously at me for the rest of the journey. I don't



Temperance Worker (paying a surprise visit to the home of his pet convert). "Does Mr. McMURDOCH LIVE HERE?" Mrs. McMurdock. "AYE; CARRY HIM IN!"

know whether they regarded me as a miserable Little Englander or a wicked Big Irelander.

When we reached Ludgate Hill I saw Ralston standing triumphantly on the platform.

"Done well to-day?" I queried.

"Oceans of signatures."

I glanced over his shoulder and saw that the printing on the outer sheet began, "To the Manager, S. E. and L. C. D. Railway Companies."

"What's he got to do with this thing?" I demanded.

"Everything," explained Ralston amiably. "It's a petition to run the 8.42 ten minutes earlier. I can't get to the office by 9.15 as it is."

"What," I cried, "have all your miserable dupes been signing away ten minutes of their breakfast time?"

Ralston winked at me. "I've just got to go into a carriage and say it's non-political and they jump to sign it. Signing's a sort of habit nowadays. Not my fault if they don't listen to explanations."

My heart thrilled as I thought of what the brave men would say who, under the impression they were merely promising their own or their relations' blood, had tragically shortened their breakfast hour. Talk of revolutions! Look out for a revolution in the Tulse Hill district when the 8.42 becomes the 8.32!



## MR. BALFOUR: MIXED DOUBLE LIFE.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NICE, Monday.

"I MUST confess that I felt somewhat nervous," said Mr. BALFOUR after the match, as he sipped a split sal-volatile and cinnamon, "but not so nervous as I was in the singles. But it was the first time that I ever stood up to the twin-screw service which Baron von Stosch uses so cleverly, and once or twice I was beaten by the swerve." But his partner, the famous Basque amateur, Mme. Jauréguiberry, was loud in his praises. "He played like a statesman and a diplomatist," she said. The Grand Duke MICHAEL was also greatly impressed and made a neat *mot*. "His fore-hand drives," he said, "were worthy of a driver of a four-in-hand." Mr. BALFOUR, it should be noted, wore brown tennis shoes with rubber soles, unlike Sir OLIVER LODGE, who always golfs in white buckskin boots. His shirt was of some soft material and was marked with his name on a tape, "A. J. BALFOUR. 6. 1913."

### DETAILS OF THE GAME.

Mr. BALFOUR started serving, and the first two games fell to him and his partner owing to a certain wildness in the returns of Princess Pongo, a Nigerian lady of remarkable agility who has only been playing tennis for the last three months, as, owing to the laws of the Hausa tribe, mixed tennis is strictly forbidden in Nigeria. The Princess was, however, well backed up by her partner, the Baron von Stosch, an athletic Prussian with a powerful smash, and after five games all had been called the set fell to the ex-PREMIER and his partner. In the second set a regrettable incident occurred, a ball skidding off Mr. BALFOUR's racquet into the eye of the Grand Duke Uriel, who was acting as umpire. Mr. BALFOUR was much upset by the *contretemps*, and repeatedly sliced his drive into the net, remarking, "Dear, dear," on two occasions.

The activity of the Princess Pongo, who wore a tasteful *toque* surmounted by a stuffed baby gorilla, was much admired, and when the score was called "one set all," the enthusiasm of the bystanders knew no bounds. A slight delay was caused by the arrival of a telegram for Mr. BALFOUR, announcing that, in view of the grave importance

of the present political situation, *The Times* had been reduced to a penny. This he perused with deep emotion. On the resumption of the game, however, the ex-PREMIER at once showed himself to be in his best form. He scoffed several beauties past the Baron, nonplussed the Nigerian princess by his luscious lobs, and finished off the set and match by a wonderful scoop-stroke which died down like a poached egg.

Early in the set he gave a remarkable proof of his detachment. Just as the Princess was preparing to serve one of her juiciest undercut strokes, the tones of a soprano practising her scales



### "TO MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME."

Judge. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF BEFORE I SENTENCE YOU, PRISONER?"

Prisoner. "YES, YOUR LORDSHIP; I TAUGHT YOUR WIFE AND DAUGHTERS THE TANGO."

Judge. "TWENTY YEARS."

rang out from a neighbouring flat. "Rather sharp, I think," said Mr. BALFOUR, and the Princess, overcome by the ready wit of the ex-PREMIER, served four faults in quick succession. At the conclusion of the game Mr. BALFOUR wiped his face twice with his handkerchief and signed his name in the birthday books of several American heiresses.

We understand that there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. BALFOUR will box five rounds with CARPENTIER at a Charity Bazaar and Gymkhana next Saturday, but hopes are entertained that he will dance the Ta-tao with the Princess Pongo, and enter for the three-legged race with the Grand Duke Uriel.

## AN IDOL OF THE MARKET PLACE.

DECORUM and the butcher's cat  
Are seldom far apart—  
From dawn when clouds surmount the  
air,  
Piled like a beauty's powdered hair,  
Till dusk, when down the misty square  
Rumbles the latest cart

He sits in coat of white and grey  
Where the rude cleaver's shock  
Horrid from time to time descends,  
And his imposing presence lends  
Grace to a platform that extends  
Beneath the chopping-block.

How tranquil are his close-piled  
cheeks

His paws, sequestered warm!  
An oak-grained panel backs his  
head

And all the stock-in-trade is  
spread,

A symphony in white and red,  
Round his harmonious form.

The butcher's brave cerulean garb  
Flutters before his face,  
The cleaver dints his little roof  
Of furrowed wood; remote, aloof  
He sits superb and panic-proof  
In his accustomed place.

Threading the columned county  
hall,

Mid-most before his eyes,  
Alerter dog and loitering maid  
Cross from the sunlight to the  
shade,

And small amenities of trade  
Under the gables rise;

Cats of the town, a shameless  
crew,

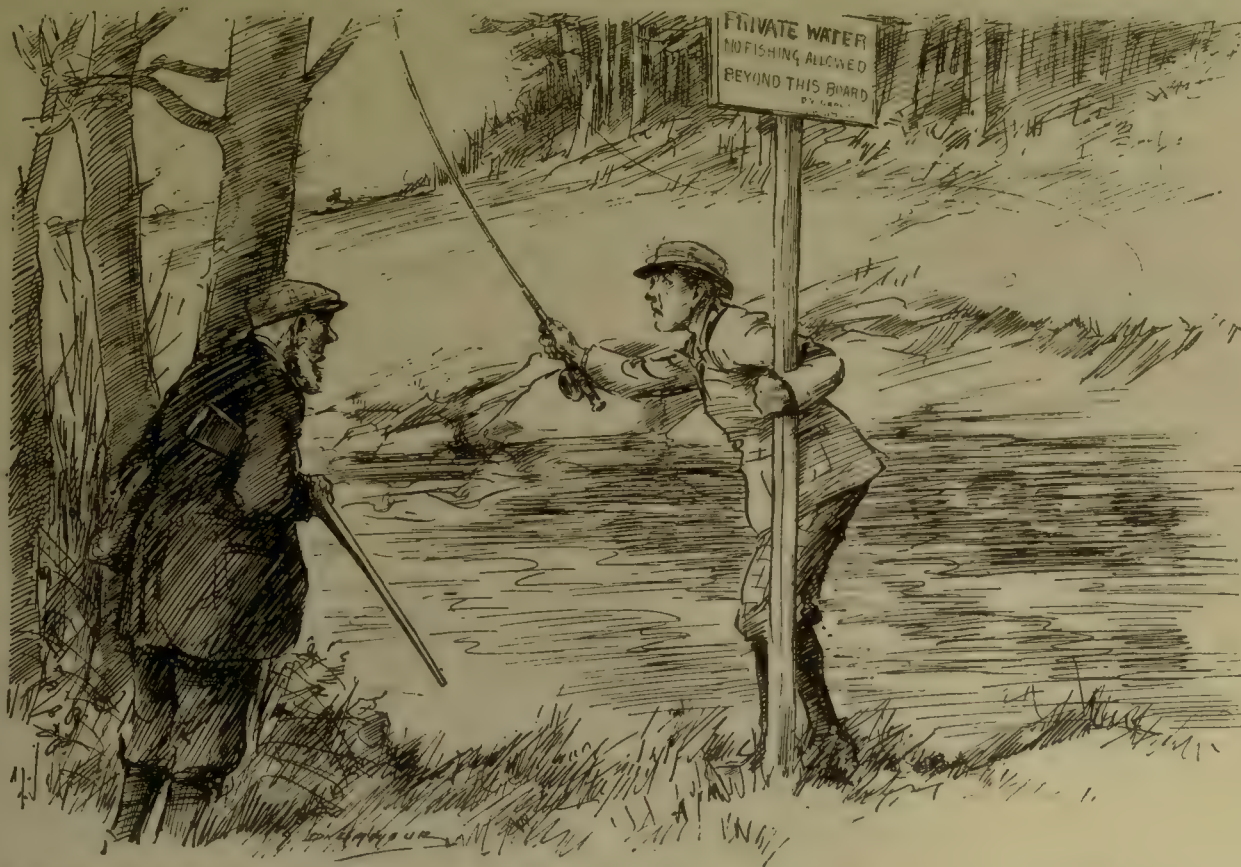
Over the way he sees  
Propitiate with lavish purr  
An unresponsive customer,  
Or, meek with sycophantic fur,  
Caress the children's knees.

But he, betrothed to etiquette,  
Betrays nor head nor heart;  
Lone as the Ark on Ararat,  
A monument of fur and fat,  
Decorum and the butcher's cat  
Are seldom far apart.

"It was Horace that put in print the old truth that no man in this world is satisfied with the lot which either fortune or others have put him to.—"T. P." in his "Weekly." HORACE, of course, was always rushing into print.

"Her hands dropped to her side. She toyed with the little locket on the gold chain at her throat. 'I am capable of anything!' she said."—"Daily Mirror" Serial.  
Evidently.





Keeper (who, unobserved, has been watching the transgressor). "AY, MAN, YE HAE A CONSCIENCE, BUT IT'S GAE ELASTIC, I'M THENKIN'."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HENRY HOLIDAY'S *Reminiscences of my Life* (HEINEMANN) will show you a kindly simple soul who had an extraordinarily nice time, met all kinds of interesting folk, and had a generous devotion to any number of unpopular causes, such as Women's Suffrage, the futuristic socialism of BELLAMY'S *Looking Backward*, Home Rule in Ireland, healthy and artistic dress, good music, the abolition of war. Whatever capacity of expression his successful and not undistinguished career as a painter (amongst other things, of BEATRICE cutting DANTE on the bridge), stained-glass worker and mural decorator proves him to have had in his proper medium, the gift of pointed literary expression and appropriate selection seems to have been withheld from him. But he has little reason to complain. Some, at least, of his causes are appreciably nearer victory than when he espoused them; we are even a little nearer looking backwards. One small point in these discursive memoirs will especially delight the mildly cynical—that this worthy pre-Raphaelite, who with his friends had suffered so much from the limitations of view of a mid-Victorian Royal Academy, should be so maliciously ready to have all modern rebels in paint, their milestones hung about their necks, sunk in the nethermost depths with all their works! One can find diversion, too, in the decorous story of Mr. HOLIDAY'S nude statue of *Sleep*, rejected (according to a message from G. F. WATTS) on account of its nudity in 1879 by that same Academy, and accepted in 1880 when the artist with laborious modesty had modelled for it a plaster-of-paris nightgown. The author claims some share, through the

Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, in the changes towards rational beauty which women's dress has lately shown. And that surely is by no means to have lived in vain!

There are few *Memsahibs* who know India and can write about it as well as Mrs. ALICE PERRIN, so that when she calls her new book *The Happy Hunting Ground* (METHUEN) she sets you thinking. And when you begin to think, you see that that really is the meaning of those tearful farewells at Victoria and Charing Cross, that heavy-hearted cheering and waving of handkerchiefs as the liner puts off from the docks, which are for us who stay at home the symbol of our share in the burden of empire. When our sisters and our daughters (and our cousins and aunts) sail away to Marseilles and the East they go to find husbands, largely because for many of them there is in this country little prospect of marriage with men of their own class. But that is only half the story. They go in search of mates. They stay to play, as helpmeets, the woman's part in carrying on the high tradition of the British Raj. With this fundamental truth as her background, Mrs. PERRIN has drawn, simply but with practised skill, the picture of a young girl who leaves the dull security of Earl's Court to go a-hunting in the plains and the hills, obedient to the call of India, which is in her bones. There, like many another before her, she loves and suffers, and makes sacrifices and mistakes; and (I am glad to say) finds happiness at the last. The strength of Mrs. PERRIN'S book, apart from the value of its background, lies in the reality of its characters. If you have a drop of Anglo-Indian blood in your veins you will know what it means. You will greet them as blood relations, and take a kinsman's interest not only in their



joys and sorrows, but in their whole attitude towards life, and even their little tricks of thought and speech.

About a year ago Mr. JOSEPH KNOWLES began to think that "the people of the present day were sadly neglecting the details of the great book of nature," and asked himself if he could not do something to remedy matters. His answer to this question was to take off all his clothes, and, on August 4, 1913, to enter the wilderness of Northern Maine, and live like a primitive man for two months. On page 12 of *Alone in the Wilderness* (LONGMANS) he is to be seen taking off his coat (and posing, I feel bound to add, very becomingly), and eight pages farther on you can see him divested of his clothing and "breaking the last link." As used to enforce a primitive ideal, the modern art of photography seems, if I may say so, a little out of this picture; but, anyhow, into the forest Mr. KNOWLES went with "nodings on," and there he stuck out his time, speaking to no one, scarcely seeing a human being, and proving—well, I don't honestly think that he proved much. But at least he was not what he calls a quitter, and as more than once he had an intense desire to return to civilisation, he deserves much credit for carrying out his resolution. But, difficult as he found it to remain for the two months, he has found even greater difficulty in writing interestingly about his experiment. Apart from his account of a great moose-fight, the fascinating scenes in his book are those in which his former experiences as a trapper and hunter are described. But Mr. KNOWLES has not finished with his adventure; he is going to live stark-naked in the wilderness for another two months, but this time under inspection, so that the unbelievers can be convinced. I am not among the unbelievers—indeed, I am convinced of the absolute truth of every statement he makes—but I doubt if a repetition of his performance is the best way to help on the College of Nature which he hopes to start. Why, in short, pander to the unbelievers?

A period so bygone as that of His late Majesty KING HENRY II. (of whose exact date you will scarcely need to be reminded) has not an immediate and irresistible attraction for every novel reader, and it may take much to persuade some that they will ever become really concerned with the deeds and destinies of such people as *Jehane* the woodward's daughter, *Edwy* the tanner of Cle, and *Lord Lambert de Fort-Castel*, be their deeds and destinies never so adventurous or romantic. Further, the juvenile manner of the pictorial cover attached to *Jehane of the Forest* (MELROSE) is not calculated to whet the appetite of the adult public, and the eulogy of a well-known author, appended on a printed slip, lacks the essential glow of the effective advertisement. It misses the point; it is pedantic, and pedantry is the one thing for which wary readers are on the look out in stories of antiquity. It is first important, then, to acquit Mr. L. A. TALBOT of every offence of which, in the blackness of the outward circumstances, he might be

suspected—affectations, anachronisms, excess of local and contemporary colour, absence of humour or human touches, any tendency to bore. The book presents a charming picture of the counties on the Welsh Border and unravels a delightful tale in which the characters talk the language peculiar to their time, but are controlled by the everlasting motives of human nature. Though the times were harder than ours the people seem to have been neither better nor worse than we are; and, when approached from such a point of view as Mr. TALBOT has taken, there is nothing to be said against, but very much to be said for, the period of 1154-1189, which, as every schoolboy is punished for not knowing, covers the reign of HENRY II.

Miss MILLS YOUNG does not, I think, improve as an artist. *The Purple Mists* (LANE) is her latest book, and it is not so real and satisfactory a piece of work as *Grit Lawless* or *Atonement*. The theme of her new novel is the coming of love to two people who married without any other emotion than restrained but unmistak-

able antipathy. Why people should do these things so often in novels I do not know, but on the present occasion *Euretta* (*Euretta* is not an attractive name) and *John Shaw* (you can tell by his name that he is a strong silent man who is deep in his work and has no time to bother about women) are driven into matrimony by Miss MILLS YOUNG. After a while it appears that Mr. Shaw is beginning to care for *Euretta* very much, but he shows his affection for her by avoiding her as much as possible and snarling when she speaks to him. It is obvious that a more kindly figure must be somewhere close at hand eager to console



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

THE MAN WHO COLLECTS MUD-SPLASHES FROM THE WHEELS OF THE EXALTED GREAT.

*Euretta*. Miss YOUNG discovers him, finds that he is precisely the deep-drinking, warm-hearted rascal necessary for this kind of occasion, and provides him with the inevitable situations proper to the *tertium quid*. The defects of *The Purple Mists* all arise from the fact that Miss MILLS YOUNG has been told by her friends that she tells a good story. If, next time, she thinks first of her characters and then chronicles their logical development, instead of forcing them into a threadbare plot, she will give us the fine book of which I am sure she is capable.

"According to the Jewish Chronicle, the number of Jews in the world now exceeds 13,000: to be exact, 13,052,846."

*Family Herald* (B.C.).

Our contemporary should cultivate the large tracts of truth which lie between the extreme vagueness of the first estimate and the pedantic accuracy of the second.

"ROKEBY VENUS IN RIBBONS."—*Globe*.

Are we becoming prudish?

"BREEZES BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH."—*Cork Examiner*.

This is the weather forecast for Ireland, and at first sight seems obvious; but "in view," as our penny contemporary says, "of the grave importance of the present political situation," we suspect a deeper meaning.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE attention of the AMERICAN AMBASSADOR has been called to the danger of after-dinner speaking. There is many a true word said in digestion—and the truth is apt to hurt sensitive nations.

Art circles continue to seethe with indignation over the National Gallery outrage. Even the Post-Impressionists have now no sympathy with the Suffragettes, for they realise that, while in this instance it was only a Velasquez which was injured, next time it might be a sublime Bomberg or a transcendent Wyndham Lewis.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM has addressed an open letter to Mrs. PANKHURST containing a number of questions, and asking for certain definite information before he joins her party. Nothing, we believe, would please that party better than to be able to add a Maxim to its armament.

A number of Liverpool women, many of whom are Suffragettes, have formed a Women's Church. A feature of this Church will no doubt be the institution of frequent Fasts with a view to training the worshippers to cope with the difficulties of every-day life.

A fire brigade composed entirely of girl students successfully fought a fire last week at Wellesley College, a famous American educational institution. A strongly-worded protest against their unwomanly conduct has, we understand, been sent from the headquarters of the W.S.P.U.

After much wordy warfare between our contemporary's readers, the proprietors of *The Saturday Westminster Gazette* have now decided definitely that it shall be printed on white paper, on the ground that this is better for the eyesight, and the White-and-See party has thus gained a notable victory over the Green-and-Bear-It party.

MR. ROY HORNIMAN has become chairman of the Committee for the Prevention of Cruelty to Stage Animals. There is good work to be done here. We have always understood that the hind-legs of the Pantomime dragon suffer terribly while on the stage, owing to the closeness of the atmosphere.

Rumours reach us of trouble between *The Daily Mail* and its enterprising young protégé, *The Times*. It is all on account of the former possibly being compelled to modify its announcement, "Daily net sale six times as large as

that of any penny London morning journal," and charges of ingratitude are flying about.

From the North-West Frontier of India comes the news that the station-master has been kidnapped from Shahkat station by raiders. It is now proposed that, with a view to preventing the recurrence of such a theft, every station-master shall in future wear a collar with a bell attached to it which would give the alarm.



SIR VAVASOUR, HAVING DRAGGED THE NOW ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS MAIDEN TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, WAS ABOUT TO THROW HER OVER, WHEN . . .



THE ARTIST CHANGED HIS MIND AND TURNED THEM INTO A COUPLE DANCING THE TANGO.

At a dinner to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the chairman referred to "the two wings of the Labour movement." Two wings, unfortunately, do not make an angel.

Some pigeons, it is stated, have built their nests and are rearing their young at the very point of the Tower Bridge bascules. The S.P.C.A., always alert, is presumably moving in the matter with a view to the bridge being closed until the little family is out in the world.

The expression, "The Theatre of

War," gets more apt every day. During the Balkan War the Servians and Montenegrins used a rattle to imitate machine-gun fire, and a machine has now been devised for imitating the noise of an aeroplane engine, with the object of alarming hostile troops.

"We like the stories of men who joked on their death-beds," says *The Times* in a leader. Now that *The Times* has signified its approval we shall never be surprised to see this become Society's latest hobby.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE has sold a portion of his library, consisting of early editions of SHAKESPEARE and CHAUCER, to an American dealer for £200,000. His Grace is said to have calculated that, if he replaced these books by the nice handy little editions which are now to be obtained for sixpence and a shilling a-piece, the transaction would mean a considerable profit for him.

A skeleton, which is computed to be 150,000 years old, has been discovered by a German professor. From the position in which it was found it is conjectured that the man was drowned, and the police will no doubt take the matter up, and the relatives will, if possible, be communicated with.

In an age when cheapness seems to be most persons' ideal, it is refreshing to note that there has been placed on the market a musical instrument which frankly calls itself the Dea Piano.

## SONG.

IN the sunshine went the bee  
Busily, O busily;  
White birds flashed upon the sea,  
White cliffs mounted dizzily;  
There a shepherd tuned his reed  
For the maiden of his need:  
"Shepherdess," he piped, "give heed!"  
Long ago in Sicily.

"As the sky your eyes are blue,"  
He continued wittily  
(When he said this it was new—  
Just come south from Italy);  
And she let her lids downfall  
(This was then original)  
At the marvel of it all—  
Prettily, O prettily.

So the milch-goats went astray—  
That's the short and long of it;  
While they laughed the hours away—  
That's the right and wrong of it;  
Till the white wings ceased to strive,  
Till the brown bee sought the hive;  
"Wonderful!" they said—and I've  
Made a silly song of it.



## JOBSON'S.

"Is it a bad one?" I said.

"It's just one of my headaches," said the lady of the house.

"But some of your headaches," I said, "are different from others. Some—"

"This," she said, "is one of the different ones."

"Is it like those you have when Mrs. Martlet comes to collect on behalf of the Chimney-Sweeps' Aid Society? I mean, will it yield to treatment in about an hour?"

"No," she groaned; "it's even worse than those. It's all over my head."

"Oh, but if that's the sort I'm all sympathy. Only tell me what I can do. Are cold compresses any good? Or the doctor? It might be measles, you know. All the best people have measles now. Real measles, I mean; not the German sort. Shall I start isolating you? They tell me I'm a first-class isolater."

"No," she said, "don't do that. It sounds so heartless."

"Well," I said, "if there's anything else in reason I'm your man."

"I want you," she said, "to go to London."

"To London?" I said. "Of course I'll go. It's the very place—I'm wanting to go to. In fact, I was going there anyhow; only when you said you'd got a headache I thought I'd stay here and help to cool your brow."

"But why," she murmured, "were you going to London anyhow?"

"Because," I said, "I've bought a season ticket. When the ticket-collector comes round I shan't fumble in all my pockets, or scramble on the floor, or get red and nervous. I shall just sit tight without looking at him and whisper 'Season' from behind my penny *Times*. I've always wanted to be like that, and now I am it."

"But will you get your money's worth out of it?"

"Yes," I said, "if I have to travel up and down three times a day to do it."

"And will you be an angel?" she said.

"I am. My wings are fully grown."

"Then I want you to fly for me to Jobson's."

"To Jobson's?" I said in a voice of vague alarm.

"Yes, Jobson's. The great Stores in the Bothwell Road."

"But I shall get lost," I said. "I haven't got a head for Stores. Perhaps if I sew my address into the back of my waistcoat I might venture, but it's an awful undertaking. And how does one dress for Stores?"

"Oh, anyhow," she said. "And when you get there I want you to order some stockings for the girls—about four pairs each—and three warm undervests for John."

"But what about the size?" I said.

"You won't have any difficulty. Mention their ages, or take up a few old sample stockings and an undervest with you. They won't be heavy to carry. Now leave me to my headache."

Not long afterwards I was in London, having travelled up gently but firmly as a season-ticket holder. With a beating heart I made my way to the imposing block of buildings known as Jobson's and entered its portals. As I did so I realised in a flash of shame that I had left my parcel of samples in the train. I had known it would be so. I am not accustomed to carry brown paper parcels in railway carriages, and of course I had forgotten it. As I failed afterwards to get it back I have the satisfaction of knowing that someone has been badly disappointed. To carry off a parcel and then to find that it contains three stockings, all with holes in the toes and knees, and one small undervest buttonless and torn into strips up the back, must be a bitter blow.

Jobson's, when I entered it, was a scene of great animation. Crowds of customers, nearly all women, were standing about or moving purposefully in various directions. Brisk and harassed attendants, male and female, were rushing hither and thither. Confusion and purchase reigned supreme. Keeping a tight hold on myself I wandered on until, by some mistake, I found myself in the Ladies' Dress department.

"Yes, Sir?" said one of the girls in a tone of surprised interrogation.

"Can I order a dress?" I said nervously. "A lady's dress, you know. For my wife," I added hastily, for a look of cold disapproval had shown itself on the attendant's face. "She has a bad headache or she would have come herself. Or is there an Ironmongery department?"

"Second floor. You can go in the lift," said the girl.

The Ironmongery department was attractive beyond description. Fire-irons glittered, fenders gleamed, and there was a lawn-mower which gaped so pathetically that I was all but forced to buy it.

"Is anyone looking after you, Sir?" said a gentleman with the air and manners of a diplomatist.

"No," I said; "I want a stocking or two."

"Hosiery department on the ground floor. You can go in the lift;" and he too left me.

Down I went again, plunged head-first through the Ladies' Dress department, and came to an anchor amongst the pipes, cigars, cigarettes and tobacco. Here I bought two pipes, a cigar-cutter, and five match-stands of a very novel design. Having thus paid my footing, I addressed the salesman.

"Take me," I said, "to the Hosiery department."

"Straight on, Sir," he said, "and turn to the right before you get to the musical instruments."

"No, no," I said, "that won't do. I have been trying to get there all day by myself and have failed. I am so very musical. If I go alone I shall be drawn in among the flutes and harmoniums. Conduct me to the hosiery or I shall return the match-stands."

Moved by my appeal he conducted me, and at last I reached my haven and made my purchases. When I got home, the headache was gone, and in its place there was a critical spirit which prophesied that all the stockings would certainly be of the wrong size and quality, while the undervests would be equally useless. About the pipes, cigar-cutter and the match-stands I preferred to say nothing at all.

On the whole the visit to Jobson's was a failure. R. C. L.

## THE BEST POLICY.

(Addressed to either pioneer of journalistic insurance.)

GREAT PAPER (with the booster circulation),

I much admire your latest enterprise;

I positively cheer with acclamation

When, daily, lines like these arrest my eyes:

"ANOTHER OF OUR READERS BREAKS HIS NECK;

PHOTO OF RELATIVES RECEIVING CHEQUE."

Yes, yes, I *know* you meet more claims and vaster

Than does your noisy rival on the press;

Methinks the Furies, plotters of disaster,

Intend your scheme to be the true success;

And, of the pair, 'tis you appear to be

The surer passport to eternity.

So, sighing not for realms that are infernal,

I'll buy the meaner sheet, the over-matched;

Or, better still, some nice old-fashioned journal

To which no startling terror is attached;

Let others read you, heroes who can brave

The instant peril of a bloody grave!





## LIGHTENING THE DARKNESS.

[The LORD MAYOR has opened a fund to assist the National Institute for the Blind in its endeavour to increase and cheapen the supply of BRAILLE literature.]







## IN THE BRAVE 3D. DAYS.

In these times of change and stress I have been remembering with much relief a curious character who haunted the British Museum Reading Room a quarter of a century ago. He cannot be there still, for he was elderly then: a military-looking man with a very upright, almost corsetted, form, a reddish face and a gingery moustache that in its prime might have graced a major. His eye, however, was not martial, but blue and mild, watery and wandering, its quest being, I fancy, a convivial acquaintance with enough money and generosity for two instalments of refreshment. His hair, which was scanty, was carefully brushed and parted at the back even to his collar, and upon it was perched at a slight angle a tall hat ironed beyond endurance. His erect body was encased in a tightly-buttoned frock-coat so shiny that it glistened, and as for his boots, no really soft-hearted observer could bear to look twice at them, so inadequate were they to our city of rain.

Such was this jaunty thread-bare scholar; but what was his special branch of learning I never discovered, nor did he make the discovery easy, for, though he had a desk, it seldom had books upon it, and he was rarely there: drifting instead about the vast room, exchanging a few words with this or that crony and too often leaving it with them on brief expeditions across the road. He may merely have been a sermon-copyist, busy only towards Sunday. He may have been a loafer pure and simple. I say I don't know; but he was a landmark of the place, idiosyncratic enough to be stamped indelibly on at any rate one retina.

One other touch is needed to complete his appearance. He always wore gloves, which my memory inclines me to believe had once been pale yellow, and he was always accompanied by a copy of *The Times*. This, however, he did not carry in his hand, but he tucked it between the first and second buttons of his frock-coat, so folded that the title was visible, thus guaranteeing to the world that he was one who went to the fountain-head for his politics and foreign information. By this sign-mark, in spite of the wear and tear which were only too visible in his clothes, he became a man apart, for few regular readers among us could afford such an organ, even if we were attracted by anything so august and severe. But naturally we all thought the more of him for his journal. The suggestion of poverty became merely eccentricity.

And then one day, standing by him closely, I made the humiliating

discovery—as humiliating to me as to him—that the date of the protruding copy of *The Times* was a year or so past, and, looking more narrowly at the paper itself, I realised that it had been folded thus for months and months and months . . .

Innocent deception! I wish I had never detected it, and I am glad to think that the gallant old gentleman never knew that it was pierced. But how comforting it is to know that he was well in his grave before the great revolution of this month set in, to reduce his proof of gentility to a penny, and, thus reducing it, to render it invalid evermore!



## LOYALTY.

"IS THAT RIGHT, CHARLIE, AS YOUR MISSUS 'ITS YOU WIV A FLAT-IRON?"

"ER—YUS—BUT ONLY WITH THE BLUNT END OF IT."

## Commercial Threat.

"General Bakery and Confectionery. We carry a large stock in both lines. Get the Richardson Bread habit. It will tickle you."  
*Daily News (Port Arthur, Canada).*

## "ITALIAN WAR MEDALS.

(From Our Own Correspondent).

War vessels were distributed to the troops to-day in the Piazza Piedisato."

*Standard of Buenos Aires.*

Much better to have stuck to the first idea and given them medals.

## The Oxford Ducks.

"Going up a good water they rowed a minute at 32, but otherwise were only waddling."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*





CHRIS CRANE.

Recruiting Sergeant. "Now, I CAN TELL CHARACTER WHEN I SEE IT, SO MARK MY WORDS. IF YOU JOIN NOW YOU 'LL BE A SWANKIN' GENERAL IN FIVE YEARS."

### POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS.

["Lord Northcliffe rarely sees and never reads a letter, being mainly nowadays engaged in golf and travel."—*Daily Mail*.]

NOTHING is more curious in the journalistic world than the widespread illusion which prevails as to the nature of Mr. Larvin's editorial activities. The common view is that he writes nineteen columns in every issue of the *Sunday Swerver*, besides contributing a leading article, seven leaderettes, three reviews and a "special" political manifesto to each number of the *Pale Mail Gazette*. As a matter of fact nothing could be wider of the mark. Mr. Larvin for many years has taken a detached and dispassionate view of politics, devoting the greater part of his time to collecting Egyptian papyri, and playing squash racquets, at which he is remarkably proficient. Although he occasionally

inspires a paragraph in one or other of the papers mentioned, he hardly ever comes to either office, and is not even known by sight to the office boys.

Another instance of the wide discrepancy between fact and popular belief is furnished by the case of Mr. Murbidge, the manager of Garrod's Stores. Mr. Murbidge is commonly supposed to be an omniscient and ubiquitous administrator, who holds all the strings of Garrod's in his hands, and to whom all questions are referred for immediate decision. No one is more amused at this extraordinary hallucination than Mr. Murbidge himself. Nowadays he is almost entirely occupied in tarpon fishing, running a plovers' egg farm on Romney Marsh, and playing the pianola.

Sir James Lignum's appearances at Queen's Hall have led to a host of misconceptions as to his real interests and accomplishments. It is true that he

wields the *bâton* on these occasions, but he never sees the orchestra at any other time or hears a note of music, being entirely occupied with philately and teaching a boys' club boxing in the East-end. The band are absolutely independent of his control, while acquiescing in his presence as a valuable spectacular asset, owing to the extreme whiteness of his hands, the exquisite cut of his frock-coat, and the capillary attraction exerted on the audience by his glossy and luxuriant chevelure.

We understand that Mr. Larry Cawdor is deeply incensed by the widespread prevalence of the erroneous impression that he still appears in the music-halls. For many years he has been replaced by an imitator who bears the same name and has modelled himself, both vocally and histrionically, on his illustrious namesake. But the real Larry Cawdor never sets foot inside a music-hall nowadays, being mainly engaged on an exhaustive commentary on the *Talmud* and devoting his scanty leisure to the collection of entomological specimens for his private museum.

It is strange that so many people believe that the finances of the country are still controlled by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Nominally of course he is still Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he never goes near the Treasury, never reads a State Paper or troubles his head with facts or figures. When he is not inspiring our Foreign Policy—for which Sir EDWARD GREY so unfairly gains the credit—he is generally to be found playing piquet with Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, or four-ball foursomes with Mr. MASTERMAN, Mr. DEVLIN and the Baron DE FOREST.

Some misguided people have formed the odd habit of thinking of Sir Treebohm Herr as an actor. But how far from the truth this is will be ascertained in a moment when we say that he devotes himself almost wholly to studying his brother's facetious drawings and attempting to improve on them. Any histrionic reputation that he may have made has been the work of understudies while the principal was busy with his *quasi-comic* pencil.

Mr. Seldom Gorfridge, the great American shopkeeper whose advertisements are so highly esteemed by the London Press, is popularly believed to be interested in his business. This is, of course, a foolish misconception. Mr. Gorfridge has but one consuming passion and that is pigeon flying. Week in and week out he is absorbed by this pursuit at his magnificent home in Cornwall, and all that he knows of Oxford Street and millinery he learns from the evening papers.



**FOOD—NOT MERELY FOR THOUGHT.**

["Brick tea in Mongolia not only acts as food, but is used as currency and generally as a means of exchange. It is a very ancient custom, and house rent in Urga is often computed on so many bricks of tea."]

From "With the Russians in Mongolia."

THE introduction of a food currency on more extensive lines into this country might produce such results as the following:—

TRY THE NEW "VAR-RAY" MASHIE.  
Price One Sausage.

WHITE'S COLD COMPLEXION CREAM.  
Price 12 Strawberries.

COMPANION WANTED.—Apply, stating Celery required, E. A. T. GREEN, Vegetarian Mansions, S.W.

IRISH LINEN CO., OCH, IRELAND.  
Write to-day for Catalogue, enclosing pat of butter to cover postage.

GENTS' TOILET SALOON,  
Oxford St., W.  
Shave . . . . . One Cut from the Joint.  
Hair-cut, Shampoo, etc.  
One Sheep's Head.

WHY PAY MORE?  
THE LIFE OF LLOYD GEORGE.  
By Bertie Du Porke.  
Inside boards, price One Welsh Rarebit.  
In half-calf, price One Pound (of Veal).

SHEEPSHANKS & Co.,  
GENTS' OUTFITTERS.  
Gents' ready-to-wear Cycling and Golf Knickers.  
Usual price, Two Legs of Lamb.  
Sale price, Two Legs of Mutton.  
Cycling Hose, to clear—  
Two Calves Foot Jellies per pair.  
Gents' White Spats, clearance price—  
One Bag of Nuts.  
SHEEPSHANKS & Co.,  
Poultry, E.C.  
Lists sent Paste Free.

CLERK WANTED.—The successful applicant would be enabled to earn his bread and butter daily.—Apply, T. POTTER & Co., E.C.

PECKSTEIN HALL.  
To-morrow at Three.  
Vocalist . . . . . Miss Lottie Teathe.  
At the Mouth Organ . M. Grubbe.  
Prices:—  
Boxes, Three Gross Sardines.  
Body, One Pig's Heart.



SOME OF THE LARGE STORES ARE GIVING EXHIBITIONS OF HOW TO CHOOSE A SUITABLE HAT. ABOVE WE SHOW A TRAGEDY IN SIX ACTS OF THE CUSTOMER WHOM NO HAT WILL SUIT.

**THE CHIMES AND THE CHUBE.**

As when a solemn bell  
Sounds from a little spire  
The smock-frocked villagers to tell  
"Tis church time," and they heed the  
summons well,  
Gaffer, and Jarge and Kate, and tiny  
Nell,  
And last of all comes Squire—  
So have I heard afar  
And pondered on my crimes,  
Reader of many a flashy par.  
While travelling in the subterranean  
car,  
A voice that murmured, "What a fool  
you are  
Not to take in *The Chimes*!"

I said, "It costs three d.,"  
But lied about the cause;  
I feared the toils of destiny,  
I felt those stately columns close on me,  
I shuddered as I rattled like a pea  
Citywards without pause.

*Tuppence!* The fearful sound  
Pealed like an organ crash;  
Once more the mesh was drawing  
round,  
But still I cried, "Economy!" and  
drowned  
The still small voice, and in the Under-  
ground  
Flaunted *The Daily Flash*.

Short shrift for those that err!

Jove has rebuked my sin:  
Now, helpless and without demur,  
You shall behold me where the tube-  
lifts purr  
Pale captive to the penny *Thunderer*  
With supplements heaved in.

Only one thing I cry,  
With tears and laughter mixed,  
That those who speed or far or nigh  
The swift-winged wains of the Electric  
Ry.,  
And furnish them with little thongs  
whereby  
The passengers are fixed,

Shall heed the altered price,  
Shall change with changing times,  
And run some trains more slow than  
mice,  
Stopping between each station once or  
twice,  
Fitted with lecterns of a fair device  
To help me read my *Chimes*.

EVOL.

"THE ORGANIZER, MARCH, 1914.

TROUBLE always follows misunderstanding.  
The worst kind of trouble comes from failure  
to realize the extent of one's capacity.

LEARN YOUR REAL VALUE.

PRICE TWOPENCE."

Even this doesn't encourage us.



## ORANGES AND LEMONS.

## III.—SETTLING DOWN.

THE villa was high up on the hill, having (as Simpson was to point out several times later) Mentone on its left hand and Monte Carlo on its right. A long winding path led up through its garden of olives to the front door, and through the mimosa trees which flanked this door we could see already a flutter of white aprons. The staff was on the loggia waiting to greet us.

We halted a moment out of sight of the ladies above and considered ourselves. It came to us with a sudden shock that we were a very large party.

"I suppose," said Archie to Simpson, "they do expect all of us and not only you? You told them that about half London was coming?"

"We're only six," said Myra, "because I've just counted again, but we seem about twenty."

"It's quite all right," said Simpson cheerfully. "I said we'd be six."

"But six in a letter is much smaller than six of us like this; and when they see our luggage——"

"Let's go back," I suggested, suddenly nervous. To be five guests of the guest of a man you have never met is delicate work.

At this critical moment Archie assumed command. He is a Captain in the Yeomanry and has tackled bigger jobs than this in his time.

"We must get ourselves into proper order," he said. "Simpson, the villa has been lent to you; you must go first. Dahlia and I come next. When we arrive you will introduce us as your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mannering. Then turning to Myra you say, 'Mr. Mannering's sister; and this,' you add, 'is her husband.' Then—er—Thomas——"

"It will be difficult to account for Thomas," I said.

"Thomas comes at the end. He hangs back a little at first; and then if he sees that there is going to be any awkwardness about him, he can pretend he's come on the wrong night, and apologise and go home again."

"If Thomas goes, I go," said Myra dramatically.

"I have another idea," I said. "Thomas hides here for a bit. We introduce ourselves and settle in, and have lunch; and after lunch we take a stroll in the garden, and to our great surprise discover Thomas. 'Thomas,' we say, 'you here? Dear old chap, we thought you were in England. How splendid! Where are you staying? Oh, but you must stop with us; we can easily have a bed put up for you in the garage.' And then——"

"Not after lunch," said Thomas; "before lunch."

"Don't all be so silly," smiled Dahlia.

"They'll wonder what has happened to us if we wait any longer. Besides, the men will be here with the luggage directly. Come along."

"Samuel," said Archie, "forward."

In our new formation we marched up, Simpson excited and rehearsing to himself the words of introduction, we others outwardly calm. At a range of ten yards he opened fire. "How do you do?" he beamed. "Here we all are! Isn't it a lovely——"

The cook-housekeeper, majestic but kindly, came forward with outstretched hand and welcomed him volubly—in French. The other three ladies added their French to hers. There was only one English body on the loggia. It belonged to a bull-dog. The bull-dog barked loudly at Simpson in English.

There was no "Cook's homme" to save Simpson this time. But he rose to the occasion nobly. The scent of the mimosa inspired him.

"*Merci*," he said, "*merci. Oui, n'est ce pas? Delightful. Er—these are—ces sont mes amis. Er—Dahlia, come along—er, Monsieur et Madame Mannering—er—Myra, la soeur de Monsieur—er—where are you, old chap?—le mari de la soeur de Monsieur. Er—Thomas—er——*" (he was carried away by memories of his schoolboy French), "*le frère du jardinier—er——*" He wheeled round and saw me; introduced me again; introduced Myra as my wife, Archie as her brother, and Dahlia as Archie's wife; and then with a sudden inspiration presented Thomas grandly as "*le beau-père du petit fils de mes amis Monsieur et Madame Mannering.*" Thomas seemed more assured of his place as Peter's godfather than as the brother of the gardener.

There were four ladies; we shook hands with all of them. It took us a long time, and I doubt if we got it all in even so, for twice I found myself shaking hands with Simpson. But these may have been additional ones thrown in. It was over at last, and we followed the staff indoors.

And then we had another surprise. It was broken to us by Dahlia, who, at Simpson's urgent request, took up the position of lady of the house, and forthwith received the flowing confidence of the housekeeper.

"Two of us have to sleep outside," she said.

"Where?" we all asked blankly.

We went on to the loggia again, and she pointed to a little house almost hidden by olive-trees in a corner of the garden below us.

"Oh, well, that's all right," said Archie. "It's on the estate. Thomas, you and Simpson won't mind that a bit, will you?"

"We can't turn Samuel out of his own house," said Myra indignantly.

"We aren't turning him; he wants to go. But, of course, if you and your young man would like to live there instead——"

Myra looked at me eagerly.

"It would be rather fun," she said. "We'd have another little honeymoon all to ourselves."

"It wouldn't really be a honeymoon," I objected. "We should always be knocking up against trippers in the garden, Archies and Samuels and Thomases and what not. They'd be all over the place."

Dahlia explained the domestic arrangements. The honeymooners had their little breakfast in their own little house, and then joined the others for the day at about ten.

"Or eleven," said Thomas.

"It would be rather lovely," said Myra thoughtfully.

"Yes," I agreed; "but have you considered that—— Come over this way a moment, where Thomas and Simpson can't hear, while I tell you some of the disadvantages."

I led her into a quiet corner and suggested a few things to her which I hoped would not occur to the other two.

*Item:* That if it was raining hard at night it would be beastly. *Item:* That if you suddenly found you'd left your pipe behind it would be rotten. *Item:* That if, as was probable, there wasn't a proper bathroom in the little house, it would be sickening. *Item:* That if she had to walk on muddy paths in her evening shoes, it would be——

At this point Myra suddenly caught the thread of the argument. We went back to the others.

"We think," said Myra, "it would be perfectly heavenly in the little house; but——" She hesitated.

"But at the same time," I said, "we think it's up to Simpson and Thomas to be English gentlemen. Samuel, it's your honour."

There was a moment's silence.

"Come along," said Thomas to Simpson, "let's go and look at it."

After lunch, clean and well-fed and happy, we lay in deck-chairs on the loggia and looked lazily down at the Mediterranean.

"Thank you, Samuel, for bringing us," said Dahlia gently. "Your friends must be very fond of you to have lent you this lovely place."

"Not fonder than we are," said Myra, smiling at him. A. A. M.



# "THE COMPLEAT POLICEMAN."

(A new schedule has, we understand, been issued to the Force, entitled "Hints for Police employed on Traffic Duty.")



"THE REGULATION OF TRAFFIC, SO AS TO PREVENT OBSTRUCTION OR ACCIDENT, REQUIRES TACT."



"NEVER GET FLUSTERED OR ANNOYED," AND

*The Daily Sketch*, in its search for a White Hope, says:—

"Who will be the next world's champion?"

The writer must wait till he gets to the next world; we hope he is in no hurry.

"Ex (Exmouth).—There is an easy way to tell if a diamond is genuine. Make a small dot on a piece of paper with a lead pencil and look at it through the diamond. If it shows but a single dot the diamond is genuine."—*Tit-Bits*.

We cordially invite the writer to come and look at dots through our Bouverie Street windows. We will then sell him the lot for a million pounds.

"Oxford rowed a bridge trial from Barnes to Hammersmith yesterday morning on a fast ebb. It was good, but not good enough considering the conditions, for everything was in their favour, the amount of land water in the river making the tide a fast one and the wind being at their backs."—*Daily Mail*.

Our contemporary must make up its mind which way the crew sits before the day of the race.



"KEEP A LOOK-OUT FOR THE CARRIAGES OF PRIVILEGED PERSONS."

"This was Inman's last opportunity, as Reece, in his next hand, ran to his points with a great break of 202. He failed at an easy red winner, and after Inman had missed a simple shot Reece ran out."

*Times*.

REECE (after reaching his points with a great break of 202): Have another shot, INMAN, old man. Hard luck! Now I really must go. [Exit at a run.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—While idly looking over *Chambers' Dictionary* I came across the Christian name "Herbert," and noticed that it meant "The Glory of the Army." This aroused my curiosity, and I thought I should pursue the matter further by looking up the meaning of his other name. You may judge my surprise when I found that "Henry" meant "Home Ruler," and was given in these exact words. After this Mr. ASQUITH's dogged determination to carry Home Rule is readily understood. He is a child of destiny.

I am, etc., KISMET.





Doctor (to old Appleby dame whose son has been eaten by cannibals in the South Sea Islands). "I AM SO VERY SORRY TO HEAR THIS BAD NEWS ABOUT YOUR SON. CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE IT HAPPENED?"

Dame. "NAY, A DON'T RIGHTLY KNAW. IT WAS SOOMWHAR BELOW KENDAL."

### DANCERS DAY BY DAY.

March 18.—A telegram from Tipperusaleem, Oklahoma, states that Madame Titipoff, as the result of partaking of tinned oysters at supper, is suffering from acute ptomaine poisoning, and will, at the most favourable estimate, be unable to dance for another six months.

March 19.—Authoritative cables from Sydney convey the distressing intelligence that M. Gordkin is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. His temperature has never been below 117 for the last week, and his pulse varies from 240 to 260. The doctors take a serious view of his case, and all his engagements have been cancelled.

March 20.—At Dundee last night, Mlle. Stehorts skirtsoff, while dancing at the Corybantic Music Hall, slipped on a patch of marmalade which had been inadvertently allowed to remain on the stage, and fractured both her kneecaps. It is feared that the famous *ballerina* will not be able to fulfil her engagements in Aberdeen next month.

March 21.—Latest advices from Tipperusaleem give a reassuring account of Madame Titipoff's progress. On Thursday she was allowed to sit up for half an hour, and she ate a beefsteak with

evident zest. On learning that the canned oyster vendor had been tarred and feathered, Madame Titipoff at once announced her intention of dancing on the following night.

March 22.—A despatch just received from M. Gordkin's agent at Sydney announces that the famous artist's temperature is now normal and his pulse steady at 60. The cause of his recent trivial indisposition was a hostile criticism in a local paper, but with the dismissal of the critic the incident is now regarded as closed, and M. Gordkin will resume his saltatorial activities in a day or two.

March 23.—The news of Mlle. Stehorts skirtsoff's accident happily turns out to have been exaggerated. Her kneecaps were not fractured, but two hairpins became detached from her chevelure while she was performing a protracted pirouette. The famous *danseuse* is rehearsing a new galvanic dance, and marmalade shares are again firm.

"It is learned officially that Their Excellencies are delighted with the climate, which appears to agree with Lady Chalmers, as well as with the scenery."

*The Ceylon Morning Leader.*

Of course it has known the scenery longer.

### STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION BEFORE MATRIMONY.

(A complaint has been voiced in the Press that uncommon wedding presents are getting much too common.)

We fixed our hymeneal day,  
Bespoke our nuptial cates  
And summoned to the solemn fray  
The necessary glum array  
Of kin and intimates.

And the more part in their degree  
Gave gladly gifts of pride,  
Tall silver ships, complete with sea,  
And birds of aureate filigree,  
Pearl-winged and opal-eyed.

Sheffield they gave, a grievous load,  
And Chelsea, flower'd and spruce,  
And antique thingummies in spode;  
The only thing that none bestowed  
Was anything of use.

Fled is the hope we built too soon  
Of some sub-tropic trek;  
Farewell, O azure honeymoon,  
The dull but necessary spoon  
Claims the paternal cheque.

### Our Latest Cinema Poster.

"WHEN THE EARTH TREMBLED  
For six days at great expense."  
The longest earthquake on record.





## NEPTUNE'S ALLY.

*(The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY calls in a new element to redress the balance of the old.)*







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, March 16.*—The WINSOME WINSTON, sauntering in from behind SPEAKER'S Chair when Questions had advanced some



### ULSTER DAY BY DAY: MONDAY.

"Now, gents, what offers for this really prime Irish pig? Guaranteed by Mr. DEVLIN. You may examine its points as soon as you've bought it." [No business.]

way, startled by strident cheer from Ministerialists and Irish Nationalists. Opposition angrily replied. FIRST LORD, faintly blushing, found anchorage on Treasury Bench. Unpremeditated outburst of enthusiasm meant as welcome back from Bradford, where he reviewed political situation with force and frankness that recalled his father's platform speeches delivered in his prime. Demonstration repeated when later he rose to answer question concerning his department. Fresh storm of cheering from Ministerialists responded to by defiant shouts from Opposition.

WINSTON evidently the man of the moment.

PRIME MINISTER, happily refreshed by week-end holiday, finds himself faced by crowd wanting to know all sorts of things that might happen concurrently with, or subsequent to, proposed temporary exclusion of parts of Ulster from operation of Home Rule Bill. There were twenty-six Questions. Assuming minimum number of Supplementaries, there would have been at least one hundred.

To amazement and vexation of earnest seekers after truth, the twenty-six quorists discovered that they were being bowled over faster than commonplace nine-pins. As NORMAN CRAIG breathlessly complained, the PREMIER, having

answered a question, did not, as is his custom of an afternoon, resume his seat, and thus provide opportunity for supplementary questioner.

This was his method: Taking in hand a sheet of manuscript he recited, "Number 45. This is a hypothetical question. Indeed, it involves no fewer than three hypotheses. Numbers 57, 64 and 72 are in the same category."

Before you knew where you were, bang went four questions. Member after Member rose to protest. The PREMIER babbled on like the brook.

"The answer to number 46 and to the first part of 70 is in the negative. The answer to number 48 is in the affirmative. Number 49 in the negative. I proceed to number 52."

Members held their breath. What could he say about 52? Evidently he meant to treat it in different fashion.

"Number 52," he continued in the same level voice, as if he were reading catalogue at picture sale, "refers to a small matter which can easily be provided for."

Here was batch of another five questions disposed of in barely more than as many seconds. And to think of all the industry and ingenuity bestowed upon the preparation of this succession of pitfalls designed for the engulfing of a ruthless Minister and the dislocation of an iniquitous Bill!

Situation capped by PREMIER's refusal to be drawn into minute description of adjustments, financial and administrative, consequent on adoption of his proposed amendment of Home Rule Bill. If general principle were accepted, the rest would follow. If not, why waste time and divert discussion from main issue to subsidiary and incidental details? After beating in vain against the indomitable rock standing at the Table, BONNER LAW, on behalf of enraged Opposition, gave notice of vote of censure. What day will be given for discussion? he asked.

"The earliest possible date," replied the imperturbable PREMIER.

Here episode ended. Its eruption made it clear that hope of settlement on grounds prepared a week ago to-day has vanished.

*Business done.*—Notice from Front Opposition Bench of vote of censure on Ministers.

*Tuesday.*—POLE-CAREW had rather a bad time of it. Attacked in sharp succession by land and sea. Began at Question time. He merely asked whether two divisions and the cavalry brigade in Ireland, which took part in manoeuvres last year, weren't rather a scrubby lot of immature boys unfit for public service. To quote exact phrase—"whether the physical appearance

of the men was unsatisfactory; and whether the effect of the trooping season was to increase the number of immature boys unfit for active service?"

SEELY wrathfully replied in the negative.

"I must," he added, "profess my astonishment that the hon. and gallant gentleman should seek by means of suggestions such as are contained in this question to discourage and belittle the British soldier, to whom he owes so much."

A loud cheer sent home this rebuke.

Worse still when POLLY put out to sea and came athwart the FIRST LORD. All he sought was information as to whether the FIRST SEA LORD, having publicly alluded to the danger of relying exclusively on the fleet to protect the country from invasion, "subsequently went back on his word."

"A most insulting and unfair remark," said WINSTON. "It will," he continued, "do nothing but harm if the Navy think the Chiefs whom they honour and respect are to be subjected to offensive personal attacks of this character directed against them by ex-military men who have gone into politics."

"Only let me have five minutes with him, Mr. DEPUTY SPEAKER," said the ex-military man nervously turning up his coat cuffs.

Getting dangerously close to eleven



### A TRIFLE THIN.

WINSTON takes refuge behind REGINALD.

[On several points connected with the Navy Estimates Mr. CHURCHILL claimed that the responsibility rested with his predecessor at the Admiralty.]



o'clock, at which hour debate, if continued, must automatically close. WINSTON punctilious in leaving the five minutes demanded. POLE-CAREW'S retort perhaps scarcely up to occasion.



ON THE WARPATH AGAINST THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

Alarming outbreak in MacNeilliland.

"I can only say," he remarked, "that the SECRETARY FOR WAR and the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY are worthy to sit on the same bench as the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

*Business done.*—FIRST LORD explained his Naval policy.

*Thursday.*—SWIFT MACNEILL introduces new Parliamentary formula. Discussing on Civil Service Vote state of things in Rhodesia as dominated by the Chartered Company he was interrupted by remark from ORMSBY-GORE.

Throwing back his head with lofty scorn, and making a few windmill passages with his arms, Member for Donegal said, "I am not going to be interrupted by any gentleman of the House of Cecil."

Had this determination been announced by ordinary Member it would not have possessed importance likely to affect future course of debate. But SWIFT MACNEILL is justly recognised as one of the highest authorities on the science and practice of Parliamentary procedure. If he is able to support his contention, that a Member may of his free will, in exercise of his mature judgment, divide the House into groups of families (as if they were counties of Ulster) and say, "I will not be interrupted by this one or that," whilst it would have useful effect in curtailing proceedings would obviously require nice discrimination.

There are in the present House several family names represented by

various Members, not all sitting on same side of House. To take a single example, there are the WILSONS. Like the family of the child with whom WORDSWORTH conversed, they are seven. If SWIFT MACNEILL'S precedent be established, a Member rising to continue debate might, by way of preface, remark, "I am not going to be interrupted by any gentleman of the House of Wilson."

In this particular case A. S. WILSON, whose contributions to debate are exclusively interjectionary, would be cut off from the exercise of a talent that frequently enlivens a sitting.

SWIFT MACNEILL'S own case is not free from difficulty. The SPEAKER is "a gentleman of the House of Cecil." Is he henceforward to be debarred from



ULSTER DAY BY DAY: THURSDAY.

Sir EDWARD CARSON. "My train leaves Euston in thirty minutes. We meet at Philippi."

interrupting the Member for Donegal by calls to order?

*Business done.*—BONNER LAW, master of Parliamentary tactics, obliged Government by moving vote of censure. Challenge hilariously accepted. Great muster of Ministerialists. On division what was meant as vote of censure was practically turned into vote of confidence, carried amid enthusiastic cheering by majority of 93 in House of 597 Members.

#### Golfing Enquiry.

"Can any reader say whether a coloured attached ribbon (6ft. of 3in. red) is allowable by the game, merely as an aid in locating the flying ball."—*English Mechanic.*

*Answer.* Yes. So is a gramophone (2ft. by 3ft.), and it is more certain.

"A red or black sash round the waist, and a navy blue straw hat with ribbon to match, would be a most attractive little frock for a warm spring day."—*Manchester Guardian.*  
But it must be a warm spring day.

#### A TRIUMPH OF THINNESS.

HERBERT is one of those troublesome men who are always asking why I don't what he calls "buckle to" and make some money. But his latest suggestion was his maddest, and I think that I got out of it rather neatly. For Herbert is a determined fellow from whom you can't escape until you have promised quite a lot and sometimes even had actually to do something.

"Do you want two hundred pounds?" he bounced in upon me and said.

"Who doesn't?" I replied.

"Well, here you are then. It's as easy as falling off a ladder. Only a little industry required;" and he threw a paper on to my table.

I spread it out and saw: "One Thousand Cash Prizes amounting to £1,000. First Prize £200. All you have to do is to make as many words as you can out of 'JENKINS' GLORIOUS GUM.'"

"Thanks," I said; "this isn't intended for really thoughtful people."

At this, however, he merely sniffed and pulled a fountain-pen from his pocket.

"I'll make a start," he said; "'gin' one; 'niggle'—that's rather good—two; 'mug' three." But after that his mind seemed to wander, and he added rather feebly, "and so on. It's ridiculously easy when you have a dictionary. Will you try?"

"No," I replied, and a fierce argument followed.

But just as he was getting really angry my eye fell upon a condition that I had overlooked. "Ten pounds," I saw, "will be awarded to the competitor whose envelope is opened first."

"I'll go in," I said, and Herbert replied, "Good egg, I'll bet you win. Don't forget 'mug.'"

"No, I won't forget 'mug'," I assured him as he left, for his last word had given me an idea.

Solemnly I sat down in front of "JENKINS' GLORIOUS GUM" and saw at once that my word would do. In two minutes "Juggins" had been put into a very large envelope all by himself, and I was out of work again.

But the part that you won't believe has to come.

I won the £10—I did really. Among the multitude of fat envelopes bulging with words, my thin "Juggins" simply insisted upon being opened first. The thousands of chartered accountants assembled for the counting almost fought for him, he was nearly torn in two in their desire to begin with what looked like an easy one—or so I like to imagine the scene. But Herbert is insufferably proud of himself.



## THE SPECTRUM.

ACCORDING to the Ladies' Press,  
Who would be really smart must dress

In crimson puce or purple hair :  
My Phyllis doesn't leave it there,

But less than ever doth she seem  
Content with Nature's colour-scheme.

Her brow is scarlet; week by week  
New tints bedeck her maiden cheek.

(To-day they wear the pleasing hue  
Which Fashion calls "electric" blue,

And, when their owner's startled, show  
A healthy blush of indigo.)

Her sense of artistry appears  
In what she does about her ears;

With colours of the naval sort  
She marks the starboard from the port.

Her lips are lemon; underneath  
Appear her willow-pattern teeth.

But when, to serve another end,  
She threatened to adopt a blend

Of tints with which I cannot cope—  
The green and white and heliotrope,

"You know," said I, "your business  
best;

Myself, I lose all interest.

In other words, it may be said,  
My love for you is frankly dead."

"Alas," she answered, "and alack!"...  
Her nose is now in mourning (black).

NEW FEUILLETON. BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

## JOSEPH LATE-USHER.

BY CLEVER MAURICE.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

THE DUCHESS OF KIMBERLEY (Ruby), a svelte aquiline-nosed woman of some forty summers, with green hair and two aigrettes. She has been a widow for a lonely decade.

THE EARL OF JOBURG, her son Guy, aged thirteen, who is about to go to a public school, where he will be kidnapped for ransom.

LORD ARTHUR BOOBITRAPP, his uncle, who discusses the question of the school with the Duchess. Lord Arthur is in favour of Eton, as he wishes Guy to be a wet Bob and captain the cricket eleven; whereas the Duchess, having a penchant for yellow stockings, favours Christ's Hospital. In the end they compromise, and the boy is sent to a small private school in Bermondsey, where the chief usher is

JOSEPH LATE, a superb creature with a

wonderful personality. Joseph not only ushes the school but loves the Duchess with a consuming love, and a year after Guy has been at the school and defied all efforts to kidnap him he tells the Duchess of the inflamed state of his cardiac penum-bra. No sooner has he done this than he trembles all over at the presumption of a poor usher thus daring to address a Duchess; but the Duchess falls in his arms, for beneath her aigrettes she is woman too.

MR. VERTIGO applies for the post of science master at the school, and, having seen Late kill a man many years before and escape punishment, gets it. Every time you see Vertigo's name you may expect trouble.

DICK BOOBITRAPP is a kidnapper and a confederate of Vertigo.

DR. SAUNDERSON is a kidnapper under the guise of a writer of prescriptions.

In spite of all precautions, such as employing only detectives as servants of the school, Guy is kidnapped. The Duchess and Joseph Late hurry to Spain to seek him, not because they know him to be there, but because Spain is a likely romantic country.

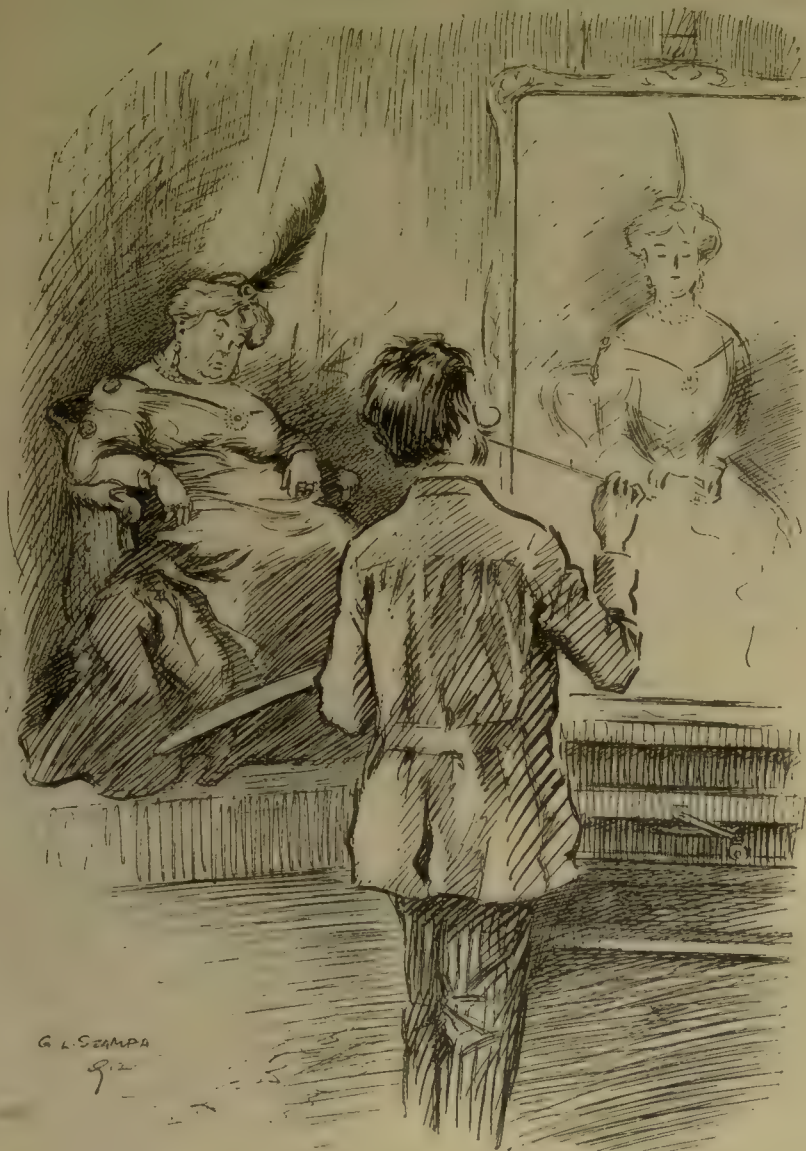
## CHAPTER CCCXLVIII.

"Tell me the worst," said the Duchess in strong ringing tones, all the mother coming out in her anguish.

But the reply came in unfamiliar tones.

Looking up, she observed that her usher had disappeared, and in his place was the detested Vertigo.

To be continued—but not here.



"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."



## AT THE CATES OF THE WEST.

SCENE—*The New York landing pier of the Ocean Palace Line, crowded with passengers and their luggage from the R.M.S. "Gargantuan."*

TIME—*About five and a-half hours earlier than ours.*

Mr. Horace Rutherford Penfold (the last thing in novelists, surrounded by New York pressmen): "Glad to see you, boys! Delighted to see you! What! Was I hiding from you behind my luggage? What an absolutely absurd idea! The whole way across I've been eagerly looking forward to meeting you gentlemen of the most go-ahead, most enlightened Press on earth! Yes, it's my first visit to your great country.

The dream of my life is now realised. Yes, of course I'm rejoiced that my novel, *The Love of a Hop-Picker*, has taken its place among the 'best sellers' on this side. Yes, people are good enough to say I've broken quite new ground in making the hop-fields the scene of a novel; the critics say my word-pictures of the hop-poles are 'absolutely luscious'; and they pronounce *Ozias*, the hop-picker, 'a giant of artistic creation.' Yes, my novel is one of the twenty which in the last six months have been called 'epoch-making' and have been said to 'stand quite alone in modern fiction.' No doubt the hop-field will now be exploited by other writers, until in time it will become as hackneyed as the desert.

"Yes, this is my first visit to your wonderful country. I am here to superintend the rehearsals of the dramatised form of *The Love of a Hop-Picker*. Naturally I am a little nervous, for to please a New York audience is the playwright's dream of heaven. And then, of course, *The Love of a Hop-Picker* is not only utterly English in atmosphere, but also peculiarly *Kentish*. Still, with such a brilliantly intelligent, marvellously sympathetic public as yours, I don't despair of bringing the hop-poles over the footlights, so to say.

"Yes, gentlemen, I have a wife, and I've not forgotten to bring her sworn affidavit that my coming without her is quite regular and in order, because, though Ellis Island's a delightful place, no doubt, still, I want to go into your

great Empire city 'right away,' as you say. Here it is: 'I declare that I, Agatha Mary Rutherford Penfold, and my dear husband, Horace Rutherford Penfold, are a perfectly united and affectionate couple; that his journey to the United States is taken with my entire approval, and that I should have accompanied him but for being an extremely bad sailor and afraid of storms at sea. (Signed) AGATHA MARY RUTHERFORD PENFOLD. Sworn to in the presence of—' and so forth. Yes, certainly, gentlemen, copy it by all means.

"No, I never heard of any literary talent showing itself in our family before. My father was interested in the retail meat industry; his father was

I left; so that I'm afraid I shan't be able to accept the very kind invitations I received by wireless to dine with the Brainy Broadway Boys to-night, and to-morrow night with the Chocktaw Club.

"What do I think of feminine New York? Why, of course, I think her the prettiest, cleverest, best-dressed portion of feminine humanity, and with an added charm—a New Yorkiness which is absolutely indescribable. No, I haven't met any of her yet, my knowledge of New York being at present limited to this wonderful landing pier, your greatly gifted Customs officials, and the brilliantly intelligent subordinates of your world-renowned Express Company.

"What do I think of Mexican affairs? Well, gentlemen, it seems to me that only *Mexicans* can make themselves really at home in Mexico, and that other people had better not try to live there—if living is their object.

"Yes, here is my photo and my wife's photo; my father's photo; my grandfather's daguerreotype; a black profile of my great-grandfather—certainly, gentlemen, I shall be only too pleased and proud to have them all reproduced in your scintillating, pulsating journals. So long, boys! Delighted to have met you."



*Distressed Mother.* "E'S BEEN AN OREFUL TRIAL TO ME EVER SINCE THEM PITCHER PALACES BEGAN. FIRST 'I WAS SHOOTIN' AT THE FOWLS, AN' NOW 'E'S PINCHIN' MY WOOLLY MATS TER PUT ON 'IS LEGS."

interested in the retail bread industry; and his father turned his attention to the making of candlesticks.

"My impressions as I crossed? Well, I couldn't help remarking, ill as I felt, that, as we neared the shores of the New World, the waves took on better and more imposing shapes, the wind blew more smartly, and at night the stars seemed brighter and more numerous, and the clouds appeared to form themselves into stripes! Yes, this is my first experience of a zero temperature. The air is deliciously fresh: one seems to breathe in freedom with it. Well, perhaps I am a little cold, but that is because I have been waiting an hour and a-half *en queue* for a permit allowing me to have my luggage examined; and then, you see, gentlemen, I haven't the fur coat I bought specially for this visit; the Customs people have taken it away, and also the evening clothes I had made by Pond just before

## A Mirdite Melody.

[The Mirdite Chief Prenk Bib Doda has joined the first Albanian Cabinet.]

Great is the Gaekwar of BARODA;  
Great too was MARCHAND at Eashoda;  
Great is good brandy blent with soda;  
But, as a culminating *coda*,  
Greater by far is PRENK BIB DODA.

From a list of work for Trials at Eton:—

"Acts xxi—xxvii (not Ch. xxviii)."  
So Smith *mi* had already guessed, but none the less the prohibition came as a great disappointment to him.

"The country between the Gamana and Katsena Rivers was inhabited by Zumperi pagans, who were cannibals and lived on hill tops."—*Times*.

Thus differing from some of the inhabitants of Golders Green, who are vegetarians and live on turnip-tops.



## ONCE ONE.

["Caroline Cloan clawed suddenly at Slew's eyes. But for a quick movement on his part it might have been very serious. He had only one eye, and could not afford to lose the sight of it."—"Daily Mirror" Serial.]

KEEN are the claws of *Carrie Cloan*,  
Rampant her mood. The eye of *Slew*  
Is one in number; she alone,  
Blinded by passion, makes it two.

She's out for eyes, and cannot tarry  
To ponder arithmetic laws.  
And what is the result? Miss *Carrie*  
Claws *Slew*; *Slew* slews; Miss  
*Carrie's* claws

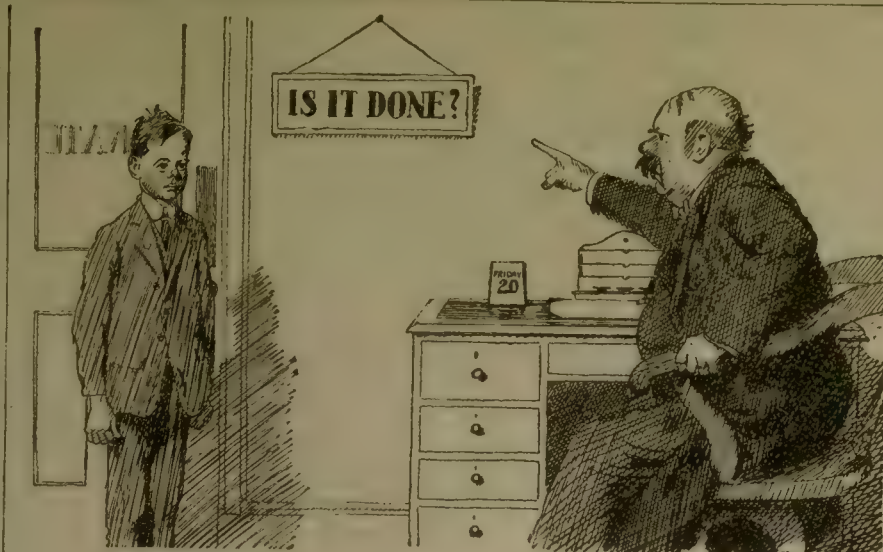
Miscarry, and the eye is his.  
Rough on poor *Caroline*, no doubt;  
But there—the moral of it is,  
First count your eye, then have it  
out.

## LONDON'S LINKS WITH THE PAST.

WHEN I was a child I had the signal honour of being seated upon the knee of an old lady whose great-great-great-great-uncle once shook hands with a man whose grandfather remembered seeing green fields at the spot which is now covered by Carmelite House. How short is the history of the Metropolis!

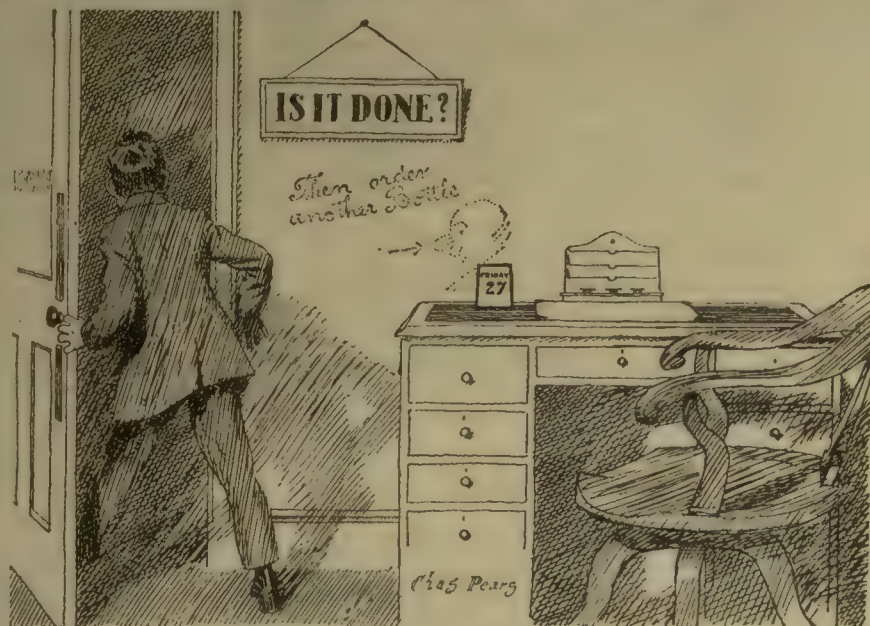
Everybody, of course, is aware that Professor Joff committed one of his notorious "howlers" when he derived "Carmelite"—in the street name—from "Cromwell's Heights." The latter, needless to say, must have been a deal nearer the South Kensington Museum than Whitefriars, famed for its sanctuary. CROMWELL *may* have wandered in the meadows (if they still existed in his day) where the 6.30 *News* now leaps from its machines every afternoon about half-past five; he may even (as Plip and Johnstone surmise, in their ponderous tomes, *Odd Corners in London* and *More and Odder Corners in London*) have supped at the Pig and Mortarboard, which stood on what is now the site of the Ludgate Hill station booking-office (Plip, by-the-by, wrongly says not the booking-office, but the "bookstall," an amazing error in one usually so careful). But whatever else CROMWELL did or did not do, he certainly never gave his name to any district further east than Knightsbridge.

I flatter myself that Professor Joff's preposterous surmises were finally silenced by my monograph, *A Hundred Queer Things about Bouverie Street*. Curiously enough I wrote this with a pencil borrowed from a friend whose aunt once caught sight, as a girl, of a prisoner being taken to the Old Bailey to be tried for murder. That prisoner was the notorious Budgingham. And now comes the interesting part of the



ACT I.

"Guvnor" (dismissing office-boy). "You've neglected your work," ETC., ETC.  
"That's my motto and evidently not yours. TAKE A WEEK'S NOTICE."



ACT II. (a week elapses).

THE OFFICE-BOY'S FAREWELL.

story. Budgingham, as transpired at the trial, had bigamously married the step-daughter of a man whose godfather's mother's cousin's great-grandmother remembered hearing the bells of Bow Church tolling on the day when Henri de Bouverie landed in England to attend the funeral of his niece, the beautiful Mrs. Coop.

London's history is indeed crowded, though (to the antiquarian) oddly short in its perspective. Next week, having sketched the romantic career of Henri de Bouverie (concerning whom Professor Joff has made several incredible mistakes), I shall give a still more startling example of the links which

lead us so abruptly to the antechambers of what we might have supposed to be the dim and distant past. The Metropolis, to anyone who appreciates historical research and can write as easily as I can, is a gold-mine; fortunately few pressmen realise its possibilities, and that of an *Index Rerum*, as I do. If, as I anticipate, this article is printed and paid for with the usual eagerness and a series ordered, nothing can stop me— [Wait and see.—ED.]

## Our Gallery of Happy Phrases. I.

"Mr. Tooth, whose name was in everybody's mouth a generation or so ago."

Dublin Daily Express.



## POINTS OF VIEW.

IF you are the sort of person who likes detail and accuracy, who can always tell where the north is even in a strange house (there are people like this; I met one the other day), and—this generally goes with it—are good at geography, you had better skip this article. It might annoy you. But if you like DEBUSSY, and like watching the sun shine through a mist, and have no bump of locality, and hate being shown over ruins, you are the sort of person I am, and you will sympathise with me.

My trouble is this. Whenever I go to stay in the country I am always sooner or later taken a walk, generally a long one, to the highest hill they happen to have, and there I am shown a view. Not that I would mind if they left it at that, but they don't. One's host generally seems to have an absurd pride in some distant church, or gap in a hill "through which on fine days you can see the sea"; but even if he hasn't he will *always*—if you happen to be in the south of England—point out a patch of trees like a small piece of black sticking-plaster and tell you that that is Chanctonbury Ring. I never escape Chanctonbury Ring, though I have often gone far, even refused invitations, to avoid it. Once in Yorkshire—but nobody ever will believe that story, though I never pretended it was the same Ring. What I said was that there may be two of the same name, or even more: like Richmond, for instance.

"Do you see that hill over there?" he begins. I look where he is pointing and see three. "No, not that one," and he comes behind me and points over my shoulder. "Follow my finger," he says, and I follow it and see a perfectly flat field. But he has to be humoured, and anyhow there is lunch to be thought of.

"Yes, yes, I see," I reply hastily, with a touch of "How stupid of me!" in my voice.

"Well, carry your eye along the valley on its left, over the white house"—this is the only place where there is no white house for miles—"and along the strip of road. See the strip of road?" ("See the strip of road!" I've been lost in a bog for ages.) "Well, right up as far as you can see, following that road and a little to the right, do you see a patch of trees?"

When he says "patch of trees," I know.

"Chanctonbury Ring," I say brightly. At any rate, that's finished.

"Yes; how did you know?" he asks disappointedly.

Brute that I am! Why didn't I let him say it?

Only once, as far as I can remember, was I wrong. It was in the Cotswolds and we were in a garden on the side of a hill. From the terrace outside the house was a magnificent view. My host strolled up. "Pity it's so misty," he said. (I had just been thinking how lovely it looked.) "On a fine day, you know, we can see——"

"Not Chanctonbury Ring?" I said pleadingly.

He looked puzzled.

"Tewkesbury," he said rather coldly, and soon afterwards strolled away again.

There are only a very few people whose sympathy one feels sure of when one confides troubles to them such as this Ring-finding one of mine. Of the very few I feel surest of my Uncle Edward, so I thought I would tell him about it when I went to stay with him a little while ago.

"By the by," I said, as we laboured breathlessly up a hill—he lives in Surrey—"have you ever noticed . . . when you're staying with people anywhere in the South of England . . . and they take you for a walk . . . they always, sooner or later——"

"Just wait a minute," he said as we reached the top. "Ah yes, I thought you could"—he was smiling happily

at something. "I wanted to show you before we went on—just over there——" I waited. Somehow the words seemed familiar. "See that dark patch right over there, on the furthest hill? Well, that's Chanctonbury Ring."

"Yes, you can only see it on a fine day," I replied bitterly.

## TIME'S REVENGE.

["Professor Karl Pearson delivered a public Galton Memorial Lecture at the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics, University College, on "The Handicapping of the First-born." There was, he showed, a tendency for the first-born child to be lighter and smaller than later-born children. On the whole there was a very sensible bias against the first-born."—*Morning Post*.]

PEARSON I sing of, eugenic and brainy,

Iconoclastic and fearless to dare.

Once I thought "eugenist"="zany,"

Now I know better and raise high in air

Bumpers Falernian, "Looking towards you."

Great be the glory the future awards you,

You that have given the first-born a cropper,

Bay-leaves immortal encircle your topper;

Though you're a scientist, you are no dry ass—

I take off my hat to you, KARL, for I share

Your "very sensible bias."

Long were we "minors" oppressed by our "major"

All our lives through since we started at school;

His was the limelight on every stage, or

His was the fire side and ours was the cool;

He got the ease of our ancestors' acres,

We had to haggle with butchers and bakers,

We had their bills to pay—his all the money;

Ours was but gall to drink—his tippable honey;

He was the "Purbeck" and we were the "Lias."

So we against Primogeniture's rule

Held very sensible bias.

Fallen the idol, destroyed the oppressor!

Always we felt we were good as the rest,

Now from the mouth of K. PEARSON, Professor,

Hear we the truth that the younger are best.

Vanished the halo that shone round the first-born

Now that Eugenics proclaim him the worst born.

Praise, Younger Sons, our great KARL, who, new  
seas

Voyaging, found, like the old Portuguese,

Capes of Good Hope—our BARTHOLOMEW DIAZ.

Shout till the whole world hears clearly expressed

Our very sensible bias.

## More Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement in *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book*, 1914, announcing a forthcoming publication:—

"PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE PAPERS

HOW TO TAKE AND PLACE THEM

BY JOHN EVERARD

ROBABLE PRICE 1s. NET."

"As he spoke the Congress hushed its breathing, growing so still that the flutter of a paper interrupted harshly."—*The Daily News*.

But this of course could not go on for long, and you should have heard it when it unhushed its breathing.

"O'Gara proved the saviour of Widnes, for, gathering the ball, he kicked at least half a dozen players before he booted the ball."

*Liverpool Echo*.

The bidding for O'GARA by the clubs of the English League, when this news gets about, should be sensational.





### THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

Dear Old Lady. "MY GOOD MAN, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING ON MY LAWN?"

Crafty Old Fraud. "BLESS YER, KIND LADY! I'M THAT 'UNGRY I GOT TO EAT GRASS."

Dear Old Lady. "IF YOU GO ROUND TO THE BACK YOU'LL FIND THE GRASS GROWS MUCH LONGER AND THICKER THERE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MURDERS, divorces, by-elections and new insurance schemes from time to time occupy the most conspicuous columns of the daily Press and receive our deep attention, but these things occur suddenly and are soon forgotten. Civil war in Mexico preceded and outlives them all as a matter of sensation, and the psychological moment in the career of that other "distressful country" is interminable. How the revolutions began, in what manner they continue and when they are likely to end, are questions which agitate the minds of men when they read their morning papers at breakfast, their evening papers after dinner and their reviews over the week-end. It was obvious that some qualified student of affairs should forget the events of the moment, visit Mexico at whatever risk to himself, personally witness the internecine squabbles in progress, and, if he was lucky enough to survive the experience, write up the matter in a compact and entertaining volume for our better understanding of the whole. Having regard to the present condition of the country as I now understand it, I should say there was no rush of applications for the job; certainly if my Editor should ask me to go out there and test the accuracy of Mr. H. HAMILTON FYFE's observations, as expressed in *The Real Mexico: a Study on the Spot* (HEINEMANN), I should at once discover an important engagement to prevent my accepting his kind invitation. Mr. FYFE's narrative is, however, too graphic and his

description too real to admit of doubt; I am glad that there was no competition and his subject has been left to be dealt with by the best man for the purpose. Given the title of the book and the name of the author, there is no more need of recommendation to the English public; but I beg Messrs. WILSON and BRYAN (of the U.S.A.) to read, mark, learn and, if their physique is capable of the feat, inwardly digest it. They should know, in glaring detail, the ills general and individual resulting from what the American resident in Mexico calls their "grape-juice" policy.

Four imprisonments of varying lengths, one of them including forcible feeding, presumably give Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON a right to record her experiences, and the chronicle she presents in *Prisons and Prisoners* (HEINEMANN) is telling through its very simplicity and directness. Such a tale would be hardly likely to prove other than "an indictment of our existing prison system" (as orators have it); but Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON is careful to punctiliousness in her recognition of the kindness and natural sympathy of many of the officials, even while she condemns the rules and regulations which tend to cramp and stifle the gentler side of human nature. Still, our prison system has had to stand a good deal of attack before this. We should most of us be thankful to change it if we knew how, and need never despise hints in this direction. The interest of the book, however, is by far the greatest when it is regarded as a running commentary on the modern feminist movement. It is impossible to read such a book seriously without



feeling a strong admiration for the courage, self-sacrifice and resolution it reflects, and at the same time a quite appalling sense of waste. When a way has been found to apply to the needs of our bewildered country the powers of such women as form the heroines of Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON's book, I for one shall not be surprised if things begin to happen. But at present the results that they have achieved, even upon their own showing and apart from all criticism of methods, seem quite incommensurate with the amount of trouble and pain.

In *The Custody of the Child* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. PHILIP GIBBS has chosen a difficult theme—the story of a broken home, told from the child's point of view, and he has handled it like an artist. Of the three books into which this biography of *Nicholas Barton* is divided, the first is so much the best that the second seems a little tame. This was, of course, inevitable, for the first book is the thunderstorm, the second the gentle rain which follows it. I have another reason for deriving particular pleasure from the opening book, and that is that the scene is laid in a Battersea Park flat. I have long since marked down Battersea as one of London's most romantic neighbourhoods. To a child, the curiously mingled intimacy and exclusiveness of life among the cliff-dwellers of that long road facing the Park, where you drop your toys out of your front garden (which house-agents call a balcony) and see them impounded as legitimate gifts that have dropped from Heaven by a perfect stranger in the front garden of the ground-floor flat, must be a perpetual wonder. Mr. GIBBS has brought this out so persuasively that I have shaken hands with him after each sentence. There is not an incident in Book I. that is not exactly right. The rest of the story, with its courageous avoidance of unmitigated happiness in the ending, never fails to arrest, unless for a moment or so in the middle; but for me at least the real charm of the volume lies in Book I.

"Let us try to avoid the detestable trick of sentimentality when dealing with this beloved, presuming, gallant, unhappy man." So Mrs. EVAN NEPEAN adjoins us and herself; and it must be confessed that the warning was needed. For the man was JAMES, Duke of MONMOUTH, a study of whom she has written under the title of *On the Left of a Throne* (LANE); and of all the Stuarts he is the one about whom it is most difficult to avoid being sentimental. Mrs. NEPEAN has perhaps just succeeded, but only just; and we will agree, therefore, to call her style vividly enthusiastic. She is quite frankly in love with MONMOUTH throughout. That wonderful, dangerous beauty fascinates her; and who, looking at the delightful portraits with which the book abounds, is going to blame her or anyone else for yielding to its charm? One fortunate result of this attitude is that the Fairy Prince of the seventeenth century lives again in the pages of this fervent admirer as he would never have lived in those of a colder historian. Dancing, riding, hunting, raking and fighting, we are bound to feel about him much

as old PEPYS did, who called him, in a memorable and picturesque phrase, "skittish and leaping," and, for all his righteous disapproval, admired with the best. "How he would have loved flying!" is Mrs. NEPEAN's very characteristic comment upon a record of her hero's graceful activities. For one thing especially does the writer of this study deserve gratitude. She dwells purposely as little as possible upon the details of the rebellion; but she has made it her duty to win back for MONMOUTH some of the credit for personal courage of which popular history has been too ready to deprive him. Here you may read how, after the short agony of nerves was over, he faced death with a placid and untheatrical bravery, than which the long records of the scaffold show nothing finer. It is a profoundly moving end to a fascinating story.

After reading *Two Women* (METHUEN) I hope to avoid "girl bachelors" for a very long time. They are, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON says, curious products of the century, and I am not disposed to contradict him. In *Gertrude Wynne's* flat, "Debussy's music was open upon a miniature grand, and a volume of Anatole France stood upon the marquetry table

near the fireplace"; but in *Doris Holt's* room "an open piano had a song from a revue upon it, while a translation of one of Paul de Koch's novels lay upon the window-seat." That ought to give the key to their characters, but if it does not, let me boldly add that *Gertrude* was clever and sedate, while *Doris* was a queen of minxes. *Doris*, indeed, got herself into a pretty mess with a vulgar philanderer called *Lord Raymore*, and was justly punished by marrying him. This *Raymore*



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

THE MAN WHO TAKES IMPRESSIONS OF THE FOOTPRINTS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

man despised politics, but all the same he had made up his mind to "win a place in the Tory Cabinet, and to pose there as the new Disraeli," which makes me think that Mr. PEMBERTON is occasionally funnier than he means to be. Not until we get away from the girl bachelors and are off on a spying expedition to Germany with *Captain Ainsworth* does the story grip. Then, however, things begin to happen, and the flight from the German fortress, in which *Ainsworth* had been imprisoned, is really thrilling. In his next book I hope Mr. PEMBERTON will leave "curious products" alone and let us have an extra dose of adventure to make up for the meagre allowance contained in *Two Women*.

"It is far more important to have the right style in the country than in town. Men don't want their women to wear something that will frighten the birds away. Nothing cheap or badly cut ought ever to be worn in the country."

*Vanity Fair and Hearth & Home.*

*The birds:* "We really cannot stay to be shot to-day, the women are wearing such cheap clothes."

Close of an essay by a small girl on CHARLES I.:—"Had Charles the First been more strong minded and sincere, he would have been a better king; as it was, he was more suited for a clergyman."



## CHARIVARIA.

WE are sorry to hear that the PREMIER is suffering from a troublesome Gough. \* \*

Poor Mr. ASQUITH, as though he had not already worries enough, is getting into trouble for sending an exclusive statement to *The Times*. He now stands convicted by his own party of being a *Times*-server. \* \*

*The Premier Magazine* is announced for sale. Is this, we wonder, the Powder Magazine on which he has been sitting? \* \*

At one moment it began to look as if the Admiralty, after all, was going to change its mind and we were to have Grand Manœuvres this year—off the coast of Ireland. \* \*

There are rumours that the Suffragettes are now preparing to blow up the whole of Ireland, as they find that that little country has during the past few days been distracting public attention from their cause. \* \*

An appeal is being made for funds to enable the battle-field of Waterloo to be preserved. A handsome donation has, it is said, been offered by one of our most enterprising railway companies, the only condition made being that the name shall be altered to Bakerloo. \* \*

It is so often asserted that a Varsity career unfits one for success in the bigger world that it is satisfactory to read that the PRINCE OF WALES's income from the Duchy of Cornwall was £85,719 last year, as compared with £81,350 in the previous year. \* \*

The Association of Lancastrians in London held their annual dinner last week. It would have been a kindly and thoughtful act on the part of those responsible for the dinner had they offered a seat to Mr. MASTERMAN, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who is now back in town. \* \*

Mr. Justice SCRUTTON has fined a man for saying "Hear, hear," in court, and there is something approaching a panic among our Comic Judges lest some colleague on a lower plane of humour should fine somebody for laughing in court. \* \*

It has been said that we English take our pleasures sadly. By way of compensation, apparently, we take our tragedies gaily. Under the heading "AMUSEMENT NOTES" in *The Daily Mail* we find the following announcement:—"At the Scala Theatre a new colour film is promised for Monday next, which is to depict in striking fashion the terrors of modern scientific warfare." \* \*

A contemporary describes the production, *Splash Me*, which was presented at the Palladium last week, as "a Water Revue." The correct expression is surely "Naval Revue"? \* \*

think it should have been removed and the cost charged to drainage expenses. \* \*

The coat-of-arms provided for the Metropolitan Asylum Board includes a red cross, the golden staff of ÆSCULAPIUS, an eagle, a dragon, and red and white roses. It sounds a mad enough medley. \* \*

Answer to a correspondent: No, *Wild Life* is not an organ of the Militants. \* \*

## THE NEXT OF THE DANDIES.

(According to our daily paper, sloppy untidiness is to be the fashion this year.)

I've jibed at Dame Fashion for many a year,

Jibed bitterly rather than gaily,

And over the follies of feminine wear

Indulged in a diatribe daily; But now I must sing in a different strain

And praise with a penitent vigour

The kindness by which she was moved to ordain

Untidiness strictly *de rigueur*.

Though man from her fetters is commonly loose

(For he has the pluck to withstand her),

I take it that what is correct for the goose

Will not be amiss for the gander;

And I have a suit that for comfort and ease

I'd always elect to be dressed in;

The trousers have dear little bags where my knees

Have made them a corner to nest in.

The sleeves of the coat are all frayed at the end,

The seams of the waistcoat have "started,"

But I have a weakness for elderly friends,

And now we need never be parted;

No more when I wear it shall people esteem

The bardlet in need of compassion; They'll merely consider him rather extreme

In his fervent devotion to Fashion.

"BOLTON W. 1, MANCHESTER C. 0.

BOLTON WAN. 1, MANCHES. C. 0."

*Sunderland Daily Echo*.

It is still a little obscure, but "B. Wanderers 1, M. City 0" would bring it home to everybody.



Our Futurist Pygmalion (on seeing his Galatea come to life).  
"OH, WHY DIDN'T I REMAIN AN IDEALIST?"

MESSRS. WEEKES AND Co. have published a "Song of the Aeroplane," and we suspect that all concerned in this venture are terrified lest some clumsy critic shall say, "Merely to hear this song makes one want to fly." \* \*

It is sometimes asked, Are we a musical nation? It is possible, of course, that we are, but last week we were informed by an advertisement that "the greatest song success of the season" is entitled "Popsy Wopsy." \* \*

A Mr. SNOOKS attained his 100th birthday last week. So much for those who say that ridicule kills! \* \*

Thetford (Norfolk) Corporation have decided to pay their mayor a salary of £20 in future "owing to the heavy financial drain on his pocket." We



## THE SPIRIT OF ULSTER AND THE ARMY.

*(An Appeal to Both Parties.)*

STILL dreaming of the spell of Southern nights,  
Strange on my homing senses fall the raucous  
Shouts of Democracy, asserting rights  
It long ago committed to the caucus;  
Strange—in a Chamber run for party ends,  
Busy with private rancours, feuds, ambitions—  
The legend that the Nation's life depends  
Upon her politicians!

Yet two things offer cheer: in Ulster there—  
Fanatic sentiment, you'll say, and scoff it—  
I see a hundred thousand men who care  
For something dearer than their stomach's profit;  
Under the Flag they stand at silent pause,  
True Democrats that hold by Freedom's charter,  
Resolved and covenanted for the Cause  
To give their lives in barter!

I see young soldiers, too, who serve the KING  
(For half the wage a Labour Member cashes),  
Prepared, at honour's higher call, to fling  
Their gallant dreams away in dust and ashes!  
I care a lot for any laws they break,  
But more I care to see what sacrifices  
Men still are found to face for consciences' sake,  
Knowing how hard the price is.

Ah, Sirs, and must you for a moment's gain—  
I look to both your camps with like appealing—  
Must you upon these virtues put a strain  
Irrevocably past the hope of healing?  
Cannot some gentler means be yet embraced  
That, when the common peril comes upon her,  
Such qualities of heart, too rare to waste,  
May shield our Country's honour? O.S.

### EGBERT, BULL-FROG.

"SPEAKING," said my uncle James, "of dogs, did I ever tell you about Egbert, my bull-frog? I class Egbert among the dogs, partly because of his faithfulness and intelligence, and partly because his deep bay—you know how those bull-frogs bark—always reminded me of a bloodhound surprised while on a trail of aniseed. He was my constant companion in Northern Assam, where I was at that time planting rubber. He finally died of a surfeit of hard-boiled egg, of which he was passionately fond, and I was as miserable as if I had lost a brother.

"I think Egbert had been trying to edge into the household for some time before I really noticed him. Looking back, I can remember meeting him sometimes in the garden, and, though I did not perceive it at first, there was a wistful look in his eye when I passed him by without speaking. It was not till our burglary that I began really to understand his sterling worth. A couple of natives were breaking in, and would undoubtedly have succeeded in their designs had it not been for Egbert's frantic barking, which aroused the house and brought me down with a revolver. It is almost certain that the devoted animal had made a practice, night after night, of sleeping near the front-door on the chance of something of the sort happening. He was always suspicious of natives.

"After that of course his position in the house was established. He slept every night at the foot of my bed, and very soothing it was to hear his deep rhythmical breathing in the darkness.

"In the daytime we were inseparable. We would go for walks together, and I have frequently spent hours throwing sticks into the pond at the bottom of the garden for him to retrieve. It was this practice which saved his life at the greatest crisis of his career.

"I happened to have strained my leg, and I was sitting in the garden, dozing, Egbert by my side, when I was awakened by a hoarse bark from my faithful companion, and, looking down, I perceived him hopping rapidly towards the pond, pursued by an enormous oojooowa snake, a reptile not dangerous to man, being non-poisonous, but a great scourge among the minor fauna of Assam, owing to its habit of pouncing upon them and swallowing them alive. This snake is particularly addicted to bull-frogs, and, judging from the earnest manner in which he was making for the pond, Egbert was not blind to this trait in its character.

"You may imagine my agony of mind. There was I helpless. My injured leg made it impossible for me to pursue the snake and administer one where it would do most good. And meanwhile the unequal race was already drawing to its inevitable close. Egbert, splendid as were his other qualities, was not built for speed. He was dignified rather than mobile.

"What could I do? Nothing beyond throwing my stick in the hope of stunning the oojooowa. It was a forlorn hope, but I did it; and it saved Egbert's life, though not in the way I had intended. The stick missed the snake and fell immediately in front of Egbert. It was enough. His grand intellect worked with the speed of lightning. Just as the snake reached him, he reached the stick; and the next moment there was Egbert, up to his neck in the reptile's throat, but saved from complete absorption by the stick, which he was holding firmly in his mouth.

"I have seldom seen any living thing so completely nonplussed as was the oojooowa. Snakes have very little reasoning power. They cannot weigh cause and effect. Otherwise of course the oojooowa would have nipped Egbert till he was forced to leave go of the stick. Instead of doing this, he regarded the stick and Egbert as being constructed all in one piece, and imagined that he had happened upon a new breed of unswallowable frog. He ejected Egbert, and lay, thinking it over, while Egbert, full of pluck, continued his journey to the pond.

"Three times in the next two yards did the snake endeavour to swallow his victim, and each time he gave it up; and after the last experiment Egbert, evidently finding this constant semi-disappearance into the other's interior bad for his nervous system, conceived the idea of backing towards the pond instead of heading in that direction, the process, though slower, being less liable to sudden interruption.

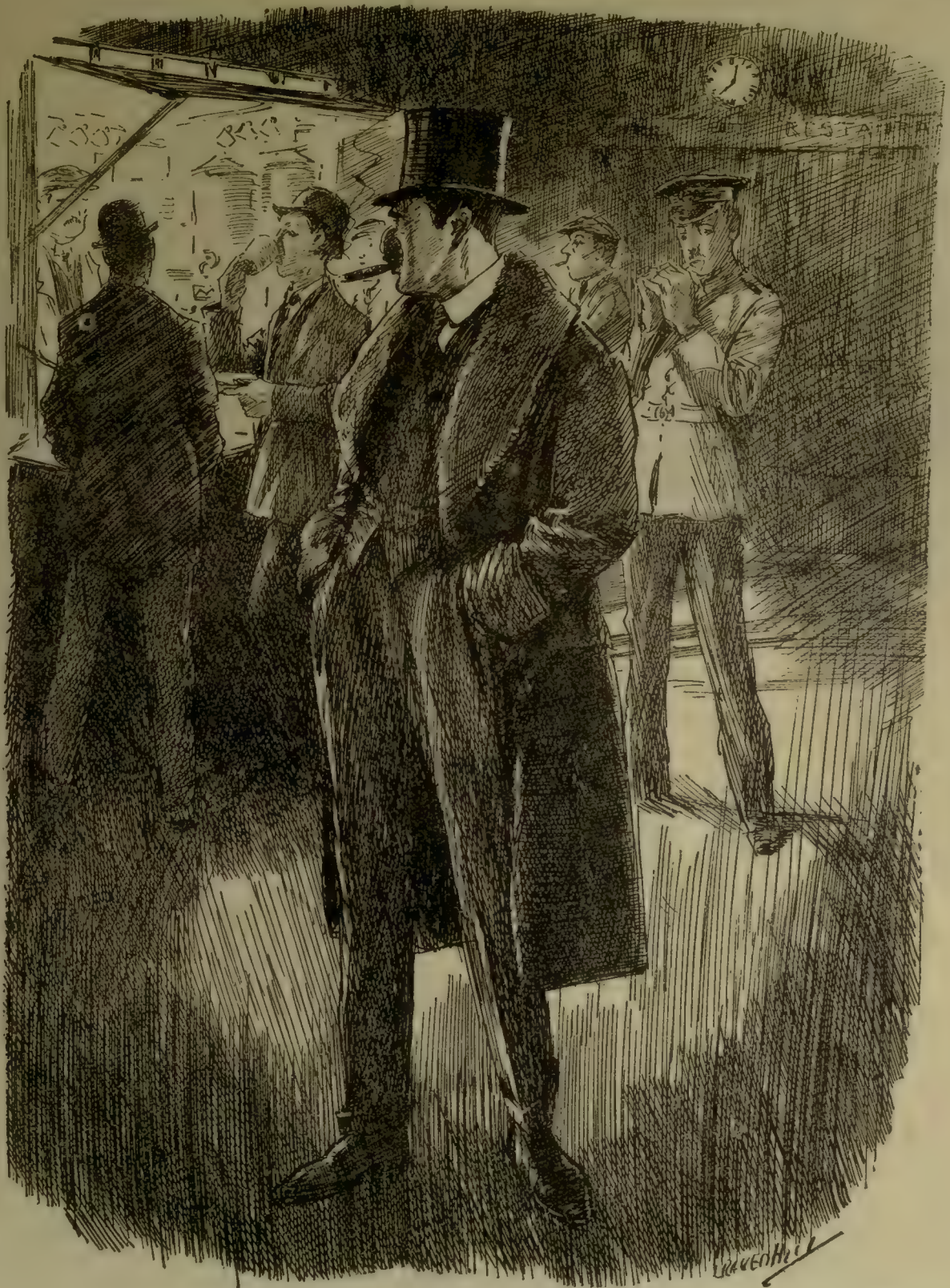
"Well, to make the story short, the oojooowa followed Egbert to the very edge of the pond, the picture of perplexity; and when my little friend finally dived in he lay there with his head over the edge of the bank, staring into the water for quite ten minutes. Then he turned, shook his head despairingly, and wriggled into the bushes, still thinking hard. And a little while later I saw Egbert's head appear cautiously over the side of the pond, the stick still in his mouth. He looked round to see that the coast was clear, and then came hopping up to me and laid the stick at my feet. And, strong man as I was, I broke down and cried like a child."

From a revue poster at Birmingham:—

"I DO LIKE YOUR EYES  
RECORD CAST."

We dislike that kind.





## AFTER CLOSING HOURS.

RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR. "ANOTHER OF THESE NIGHT CLUBS! THEY'LL BE THE RUIN OF ME."









## OUR BOYS.

Nephew (at preparatory school, to departing uncle). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, UNCLE. AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU TO COME OVER—AND, I SAY, I HOPE YOU BACKED OUTRAM FOR THE LINCOLNSHIRE?"

Uncle. "UNFORTUNATELY, MY BOY, I WASN'T ON IT."

Nephew. "YOU WEREN'T? WHY, WE WERE ALL ON IT HERE!"

## A PEACE-PRESERVATION ACT.

WHEREAS Mr. Punch has observed to his deep grief and chagrin that political ill-feeling in Great Britain has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished, be it enacted—

(1) That no morning, evening or weekly paper be allowed to print anything on its placard save one of these three phrases: "All the Winners," "Tips for To-day," or "Latest Football"; providing that nothing in this Act shall prevent *The Daily News and Leader* from substituting "Latest Free Church News" for "Tips for To-day."

(2) That no newspaper be allowed to announce more than one political crisis per week under a penalty of £1,000 for each and every subsequent crisis announced.

(3) That Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR be appointed grand political censor, and that all descriptive expressions intended to be applied by people to their political opponents be submitted to him, to ensure that such phrases are properly saponaceous.

(4) That six prominent fire-brands in each Party be deported to Saint Helena,

and that they be chosen by ballot in this wise—the Liberals will select the Tories, the Tories the Liberals, the O'Brienites the Nationalists, and the Nationalists the O'Brienites. The Labour Party, being specially qualified for the task, will select six of its own body for deportation; and nothing in this Act is to hinder Mr. WEDGWOOD from deporting himself if he thinks it needful.

(5) And whereas many highly respectable golfers of all shades of political opinion have been put off their game by political happenings at the week-end be it ordained that a gracious political truce reign from Thursday midnight to Tuesday midday, and that during that time, to be known as the Truce of Mr. Punch, no political crises, resignations, refusals of resignations, re-resignations or snap-divisions be allowed on any pretext whatever.

"Yesterday afternoon a Cardiff prisoner who had been arrested on a warrant escaped from the custody of a police officer. The man bolted without the slightest warning."

*Western Daily Press.*

He was no gentleman. He might at least have said, "One, two, three—Go!"

## THE OLDEST OF THE ARTS.

[Speaking at the annual meeting of the governing body of Swanley Horticultural College, Sir JOHN COCKBURN lamented that while that institution provided healthful and delightful occupation, for which women were eminently fitted, it suffered from a continuous epidemic of matrimony, not only among the students but even upon the staff.]

At Swanley College down in Kent  
The students' time is not misspent.  
Some of the arts at any rate  
Thrive in this Eden up-to-date;  
And doubtless each girl-gard'ner tries  
To win the term's Top-dressing Prize,  
Or trains her sense of paradox  
(While gath'ring "nuts" and "plums"  
and stocks)  
By taking Flora's new degree—  
"Spinster of Hearts and Husbandry."

"First he must learn to be a sailor. . . . Stepping in a small coasting craft, he put his shoulder to the wheel, determining, as many a boy has done before and since, to get to the top of the tree by plodding and perseverance."  
*Ashore and Afloat.*

Wedon't recommend this as a beginning, however. Very often the captain, who wants to steer himself, resents an additional shoulder at the wheel—and invites you to the top of the masthead.



## THE MOON.

[IMPOSSIBLE PLAY SERIES.]

A SUPER-PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

## Persons of the Play.

Lord Gumthorpe. | Angela Thynne.  
 Lady Gastwyck. | Stud, a butler.

[Author to Printer.—Oblige me by reversing your usual practice, and printing the text in italics and the stage directions in roman type. My request will, I hope, prove intelligible.]

Scene.—The drawing-room at *Lady Gastwyck's*. A large, low room with a mullioned window at the back through which moonlight steals. The decoration of the room is Adams', though of rather a self-conscious type, as the plan and construction of the house is obviously of an earlier period. The furniture is Chinese Chippendale.

*Lord Gumthorpe* is leaning against the window; *Angela Thynne* is leaning against the Chesterfield, and *Lady Gastwyck* is leaning against the Adams' fire-place. *Lord Gumthorpe* is a tall, gaunt man, slightly resembling the portrait of *Philip IV.* of Spain, by *Velasquez*. He turns towards *Lady Gastwyck* and waves his long arms with a gesture of indecision. He then turns back and looks out on to the lawn. *Angela Thynne*, is a large, ill-proportioned woman, with curiously limpid blue eyes, and a shrill hard voice like a fog-siren, that does not seem to belong to her personality. One is always haunted with the idea that she might be Scotch. *Lady Gastwyck* rises. She is a short dark woman with deep-set eyes and one very remarkable characteristic. She has apparently only one eyebrow. She really has two, but they meet together in one dark straight line, and give her a forbidding aspect. She has a habit of walking with her chin thrust forward and her long arms curved like a boxer's. She advances upon *Lord Gumthorpe*. He instinctively puts up his hands as though expecting to be struck.

*LADY GASTWYCK.* You think then that we—that is, that you and I—

[She waves her hand towards the

moonlit lawn. It might be an action of dismissal, or an appeal to the elemental forces. *Lord Gumthorpe* drops limply on to the window-seat and presses his forehead against the stone mullion. Then he stands up and gazes at her face, trying not to appear to be looking at her one eyebrow.

*LORD GUMTHORPE* (with tremulous indecision). Yes! but you see—

[As he stands there the extraordinary resemblance between him and *VELASQUEZ'* portrait of *PHILIP IV.* of Spain comes home to her with such force that she is about to qualify her half-stated implication, when *Angela Thynne* drops her fan into the fireplace. She has moved to the seat that *Lady Gastwyck* had vacated. She is leaning forward with lips parted, and her limpid blue eyes gazing at the dead embers.



MORE BRAINY IDEAS OF OUR DRAPERS.

CUSTOMER BEING CONDUCTED TO THE SPRING MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

*Lady Gastwyck* recoils as though struck by a whip. She moves to the Chesterfield and leans against it, biting her nails. *Lord Gumthorpe* moves deeper into the recess, struggling with the emotions which the astounding act of *Angela* has produced. As he sits there, the moonlight, pouring through the diamond panes of the window, throws rhomboids of light on to the polished floor. It looks like some enchanted chess-board. Leaning back and gazing with half-closed eyes, he peoples it with fantastic rooks, and knights and bishops, when suddenly the strangely penetrating voice of *Angela* breaks the silence.

*ANGELA.* Would it be possible for you two to—

[There is a terrifying silence.]

*Lord Gumthorpe* (greedily). Pawn to Queen's pawn four!

[He says this to gain time. For the besetting irresoluteness of the *Gumthorpes* is consuming him. "If only she would—" he is thinking

to himself, rapidly reviewing the salient features of his past life. He has not the courage to look at *Angela*, but his eyes wander in the direction of *Lady Gastwyck*. She is leaning forward on the Chesterfield, her chin resting on her hand, her eyebrow looking like an enormous black moustache. He feels his way along the wall, keeping his face towards *Lady Gastwyck*. He knows—he was educated at Eton and Christchurch—that as the fan has fallen into the fire-place, unless it has been removed, it will be there still. Very slowly he reaches the grate and, without turning his head, picks up the fan. It is a moment of intense emotion. The air is charged with electric suspense. *Lady Gastwyck* moves suddenly, and the rustle of her skirt sounds like the rattle of musketry on a

frosty morning. *Lord Gumthorpe* drops the fan. He gropes wildly in the fire-place but cannot find it again. Then with an air of helpless resignation he goes back to the window-seat. He gazes at the chequered pattern on the floor and mentally moves his king up one. *Lady Gastwyck* glances across at him, and it occurs to her that he has aged during the last few minutes. He no longer looks like

*Philip IV.* of Spain, but more like the sub-manager of the White Goods Department of a suburban Bon-Marché. She is anxious that *Angela* shall not observe this, and hence makes the following appeal.

*LADY GASTWYCK* (hysterically and à propos of no one). A maroon underskirt! a maroon underskirt! That would be the thing! Fancy, *Angela*, biscuit-coloured glacé with that coffee skin of hers and those teeth! You must save her! Take her to Raquin! Let Raquin cut it as only he knows how! Let her have— Ah!—

[She bursts into tears and then stops, seeing that her effort has failed, for a sombre silence ensues. *Angela* has risen and is looking at *Lord Gumthorpe*. *Lord Gumthorpe* is standing with his arms folded. He has just lost a bishop in the dim chiaroscuro of the window-seat and has not heard her outbreak. Suddenly he looks up, and fixes his eyes upon *Lady Gastwyck* with a new sense of resolution. He advances towards





Irritable Plus 4 (whose opponent is standing too close behind him). "NOW THEN, SIR, WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE DOING THERE?"  
Mild 18. "ONLY GETTING READY TO CLAP."

her, and gazing boldly at her eyebrow, that looks more than ever like a moustache, calls out in a thin cruel voice.

LORD GUMTHORPE. *Why don't you wax the ends?*

[The effect of this bizarre question is startling. Angela turns and smiles gently like one who has done one's best at a deathbed, and is almost relieved that the end has come. She walks almost serenely across the room to the sideboard, and, taking up a piece of cheese and three bananas, goes off to bed. But the effect on Lady Gastwyck is different, for directly she hears Lord Gumthorpe make this remark she realizes that he is a weak man.

There is a pond at the end of the lawn covered with green sedge. She shivers. She has courage, but not that sort of courage. She rises and leans against the Adams' fireplace. The Adams' fireplace leans against her. It falls on to her with a tremendous crash . . . Lord Gumthorpe comes forward and gazes at the jumbled *débris*. He is conscious of a sense of despairing conflict—the conflict between contemplative amazement and some natural but well-controlled demand for concrete action. An appalling conviction

comes to him that he ought to do something. Under the fallen mess of brick, marble, and wood there are feeble undulations. A phrase keeps running through his mind—"Expressing her primitive virility." He tries to think where he has read it, and what it means, and how it could apply to the present case. The undulations cease. He decides that the phrase could not apply to it. He returns to the window-seat. A new horror obsesses him. The moon has moved round. The chess-board has been blotted out. In extremis, Lord Gumthorpe falls back on his primitive instincts and rings for the butler. There is an imperceptible pause. Stud glides in and stands in the middle of the room, tears of reverence and respectability streaming down his cheeks.

LORD GUMTHORPE (after an interminable pause). *Your mistress has dropped her fan into the fireplace!*

[With a little croon of pleasure, Stud falls towards the fireplace. Suddenly he stops, beholding the fallen wreckage. For a fraction of a second the fetters of a generation of servile habits are almost broken. A fugitive expression of surprise passes over his face. Then, remembering himself, he stumbles over the *débris*

and, groping among the cinders, picks up the fan.

STUD (with finesse). *Here is the fan, my Lord. Shall I present it to her Ladyship?*

LORD GUMTHORPE (with extraordinary subtlety). *No, you may keep it. Her Ladyship does not require it.*

[Stud goes out with the fan. Lord Gumthorpe stands irresolutely warming his hands at the fire. Angela's father from Atlantis, Tennessee, is heard outside in the hall eating cantaloup. The pips rattle against the door. Unable to withstand this further symbol of inevitable doom, Lord Gumthorpe throws himself on to the fire. He is burnt up. The fire is blotted out. Everything is blotted out.

CURTAIN.

From an account of a football match by "Brigadier" in *The Daily Record* :—

"Cresswell sustained an injury, and took no risks, but R. M. Morton would have risked going at a battalion of dragoons with bayonets drawn."

There must be moments in these peaceful journalistic days of his retirement when that grand old soldier, "Brigadier," wishes he were once more charging at the head of his dragoons, with a drawn bayonet in his hand.



## ORANGES AND LEMONS.

## IV.—BEFORE LUNCH.

I FOUND Myra in the hammock at the end of the loggia.

"Hallo," I said.

"Hallo." She looked up from her book and waved her hand. "Mentone on the left, Monte Carlo on the right," she said, and returned to her book again. Simpson had mentioned the situation so many times that it had become a catch-phrase with us.

"Fancy reading on a lovely morning like this," I complained.

"But that's why. It's a very gloomy play by IBSSEN, and whenever it's simply more than I can bear I look up and see Mentone on the left, Monte Carlo on the right—I mean, I see all the loveliness round me, and then I know the world isn't so bad after all." She put her book down. "Are you alone?"

I gripped her wrist suddenly and put the paper-knife to her throat.

"We are alone," I hissed—or whatever you do to a sentence without any "s's" in it to make it dramatic. "Your friends cannot save you now. Prepare to—er—come a walk up the hill with me."

"Help! Help!" whispered Myra. She hesitated a moment; then swung herself out of the hammock and went in for her hat.

We climbed up a steep path which led to the rock-village above us. Simpson had told us that we must see the village; still more earnestly he had begged us to see Corsica. The view of Corsica was to be obtained from a point some miles up—too far to go before lunch.

"However, we can always say we saw it," I reassured Myra. "From this distance you can't be certain of recognising an island you don't know. Any small cloud on the horizon will do."

"I know it on the map."

"Yes, but it looks quite different in real life. The great thing is to be able to assure Simpson at lunch that the Corsican question is now closed. When we're a little higher up, I shall say, 'Surely that's Corsica?' and you'll say, 'Not Corsica?'" as though you'd rather expected the Isle of Wight; and then it'll be all over. Hallo!"

We had just passed the narrow archway leading into the courtyard of the village and were following the path up the hill. But in that moment of passing we had been observed. Behind us a dozen village children now trailed eagerly.

"Oh, the dears!" cried Myra.

"But I think we made a mistake to bring them," I said severely. "No one

is prouder of our—one, two, three . . . I make it eleven—our eleven children than I am, but there are times when Father and Mother want to be alone."

"I'm sorry, dear. I thought you'd be so proud to have them all with you."

"I am proud of them. To reflect that all the—one, two . . . I make it thirteen—all these thirteen are ours is very inspiring. But I don't like people to think that we cannot afford our youngest, our little Philomène, shoes and stockings. And Giuseppe should have washed his face since last Friday. These are small matters, but they are very trying to a father."

"Have you any coppers?" asked Myra suddenly. "You forgot their pocket-money last week."

"One, two, three—I cannot possibly afford—one, two, three, four— Myra, I do wish you'd count them definitely and tell me how many we have. One likes to know. I cannot afford pocket-money for more than a dozen."

"Ten." She took a franc from me and gave it to the biggest girl. (Anne-Marie, our first, and getting on so nicely with her French.) Rapidly she explained what was to be done with it, Anne-Marie's look of intense rapture slowly straightening itself to one of ordinary gratitude as the financial standing of the other nine in the business became clear. Then we waved farewell to our family and went on.

High above the village, a thousand feet above the sea, we rested, and looked down upon the silvery olives stretching into the blue . . . and more particularly upon one red roof which stood up amid the grey-green trees.

"That's the Cardews' villa," I said.

Myra was silent.

When Myra married me she promised to love, honour and write all my thank-you-very-much letters for me, for we agreed before the ceremony that the word "obey" should mean nothing more than that. There are two sorts of T. Y. V. M. letters—the "Thank you very much for asking us, we shall be delighted to come," and the "Thank you very much for having us, we enjoyed it immensely." With these off my mind I could really concentrate on my work, or my short mashie shots, or whatever was of importance. But there was now a new kind of letter to write, and one rather outside the terms of our original understanding. A friend of mine had told his friends the Cardews that we were going out to the Riviera and would let them know when we arrived . . . and we had arrived a week ago.

"It isn't at all an easy letter to write," said Myra. "It's practically asking a stranger for hospitality."

"Let us say 'indicating our readiness to accept it.' It sounds better."

Myra smiled slowly to herself.

"Dear Mrs. Cardew," she said, "'we are ready for lunch when you are. Yours sincerely.'"

"Well, that's the idea."

"And then what about the others? If the Cardews are going to be nice we don't want to leave Dahlia and all of them out of it."

I thought it over carefully for a little.

"What you want to do," I said at last; "is to write a really long letter to Mrs. Cardew, acquainting her with all the facts. Keep nothing back from her. I should begin by dwelling on the personnel of our little company. 'My husband and I,' you should say, 'are not alone. We have also with us Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Mannering, a delightful couple. Mr. A. Mannering is something in the Territorials when he is not looking after his estate. His wife is a great favourite in the county. Next I have to introduce to you Mr. Thomas Todd, an agreeable young bachelor. Mr. Thos. Todd is in the Sucking-a-ruler-and-looking-out-of-the-window Department of the Admiralty, by whose exertions, so long as we preserve the 2 Todds to 1 formula—or, excluding Canadian Todds, 16 to 10—Britannia rules the waves. Lastly, there is Mr. Samuel Simpson. Short of sight but warm of heart, and with (on a bad pitch) a nasty break from the off, Mr. S. Simpson is a *littérateur* of some eminence but little circulation, combining on the cornet intense wind-power with no execution, and on the golf course an endless enthusiasm with only an occasional contact. This, dear Mrs. Cardew, is our little party. I say nothing of my husband.'"

"Go on," smiled Myra. "You have still to explain how we invite ourselves to lunch."

"We don't; we leave that to her. All we do is to give a list of the meals in which, in the ordinary course, we are wont to indulge, together with a few notes on our relative capacities at each. 'Perhaps,' you wind up, 'it is at luncheon time that as a party we show to the best advantage. Some day, my dear Mrs. Cardew, we must all meet at lunch. You will then see that I have exaggerated neither my husband's appetite, nor the light conversation of my brother, nor the power of apology, should any little *contretemps* occur, of Mr. Samuel Simpson. Let us, I say, meet at lunch. Let us——'" I took out my watch suddenly.

"Come on," I said, getting up and giving a hand to Myra; "we shall only just be in time for it." A. A. M.



## ARTISTES' ALIASES.

AN interesting meeting was held at the Memorial Hall last Saturday in order to discuss schemes of brightening the nomenclature of British musicians.

Sir FREDERIC COWEN, who presided, said that whereas in the last century it was the common practice of British singers to Italianize their surnames, we had now gone to the opposite extreme of an aggressive insularity. He thought that a compromise between the two extremes was feasible, by which a certain element of picturesqueness might be introduced into our programmes without exposing us to the charge of deliberately seeking to denationalise ourselves.

Sir HENRY WOOD suggested that the method of the anagram or palindrome yielded very happy results. Nobody could be charged with running away from his name if he merely turned it upside down or inside out. For instance, Miss MURIEL FOSTER would become Miss Leirum Retsof, which had a pleasantly Slavonic sound, while Mr. HAMILTON HARTY would reappear in the impressive form of Mr. Notlimah Ytrah.

Miss CARRIE TUBB protested vigorously against the proposal, on the ground that, if it were adopted, her name would sound just like Butt, which was already that of a contralto singer. (Sensation.)

Madame CLARA BUTT supported the protest, pointing out that, if the suggestion were acted on, her name would sound just like Tubb, which was that of a soprano vocalist. (Great sensation.)

Professor GRANVILLE BANTOCK pleaded eloquently for calling in the glamour of the East to illuminate the drab monotony of our Anglo-Saxon surnames. He was quite ready to be known in future as Bantockjee or Bangkok, if the sense of the meeting was in favour of the change—always subject, of course, to the consent of Sir OLIVER LODGE, the Principal of Birmingham University. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. DELIUS was strongly opposed to any change of nomenclature being made compulsory. He was quite sure that he would not compose nearly so well under, e.g., the alias of De Lara. In any case, artists should be safeguarded against the appropriation of their names by others.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON (who was greeted with soft music on muted violins) deprecated all unseemly pranks. Nothing would induce him to change his patronymic or turn it upside down or inside out.

Mr. LONDON RONALD expressed sympathy with musicians who were handi-



A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

capped by cacephonous or undignified names. For example, a singer called Howlett or Ball laboured under a serious disadvantage when competing with artistes blessed with melodious appellations such as Bellincioni or Sammarco.

Mr. BEN DAVIES observed that Welsh singers were terribly hampered by the poverty of their nomenclature. Two out of every three bore the surname Davies, and at least one in three of our Welsh male soloists was christened Ivor. Ivor was a good name in itself, but it was becoming terribly hackneyed.

Mr. HENRY BIRD thought that all musicians should be at liberty to assume names provided they were appropriate. But for a composer to call himself Johann Sebastian Wagner was to court disaster. He ventured to submit the following list for the benefit of persons who contemplated making the change. For a soprano: Miss Hyam Seton. For a contralto: Miss Ritchie Plummer. For a tenor: Mr. Uther

Chesterton. For a bass: Mr. Deeping Downer. For a pianist: Mr. or Miss Ivory Pounds. For a banjoist: Mr. Plunkett Stringer.

Miss PHYLLIS LETT, in a brief speech, explained that her name was all-British and had no connection whatever with Lithuania.

Ultimately, on the proposal of Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, seconded by Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, a small committee was appointed, consisting of Sir EDWARD ELGAR, Professor BANTOCK, Madame CLARA BUTT, Mr. BEN DAVIES and Sir HENRY WOOD, to enquire into the different proposals, and the meeting dispersed to the strains of "For he might have been a Rooshan."

"The audience was divided into two sections; the Smith supporters cheered every blow Wye landed as a point for their man, while Wye's friends were equally enthusiastic on his behalf."—Daily Mail.

With the SMITH supporters behind us, and a SMITH referee, we are prepared to take on CARPENTIER.





Mother. "WELL, DARLING, DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING THE CLERGYMAN SAID?"  
 Barbara. "YES, MUMMY, I HEARD HIM SAY, 'HALF-PAST-SIX'!"

### "PUNCH" IN HIS ELEMENT.

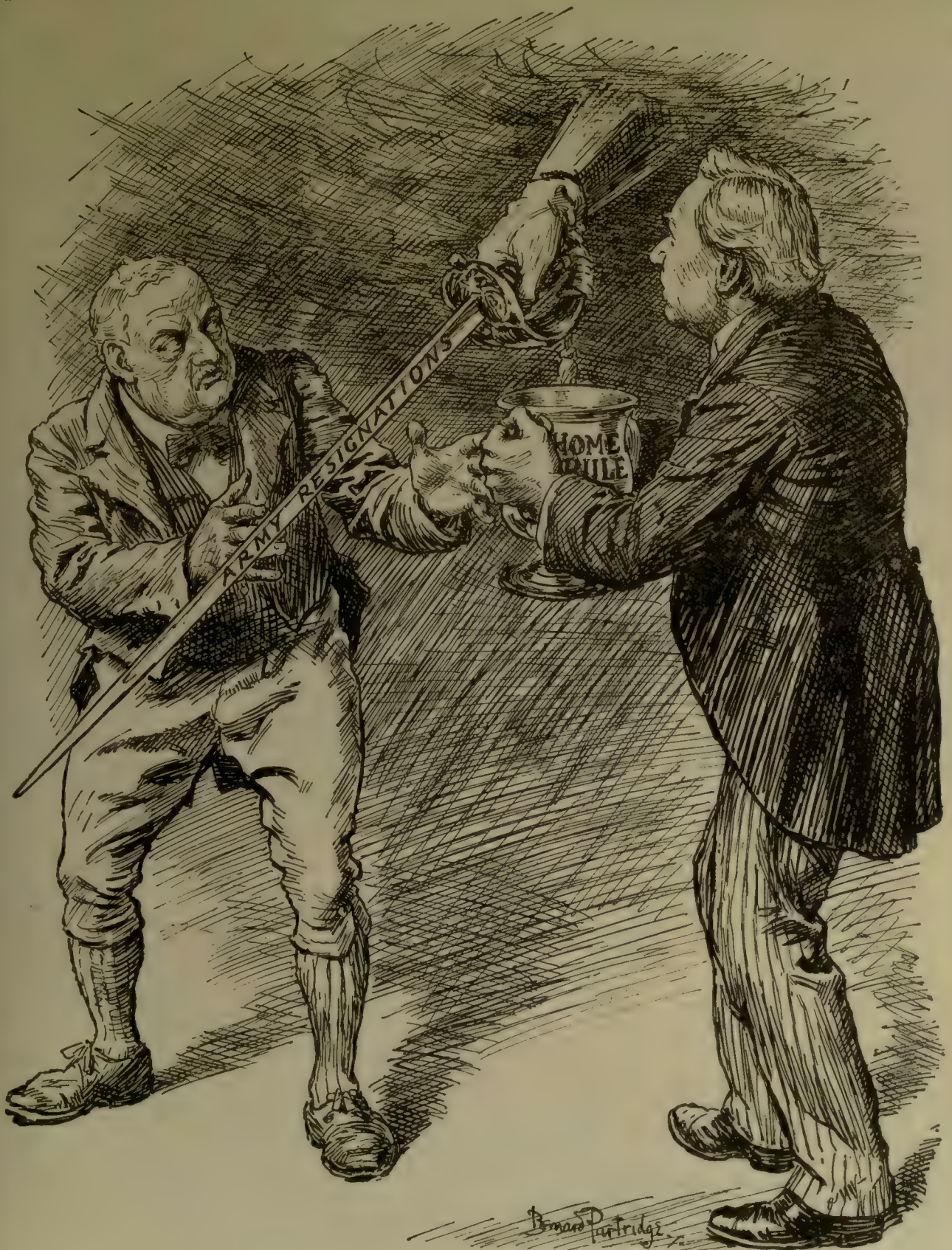
(Modelled on the Opening Chorus of "Atalanta in Calydon.")

ONCE in so many calendar spaces  
*Punch*, appearing on All Fools' Day,  
 Fills with giggles the hours and graces,  
 Causes the hares of March to stay;  
 And the soft sweet hatters along the Strand  
 Remember the dreams of Wonderland,  
 And the chessboard world and the White King's faces,  
 The hamless commons and all the hay.  
 Come with loud bells and belabouring of bladder,  
 Spirit of Laughter, descend on the town  
 With tumbling of paint-pails from top of the ladder  
 And blowing of tiles from the stockbroker's crown;  
 Bind on thy hosen in motley halves  
 Over the rondure and curve of thy calves;  
 The night may be mad, but the morn shall be madder—  
 Madder than moonshine and madder than brown.  
 What shall I say to it, how shall I pipe of it,  
 Weave it what strains of ineffable things?  
 O that my Muse were a Muse with a gripe of it,  
 Engined with petrol and wafted by wings!  
 For the sorrows and sighings of winter are done,  
 And *Punch* is appearing on April 1,  
 And a savour of daffodils clings to the type of it,  
 And the buttered balm of a crumpet clings.  
 For the merle and the mavis have joined with the  
 "shover"  
 In drowning the day and the night with their din,  
 And all too soon the unwary lover  
 Is walking about in vestures thin;

And the "nuts" are buying their shirts of cotton,  
 And, cast into storage cold, forgotten,  
 From delicate necks they were wont to cover,  
 'Possum by 'possum, the stoles come in.  
 And soon is an ending of football rushes,  
 The hold that tackles a travelling heel;  
 And the front of the town with new fire flushes,  
 The paints that follow the paints that peel;  
 And the season comes with its gauds and gold  
 When the amorous plaints once more are told,  
 And the polished hoi of her partner crushes  
 The damsel's shoes in the ballroom reel.  
 And *The Times* by day and *The News* by night,  
 Fleeter of foot than the Fleet Street kid,  
 Shall hurry in motor-cars left and right  
 Saying what Kent and Yorkshire did;  
 And, stout as pillars of marble set,  
 The copper shall capture the suffragette,  
 And screen from peril and heave from sight  
 The maid pursuing, the Minister hid.  
 The P.C. comes with his mænad haul,  
 Her hatbrim tilted across her eyes;  
 The cricketer dips to the flying ball,  
 His white pants billowing round his thighs;  
 But thou, *Charivari*, week by week  
 Remaining (I take it) quite unique,  
 Shalt shake with laughter and pink them all  
 With points that puncture the vogue that flies.

EVOE.





“THERE’S MANY A SLIP . . .”







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TODY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.—In arrangement for business of week to-day set apart for discussion of Naval Estimates. That meant a problematically useful, indubitably dull debate. As has been remarked before, it is the unexpected that happens in House of Commons. Since it adjourned on Friday portentous news came from Ireland, indicating something like revolt among officers of the Army stationed there for avowed purpose of backing up civil force in preservation of peace and order. Wholesale resignations reported.

The very existence of the Army seemed at stake. Had mere business, such as the voting of over £50,000,000 for upkeep of Navy, been to the fore, benches would have been half empty. As it was, they were thronged. Over the crowded assembly hurtled that indescribable buzz of excitement that presages eventful action. The PREMIER and LEADER OF OPPOSITION appearing on the scene were severally greeted with strident cheers from their followers. PRINCE ARTHUR, the Dropped Pilot, at urgent entreaty returning to the old ship in time of emergency, enjoyed unique distinction of being cheered by both sides. Demonstration more eloquent than ordered speech.

Questions over, SEELY read studiously prosaic statement of events leading up to resignations on the Curragh. Someone had blundered, or, as the SECRETARY FOR WAR, anxious above all things to avoid irritation, preferred to put it, "there had been a misunderstanding." All over now. Explanations forthcoming had smoothed out difficulty. Resignations tendered had been withdrawn. Familiar military command "As you were" obeyed.

That all very well. Opposition, upon whom crowning mercy had fallen from beneficent heavens, naturally indisposed to treat unexpected boon in niggardly spirit. BONNER LAW insisted on business being set aside and opportunity provided for rubbing in the salt. Lively debate followed. Speeches delivered with difficulty through running stream

of interruption. BYLES OF BRADFORD began it. Breaking in upon BONNER LAW's speech with pointed question he was greeted with savage shout of "Sit down" that would have made the rafters ring, supposing there were any. Under existing circumstances the glass ceiling looked down compassionately, whilst BYLES, after remaining on his legs for what seemed a full minute, resumed his seat.

Amid uproar that raged during succeeding four hours, SPEAKER, preserving

Later SPEAKER dropped down on PAGE CROFT.

"The hon. member," he said, "is not entitled to interrupt because some argument suddenly strikes him."

House laughed at this piquant way of putting it. SARK recalls curious fact. 321 years ago the same dictum was framed in almost identical phrase. Essential difference was that it was the Speaker of the day who was rebuked. He was EDWARD COKE, whose connection with one LYTTLETON is not unfamiliar in Courts of Law. Appearing at bar of House of Lords at opening of eighth Parliament of ELIZABETH, which met 19th February, 1593, SPEAKER submitted the petition, forthcoming to this day on opening of a new Parliament, asking for privilege of speech.

"Privilege of speech is granted," said the LORD KEEPER on behalf of the QUEEN. "But you must know what privilege you have. Not to speak everyone what he listeth, or what cometh into his brain to utter."

Eight o'clock struck before turmoil ceased and House got into Committee on Navy Estimates. In a twinkling over £15,000,000 sterling voted. That nothing to what straightway followed. Getting into Committee on Ways and Means, House voted some £68,000,000 on account of the services of the year.

After this, House was counted out. In imitation of proverbial character of current month, having come in as a lion it went out like a lamb.

Business done.—Tumultuous debate on Ulster side-issue. Huge sums voted in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Renewal of yesterday's excitement round action of certain officers of the Army in Ireland. SEELY promised to circulate in the morning all papers relating thereto. To members of county councils, parish councils, and the like obscure consultative bodies, it would seem reasonable to wait opportunity for studying papers before debating their contents. We have a better way at Westminster. Business set down was the Army Vote. SEELY explained that for financial reasons it was absolutely necessary money should be voted. Necessity admitted, this was



AT THE DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE NEW COMIC OPERA, "RESIGNATION" (AS PLAYED TWICE WEEKLY.)

Seelius. "I am undone!"

[Thrusts sword beneath armpit and expires.]

Actor-Manager. "Capital! But try, if possible, to make it just a little more convincing."

a superb equanimity, rode upon the whirlwind and directed the storm. Whilst PREMIER was trying to make himself heard, HELMSLEY constantly interrupted. SPEAKER made earnest appeal to Members to listen in patience.

"There will," he said, "be plenty of time afterwards for anyone to ask any question or to reply to any point."

WINTERTON, ever ready to volunteer in the interests of order, asked whether JOHN WARD, seated opposite, had not sinned in same manner as HELMSLEY.

"That is no reason why the noble lord should imitate him."

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," retorted WINTERTON. Left House in doubt which was which.



done. But not till four hours had been occupied in inflaming talk. As for the vote for many millions, no time was left to talk about it. Accordingly agreed to without comment or criticism.

AMERY struck note of Opposition criticism on Curragh affair by describing "how meanly the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR sneaked out of the position into which he so proudly strutted a few days ago." More of same genial kind of talk from benches near. But as debate went forward Members evidently became possessed of growing sense of gravity of situation.

It was the Labour Members who effected the change. For first time in life of present Parliament they with united front took the lead at a grave national crisis, representing without bluster the vastness of the social and political force behind them. JOHN WARD in weighty speech brought down the real question from flights of personal animosity and party rancour. It was "whether the discipline of the Army is to be maintained; whether it is to continue to be a neutral force to assist the civil power; or whether in future the House of Commons, representing the people, is to submit its decisions for approval to a military junta."

Warned party opposite that, the latter principle adopted, there will be no picking and choosing. The private soldier has his conscience as well as the commissioned officer. In cases of industrial dispute Tommy Atkins would find in speeches made to-day by noble Lords and hon. Members justification for refusal to shoot down members of his own class with whose position he had conscientious sympathy.

J. H. THOMAS, Organising Secretary of Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, put this in briefer phrasing when he said, "General GOUGH may feel keenly the Ulster situation. Tommy Atkins will feel not less keenly the industrial situation." House listened in significant silence to illustration pointing the moral. In November next four hundred thousand railway men will come to grips with their employers. If they do not obtain satisfactory terms they may simultaneously strike.

"If," their Secretary added, "the doctrine laid down by the Opposition in respect to Ulster is sound it will be my duty to tell the railwaymen to prepare for the worst by organizing their forces, the half million capital

possessed by the union to be used to provide arms and ammunition for them."

*Business done.*—Ominous debate arising on Ulster question. Army Votes rushed through without discussion.

*Wednesday.*—Sudden dramatic change in strained situation. Turned out that SEELY's guarantee to General GOUGH, accepted as satisfactory and followed by withdrawal of that officer's resignation, had not been fully brought to knowledge of the Cabinet. Learning of its concluding paragraphs only when yesterday he read type-written copy of White Paper published this morning, PREMIER sent for SECRETARY FOR WAR and repudiated them. SEELY, acknowledging his error, tendered his resignation. PREMIER declined to accept it. In view of all the circumstances he

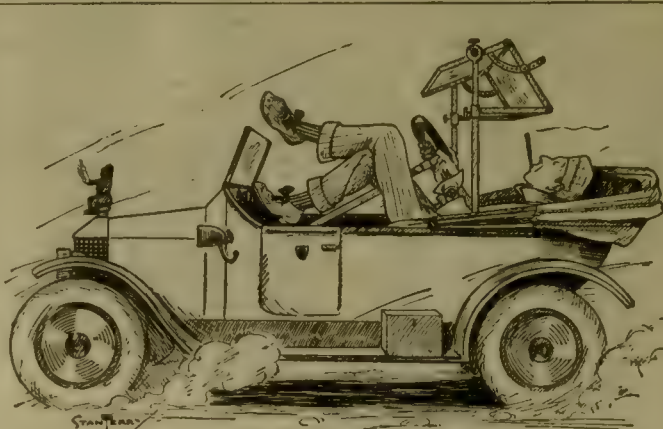
## CRUEL KINDNESS.

THERE was once a schoolboy who was caught fishing in forbidden waters. He knew that the penalty was a switching (old style), and his contemporaries were pleased to remind him of the fact. Five o'clock was the hour fixed for the interview. The boy was small for his age, but brainy. All day he studied how he might save his skin and disappoint his friends, and at 4.30 he repaired stealthily to his dormitory to make his plans. They consisted of a sheet of brown paper—all that remained, alas, of a home-made cake—two copies of *The Scout* and a chest protector, which had been included in his outfit by a solicitous parent. By means of the fatal fishing line he attached the combined padding to his person, then, stiffly resuming his garments, knocked at the dread portal as the clock struck.

The Head glanced down over his spectacles. The boy stood strangely erect, and his face was brave though pale. A cane lay on the table. The master's eye was sterner than his heart. His hand reached for the cane, but he replaced it in a drawer, and for twenty minutes the listeners in the corridor vainly pricked their ears for the accustomed sounds.

"Well?" they inquired anxiously when the victim reappeared.

"He only jawed me," replied the small boy; and



SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR CAR, WHICH, BY A SIMPLE ARRANGEMENT OF MIRRORS, ENABLES THE SUPER-NUT TO DRIVE IN THE SPECIAL SUPER-NUTTY POSITION.

"thought it would be not only ungenerous but unjust to take such action."

This strange story, told in two chapters, the first contributed by WAR SECRETARY, the second by the PREMIER, listened to with strained attention by crowded House. There followed debate whose stormy course occasionally rose to heights exceeding those scaled on two preceding days.

Only once was there manifestation of general hearty assent. Forthcoming when the PREMIER warmly protested against "unfair and inconsiderate attempts, not made on one side only, to drag into the discussion the name of the KING."

"His Majesty," he added, amid burst of general cheering, "has from first to last observed every rule that comports with the dignity of the position of a constitution sovereign."

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill, on which debate arose, carried by 314 against 222. Majority, 92.

he wept.

An "agony" in *The Daily Graphic*:

"Maud darling, did you see my last message? . . . Ada."

No, ADA, but she heard about it. Stick to it and you'll soon be down to twelve-stone-five again.

"In the Italian Chamber, on the 12th instant, there was only a majority of Bill. It is believed that the Giolitti Cabinet is tottering.—*Ostasiatischer Lloyd.*"

*North China Herald.*

Gulielmo's casting vote cannot save them every time.

"On his motor-trip he never met any cat travelling either without lights after dusk or on the wrong side of the road."

*Ceylon Observer.*

Our dogs may well learn a lesson from this.

"The bride carried a large bouquet of Harum lilies."—*South Staffordshire Times.*

This sort has two stalks, of course.





Mistress. "WHY HAVE YOU PUT TWO HOT-WATER BOTTLES IN MY BED, BRIDGET?"

Bridget. "SURE, MEM, WAN OF THIM WAS LEAKING, AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHICH, SO I PUT BOTH IN TO MAKE SURE."

### THE ODD MAN.

JONES is a man who is too topsy-turvy;  
Nothing is quite as it should be with Jones,  
Angular just where he ought to be curvy,  
Padded with flesh where he ought to have bones.

Jones is a freak who attends to the labours,  
Small and domestic, that make up the home:  
Pays all the calls and leaves cards on the neighbours,  
Leaving his wife to be lazy at home.

Does up her dresses without saying, "Blow it";  
Pays and forgets to say "Bother" or "Biff";  
Asks her to scatter the money and go it,  
Beams at her bills when the totals are stiff.

As for his daughters, he gives them their chances,  
Rushes them round to reception and fête;  
Takes them himself to their concerts and dances;  
Always looks pleased when they want to stay late.

Then he has meals which would make you grow  
thinner,  
Often absorbing with infinite glee  
Sponge-cakes at breakfast and crumpets at dinner,  
Whitstable oysters at five o'clock tea.

Next he loves laughter: that is, to be laughed at—  
Every way's right for the man to be rubbed;  
Grins when he's sneered at and jeered at and chaffed at;  
Wriggles with pleasure whenever he's snubbed.

Fiction, in short, in a million disguises  
Never created a crankier clod,  
More unaccountably made of surprises,  
More topsy-turvily fashioned and odd.

### CARPET SALES.

*(In accordance with the current announcements of the leading West-End houses, and with no reference to Anglo-Russian diplomacy.)*

Carpets of Persia fashioned on Orient looms—

Webbs which the craftsman's hand with a patient cunning  
Wrought through the perfect marriage of warp and  
woof—

Such as were laid, I imagine, in Bahram's rooms  
Where (since their removal) the lion and lizard lie sunning,  
And the ass, according to OMAR, stamps his hoof—  
Are selling off cheap, it is stated, for money down:  
*Oh, have you a remnant of Persia for half-a-crown?*

Carpets of Persia! (None of your home-made stuffs!)  
After long years on the loom and infinite labour,  
Piled in bales on piratical Arab dhows  
At Bunder Abbas, and brought by a crew of roughs  
(Each looking more of a cut-throat rip than his neighbour)  
Down Ormuz Strait through a series of storms and rows—  
Surely they ought to be bargains in London Town?  
*Oh, have you a remnant of Persia for half-a-crown?*

Carpets of Persia! Though not, perhaps, one of the best,  
Like those which adorn the Victoria and Albert Museum,  
Yet, since you assert that you're selling authentic  
antiques,  
I'd like to have one which the foot of a Caliph has pressed,  
Or one where the wives of a Wazir (I fancy I see 'em)  
Were won't to recline, curled up in their shimmering  
breeks,  
Or one whereon foreheads were rubbed before mighty  
HAROUN—  
*Oh, have you a remnant of Persia for half-a-crown?*



## A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—It has been brought to my notice that at a meeting you addressed recently in your constituency you referred to me, and in the course of your remarks you said that I had employed in the House of Commons the "blustering artifice of the rhetorical hireling." May I ask you for your authority for this statement? I can only hope that your reply will avoid any ambiguity, and for your further enlightenment I may inform you that I am annoyed.

I am sure I am acting as you would wish me to do in sending a copy of this letter to the Press.

Yours faithfully,

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON.

A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE, Esq.

SIR,—How like you to read an inaccurate report of my speech! The words I used—you will find them reported in *The Wastepaper Gazette* for that week—were as follows: "We must then take these statements of Mr. Thomson-Thomson to be nothing but the blustering artifice of a rhetorical hireling." You will, I am sure, appreciate the difference between the two versions. If you do not, I may add that I am prepared to endorse the opinion expressed in the accurate version and to raise the question in the House of Commons at an early opportunity.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the Press, as your reply will doubtless be irrelevant. Yours faithfully,

A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE.

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON, Esq.

SIR,—I have perused several reports of your speech, and with one exception they all agree that the word "the" was used and not the word "a." *The Wastepaper Gazette*, with which I think you are identified, is the only one which has printed your version of the speech, and I must therefore decline to accept your statement. Of course had the indefinite article been used it would have destroyed any ground for complaint. As you are attempting to evade the serious issue between us I can only conclude that your methods indicate the "blustering artifice of the rhetorical hireling." Unless I hear from you to the contrary I shall always maintain this view.

I have sent a copy of this letter to the Press. Yours truly,

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON.

A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE, Esq.

SIR,—My Secretary was much pained at your last letter. He has informed me of its contents. I can only say

that I am surprised that a statesman of your undoubted ability should exhibit such peculiar controversial methods.

The circumstances are not new. In 1911, in the House of Commons, I find that I formulated the same opinion of you in substantially the same words, yet no objection was then raised by you nor could any objection have been so raised.

Since your election your attitude on every question has been deplorable, and although I am of the opposite party I may say that in this view I am in no sense actuated by party feeling. This is a matter too serious for the bitterness of partisanship.

I repeat that in my opinion you have frequently employed the "blustering artifice of a rhetorical hireling."

Unless I hear from you within half-an-hour I shall send a copy of this letter to the Press. Yours faithfully,  
A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE.

P.S.—Could you oblige me by letting me know who was the originator of the phrase?

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON, Esq.

SIR,—You have totally failed to substantiate the serious charges you made against me, and I am sorry, for the sweetness of political life, that you have not had the courage or the fairness to withdraw them.

I am glad that we have been able to conduct this correspondence on the courteous lines which have ever characterised our public careers.

I have sent a copy of this letter to the Press. Yours faithfully,

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON.

P.S.—I do not know who was the author of the phrase. But I knew you couldn't be.

A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE, Esq.

SIR,—I have nothing to add to my last letter. Yours truly,

A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE.

P.S.—I purpose sending a copy of this letter to the Press.

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON, Esq.

Some idea of last week's Parliamentary crisis may be gathered from the following poster:—

CABINET  
SENDS FOR  
FRENCH

Our neighbours across the water were too busy with their own troubles to respond. Much better have sent for Germans. Their arrival might have pulled us together.

## SHOP.

(*Spring Thoughts by One in Trade.*)

When the new Spring is drawing near  
There always rises in my blood  
A keen desire to see the year  
Fresh opening in the bud.

From my tame task to wander free;  
For one brief day to get me gone  
To some sweet rural spot, and see  
How things are getting on.

So, when a rising glass invites,  
Off by the ready train I fare;  
How sweet are all the country sights,  
How fresh the country air!

Here every prospect has its charm;  
On every side I find a spell;  
There is a pleasure in a farm,  
And (almost) in the smell.

'Tis sweet to see the pretty lambs,  
To mark them as they frisk and jump,  
Or nestle round their anxious dams,  
So placid and so plump.

I hear the lark's ecstatic gush  
From his clear ambush in the sky;  
A blackbird (if it's not a thrush)  
Sings from a wood hard by.

I climb towards an open lea  
Whereon the goodly cattle browse,  
And oh, it does me good to see  
Such oxen and such cows.

And here and there an early calf  
Staggers about with weakling frame;  
It is a sight that makes me laugh;  
I feel so glad I came.

The orchard with its early pink  
(Cherry, I'm told) adorns the scene;  
While the horse-chestnut (as I think)  
Is well-nigh turning green.

So through the day I roam apart,  
And bless the happy dawn of Spring,  
Which thrills a butcher's homely heart  
With such sweet visiting.

But soon the light begins to fade,  
And I must quit these rural joys  
To labour at my daily trade  
Mid London's dust and noise.

Back to the buses and the trams,  
To think on Spring's recurring boon,  
Especially the calves and lambs:  
They will be ready soon.

DUM-DUM.

"Carpentier was getting to be a sorry sight at the finish. There was hardly anything to indicate that Jeannette had been in a 15-round glove-fight."—*Times*.

"All this Carpentier stood well, and quick as lightning at long range cut the mulatto's face to bits."—*Morning Post*.

We think our contemporaries are carrying their rivalry with each other too far.



THE CRAZE FOR SALARIED OFFICIALS—SOME SUGGESTIONS.



WHY NOT HAVE CONTROLLERS OF CONVIVIALITY TO CHECK OVER-INDULGENCE IN EATING



AND DRINKING?



OR WARDENS OF REPUTATIONS TO SUPPRESS SCANDAL



AND TITTLE-TATTLE?



OR CENSORS OF PHRASEOLOGY TO RESTRAIN BAD LANGUAGE?



BUT BEST OF ALL, MAKE EVERYBODY AN INSPECTOR OF OFFICIALS, SO THAT THE GREAT BRITISH PUBLIC CAN GET A LITTLE OF ITS OWN BACK.



## COUNTRY LIFE EXHIBITION.

## INTERESTING PROGRAMME.

ARRANGEMENTS have now been completed for holding at the Piscicultural Hall, Kensington, an exhibition, the aim of which is to impart instruction in the art of living in the country. Such assistance is of the highest value, since many persons otherwise capable enough are unable to manage rural ways at once or deal with even such ordinary difficulties as 'neighbours' visits, invitations to garden parties, dinners, &c., political confessions, the retention of servants, the lighting system, the Vicar's calls, and so forth.

## HOW TO KEEP SERVANTS.

On this most difficult problem lectures will be given by a practised chatelaine. Various different makes of gramophones will be on view, with a list of tunes most acceptable to the servants'-hall. The maximum possible distance of the house from the nearest picture palace has been worked out from illuminating statistics. Useful hints about followers may also be gathered here.

## CHURCH.

Not every one in the country goes to church, but none can escape acquaintance with the Vicar. Hints as to how to deal with him are freely offered, and a variety of excuses for non-attendance have been drawn, ranging from a headache to Quakerism. Also what to say when the Vicar meets you on Sunday morning with your clubs. A list of minimum subscriptions to all conceivable charities is on sale.

## LIGHTING.

For country householders who are at present burning oil, but think they would like an illuminant made of petrol or acetylene, a lecture will be given by an expert, who will examine all the myriad plants on the market and offer his opinion as to the least unsatisfactory. Diagrams of gardeners' burns and other injuries in a failure to master the intricacies of the engine are a popular feature. Also phonograph records of what certain gardeners have said, in various dialects, when told to tackle the new light.

## COUNTRY INN SECTION.

Everything necessary to the successful management of a country inn is on view here. Among the exhibits are a cup of coffee as prepared from coffee and a cup of coffee as served in a typical inn. By studying the two the inn-keeper may learn what is expected of him, and how to avoid the mistake

of serving coffee in which any flavour of coffee persists.

## POLITICS.

Here the settler in the country is on very delicate ground and in need of all his tact. As the exhibition lecturer will point out, he must, before avowing his own political creed, ascertain that of his landlord—particularly so if he has only a yearly tenancy. The chances are that the landlord is a Conservative. If the tenant is Conservative too, all is well; if the contrary—but we had better leave the details to the lecturer.

## NAMES OF FLOWERS.

A well-known horticulturist has invented a system by which the names of flowers can be taught in the shortest possible time, especially as the flowers have been carefully selected to exclude all but the fashionable. After only two lessons the pupil is in a position to lead a visitor through the garden and casually and accurately enumerate every delphinium and climbing rose in it. Suitable adjectives to apply to flowers are also provided.

## DOGS.

Models of the two chief different types of country house—those which the dogs may enter as they will, and those from which the dogs are excluded—are on view.

## WHERE TO LIVE.

A lecturer who knows every inch of the country within a forty-mile radius of London will discourse at intervals on the respective merits of each popular district. A list of the principal residents in each will be available, together with a computation of the chances of a newcomer being called on by any ladies with a title. In order to make this department really efficient the intending new resident must of course give true particulars as to his or her social history. Districts where new residents who have been in trade, always excepting wine and the motor industry, are not called on, are carefully marked on a special Social map.

## TAXIS.

A map of England, coloured to show where the tariff is 8d. a mile, 9d. a mile, 10d. a mile, and 1s. a mile, has been prepared.

## RAILWAYS.

A careful examination of the railways out of London has been made, with full particulars as to the speed of their trains, punctuality, cleanliness, warmth, week-end tickets and so forth. Also hints for doing the company by old

hands. Also character sketches of the station-masters at all likely stations.

## AEROPLANES.

In order that accidents due to falling airmen may be guarded against, a map has been designed for sale in the hall, showing those parts of the country over which flights are most common.

## OLD CHINA.

LITTLE Wun-lee's father, Nang-Poo, Let her do just what she wanted to do; Made her processions with peacocking banners

In the most regal and lavish of manners.

Little Wun-lee's father, Nang-Poo, Was a magician who lived at Foo-choo. Now if you possess a magician of cunning

Nothing you want should be out of the running.

Little Wun-lee had all sorts of things—Fly-away carpets and vanishing-rings, Djinn as her footmen, and gem-spraying fountains, And lovely snow-leopards from ghost-haunted mountains.

Little Wun-lee, combing her hair, Saw a blue butterfly float through the air—

Saw a blue butterfly flicker and settle On an azalea's rosy pink petal.

Little Wun-lee said: "By the MINGS, That for your fly-away carpets and rings!

Peacocks and palanquins? Powers and dominions?

I'll have a pair of blue butterfly's pinions!"

"Little Wun-lee," answered Nang Poo, "That's the one trick no magician can do;

Never did wizard of land, air or water Magic blue wings on a little white daughter."

Little Wun-lee, dainty and dear, Cried for a day and a week and a year— Cried till she died of a Thwarted Ambition, And nobody cared but Nang-Poo, the magician.

Little Wun-lee, little Wun-lee, He buried her 'neath the azalea tree; And the burnished blue butterflies flicker and hover, And the rosy pink petals fall lightly above her.

## A Bloodthirsty Critic.

*The Nation on Saint Augustin, by* LOUIS BERTRAND:

"The student of Church history will do well to take Dr. Bertrand's Life."





*First Sportsman (on the way home after dinner). "Hi! LOOK OUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!"*

*Second Sportsman. "LOOK OUT YOURSELF! YOU'RE DRIVING, AREN'T YOU?"*

*First Sportsman. "No, I THOUGHT YOU WERE."*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DOUBT if Messrs. ASQUITH, CHURCHILL, REDMOND, LLOYD GEORGE, or even Colonel SEELY have leisure these days for novel-reading, and, if they have, they might be reluctant to devote it to *The Ulsterman* (HUTCHINSON). It does not treat of their favourite subject and, so far from offering any solution of extant difficulties, adds yet another complication to the Home Rule question. Everything from revenue to religion having been discussed, no one but Mr. F. FRANKFORT MOORE has thought to deal with the love interest. What is to be done, the tale suggests, for the young lovers in the North whose families are loyal to different sovereigns? Ned was the son of a stalwart, if somewhat snobbish, adherent of His Majesty KING GEORGE THE FIFTH; Kate was the daughter of a would-be subject of the Divine DEVLIN, and things could never have gone well with them had it not been for the intervention of Ned's uncle, who had been so long out of Ireland that he had ceased to cherish any keen feelings in the dispute, and had been so used by his brother in the past that he was only too glad of the opportunity of spiting him by getting his son married to a Papist. But there are other cases, where no such facilities are at hand, and, if Mr. MOORE's picture is a true one, it must go hard with such couples. What is to be done for them? Are they to be told to wait six years and see? I hope not, for whatever they might see in the period could have no interest for them. This matrimonial difficulty is one, at any rate, which, as all must agree, even

that reputed panacea, the General Election, cannot be expected to cure.

I think I never met a book more "racily" written—in a special sense of the word—than *The Progress of Prudence* (MILLS AND BOON). Horses and hounds play so large a part therein as almost to be the protagonists; certainly they are the chief influencing forces in the development of the heroine, from the day when she attempts to purchase one of the pack, under the impression that they are being exhibited for sale, to that other day, some time later, when her own entry finishes second in the Grand National. You will notice that *Prudence* had progressed considerably during the interval. Her early ignorance was due to the fact that she had only just developed from a slum factory-girl into a landed proprietress. The father of *Prudence* had been a miser; and, when he died in the attic where he and the girl had miserably lived, he left her a fortune, and instructions to spend it on real estate. So Mr. W. F. HEWER starts us on a pretty problem—how, in these circumstances, will *Prudence* get on? Of course, she gets on excellently; and soon is as keen a rider to hounds and a judge of horseflesh as any in a neighbourhood where these accomplishments are held in high esteem. Equally of course there are men, nay lords, who fall under the spell of her attraction; but when I tell you that the groom-and-general-horse-master, whom *Prudence* engaged, and under whose tuition she so prospered, was a gentleman who had seen better days, you will probably have already guessed the end of the tale. This is reached after some scenes of pleasant humour



and sentiment, and after I don't know how many runs with hounds, given with a minuteness of detail that shows Mr. HEWER to be a practised master of his subject. The same remark applies to the various meetings at which *Prudence* (surely a little oddly named?) sees her colours carried to victory. Altogether a stablesque romance that should appeal irresistibly to its own public.

*The Making of Blaise* is Mr. A. S. TURBERVILLE's first novel, and it is easy to understand why Messrs. SIDGWICK AND JACKSON have drawn attention to this fact. For the work reveals a great ignorance of, or a supreme contempt for, the art of construction, and its theme is very hackneyed; but at the same time Mr. TURBERVILLE observes so keenly that I groan in the spirit when I think of so much labour misspent on a subject unworthy of his talent. Here we have a boy with the artistic temperament born into the house of one *Brown*, a Cheapside tailor with puritanical prejudices and the mind of a sparrow. He and his rather futile wife were enough to make anyone rebellious; but too much irony is spent upon them, and it would have been less difficult to sympathise with *Philip* if his parents' point of view had been more fairly stated. After many domestic frictions the son rushes away from London and lives a Bohemian life (extremely well described) on the Continent, until he marries a delightful and penniless wife. All the marks for charm go to *Athénée*, unless a few of them can be spared for their child, *Blaise*, who had, or so it seems to me, great trouble in thrusting his way upon the scenes. *Philip* and *Athénée* were going to do great things for their son, but unfortunately

both of them were killed while he was still a little child, and he had to be retrieved to the bosom of the *Brown* family. The change from freedom to rigorous conventionality did not suit poor *Blaise*, and I could not be very sorry when he annoyed most of the *Browns* by catching measles and petrified all of them by not recovering. Still, he lived long enough to get his name into the title, though this, I feel, was a bit of favouritism.

*The Way Home*, by BASIL KING (METHUEN), describes the spiritual wanderings of a New Yorker, *Charlie Grace*, destined for the ministry; rejecting it, because of his disillusionment through the practice of the professing Christians about him, in favour of a hunt for the money which alone he finds can earn respect; adopting in business the inverted Christian motto, "Down the other fellow before he downs you"; drifting in and out of loves clean and sordid; and finally, broken in health, discovering the way, through the bitterness of a deeper disillusionment, back to an estranged wife; and yet another way to somewhere near the faith of his childhood and the peace of resignation. Rarely is so serious a theme treated by a novelist with such simplicity, sincerity and eloquent reticence. Nobody need fear the dullness known as "pi-jaw." The story is full of interest. The characterisation, extraordinarily careful and balanced, is conveyed not only in description but in the

cleverly-constructed dialogue. It is part of the author's skill to represent *Hilda*, *Charlie's* wife, with her charming reserve and dignity, as not a little difficult and exacting, and so to divide our sympathies fairly between the two. There are many other living characters, of which old *Remnant*, the sexton, with his queerly American business notions of religion and dislike of the "riff-raff," is too nicely absurd and human not to have been drawn from life. There is very good stuff indeed in this book, which seems to me in every way an advance upon *The Street Called Straight*.

It is all a matter of taste. If you like that sort of book you will like *The Great Attempt* (MURRAY), for Mr. FREDERICK ARTHUR's story is quite good of its kind. But what sort of a book is it? Well, on page 31 one character says to another character, "Now listen. Thou knowest that there is some mystery regarding the heir to the estate. He is said to be in hiding abroad. The truth is that they have cheated him out of his inheritance and he can't do anything until he finds his papers." And yet it is not entirely that sort of book, for Mr. ARTHUR is evidently a thoughtful student of history, and he has drawn quite a vivid picture

of the events leading up to the battle of Culloden. His sympathies are on the side of the PRETENDER and his cause, and he can see nothing to approve of in the ranks of the Hanoverians. I am content to take his word for the rights and wrongs of the case. The whole matter leaves me a little cold. I have no actual grievance against the OLD PRETENDER, though BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE is one of my pet aversions; but I consider that enough fiction has been written

about him already. In the matter of subjects for novels I should like to institute an *Index Expurgatorius*. It would contain the two PRETENDERS, the French Revolution, the American Civil War, NAPOLEON, and most of the other well-worn names and events of history, and would remove a powerful temptation from the path of the young author. Missing heirs in search of papers I do not so much mind. Indeed, I am on the whole fond of missing heirs. But missing heirs with an historical background make me tired.

#### Doing the Hat Trick in Two.

"H. S. O. Ashington, who won three events last year, was expected to repeat the achievement yesterday. He figured in the hurdles, high and long jumps, and if he had not taken the high jump, which he won at 5ft. 8in., the probability is that he would have done the hat trick. His initial exertions, however, told against his hurdling."

*Daily News.*

Unfortunately the absence of them would have told still more against his high-jumping.

"Dr. John A. Bassin performed a surgical operation at Poughkeepsie, New York, on a boy whose heart was too weak to permit the use of an anaesthetic, and who was lulled into unconsciousness by the strains of 'Highland Fling.'"

To make this story more credible the *Singapore Free Press* heads it "DACOITS IN BURMA."



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

Enthusiast (to diner who has just told a good story). "WOULD YOU MIND REPEATING THAT? IT HAS BEEN SO WELL RECEIVED. I WISH TO ADD IT TO MY COLLECTION OF RECORDS OF GOOD THINGS."



## CHARIVARIA.

## "MR. ASQUITH CLEANS THE SLATE."

*Daily Chronicle.*

The pity is that so many of his followers seem to prefer to slate the clean.

Even *The Nation* is not quite satisfied with the Government, and has been alluding to "the extreme slackness of Cabinet methods," and complains that "situations are not thought out beforehand." The Government, apparently, is now taking the lesson to heart, for *H.M.S. Foresight*, we read, has now replaced *H.M.S. Pathfinder* in Belfast Lough.

What the newspapers describe as "An unknown Botticelli" has just been sold by a celebrated firm of art dealers to an American gentleman, and it only remains to hope that the painting was not unknown to BOTTICELLI.

"A telegram from Toledo," says a contemporary, "reports the theft of three valuable pictures by the celebrated artist, El Greco." There must be some mistake here. Anyhow, at the time of his death, a good many years ago, this gentleman was not under suspicion.

The Christian Endeavour Union of Washington, alarmed at the spread of luxury, has launched a society whose members pledge themselves to wear no finery during Easter. Those members who hide baldness by means of elaborate coiffures might carry the idea further by appearing, for one week only, with heads like Easter eggs.

Whether it is due to the Suffrage movement or not it is difficult to say, but women are undoubtedly coming into their rights by degrees. By the provisions of the new Bankruptcy Act it is now possible for any married woman, whether trading apart from her husband or not, to be made a bankrupt.

In connection with the "Kensington Camp Week," when an effort is to be made to raise sufficient funds to esta-

lish and equip headquarters for the Kensington Reservists, a full-sized elephant has been chartered to ramble about the principal thoroughfares and collect money for the cause. To ensure success the sagacious quadruped is to be trained to step accidentally on the toes of those persons who ignore its appeal.

A correspondent writes to *The Observer* complaining bitterly of the state of the morass leading to the Aerodrome at Hendon. This gentleman does not

that this does not mean that those who are not married ought to be.

An advertisement from *The Times*:—"BIG GAME EXPEDITION. Private and public shooting. Polar bears, musk oxen, walrus and seals arranged." This is not so easy as it sounds, for, ten to one, as soon as you have got the beasts arranged one of those plaguey musk oxen will spoil the whole thing by moving out of its place.

A remarkable story is being told of the sagacity of a horse belonging to Captain WATSON, of Ardow, Mull. It lost a shoe, and, managing to get out of the field where it was grazing, travelled a considerable distance to a blacksmith, who was astonished to find the horse standing in front of the door holding up a fore-leg. The horse was shod, and then—we are afraid the rest of the story makes ugly reading—coolly galloped off without paying.

"After the annexation of Alsace by Germany the baron stayed some years in Paris, and became an intimate friend of Chopin."

*Andover Advertiser.*

Never realising that CHOPIN had died more than twenty years before.

From a beauty specialist's advertisement:—

"How a poet of such a 'profound subtlety of instinct for the absolute expression of absolute natural beauty' as KEATS could have penned the lines:—

'Beauty is Fat, Fat Beauty. That is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know' must remain one of those unfathomable curiosities of the working of the human mind."

We hope the writer hasn't been bothering about it for long. The good news we have for him—that KEATS didn't—will remove a great weight from his mind.

"The bride's going away costume was of Parma violet cloth, with waistcoat effect, in brocaded silk. She wore, also, a large blue wolf, the gift of the bridegroom."

*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

Bride. "Of course, dear, one is bound not to look a gift wolf in the mouth, but are you *sure* the large blue ones don't bite?"



Nut (in car). "WHAT'S THAT, KID? 'WHY DON'T I KEEP ON THE ROAD?' WELL, THE SWEEP MUST BE DEAF—THE BALLY HOOTAH DON'T SHIFT HIM, AND—WELL, MY DEAR GIRL, THE CAR WAS CLEANED THIS MORNING!"

realise that there is a didactic purpose in the cause of his annoyance. Learn to fly and you will keep your boots clean.

A man has been sentenced at Barmen, Prussia, on three separate counts to terms of imprisonment totalling 175 years. It is proposed that all the proprietors of specifics for prolonging life shall be given a free hand to enable the prisoner to cope with his sentence.

All German actresses, whether married or single, are, in accordance with the ruling of the German Theatrical Union of Berlin, to be styled henceforth "Frau Schauspielerin," i.e. "Mrs. Actress." We are confident



## HOW TO GET ON OFF-HAND.

(A New Way With Employers.)

THE applicant for work is usually thrown into a state of nervous prostration by the difficulties that beset his task. By a perusal of the following hints he may learn to acquire an invulnerable calm, and if he follows the directions given he can reckon on surprising results.

Suppose the application is for clerical work.

When you are shown into the office of the employer he will probably be engaged with his correspondence. Do not stand meekly in front of him till he looks up and addresses you. This is playing into his hands. Instead, be perfectly at your ease. Make yourself at home. You might ring up one of your acquaintances on the telephone and have a little chat until the employer is disposed to interview you.

Possibly, however, he himself may be using the instrument. If so draw a seat to the desk and write any little note you may wish to. You will find writing materials handy. The stamps are usually kept in one of the small drawers to the right of the desk.

Either of these proceedings will show that you are used to an office and will create an impression on the employer. If you look at him you will see that it has done so.

If he stares at you and continues to stare, say pleasantly, "What a glorious sky this morning! I believe we are in for a long spell of fine weather."

At this he will probably grunt out gruffly, "Ugh!"

Sympathise with his tonsils. Recommend any simple remedy of which you have heard, or point out the advantages of several spots on the Sussex coast. Ask him where his favourite holiday resort is; whether he goes there alone or if he is married, and if so how many children he has. Ask if they are all well at home.

Remember politeness costs nothing.

This method of leading up to business is much better than the old one, in which you stand and are bullied by a man who has no sort of right over you except that he has employment to offer and you want it badly.

Therefore converse with him as if he were an equal, though possibly he may be your inferior.

He may not answer your kind enquiries, but look you up and down from the welt of your boot to your scarf-pin. All employers have learnt this method of scrutiny. They have learnt it from their wives.

This will flatter him, and these men are very susceptible to flattery. Also he will be led to speculate favourably upon the stylishness and extent of your wardrobe.

After this interval of mutual admiration you draw a chair to the centre of the room and say, "I believe you have a vacancy in the office? What is it

you want me to be? I presume you think of still managing the business yourself? I will gladly listen to your terms and we will discuss my prospects."

It is now his move. Lean back in your chair and light a cigarette, regarding him with a reassuring smile.

You will find that he will have listened to you attentively, looking hard at your face. As you finish he will push his chair back, rise and strut across the room.

Now is your chance to decide your fate one way or the other.

When he has gone a few steps produce your watch and exclaim in a mildly vexed tone, "How annoying! I had almost forgotten. I have another appointment at eleven. In the short time remaining at our disposal it is impossible to deal adequately with any offer you may make. May I propose an adjournment?"

The suggestion of independence thus delicately conveyed will usually have the desired effect and result in an immediate engagement.

Should the employer fail to be impressed he simply pushes the bell and you are shown off the premises with great promptitude.

"WANTED, strong Willing Girl, age 18, to wait on trained nurses and assist third housemaid upstairs."

Advt. in "Morning Post."

We should give the third housemaid one more chance and then, if she still can't get upstairs without assistance, dismiss her.

### Unrest in India.

"The handwriting appeared to be that of a young school student and the word 'Prosecutor' had been spelt 'Prosecuter.' The matter is under enquiry."

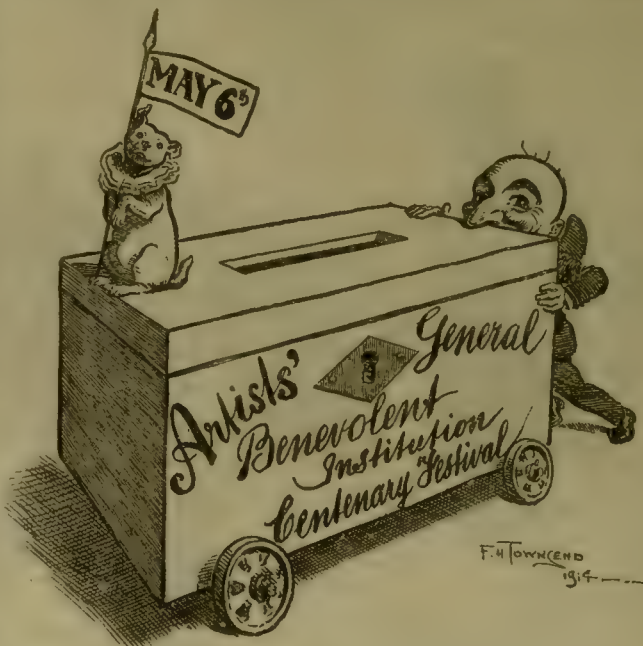
"Statesman" (Calcutta).

It is our earnest hope that this grave business will be sifted to the bottom.

## IN A GOOD CAUSE.

To Every Reader of "Punch."

DEAR READER,—H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT has consented to take the chair at the Centenary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution on May 6th. This Institution devotes itself to the help of artists who are in need through poverty, sickness or other ill-chance. As a lover of Art—and of men—I am in close



sympathy with this good work, and am to be represented at the dinner in the person of my Art Editor, Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND, who will act as one of the Stewards. I am appealing to my readers of their kindness to send something to swell his list, and so to help in making this Centenary a memorable year in the history of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Contributions addressed to Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND, "Punch" Office, 10, Boulevard Street, E.C., will be very gratefully acknowledged.

Your faithful Servant,

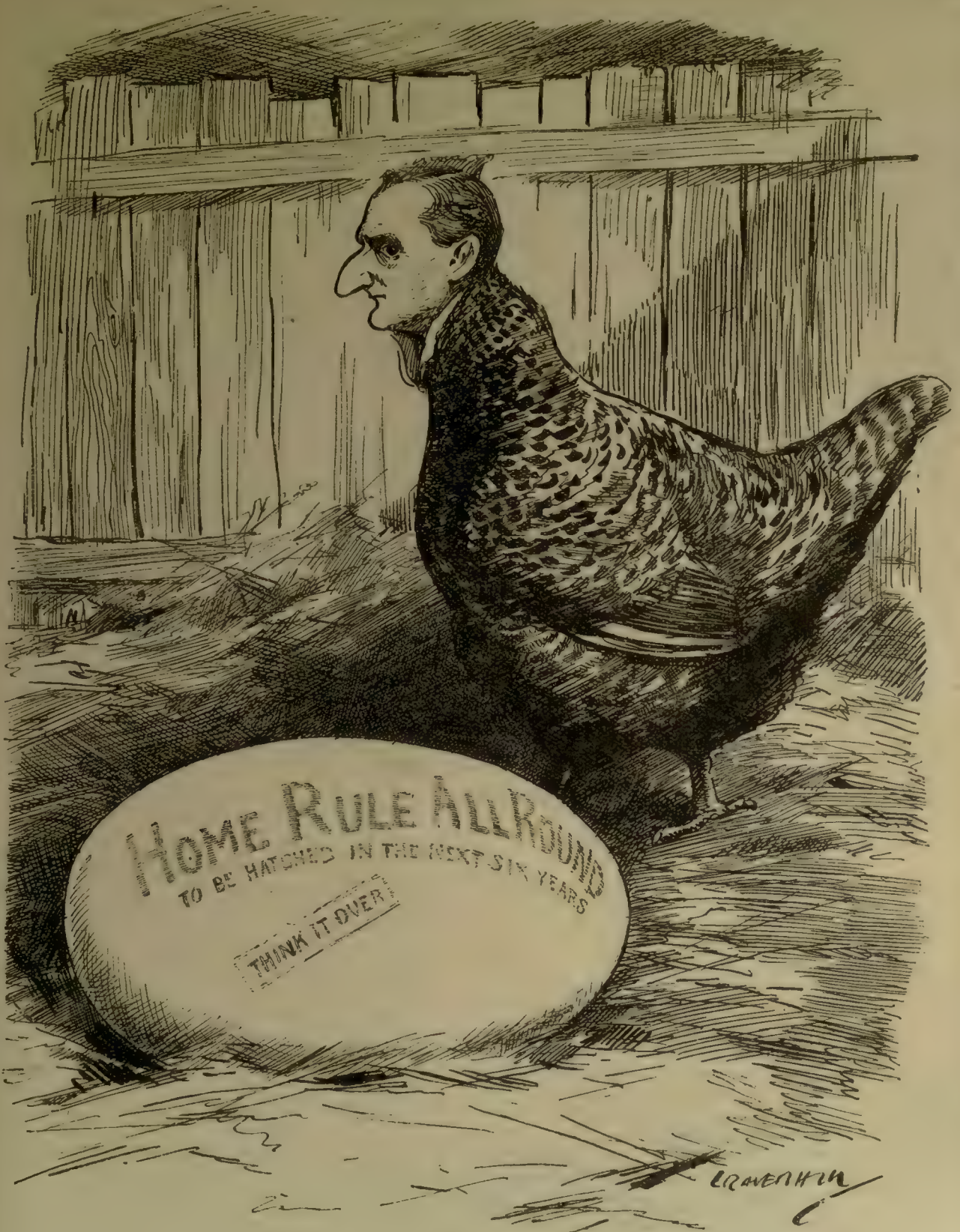
PUNCH.

Should he examine you in this manner, smile agreeably and walk a few yards to display your profile. Then change the angle and afford him a back view. Say easily, "This collar fits neatly, does it not?" or something like that.

Turning, you can show yourself pleased with his own style of dress.

"Excuse my mentioning it," you remark, "but your taste in neck-gear is exquisite. I have similar ties myself."





### AN EASTER EGG.

THE GREY FOWL. "A LITTLE SUGGESTION THAT I HAVE LAID ON THE TABLE—SO TO SPEAK."









Servant (relucted for bringing in a dirty cup). "FUNNY THING, MUM, I ALWAYS SEEM TO HIT UPON THIS ONE WHEN YOU HAVE COMPANY."

### THE MANLY PART.

(Reflections at the moment of "Moving in.")

THE house has burst a-bloom like CERES' daughter;  
The painters bicker and the plumbers flee;  
The H. tap in the bathroom gives cold water  
Endlessly, like the C.

All arts are being used to gild the tarnished,  
And exorcise old ghosts and spirits fled,  
And treacherous quags abound where boards are  
varnished  
And no man's boot may tread.

And none can tell me where my spats were taken,  
And decorators' coats adorn the pegs,  
And savour of new paint surrounds the bacon,  
New paint is in the eggs.

And huge men meet me and remark, "This dresser,  
Where shall we put it?" And of course I say,  
"Up in the bedroom;" and they answer, "Yessir,"  
But Marion bids them stay.

All right—I'll sit (the sole place where one *can* sit)  
And gaze upon these walls with wild surmise,  
And muse on all the things we've lost in transit,  
The socks, the gloves, the ties.

Here, where in time to come the firebeams ruddy,  
Falling on cosy chairs and bookshelves straight,  
Shall show to me my own familiar study,  
And Maud shall do the grate,

Here in this narrow carpet's sacred border,  
Girt by the wet distemper's weltering foam,  
I'll do my bit to set the house in order  
And make it seem like home.

Mere hackwork, doubtless, is the stuff for women,  
But mine to dissipate the dark has-been,  
Mine to remove what shades are clustered dim in  
Corners and coigns unseen;

To start the holiest rite of installation,  
And from the still-remembering walls to wipe  
All traces of a previous occupation—  
Briefly, to light my pipe.

Paint is no hall-mark of a decent dwelling,  
And moving furniture makes such a din;  
The master's part shall be the ghost-dispelling—  
That is where he comes in.

Forget not, while ye tramp with tread sonorous  
The unclothed stairs and catch my weed's perfume,  
That three mild spinsters had the house before us;  
This was their morning-room. EVOE.

A quotation in *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* of a  
verse of Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES' new poem ends like this:—

"From numbing stress and gloom profound  
Madest escape in life desirous  
To embroider her thin-spun robe.

[PARAGRAPH ADVERTISEMENT.]

'WHO'S THE LADY?'

Perhaps the POET LAUREATE will answer.



## THE BOOK-BUYER.

THERE was plenty to eat, the landlord said, if the commercial gentlemen made no objection to my joining their table; and such objection was very unlikely, since nicer gentlemen you couldn't hope to meet.

He then went off to put the point to them, and they seem to have been very charming about it, judging by the cordiality and courtesy of the welcome which I received. Being, however,

at the end of the table, I had but one neighbour, and he not a very communicative one, for, although he did at once lay down his knife and fork to tell me that the beef came from Scotland and was therefore more to be desired than the mutton, which was local, he said no more, and I was therefore left to eat in silence, my two *vis-à-vis* being engaged in a private conversation. Such little as from time to time I heard among the others was not much in my line, dealing as it did either with horses, Ulster, or Mexico; but suddenly a big man with a purple face and a signet ring as large as a carriage lamp plunged me into curiosity by remarking that he "never bought less than three two-shilling books a week, and sometimes four."

These being the last words I should have expected from him, for he looked absolutely the type that reads only a half-penny daily and a sporting sheet and puts in the rest of its leisure at gossip or cards, and as I am interested in people's taste in literature, I determined to improve his acquaintance and discover something as to his favourite authors; and again, as I made this resolve, I realised how foolish it is ever to expect the outside of a man to be any index of his mind. One never can tell, and one is always having further proof that one never can tell, and yet one goes on trying to tell.

Studying him in a series of glances, I set him down for a NAT GOULD man.

The arrival of coffee and the departure of certain guests (wisely, as it happened,) who did not want that curious beverage, relaxed the table, and I moved up to the brave buyer of books. He received me affably, and we exchanged a few remarks on those ice-breaking matters of no importance upon which real convictions are not

expected. Then, with a deft touch, I turned the talk to literature. "I suppose," I said, "with your long journeys you get plenty of time for reading?"

"Time enough," he said.

I continued by a reference to the advantages which we enjoyed over our fathers and grandfathers in the multiplicity of cheap books. "Those wonderful sevenpennies!" I said.

He agreed. He had often spent ten minutes at a junction in looking at them.

"So much better than the old yellow-backs at that figure," I said.

He was, if anything, more silent.

Clearly I must plunge. "Who is your favourite writer?" I demanded, point-blank.

"I haven't got such a thing," he said.

Here's a strange thing, I thought. I suppose he's one of those mechanical readers who go through a book as a kind of dutiful pastime and never even notice the author's name.

"But you read a lot?" I suggested.

"Me? Good gracious, no," he said. "I don't read a book from one year's end to the other. Papers—oh, yes; but not books."

I was staggered.

"But I thought," I said, "that I heard you say a little while ago that you never bought fewer than three two-shilling books a week, and sometimes more?"

His purple took on a darker richer shade, which I subsequently discovered indicated the approach of mirth. He began to make strange noises, which in time I found meant laughter.

For a while he gave himself up to chromatic rumblings. At last, able to speak, he replied to me. "So I did say," he said; "so I did say I bought three two-shilling books a week. But not books to read"—here he became momentarily inarticulate again—"not books to read, but those little two-shilling books of stamps in red covers that you get at the post-office. I don't know where I should be without them."

Shade of CARNEGIE!



—Burlington House—

*Injured Party (who has just been turned out of a public-house, explaining his little grievance). "Now, WHAT D'YOU SHAY, CONSTABLE? D'YOU THINK I'M INTOXICATED?"*

*Constable. "YES, I SHOULD CERTAINLY SAY YOU WERE."*

*Injured Party. "WELL, I'M QUITE WILLING TO BE ANALYSED."*

"And the shilling books," I said. "The more serious ones—'Everyman's Library,' and all that sort of thing. Most remarkable!"

He had noticed those too, but still he offered no views of his own.

I saw that he was one of the uncommunicative kind. Information must be drawn forcibly from him.

"And the two-shilling novels," I said—"they're wonderful too."

But his eyes did not light; his purple mask kept its secrets.

"The two-shilling ones," I repeated, with emphasis on the price. Hang it, how slow he was.

Still he said nothing.

## Musical Criticism.

"Sir John French had stultified himself singing the order."—*Irish Independent*.

Personally we sing it over to ourselves in the bath every morning—all except the last two paragraphs.

Messrs. BELL quote the following appreciative notice of one of their spelling books:—

"The spelling exercises, largely alliterative—e.g., 'A Beach-tree, a sandy beach'—are quite attractive, and once in the mind remain there."—*School Guardian*.

This attractive way of spelling "beech-tree" will not, we hope, remain indefinitely in the minds of our readers.





*First Clubman.* "WELL, HOW ARE YOU?"

*Second Clubman.* "ER—SO-SO, PERHAPS. LAST WEEK I THOUGHT I WAS IN FOR RHEUMATIC FEVER, BUT JUST MANAGED TO STAVE IT OFF, AND TO-DAY A TWINGE IN MY LEFT SHOULDER SUGGESTS—WELL, IT MAY BE NEURITIS OR——"

*First Clubman.* "MY DEAR CHAP, I DIDN'T MEAN IT LITERALLY."

### LIBERALS DAY BY DAY.

*March 23.*—During the course of a heated debate Mr. Joshua Dredgwood, M.P., said that, in spite of the Parliament Act, the House of Lords still dominated the situation. If there was a General Election next week it would be fought on a cry of the Proletariat against the Peers. The entire Liberal Party rose to its feet and cheered the speaker for seven minutes, waving hats, order papers and pocket-handkerchiefs.

*March 24.*—Answering a question put by Mr. Connor Shaw, the PREMIER stated that he had decided to retire from the House of Commons and lead the Party from the House of Lords. The entire Liberal Party was convulsed with irrepressible enthusiasm and cheered the PREMIER's announcement for nine minutes, many Members removing their collars and ties and waving them in delicious excitement.

*March 25.*—A reference to the Welsh Church Bill by a member of the Opposition elicited an epoch-making remark from Mr. Haydn Tooth, M.P. He said that the English Church blocked every

measure of social reform so effectually that unless it was immediately disestablished and every archbishop and bishop deported to the Antarctic regions civil war would break out in a week. All records were broken by the Liberal Party, who rose as one man and cheered Mr. Tooth's declaration for ten minutes, many Members standing on their heads and waving their legs with epileptic fervour.

*March 26.*—Immediately after Question time the PRIME MINISTER asked to be allowed to make a brief statement. Amid profound silence he stated that he had decided, with the cordial approval of his colleagues, to create a new Ministry of Public Worship, to be held by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and that he would himself assume the archbishopric on the following day. The frenzied delight of the entire Liberal Party on hearing this momentous announcement beggars description. The cheering lasted fifteen minutes, and when the vocal chords of the Members were exhausted by the strain they rolled about on the floor of the House for nearly half-an-hour.

*March 27.*—A tremendous impression was created by Mr. James Board, the Labour Member, during the discussion of the Plumage Bill. After observing that fine feathers might make fine birds he went on to say that lawn sleeves were no palliation of the assumption of dictatorial and autocratic powers. The entire Liberal Party cheered the statement for twenty minutes, and then continued the demonstration with mouth-organs and megaphones for close upon an hour and a-half.

*March 30.*—The PREMIER, bidding farewell to the House of Commons, announced that he had with infinite regret accepted his own resignation of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and would in future be known as Super-Archimandrite of the Isle of Man. The entire Liberal Party were still cheering the announcement when we went to press.

"Wanted, for country house, a good odd MAN, more outside than inside."

*Advt. in "Guardian."*

The oddness of one's outside is, of course, more apparent.



## ORANGES AND LEMONS.

## V.—THE GAMESTERS.

"It's about time," said Simpson one evening, "that we went to the tables and—er—" (he adjusted his spectacles)—"had a little flutter."

We all looked at him in silent admiration.

"Oh, Samuel," sighed Myra, "and I promised your aunt that you shouldn't gamble while you were away."

"But, my dear Myra, it's the first thing the fellows at the club ask you when you've been to the Riviera—if you've had any luck."

"Well, you've had a lot of luck," said Archie. "Several times when you've been standing on the heights and calling attention to the beautiful view below I've said to myself, 'One push, and he's a deader,' but something, some mysterious agency within, has kept me back."

"All the fellows at the club—"

Simpson is popularly supposed to belong to a Fleet Street Toilet and Hairdressing Club, where for three guineas a year he gets shaved every day, and his hair cut whenever Myra insists. On the many occasions when he authorises a startling story of some well-known statesman with the words: "My dear old chap, I know it for a fact. I heard it at the club to-day from a friend of his," then we know that once again the barber's assistant has been gossiping over the lather.

"Do think, Samuel," I interrupted, "how much more splendid if you could be the only man who had seen Monte Carlo without going inside the rooms. And then when the hairdress—when your friends at the club ask if you've had any luck at the tables you just say coldly, 'What tables?'"

"Preferably in Latin," said Archie. "*Que mense?*"

But it was obviously no good arguing with him. Besides, we were all keen enough to go.

"We needn't lose," said Myra. "We might win."

"Good idea," said Thomas. He lit his pipe and added, "Simpson was telling me about his system last night. At least, he was just beginning when I went to sleep." He applied another match to his pipe and went on, as if the idea had suddenly struck him, "Perhaps it was only his internal system he meant. I didn't wait."

"Samuel, you are quite well inside, aren't you?"

"Quite, Myra. But I have invented a sort of system for roulette, which we might—"

"There's only one system which is any good," pronounced Archie. "It's

the system by which, when you've lost all your own money, you turn to the man next to you and say, 'Lend me a louis, dear old chap, till Christmas; I've forgotten my purse.'"

"No systems," said Dahlia. "Let's make a collection and put it all on one number and hope it will win."

Dahlia had obviously been reading novels about people who break the bank.

"It's as good a way of losing as any other," said Archie. "Let's do it for our first gamble, anyway. Simpson, as our host, shall put the money on. I, as his oldest friend, shall watch him to see that he does it. What's the number to be?"

We all thought hard for several moments.

"Samuel, what's your age?" asked Myra at last.

"Right off the board," said Thomas.

"You're not really more than thirty-six?" Myra whispered to him. "Tell me as a secret."

"Peter's nearly two," said Dahlia.

"Do you think you could nearly put our money on 'two'?" asked Archie.

"I once made seventeen," I said. "On that never-to-be-forgotten day when I went in first with Archie—"

"That settles it. Here's to the highest score of The Rabbits' wicket-keeper. To-morrow afternoon we put our money on seventeen. Simpson, you have between now and 3.30 to-morrow to perfect your French delivery of the magic word *dix-sept*."

I went to bed a proud but anxious man that night. It was my famous score which had decided the figure that was to bring us fortune . . . and yet . . . and yet . . .

Suppose eighteen turned up? The remorse, the bitterness! "If only," I should tell myself—"if only we had run three instead of two for that cut to square-leg!" Suppose it were sixteen! "Why, oh why," I should groan, "did I make the scorer put that bye down as a hit?" Suppose it were thirty-four! But there my responsibility ended. "If it were going to be thirty-four, they should have used one of Archie's scores, and made a good job of it."

At 3.30 next day we were in the fatal building. I should like to pause here and describe my costume to you, which was a quiet grey in the best of taste, but Myra says that if I do this I must describe hers too, a feat beyond me. Sufficient that she looked dazzling, that as a party we were remarkably well-dressed, and that Simpson—murmuring "*dix-sept*" to himself at intervals—led the way through the rooms till he found a table to his liking.

"Aren't you excited?" whispered Myra to me.

"Frightfully," I said, and left my mouth well open.

I don't quite know what picture of the event Myra and I had conjured up in our minds, but I fancy it was one something like this. At the entrance into the rooms of such a large and obviously distinguished party there would be a slight sensation among the crowd, and way would be made for us at the most important table. It would then leak out that Chevalier Simpson—the tall poetical-looking gentleman in the middle, my dear—had brought with him no less a sum than thirty francs with which to break the bank, and that he proposed to do this in one daring coup. At this news the players at the other tables would hastily leave their winnings (or losings) and crowd round us. Chevalier Simpson, pale but controlled, would then place his money on seventeen—"dix-sept," he would say to the croupier to make it quite clear—and the ball would be spun. As it slowed down the tension in the crowd would increase. "*Mon Dieu!*" a woman would cry in a shrill voice; there would be guttural exclamations from Germans; at the edge of the crowd strong men would swoon. At last a sudden shriek . . . and the croupier's voice, trembling for the first time for thirty years, "*Dix-sept!*" Then gold and notes would be pushed at the Chevalier. He would stuff his pockets with them; he would fill his hat with them; we others, we would stuff our pockets too. The bank would send out for more money. There would be loud cheers from all the company (with the exception of one man, who had put five francs on sixteen and had shot himself) and we should be carried—that is to say, we four men—shoulder high to the door, while by the deserted table Myra and Dahlia clung to each other weeping tears of happiness . . .

Something like that.

What happened was different. As far as I could follow, it was this. Over the heads of an enormous, badly-dressed and utterly indifferent crowd Simpson handed his thirty francs to the croupier.

"*Dix-sept*," he said.

The croupier with his rake pushed the money on to seventeen.

Another croupier with his rake pulled it off again . . . and stuck to it.

The day's fun was over.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What *did* win?" asked Myra some minutes later, when the fact that we should never see our money again had been brought home to her.

"Zero," said Archie.

I sighed heavily.

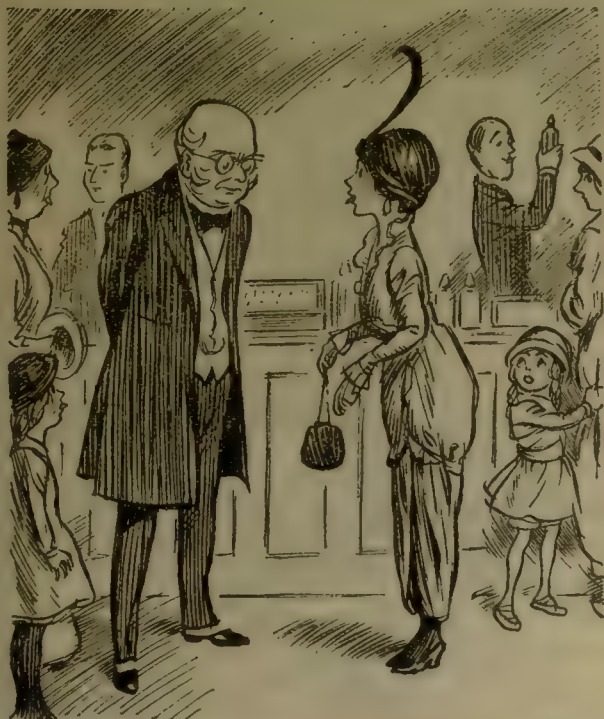
"My usual score," I said, "not my highest."

A. A. M.



## THE SUPER-STORES.

*(At a well-known Universal Emporium several Champions have been engaged to demonstrate the art of golf in the Games Department.)*



SIR GREGORY PILLKINGTON, M.D., F.R.C.P., ETC., ETC., WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE IN THE DRUG DEPARTMENT, WHERE ALL CUSTOMERS MAY EXHIBIT THEIR TONGUES FREE OF CHARGE.



IN THE ART DEPARTMENT, SIR WILLIAM DAUBER, R.A., WILL GIVE A DEMONSTRATION ON THE LAYING ON OF COLOUR TO EVERY PURCHASER OF A SIXPENNY BOX OF PAINTS.



A SPECIAL LINE OF DANCING PUMPS IN THE BOOT DEPARTMENT. Shopman. "I THINK YOU'LL FIND THEM FIT, SIR, WHEN THE FOOT HAS WORKED DOWN INTO THEM. WILL YOU TRY A TURN, SIR? MADAME PAVLOVINA, FORWARD, PLEASE!"



A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE GENT'S READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING DEPARTMENT WILL BE THE ATTENDANCE, DAILY, OF A SUPER-"NUT" (FROM THE GAIETY OR DALY'S), WHO WILL GIVE FREE ADVICE TO EACH PURCHASER OF EASTER OUTFITS.





Golfer (who has just been run over). "GEE! WHAT LUCK! THAT WAS A NEAR THING. THEY MIGHT HAVE BROKEN MY PET CLEEK."

### BALLAD OF THE WATCHFUL EYE.

["In this crisis the best we can do is to keep our eye on Mr. Asquith."—"The Daily Chronicle's" report of Lord SAYE AND SELE at Worthing.]

O KEEP your eye on DAVID,  
The demigod of Wales,  
Before whose furious onset  
Dukes turn their timid tails;  
Whom Merioneth mystics  
Praise in delirious distichs,  
And matched with whose statistics  
MUNCHAUSEN'S glory pales.

O keep your eye on WINSTON,  
And mind you keep it tight,  
For nearly every Saturday  
You'll find he takes to flight;  
Now eloquent and thrilling,  
Now simply cheap and filling,  
And now bent on distilling  
The purest Party spite.

O keep your eye on HALDANE,  
Ex-Minister of War,  
The sleek and supple-minded  
And suave Lord Chancellor,  
Whose brain, so keen and subtle,  
Moves swifter than a shuttle,  
Obscuring, like the cuttle,  
Things that were plain before.

O keep your eye on MORLEY  
(Well-known as "Honest John"),  
The peccant paragrapher  
Who still is holding on;  
But, though his strange position  
Excited some suspicion,  
We've CURZON'S frank admission  
Of joy he hasn't gone.

O keep your eye on LULU  
Who Greater Britain sways  
From distant Woolloomooloo  
To Nova Scotia's bays;  
Whose sumptuous urbanity,  
Combined with well-groomed  
sanity  
And freedom from profanity,  
Stirs DAVID'S deep amaze.

O keep your eye on BIRRELL,  
So wholly free from guile,  
Conspicuous by his absence  
From Erin's peaceful isle;  
Who wakes from floor to rafter  
The House to heedless laughter,  
Careless of what comes after  
Can he but raise a smile.

O keep your eye on MASTERMAN,  
Dear DAVID'S henchman leal,  
Whose piety and "uplift"  
Make ribald Tories squeal;

In every public function  
Displaying the conjunction  
Of perfect moral unction  
With perfect Party zeal.

Last, keep your eye on ASQUITH,  
And he will bring you through,  
No matter what his colleagues  
May say or think or do;  
For in the dirtiest weather  
He moulted not a feather,  
And safely kept together  
His variegated crew.

### The Siamese Twin.

"DERBYSHIRE.—To sell, handsome well-built and superbly finished semi-detached Mouse, containing two entertaining, six bed rooms, dressing-room, and excellent bath-room."—Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."

We had no idea a mouse had so much accommodation.

"It was our intention before now to say a kindly word for 'The New Weekly.' We trust we are not too late yet."

Westminster Gazette.

No. The paper after three weeks or so is still alive. But our green contemporary should have had more confidence in it.





## AN ASQUITH TO THE RESCUE!

WAR MINISTER (to PREMIER). "HOLD TIGHT! I'LL SEE YOU THROUGH!"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



## THE NEW "DEMOCRATISED" ARMY.

Certain officers having been guilty of the heinous offence of choosing one of two alternatives offered them by their superiors, it is now proposed to remodel our military system on democratic lines so as to leave no room for suspicion of political bias.

[Major RAMSAY MACDONALD, Field-Marshal the Baron BYLES OF BRADFORD, Lieut.-Col. Sir J. BRUNNER, Capt. JOHN WARD and Col. KEIR HARDIE.]

*House of Commons, Monday, March 30.*—Stirring quarter of an hour. For dramatic surprise Drury Lane or Sadlers Wells in palmiest days not in it with T. R. Westminster. Doors open as usual at 2.45. In a few minutes there was standing room only. Appointed business of sitting Third Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. Peculiarity of this measure is that through successive stages, each occupying a full sitting, no one even distantly alludes to its existence or provisions. Any other subject under the sun may, and is, talked around at length. To-day expected that opportunity would be seized by Opposition to make fresh attack on Government in respect of the Curragh affair and all it led to. Hence the crowded benches and prevalent expectation of a scrimmage.

A cloud of questions addressed to PRIME MINISTER answered with that directness and brevity that mark his share in the conversation. Questions on Paper disposed of, LEADER OF OPPOSITION asked whether Sir JOHN FRENCH and Sir SPENCER EWART had

withdrawn their resignation? Answering in the negative, the PREMIER paid high tribute to the ability, loyalty and devotion to duty with which the gallant officers have served the Army and the State. He added, what was regarded as foregone conclusion, that SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR had thought it right to press his proffered resignation.

Here it seemed was end of statement. Members expected to see PREMIER resume his seat. He continued in the same level businesslike tone:—

"In the circumstances, after much consideration, with not a little reluctance, I have felt it my duty, for the time at any rate, to assume the office of Secretary of State for War."

There followed a moment of silence. Effect of announcement, unexpected, momentous, was stupefying. Then a cheer, strident, almost savage in its passion, burst from serried ranks of Ministerialists. One leaped up and waved a copy of Orders of the Day. In an instant all were on their feet wildly cheering.

Meanwhile the PREMIER, apparently impassive, stood silent at the Table. When storm exhausted itself he quietly added that in accordance with law he would forthwith retire from the House "until, if it pleases them, my constituents sanction my return."

Demonstration of personal esteem and political approval repeated when, a few moments later, he walked out behind SPEAKER'S Chair. Again the Liberals, now joined by Irish Nationalists, uprore, madly cheering.

Following upon this unprecedented scene, SEELY'S personal statement inevitably partook of character of anticlimax. Entering while Questions were going forward, he passed the Treasury bench, where he had no longer right to sit, and turned up the Gangway, to find every seat occupied. He stood for a moment irresolute. CUTHBERT WASON, who has permanently appropriated third corner seat above Gangway (and portion of one adjoining), courteously made room for the ex-Minister.

SEELY'S brief statement, dignified in







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its simplicity, unexceptional in its good taste, listened to by both sides with evident sympathy. During two years' administration of War Office affairs, he has by straightforwardness, urbanity, and display of perfect command of his subject, increased the personal popularity enjoyed whilst he was yet a private Member.

*Business done.*—Resignation by Colonel SEELY of War Office portfolio announced. PRIME MINISTER takes it in personal charge.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—During last two days noble Lords been delighted with little by-play provided by Lord CURZON. Yesterday, he by severe cross-examination extracted from Lord MORLEY admission of personal knowledge of what are known as the peccant paragraphs in document handed on behalf of War Office to General GOUGH.

What troubled CURZON was apprehension that such admission must necessarily be followed by resignation. Regretted this for dual reason. First, House would be deprived of presence of esteemed Viscount on Ministerial bench. Secondly, and to the generous mind this consideration even more poignant, the secession of a Minister so highly prized would in present circumstances strike heavy blow at Government. Might even lead to break up of Ministry, dissolution of Parliament, destruction of Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills.

Under cross-examination MORLEY, whilst making clean breast of his share in incident that led to resignation of WAR MINISTER, said never a word about possibility, or otherwise, of his own retirement. CURZON's generous alarm deepened. Better know the worst if it were lurking in the back-ground.

"How comes it," he asked, "if the Government felt compelled to withdraw these paragraphs, and if the SECRETARY FOR WAR resigned, that we still have the good fortune to see the noble Viscount in charge of the Government bench?"

"The latter point," said MORLEY, "will be answered more or less satisfactorily to-morrow."

CURZON went home in state of profound depression. MORLEY, regardless of the comfort, even the safety, of his colleagues in the Cabinet, evidently meant resignation. Came down to-day,

his ingenuous countenance exhibiting signs of passage through an unrestful night.

"But," as he quaintly remarked to commiserating friend, "better have the tooth out at once."

Up again at first opportunity. Still harping on the Viscount.

"It is rather difficult to see," he remarked, "why, the SECRETARY FOR WAR having handed in his first resignation, we should still have been favoured with the continuance in office of the noble Viscount. . . The upshot of the incident is that Colonel SEELY has gone, while I hope the noble Viscount is going to remain."

Appeal irresistible. In response MORLEY explained that had SEELY

the former insistent upon House being made acquainted with Sir ARTHUR PAGET's report of what happened when he addressed officers under his command at Curragh on possibility of their being ordered to Ulster.

Here follows excerpt from official report:—

"Mr. CHURCHILL. The statement just made I make after having had an opportunity of communicating with Sir Arthur Paget. It is admitted that a misunderstanding on the point arose.

Mr. BONAR LAW. Rubbish.

Mr. CHURCHILL. Do I understand the right hon. gentleman to say 'rubbish'?

Mr. BONAR LAW. Yes."



Lord CURZON (to Lord MORLEY). "Must you go? Can't you stay?"

persisted in his first resignation his would have followed. When it came to SEELY's second resignation he felt bound to remain.

Distinction subtle. Possibly it was effect of wrestling with it that made CURZON look less joyous than might have been expected, seeing he had realised his disinterested hope, and a second, even more damaging, secession from a stricken Cabinet had been averted.

*Business done.*—In the Commons debate on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill resumed. Atmosphere significantly less stormy than heretofore.

*House of Commons, Thursday.*—The MEMBER FOR SARK, in pursuance of his favourite axiom that there is nothing new under the sun, calls attention to two conversations in which he discovers singularly close parallel in tone and temper. The first will be found in official report of Parliamentary debate. It took place between LEADER OF OPPOSITION and FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY,

The parallel that pleases SARK will be found in report of a conversation between Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Betsey Prig at what should have been a friendly tea-table in the home of the former. This was the historic occasion when Mrs. Prig declared her rooted belief in the non-existence of Mrs. Gamp's friend Mrs. Harris. For purpose of comparison it may be convenient to put what followed in the same form as official Parliamentary report:—

Mrs. Gamp. What! you bage creetur, have I know'd Mrs. Harris five-and-thirty year, to be told at last that there ain't no sech a person livin'! Go along with you!

Mrs. Prig. I'm agoin', Ma'am, ain't I?

Mrs. Gamp. You had better, Ma'am!

Mrs. Prig. Do you know who you're talking to, Ma'am?

Mrs. Gamp. Aperiently to Betsey Prig.

*Business done.*—Third night's debate on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill. Intended to divide. On urgent demand of Opposition division deferred till Monday.

"Then came the resignation of Mr. Asquith, which left the Ministry (temporarily) without its head. Hence another vacant seal in the Government Front Bench."—*Globe*.

To prevent self-consciousness among the Cabinet, the name of the Minister who looks like a vacant seal should be given.

"Mr. Bodkin, opening the case, described Hemmerde for the defence."

*North Eastern Daily Gazette.*

It is generally towards the end of a case that one wants to describe the opposing counsel in detail.



## PROOF

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO HAS  
ASKED FOR IT.

OF old, when in the dance's whirl  
Or crouched behind a friendly screen  
I fell in love with any girl  
(You know the kind of love I mean),  
I gave the credit to champagne—  
And breathed again.

When first we met, a more intense  
Emotion stirred me, I admit,  
But having dined at great expense  
I didn't like to mention it,  
For tribute seemed to Bacchus due  
As much as you.

But love that made a parish hop  
A sacred feast for both of us  
Burst into flame without a drop  
Of alcoholic stimulus;  
And love that thrives on lemonade  
Can never fade.

## REVERSIBLE RHETORIC.

(Being the unsigned MS., evidently of a leading article, picked up in Fleet Street last week. What the finder wants to know is—which side is it arguing for?)

## THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

OUT of the welter of mendacity, evasions and intrigue, for a parallel to which the records of this or indeed of any civilised country might be searched in vain, one fact has at last emerged clear and indisputable. The nation will learn this morning, with what feelings it is only too easy to conjecture, that a great party, a party which, despite its many political blunders, has at least a record for honourable if mistaken statesmanship in the past, has now stooped to the final and abysmal folly. Disguise the fact with what specious rhetoric they may, the truth remains that our opponents have deliberately endeavoured to tamper with a great national possession, and to make the British Army a tool in the game of party.

Incredible, nay unthinkable, as such a situation would have been till lately, who is now to deny it? If any doubt still remained, surely the venomous outpourings of those journals which support and encourage the machinations of "honourable gentlemen"—alas that the phrase should henceforth have to be in quotation marks!—on the opposite side of the House must by now have dispelled it. Beaten to their last ditch, and discredited even in that, it is now evident that the conspirators had determined to stake all upon one final throw. Fortunately the very desperation of the plot has proved its undoing,

and from the tremulous lips of the perpetrators themselves comes to-day a froth of vituperation and rancorous abuse that is the surest confession of abject failure.

Happily, however, there is a brighter side to the picture; signs are not wanting—and each hour, we are sure, will strengthen them—that moderate men in the ranks of our opponents are beginning to share our own indignation and dismay. Let but this spirit find its outlet and victory is ours. We say it in no petty strain of party

triumph, but the day of reckoning can obviously no longer be delayed. A gang of wholly reckless and unscrupulous political adventurers have sown the dragon's teeth in the wind; let the whole nation see to it that they are now forced to reap armed men in the whirlwind!

"Many a man whose courage would not respond to the spur of some huge burglar would die rather than be beaten by a wretched little collar stud."—*Times*.  
The only burglar we have ever met was (luckily) in the Infantry.



## AN ECHO OF SHOW SUNDAY.

(Proving that a humorist is never allowed to be serious.)

Visitor (after studying well-known humorous artist's classical Academy picture). "DELIGHTFULLY COMIC. TELL ME, WHAT IS THE JOKE TO THIS ONE?"



## AT THE PLAY.

"THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW."

ALMOST the last thing that you expect in a starting-price bookie is a strong penchant for poetry. It is true that I have before me, as I write, a Turf Commissioner's telegraphic code which contains some rather picturesque symbols. Thus "amber" is the code-word for £1; "heliotrope" for £20; "rainbow" for "win and 1, 2." Still I do not think it probable that if the author of this code should go bankrupt as a bookie—and this he is never likely to do as far as I am concerned—he would be able to retrieve his fortunes by taking up the profession of a publisher of poetical works. Yet this is just what happened, in Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE's play, with the firm of *Wilberforce Brothers*, Turf Commissioners. In the first Act we find them in such straits that they can barely scrape together enough petty cash to satisfy the demands of a Water-Rate Collector, insistent on the door-step. In the next Act, a year later, they are all flourishing like green bay-trees as a firm of Poetry Commissioners trading under the name of *The Lotus Publishing Company*. This amazing result they have achieved by foisting on the office typewriter—*très gamine*—the poetical output of one of their own number, and exploiting her as a prodigy under the auspices of a patron of the arts—one Lord Glandeville. How this Mæcenas, this connoisseur in taste, was ever imposed upon by the masquerading of such incredible types, and how they could have amassed all that wealth by the publication of serious poetry, the most notorious of drugs on the market—these are among the "things" that we should all "like to know" in case our own professions should fail us.

What worried me most was that Mr. HOFFE should have so poor an idea of my intelligence as to suppose it possible to impart an atmosphere of probability to a scheme that was pure farce. Yet that was what he tried to do; he wanted me to believe that I was assisting at a comedy. There was no knock-about business; nobody entered the room with a somersault, tripped over a pin or hung his hat on the scenery. They all behaved as if they were presenting us with what is known as a human document, to be regarded *au grand* (or, at worst, *au petit sérieux*). The fun—and there were some very pleasant touches—was not so much the

fun of a huge and preposterous joke, but rather the humour of character or incidental detail. The part of Lord Glandeville, who might have been made the most ridiculous butt of imposture, was treated quite solemnly. Indeed, our sympathies were provoked for a man whose finest instincts had been trifled with; who had been suffered to fall in love with the poet-soul of a girl only to find that she was the tool of a gang of rogues. One of them, *Dick Gilder*, might tell him that he (*Glandeville*) was an egoist and that he ought to have fallen in love with the girl's body, as he (*Gilder*) had done, instead of her supposed soul; but that did not



POETRY COMMISSION-AGENTS FINDING A BACKER.

Lord Glandeville .. ..	Mr. VANE-TEMPEST.
Brabazon Todd .. ..	Mr. HENRY WENMAN.
Richard Gilder .. ..	Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.

help matters much, or prevent our feeling that this treatment of *Glandeville* was no matter for laughter. And when I go and see a production of Mr. HAWTREY's I want matter for laughter and nothing else.

The best individual performances were those of Mr. LYSTON LYLE—really excellent as a soldier of fortune—and Miss HELEN HAYE as Lord Glandeville's aunt who lays herself out to defeat the matrimonial designs of the prodigy. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY was not perhaps at his very best as *Dick Gilder*. He wore an air of detachment and indulged his old habit of looking over the heads of his stage-audience. He had too many set speeches and was not always quite sure what word came next. Still his mere presence is always irresistible.

As Lord Glandeville, Mr. VANE TEMPEST, most admirable of buffoons, must have longed to be allowed to make us laugh, but solemnity was his order of the day and he carried it out like a hero. As for Mr. WENMAN, who played the partner that introduced Lord Glandeville to the rest of the "Lotus Publishing Company" (though how that refined nobleman ever made the acquaintance of such a rough diamond is another of the "things we'd like to know"), his face is a gift and he used its mobility to good purpose.

Finally, Miss DOROTHY MINTO, as Dorothy Gedge, typewriter (with the *nom de guerre* of *Gedage*), was a little angular, and the motive of her spasmodic excursions across the stage was not always apparent. But she was extremely funny in her inimitable way when she had a chance of exhibiting the unreasonableness of her selection as a mouthpiece of the Muses. At the end, when she wonders if she could have been happy with *Glandeville* and knows that she would be happy with *Gilder*, she showed an extremely pretty vein of sentiment. And here, too, I must heartily compliment the author on a scene which threatened to be commonplace and tedious, but was handled with a most engaging freshness and a very unusual sense of what was just right and enough. O. S.

### ARGUMENTUM AD FEMINAM.

ONCE, unless the tale's a myth,  
Chloe danced mid rustic song  
Indefatigably with  
Amorous Damon all day long.  
This was all the joy she knew  
(Quite enough, no doubt), and  
yet,

Phyllis, when *you* gambol, *you*  
Rather gamble at roulette.

Simple 'twas in suchlike days  
Wooing Chloe. Now, alas,  
You've no taste for simple ways,  
Much prefer green baize to grass.  
Fled your interest in swains;  
Nothing for my sighs you care;  
All your joy is little trains,  
Oddly dubbed "chemin de fer."

Phyllis, if your fixed intent  
Is that you forsake the dance,  
Quit Arcadian merriment  
For exciting games of chance,  
I've the best of 'em by heaps:  
Come with me, my dear, and call  
At the Registrar's; he keeps  
One big gamble worth them all.



## CON.

CON was the conjurer of the king  
Ere the coming of Padraig Mor,  
And a wand he had, and a golden ring,  
And a five-prong crown he wore;  
And his robe was trimmed with  
minever—

His robe of the royal blue,  
For Con was the wonderful conjurer  
In the days when the tricks were  
new.

He could pick a rabbit from out of a  
poke  
Where never had rabbit lain;  
He could pulp your watch like an egg's  
red yoke  
And could give it you whole again;  
And the king he laughed, "Ha-ha," he  
laughed,  
Till they thumped on his back anon;  
And the other magicians went dancing  
daft  
To see the magic of Con.

Now Con he climbed on a moonbeam  
grey  
To the dusk of the gol's great shop,  
And he stole the Elixir of Life away,  
And he drank it, every drop;  
He poured the draught in a golden cup  
On a wonderful day that's gone,  
And he swilled it round and he tossed  
it up,  
And that was the curse of Con.

And the old king died at ninety-six  
And his son he reigned instead;  
But Con he conjured the same old  
tricks,  
And his hair crow-black on his head;  
And the new king died, and another  
king,  
And another king after he,  
But Con went on with his conjuring  
The same as it used to be.

When the fifth king came (he was long  
of limb  
And a hasty man) he swore,  
When Con he conjured his tricks for  
him,  
And he kicked Con through the door;  
For that's in the songs the minstrels  
sung,  
And thus is the story told,  
For "Con," said the king, "you're none  
so young,  
And your tricks are plaguery old!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Now Con he tramps from shire to shire,  
And he must till the crack of doom;  
He takes the road in the dust and mire,  
And he sleeps in the windy broom;  
He's no address and he's no abode,  
And his jacket's the worse o' wear;  
And I've met him once on the Ports-  
mouth Road,  
And once at a Wicklow fair.



Retired M.F.H. "AND WHEN WE CAME TO THE SEVENTEENTH, JUST AS I WAS GOING TO DRIVE, WHAT SHOULD I SEE BUT AN OLD DOG FOX STARING AT ME OUT OF THE HEDGE!"  
Sympathetic Friend. "YE-E-E-S?"  
Retired M.F.H. "NOW, DON'T YOU THINK THAT WAS A MOST REMARKABLE THING?"  
Sympathetic Friend. "WELL, YES, I SUPPOSE IT WAS; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GOLF."

When the roundabouts and the swings  
are slow  
And a conjuring chap draws near,  
And there's nothing about his mug to  
show—  
That it's seen five thousand year  
(For that's the way that the songs  
were sung,  
And thus is the story told),  
You'll know it's Con and he's none so  
young  
For his tricks are plaguery old.

From a list of new books:—  
"Woman and Crime (Adam)."

Well, he ought to know.

From a pamphlet on "The 'King's  
Own' Mission":—

"MADAM ADA BACON,  
SOLOIST FOR EASTER SUNDAY EVENING.

Please send some eggs."

The writer has been carried away by  
the association of ideas. The singing  
will not really be so bad as that.

Two conflicting announcements from  
The Observer:—

"VILLA'S VICTORY.  
FOUR DAYS OF FURIOUS FIGHTING."  
"HOW THE VILLA WERE BEATEN.  
LIVERPOOL'S SUPERIOR PACE."



## EXILE.

"AND how long," said the lady of the house from behind her rampart of breakfast things, "shall you want to be away?"

"Away?" I said. "Who said anything about being away?"

"Well," she said, "if you want to go to all these annual dinners and things you'll have to go to London, and if you go to London you'll have to be away from here."

"Plato," I said, "'thou reasonest well.' Helen, pass me the butter."

"Why deny it, then?" said Helen's mother. "If you're going to be away you're going to be away, and there's an end of it."

"You're wrong there," I said. "There isn't an end of it. I can go away and come back on the same day. By the last train, you know. The last train is intended for that very purpose."

"What very purpose?"

"For coming back by the last train. That's what it's there for. Fathers of families who come back by it sleep in their own beds instead of sleeping in strange beds in clubs or hotels. Let us sing the praises of the last train. Rosie, push over the marmalade, and don't upset the spoon on the table-cloth."

It is not easy to converse with marmalade in one's mouth. I did not make the attempt, so there was a short pause in the argument. It was resumed by the lady of the house.

"You'll lose a lot of sleep, you know," she said. "The last train doesn't get you here till one o'clock in the morning."

"No matter," I said, "I can bear it. The thought of meeting my family at breakfast will sustain me."

"But you never do meet us. After a last train night you're always half-an-hour late, and by that time the girls are gone."

"But you remain," I said. "To see you pouring out coffee is a liberal education in patience."

"But it's tepid coffee."

"I like tepid coffee as a change."

"And the eggs and bacon are cold."

"Pooh!" I said. "There is always the toast."

"And the toast is limp."

"If," I said, "you are so sure of these discomforts why not order me a fresh breakfast?"

"And that," she said, "will make work for the servants."

"Work," I said, "is for the workers. Besides the cook will like me to show an independent spirit."

"The nature of cooks," she said, "is not one of your strong points. No, I am sure you will do better to stay in London."

"But I can give up my dinners," I said.

"And do you think I could ask you to make such a sacrifice? Old friends whom you meet only once a year! Certainly you must go."

"But——"

"If you don't turn up they'll put it down to me, and that wouldn't be fair."

"I don't know," I said, "why you are so keen on my staying in London. There's something behind this—something more than meets the eye."

"Nonsense," she said, "it's only your comfort; but men never can be reasonable."

"Dad," said Helen to Rosie, "is going to have a holiday given him."

"Yes," said Rosie; "but he doesn't seem to want it very much."

"And it's not going to be a very long one," said Peggy, who generally supports my side of the battle.

"And we'll do his packing," said their mother; "won't we, girls?"

"Hurrah!" said Peggy.

"Peggy," I said, "I am sorry to cast a cold shower on your enthusiasm, but there are limits. You and your mother are great and undeniable packers, but your ways are not my ways."

"Anyhow," said Helen, "we should do it better than Swabey."

"No," I said, "you would do it worse. Swabey has his faults, but I know them. He always forgets white ties and handkerchiefs, but these I can buy, borrow or steal. You would forget white shirts and dress trousers, which mean nothing to you, but are all the world to me. Swabey packs my shaving-brush and my safety razor into my dress shoes, where I come upon them eventually. You would leave them out altogether. I am grateful to you all for your generous offer, but Swabey shall do my packing—that is if I go."

It is unnecessary to say that I went. The dinners were, as usual, a great success. We all became young again in our own eyes, and on the whole I was not sorry to have a bedroom in London. But why had it been forced on me against my will? The reason will appear in a letter from Peggy which I received on the second morning of my compulsory freedom:—

"DEAREST DAD,—We are getting on alright. The maids are new in the library and everything has been put somewhere else. A lot of your papers got blown about, but we ran after them and got most of them. Our meals are in your den. Their going into the dining room directly. The dust is dreadful and the dogs don't like it. It is a spring cleaning with love from your loving

PEGGY."

R. C. L.

## LAID.

HE was no commonplace suburban spook

Content to rap on table-tops; he cherished  
The memory of days when at his look

Princes and peers incontinently perished;  
Stuck in his heart a jewelled knife dripped red;  
Flames had been known to issue from his head.

The Moated Grange, now ruinous and drear,

He roamed, constrained to bitter self-effacement,  
Until one midnight his enraptured ear

Detected mortal accents in the basement.  
Downstairs he crept; beside the cheerless grate  
Sat four or five old men in keen debate.

Softly he chuckled, "Here's a bit of luck!"

And beat a warning rattle on his tabor  
That once had made the stoutest run amok;  
Then each old boy sat up and nudged his neighbour;  
Calm and collected round the chimney-piece  
They showed no sign of imminent decease.

In vain he practised all his horrid lore

And rolled his eyes and beckoned with distort hand;  
In vain his dagger dripped with gouts of gore,

They only beamed and took a note in shorthand;  
When in despair he loosed his flaming jet  
One smiled and lit therefrom a cigarette.

That was the end! With agonising shriek

He turned and fled, the spectral perspiration  
Dewing his brow and coursing down his cheek;

Fled, and was lost to man's investigation  
(For full discussion of his little tricks  
See Psychological Research Reports, vol. vi.).





Country Host. "I HOPE THE OWLS DIDN'T DISTURB YOU LAST NIGHT, LADY JENKINS?"

Wife of Local Mayor. "LAW BLESS YOU, NO! I DIDN'T 'EAR ANYTHING, WHICH DOG-WAS IT?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HAS Mr. W. J. Locke's hand—the hand that created vagabond *Paragot* for tears and laughter, and the resourceful *Aristide*—has it lost its particular cunning that he should begin his romance of *The Fortunate Youth* (LANE) in a mood of heavy and misplaced facetiousness, and drift by way of Family Heraldry into an atmosphere of sham politics and a bright general glow of ineffectual snobbery? *Paul Savelli*, the fortunate youth, with his incredible beauty, his dreams, his accomplishments beyond all discernible cause, his faintly Disraelian airs, never once carried me out of my chair. And to what other end is romance ordained? Nor did his Princess, with her mastery of the easier French idioms; nor *Barney Bill*, the kind-hearted stage-tramp. Indeed, I found Mr. Locke constantly making statements about his people that were not substantiated, as about *Ursula Winewood*, the egregiously competent, the *confidante* of troubled ministers, bishops and generals. *Jane* alone, an early simple friend of *Paul*, I found credible and charming, and thanked heaven for her sake that *Paul* married his Princess. It is indeed a romance gone wrong. Perhaps it is a more difficult thing plausibly and readily to sustain one's fancy in a modern setting, with modern folk, than in the fair realm of Tushery with rapier-wielding demigods. Yet I think that the dead HARLAND and the living HOPE (himself no mean Tusher) might have brought off their *Paul*. As a matter of fact, so I believe could Mr. Locke; that is just the pity of it. I merely record the fact that he has not done so.

There are, of course, short stories and short stories. On

a perusal of those that Mr. RICHARD DEHAN has collected in volume form under the title of *The Cost of Wings* (HEINEMANN), I am bound to record my conviction that most of them are profoundly unworthy of the author of *The Dop Doctor*. Few of them even aspire to anything beyond "first serial" quality; and though there is often present a certain easy flippancy of phrase it impressed me only as the crackling of thorns in a pot-boiler. Perhaps the best is the first or title tale, which tells of a young wife goaded to hard words by her constant anxiety for an aviator-husband. There is some genuine feeling here; but the climax, in which the pair decide only to fly in company, was dangerously like the end of a stage duologue. Moreover, so swift now-a-days is the flight of time—or the time of flight—that aviation stories very soon come to sound antiquated. Still, after all, there is at least plenty of variety in this volume, and it will be hard if, in a collection of twenty-six brief tales, you do not come upon something to your individual taste. But one word of gentle protest. I fancy the stage has at last agreed upon a close time for supposed infants, against whose arrival from India nurses and rocking-horses are engaged, and who turn out on appearance to be young persons of mature years. Well, I am convinced that it is high time for a similar prohibition in fiction. Mr. DEHAN at least has proved himself far too clever for me to tolerate this threadbare theme, not very illuminatingly treated, from his valuable pen.

Mr. Anthony Venning was a young man of remarkable tact. Taking advantage of his position as a consultant engineer, at the beginning of *The Sentence Absolute* (NISBET), he pocketed an advance commission for recommending the tender of a certain firm of contractors to the Welsh



mill-owner who was employing his professional services. Whether this practice is common amongst engineers, as the authoress would seem to suggest, I cannot say, but at any rate it was hardly to be expected in the circumstances that *Mr. Venning* should not fall in love with *Mr. Powell's* extremely beautiful daughter, or that the boilers in *Mr. Powell's* mill should hesitate in the fulness of time to explode. But the lover had the native good sense to be present at the moment of the inevitable catastrophe and to be the only person seriously damaged; and since it was his first real lapse from the paths of rectitude, and he was otherwise amiable, athletic, presentable and brave, who shall complain if, after confessing in a manly way and being put into a state of thorough repair, he found happiness in the end? Miss MARGARET MACAULAY tells her story in a pleasant enough way, and describes with some skill its idyllic setting (for *Mr. Powell* was first a country squire, and only secondly a manufacturer); but since she neither indulges in satire, social and economic speculation, nor any pretence of subtlety in psychological probings, there is a curiously old-fashioned air about her novel. And when

I mention that *Mr. Venning* and *Miss Powell* were actually cut off by the tide on a treacherous reef of the Cambrian coast it will be realised that *The Sentence Absolute* is a book for one of those softer moods in which we do not desire to be startled or stung to profound meditation on the meaning of life.

I hope that Mr. VAUGHAN KESTER, author of *John o' Jamestown* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is innocent of intent to do the dreadful thing that he has done. With the book itself I have no fault to find; it is quite a good historical novel, and tells with a fair amount of excitement the story of *Captain John Smith* and the early settlers in Virginia, not omitting *Pocahontas*. Mr. KESTER's crime consists not in his novel, but in the fact that he has probably plunged America into all the horrors of a new outbreak of historical fiction. A few years ago every adult in the United States was writing historical novels. Those were the black days at the beginning of this century, still spoken of with a shudder from Maine to Tennessee. Gradually the horror spent itself; the country became pacified. Except for an occasional sporadic outbreak, the plague was stamped out. It got about that the historical novel was "a dead one," and young America turned to something else. Now you begin to see what Mr. KESTER has done. While Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON are publishing *John o' Jamestown* over in England, another firm is flooding the States with it. Mr. KESTER is a confirmed "best-seller" on the other side of the Atlantic. Probably his American publishers have issued a first edition of a hundred thousand of this story. The result may be imagined. Wild-eyed literary agents will carry the fiery cross throughout the country, crying that the historical novel is not dead after all, that there is still money in it; and thousands of estimable young men who might have been turning out quite decent stories of American life will thrust paper into their typewriters and begin, "Of the days when I followed my dear

lord through many a hard-fought fray it ill becomes me, plain rude man that I am, to speak . . ." And it will be Mr. KESTER's fault. It would not matter so much if the great army of American writers could do the thing even half as well as he has done it in *John o' Jamestown*; but they cannot. I know them, and that is why a great trembling runs through me so that I can scarce hold my pen to complete this review.

The name of Mr. GORDON GARDINER is unfamiliar to me; but I have little doubt that if *The Reconnaissance* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is a first novel its author will improve upon work that struck me as at present somewhat ingenuously conventional. There are two parts to the tale; the first shows how *Leslie* earned popular applause and the V.C. by remaining with a wounded comrade whom he was actually too frightened to leave. That was a good beginning, and I said to myself that Mr. GARDINER was of the right stuff; he had a vigorous, incisive style that suited well the matter of pain and anguish that he had in hand. But, alas! in its hours of ease the story became much more uncertain. All

the characters, including the involuntary hero and the man he rescued (now a lord), turn up at an hotel on the Lake of Como. There is some mild word-painting that may remind you pleasantly of pleasant places; and a disproportionate potter because in one of the sudden lake storms *Leslie* dashes for shelter into what he supposes to be his own bedroom (actually the heroine's) and is imprisoned there by the sticking of a shutter. An awkward incident, of course, especially as it occurred in the dead of night, but scarcely enough to make half a novel out of.



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

THE MAN WHO TAKES EVERY OPPORTUNITY OF ADDING TO HIS GALLERY OF HATS OF FAMOUS MEN.

Naturally, in the end *Leslie* owns up about the heroism, and goes away to justify his unearned credit upon the stricken field; but I am afraid I must confess that the prospect of his return left me indifferent. I understand that *The Reconnaissance* originally appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*; this being so, the persistence with which its characters quote extracts from *The Times* savours almost of filial ingratitude. Seriously, the first part of the novel was a promise which the second left unfulfilled. Mr. GARDINER is still in my debt.

#### TO THE CABINET.

(Suggested by a recent doctoring of "Hansard.")

THE judgment of the People's "Yea" or "Nay"

Wherefore should virtuous men like you shun?

You are—or so you confidently say—

Prepared for dissolution.

Then snatch a hint from HALDANE's little fake,

Who glanced with eye alert and beady at  
His speech in proof, and, for appearance' sake,

Added the word "immediate."

"The very clever may bethink themselves of Milton's 'subject of all verse.'"—*Reynolds' Newspaper*.

The mere well-informed will bethink themselves of BROWNE.



## CHARIVARIA.

REUTER telegraphs from Melbourne that the Commonwealth building in London is to be called "Australia House." This should dispose effectively of the rumour that it was to be called "Canada House."

"The Song of the Breakers," which is being advertised, is not, we are told, a war song for the Suffragettes.

Some of the Press reported a recent happy event under the following heading:—

"WEDDING OF MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL."

Mr. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST would like it to be known that it was also his wedding.

It was rumoured one day last week that a certain officer famous for his picturesque language was about to receive a new appointment as Director-General of Expletives.

"GOLD-PLATED TYPE-WRITER,"

announces *The Mail*. We are sorry for the poor girl. Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER, of course, started the idea with his gilded fairies.

Miss MABEL ROGERS, we read, is bringing a suit against certain other girl students of Purdue University, Indiana, for "ragging" her by tearing off her clothes. It seems to us that it is the defendants who ought to bring the suit.

"Twelve small farmers," we are told, "were on Saturday sent for trial at Ballygar, County Galway, on a charge of cattle-driving." Their size should not excuse them.

One evening last week, *The Daily Mail* tells us, the electric light failed in several districts of Tooting and Mitcham. "A resident in Garden Avenue," says our contemporary, "had invited about a dozen friends to a card party. The host secured a supply of candles, in the dim light of which the party played." It is good to know that in this prosaic age and in this prosaic London of ours it is still possible to have stirring adventures worth recording in the country's annals.

The power of the motor! "At the request of the Car," says *The Westminster Gazette*, "M. POINCARÉ will leave on his visit to Russia, after the national fêtes on July 14."

A couple of pictures by unknown artists fetched as much as £2,625 and £1,837 at CHRISTIE'S last week, and we hear that some of our less notable painters have been greatly encouraged by this boom in obscurity.

"This Machine," says an advertise-

## PROFESSIONAL ANACHRONISM.

Mrs. Andrew Fitzpatrick, who looped the loop last Friday at Hendon with her son Hector, is certainly one of the youngest-looking women in the world of her age—for she is put down in black and white as forty-four in more than one book of reference. Her miraculous *Lady Macbeth*, which she impersonated at the age of seven, is still a happy memory to many middle-aged playgoers, though the miracle was eclipsed by the nine days' wonder of her elopement and marriage to Mr. Fitzpatrick, the famous Ballarat millionaire, on her thirteenth birthday. Her daughter Gemma, who made her *début* in Grand Opera at the Scala in 1895, is already a grandmother; and her son Hector, who fought in the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, is the youngest Field-Marshal in the British Army.

M. Atichewsky, the famous Russian pianist, who gives his first recital in the Blüthstein Hall next Wednesday, is no stranger to London audiences, though he is only just twenty years of age. In the year of QUEEN VICTORIA'S Diamond Jubilee he visited England as a *Wunderkind*, being then only thirteen years of age, and created a *furor* by his precocious virtuosity. About eleven years later, while he was still in his teens, he appeared at the Philharmonic Concerts with his second wife, a soprano singer of remarkable attainments. The present Madame Atichewsky, it should be noted, has a wonderful contralto voice, which is inherited by her second daughter, Ladoga, who recently made her *début* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels.

## The Poetry of the Ring.

For two pugilists, shaking hands before the knock-out fight begins:—

"Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech  
Each on each."

BROWNING, "Love among the Ruins."

"It is interesting to learn that the swans on the lower lake have built a nest and that one of the pairs on the upper lake have followed suit, so that there is some possibility of signets on the lakes presently."

Beckenham Journal.

We shall be glad to see these freshwater seals.



CAPTIVE GOLF.

DEFAULTING GOLF-CLUB OFFICIAL TRYING TO IMPART A LITTLE INTEREST TO THE DAILY ROUND.

ment of a motor cycle, "Gets You Out-of-Doors—and Keeps You There." Frankly, we prefer the sort that Gets You Home Again.

The PREMIER, who was said to have "run away" to Fife, after all had a "walk over."

"The Elizabethan spirit," says a *laudator temporis acti*, "is dead among us." We beg to challenge this statement. When the Armada was sighted DRAKE went on with his game of bowls. To-day, in similar circumstances, we are confident that thousands of Englishmen would refuse to leave their game of golf.



## THE UNION OF IRISH HEARTS.

(How the prospect strikes an Englishman.)

[“In ancient times . . . the Devlins were the hereditary horse-boys of the O’Neills. (Loud laughter.)”—From the “Times” report of Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY’S speech in the House.]

I LOVE to fancy, howsoever remote  
The fiery dawn of that millennial future,  
That some fine day the rent in Ireland’s coat  
Will be adjusted with a saving suture,  
And one fair rule suffice  
For lamb and lion, babe and cockatrice.

In her potential Kings I clearly trace  
Ground for this hope; no bickering there, no jostling;  
If HEALY cares to hint that DEVLIN’S race  
Subsisted by hereditary ostling,  
That’s just the family fun  
Brothers can well afford whose hearts are one.

No less the picture of O’BRIEN’S fist  
Clenched playfully beneath a colleague’s nose-piece  
Lets me foresee—a sanguine optimist—  
That Union which shall bring to ancient foes peace,  
When all who lap the Boyne  
Beg on their knees to be allowed to join.

Still (to be frank) ’tis not alone the dream  
Of leagued Hibernians kissing lips with Ulster  
That warms my heart; there is another scheme  
That with a livelier motion makes my pulse stir;  
And this can never be  
Till we have posted REDMOND oversea.

But, when he’s planted on his local throne,  
The Federal Plan should find him far less sniffy;  
We shall have Parliaments to call our own  
Modelled from that high sample on the Liffey,  
And crown the patient years  
With joy of “England for the English” (Cheers).

Meanwhile, amid the present rude hotch-potch,  
We natives must forgo this satisfaction,  
For still the cry is “England for the Scotch”  
(Or else some other tribe of Celt extraction);  
That’s why I shan’t be happy  
Till Erin’s tedious Isle is off the tapis. O. S.

## THE BOMB.

I WAS rather glad to spend my eighteenth birthday in Germany, because I knew my people would make a special effort in the matter of presents. They did, and I turned the other girls at the pension green with envy when I wore them. The only thing that spoilt my day was that there was nothing at all from Cecil, which was rather a blow.

However, the next morning I received an official document referring to a parcel waiting for me at the Customs House, and lost no time in getting there.

It was a long, low building, strewn with packing cases, cardboard boxes and dirt, with a row of pigeon-holes—some big enough to take an ostrich—on one side, and a counter defending a row of haughty officials on the other. Several people were wandering aimlessly about, but no one took the least notice of me, or appeared to realize I was in my nineteenth year. So I approached an official in a green uniform with brass buttons, standing behind the counter. He was tall and stout, and his hair, being about one millimetre long, showed his head shining

through. He had a fierce fair moustache, and, owing to overwork or influenza coming on, was perspiring freely.

Trusting he would prove more fatherly than he looked, I held out my paper. He drew back haughtily, ejaculating: “Nein!” and jerked his head towards a kind of letter-box on the counter. I pushed my paper in the slot, hoping the etiquette of the thing was all right now; and, as apparently it was, in his own good time he took the paper from the back of the box, looked at it, glanced sternly at me, looked at the paper again, and said severely:

“Ver—ta—hay—ad?”

I didn’t know what he was driving at till I remembered my name was Whitehead. So I replied, “Ja,” thinking his pronunciation not bad for the first shot. He turned to a pigeon-hole and laid a small square parcel on the counter addressed to me in Cecil’s scrawl. I held out my hand, but he ignored it, and, picking up a fearsome-looking instrument consisting of blades, hooks and points—which turned out to be the official cutter—severed the silly little bit of string, unwrapped the paper and disclosed a white wooden box with a sliding lid.

I bent forward, but he glared at me and moved it further away, slid back the lid, removed some shavings and looked inside. His official manner underwent a change; such a look of sudden human interest showed on his fat clammy face that I thought he must have found some quite new kind of sausage. But instead he drew out very gingerly a curious square black box with a sloping front, two round holes at one side, and a handle at the other. He put it down on the counter and glared at me.

“Was ist das?” he demanded.

“Ich weiss nicht,” I replied, shaking my head.

It was clear he didn’t believe me, and he kept “it” out of my reach, turning it carefully about, and in response to a jerk of his chin two or three of his colleagues came up and glared, first at me and then at the suspicious object. However, he would not let them touch it, but, squaring his chin and taking a deep breath, he turned the handle.

There was a faint ticking noise, but nothing happened, and I suggested timidly that he should look through the peep-holes and see what was going on inside. He frowned at my interference, but taking my advice all the same, raised the box nearer his fierce eye and turned the handle once more and with greater force. Instantly there was a loud whirr, and a bright green trick-serpent leapt through the lid, caught him full on the nose and sent him back sprawling among his packing cases, carrying two of his friends with him.

I gave a bit of a squeak, but it was lost among the “Ach Gotts” and “Himmels” all round me. Cecil in his wildest dreams had never hoped for this. Whatever the consequences might be I meant to have my snake, and while I was collecting it from the floor and cramming it back in the box I discovered my defence.

Smiling my very best smile, I turned and faced the angry officials the other side of the counter and, holding the box towards them, pointed to three printed words underneath: “Made in Germany.”

“The Prime Minister left Cupar by the 5.29 train . . . The motor arrived at the station at 5.55 and the party went in leisurely fashion down the station steps.”—*Glasgow Herald*.

What it is to be a Prime Minister! Ordinary mortals arrive at 5.28 and go down the steps three at a time.

“It is, of course, impossible to dogmatise without conclusive evidence.”—*Times*.

You should hear our curate.





## THE FIGHT FOR THE BANNER.

JOHN BULL. "THIS TIRES ME. WHY CAN'T YOU CARRY IT BETWEEN YOU? NEITHER OF YOU CAN CARRY IT ALONE."









"AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MOSES?"

"PLEASE, TEACHER, IT'S MY FIRST SUNDAY HERE AND I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY."

### A NONENTITY.

He was a tramp, a mere tramp, clearly a man of no importance to you or me or anyone else in the world. The evening was warm, the place secluded and remote, and, other things being equal, he climbed over the hedge, chose a comfortable position against a haystack, pulled from his pocket a fragment of a newspaper and a fragment of a pipe and settled down.

A tramp, the merest tramp, seven miles from anywhere, sitting in a field smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper—what can such a one matter to the world at large?

The portion of the newspaper was that containing the law reports, not a prime favourite with the tramp. The lengthy report which had squeezed out other matter that might have been worth reading was a proceeding before the Lords of Appeal, in which Sir Rupert Bingley, K.C., M.P., was being very explicit and very firm about the exact limitations of the power of the Divisional Court to commit for contempt. This was hardly fit matter for the reading of a

young and susceptible tramp, our man was telling himself, when the name of a district which he had once traversed cropped up in the case and caught his wandering attention.

The spot in question was on the wild Welsh border, and it was at a remote farm thereabouts that the trouble first began over which their Lordships and Sir Rupert, together with innumerable other senior counsel, junior counsel, solicitors, law reporters, lay reporters, ushers, and what-nots were so troubling themselves and each other. The farmer's stack of clover had been destroyed by fire, and the farmer, feeling that this was rather the affair of the Insurance Company than himself, had asked for solatium. The Insurance Company asked who set the stack on fire; the farmer didn't know; the Insurance Company, having regard to the size and the recent creation of the policy, were prepared to guess. The case was heard at Presteign Assizes and the farmer lost it, the jury who tried it being not quite so sure as was the farmer of his innocence in the matter.

Encouraged by this, the Insurance

Company prosecuted the farmer for perjury; but the jury that tried this case took almost a stronger view of the farmer's virtue than he did himself and found a verdict of "Not Guilty," adding a rider very depreciatory of the Insurance Company. Encouraged by this verdict, the farmer sued the Insurance Company for malicious prosecution, but the jury that tried this case had no faith in either party and disagreed. Another jury were then put in their stead and they as good as disagreed by finding for the farmer but assessing the damages at one farthing.

It will be observed that their Lordships have not yet appeared in the matter, whereas the haystack, the cause of all the trouble, had as good as disappeared. Meanwhile our tramp, who had seen better days and was something of a mathematician, calculated that the total sum spent on counsels' fees alone up to this point was well over two hundred guineas.

Social reformers get mixed up in everything nowadays, and one appeared in the affair at this juncture. Having chanced to be in court at the hearing



of the Malicious Prosecution suit, he had formed an opinion of the last-mentioned jury, and in an extremely witty speech, had included them specifically in the long list of people and things that were no better than they should be. One of the jurors had unhappily been among his audience and, possibly because his experience of another's cause had endeared him to litigation, he must needs start his action for slander. By the time that action had been tried, and appealed, and a new trial ordered and held, and the legal proceedings in the respective bankruptcies of the social reformer and the juror were completed, the total of counsels' guineas must have been well on the other side of a thousand.

Everybody had now forgotten that there ever was a stack involved and no one would have recollected that the Insurance Company had had anything to do with it; had not the social reformer, in the course of his public examination, ingenuously attributed his financial downfall to the original misbehaviour of that company in disbelieving their policyholders when they declared that they were not incendiaries. Thereupon, after a number of applications by counsel to a number of courts, the Insurance Company got itself inserted in the Bankruptcy proceedings, but not before an enterprising newspaper had taken upon itself to assert that there was an element of truth in the contention of

the social reformer. And then it was that the Contempt proceedings began, and were fought strenuously stage by stage, each side briefing more and more counsel as they went along, until at last, when the case came before their Lordships, there were more barristers involved than could be seated in the limited accommodation provided at the bar of their Lordships' House.

To calculate even roughly the final total of counsels' fees was no easy sum to be done on the fingers. After wrestling with it a little, the tramp leant back and puffed hard at his pipe—so hard that the sparks flew and the smoke became thick around him—so thick that "Bless my soul," said the tramp, rising hurriedly, "there's another stack I've been and gone and set afire!"

A tramp, a mere tramp going about the country and setting fire to stacks, is not even he to be reckoned with in the order of things?

## APRIL FOR THE EPICURE.

(An effort to emulate the gustatory enthusiasm of "The P.M.G.")

APRIL, though regarded as somewhat suspect by meteorologists, appeals with a peculiar force to gastronomic experts, owing to the number of delicacies associated with the month.

### FISH.

Oysters, like the poor, are still with us, but only till the end of the month; hence, ostreophiles should make the most of their opportunities. But, besides the "king of crustaceans," as Colonel NEWNHAM-DAVIS happily termed the oyster, the sea provides us with a quantity of other succulent denizens of the deep. Foremost among



Professor (to novice during his first lesson). "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YER DOIN' OVER THERE? YER KNOW YOU 'LL 'AVE TO COME AN' DO A BIT OF IN-FIGHTING IF YER WANT TO FIND MY WEAK SPOT."



these is the turbot, a fish held in high honour since the time of the Roman emperors. Nor must we omit honourable mention of lobster, whitebait, mullet and eels. It is true that some people have an insuperable aversion from eels, but it is the mark of the enlightened feeder to conquer these prejudices. Besides, no one is asked to eat conger-eel at the best houses.

### MEAT.

Beef, mutton and pork are in good condition, or, if they are not, they ought to be. But the ways of the animal world are inscrutable, especially pigs. Lambs, again, show a strange want of consideration for the consumer, for, though April 12th is called "Lamb and Gooseberry-Pie Day," lamb, like veal, is dear just now and shows no signs of becoming less expensive. This is one of the things which independent back-bench Members should

ask a question about in the House of Commons, or, failing that, they might write to *The Times*.

### VERDANT STUFF.

Lovers of salads should now be conscious of a pleasing titillation, for this is the green season *par excellence*. Watercress is at its cressiest; and lettuce springs from the earth for no other reason than to invite the attentions of those two culinary modistes, oil and vinegar—the Paquins of the kitchen—and so be "dressed" with highest elegance.

### LES PETITS OISEAUX.

Pheasants and partridges are, alas! not now obtainable except from cold storage. But let us not grumble overmuch. Let us rather remember that the more they are neglected by the diner during the mating season the more of them there will be to eat when the horrid period of restriction is over. Among the rarer birds which are now on the market to compensate us may be mentioned the bobolink, the dwarf cassowary, the Bombay duckling and the skewbald fintail. The last-named bird, which comes to us from Algeria, is renowned for its savoury quality and is cooked in butter and madeira, with a *soupçon* of cayenne. The effect of the cayenne is to merge the too prominent black and white of the flesh into an appetising grey. The Rhodesian sparrow is another highly esteemed delicacy, which does itself most justice when seethed in a casserole with antimony, garlic and a few drops of eau-de-Cologne.

### RHUBARB.

This is an extremely painful subject. Let us hurriedly pass to something more congenial.

### EXOTIC FRUIT.

An agreeable seasonal feature is the widening of the horizon to the fruit lover. All sorts of delightful foreign species and sub-species may now be had for cash or (if one is lucky) credit—such as bomboudiac, angelica, piperazine, zakuska, shalloofs and pampooties. A delicious pampootie fool can be made quite cheaply as follows: 3lb. of pampooties, 8oz. of angelica paregoric, 1 imperial pint of sloe gin, 1 gill of ammoniated quinine, 9oz. of rock salt. Boil the sloe gin and quinine





"BUY A PUZZLE, SIR?"

to a frazzle, put in the pampooties, cut in thin slices, and take out an insurance policy.

#### PLOVERS' EGGS.

These eggs by a strange freak of nature are more easily obtainable in April and May than in any other month. In fact in December they are worth their weight in gold, and are then to be found on the tables only of Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY, Mr. ROCKEFELLER, Mr. HARRY LAUDER and Mr. JOHN BURNS. To-day they are anything from ninepence to a shilling each, and in a fortnight's time they will be sixpence each, with the added pleasure to the consumer of now and then finding a young plover inside.

"On Wednesday of last week an express train dashed into a flock of sheep being driven over a level crossing at Northallerton to-day."  
*Meat Trades' Journal.*

Only an express train could arrive a week early; the other ones are always late.

From a calendar:—

"April 6th. Dividends due. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it.'"

Unfortunately we don't often see it.

#### NOCTURNE.

(A Golf-match has recently been played at Bushey by night.)

Not in the noontide's horrid glare  
When nervousness and lunch combined  
And James's shoes and well-oiled hair  
Perturb me, but when Cynthia fair  
In heaven is shrined,  
I show my perfect form, and play  
Big brassie-shots like EDWARD RAY.  
By night I am *plus four*. By day—  
Well, never mind.

With elfin stance I stride the tee  
And deal my orb an amorous slap  
In the mid-moonshine's mystery,  
And Puck preserves the stroke for me  
From foul mishap;  
Pan saves me from the casual pot  
And Dryad nymphs upbear my shot  
Outstripping James's (James has got  
No soul, poor chap).

The little pixies of the wood  
Come thronging round him while he  
putts;  
They do his game no kind of good  
But many an unseen toadstool-hood  
Their craft unshuts;

They turn his eye-balls to and fro  
And make marsh-lanterns round him  
glow:  
He is all off, whilst I am—oh!  
One of the nuts.

The gossips by the club-room fire  
Applaud my game with constant din:  
"Approach-work never was so dire,  
No mashies on this earth expire  
So near the tin;  
You ought to watch his tee-shots whizz  
At number nine. Hot stuff he is.  
The captain's lunar vase is his,  
If he goes in."

And so I do. My argent sphere  
Goes speeding through the night's  
opaque;  
No hazards of the sand I fear,  
The heavenly huntress keeps me clear  
Of thorn and brake;  
Not Dionysus' spotted ounce  
More fealty on the sward may bounce;  
I hover like a hawk at pounce,  
Putt out—and wake.

EVOE.

#### Spring Fashions.

"A waistcoat of tan and a limp lawn collar  
flowing over the shoulders make a good suit;"  
*Times.*



## ORANGES AND LEMONS.

## VI.—THE RECORD OF IT.

"I SHALL be glad to see Peter again," said Dahlia, as she folded up her letter from home.

Peter's previous letter, dictated to his nurse-secretary, had, according to Archie, been full of good things. Cross-examination of the proud father, however, had failed to reveal anything more stirring than "'I love mummy,' and—er—so on."

We were sitting in the loggia after what I don't call breakfast—all of us except Simpson, who was busy with a mysterious package. We had not many days left; and I was beginning to feel that, personally, I should not be sorry to see things like porridge again. Back to his taste.

"The time has passed absurdly quickly," said Myra. "We don't seem to have done *anything*—except enjoy ourselves. I mean anything specially Rivierish. But it's been heavenly."

"We've done lots of Rivierish things," I protested. "If you'll be quiet a moment I'll tell you some."

These were some of the things;

(1) We had been to the Riviera. (Nothing could take away from that. We had the labels on our luggage.)

(2) We had lost heavily (thirty francs) at the Tables. (This alone justified the journey.)

(3) Myra had sat next to a Prince at lunch. (Of course she might have done this in London, but so far there has been no great rush of Princes to our little flat. Dukes, Mayors, Companions of St. Michael and St. George, certainly; but, somehow, not Princes.)

(4) Simpson had done the short third hole at Mt. Agel in three. (His first had cleverly dislodged the ball from the piled-up tee; his second, a sudden nick, had set it rolling down the hill to the green; and the third, an accidental putt, had sunk it.)

(5) Myra and I had seen Corsica. (Question.)

(6) And finally, and best of all, we had sat in the sun, under a blue sky, above a blue sea, and watched the oranges and lemons grow.

So, though we had been to but few of the famous beauty spots around, we had had a delightfully lazy time; and as proof that we had not really been at Brighton there were, as I have said, the luggage labels. But we were to be able to show further proof. At this moment Simpson came out of the house, his face beaming with excitement, his hands carefully concealing something behind his back.

"Guess what I've got," he said eagerly.

"The sack," said Thomas.

"Your new vests," said Archie.

"Something that will interest us all," helped Simpson.

"I withdraw my suggestion," said Archie.

"Something we ought to have brought with us all along."

"More money," said Myra.

The tension was extreme. It was obvious that our consuming anxiety would have to be relieved very speedily. To avoid a riot, Thomas went behind Simpson's back and took his surprise away from him.

"A camera," he said. "Good idea."

Simpson was all over himself with bon-hommy.

"I suddenly thought of it the other night," he said, smiling round at all of us in his happiness, "and I was just going to wake Thomas up to tell him, when I thought I'd keep it a secret. So I wrote to a friend of mine and asked him to send me out one, and some films and things, just as a surprise for you."

"Samuel, you *are* a dear," said Myra, looking at him lovingly.

"You see, I thought, Myra, you'd like to have some records of the place, because they're so jolly to look back on, and—er, I'm not quite sure how you work it, but I expect some of you know, and—er—"

"Come on," said Myra, "I'll show you." She retired with Simpson to a secluded part of the loggia and helped him put the films in.

"Nothing can save us," said Archie. "We are going to be taken together in a group. Simpson will send it to one of the picture papers, and we shall appear as 'Another Merry Little Party of well-known Sun-seekers. Names from left to right: Blank, blank, Mr. Archibald Mannering, blank, blank.' I'd better go and brush my hair."

Simpson returned to us, nervous and fully charged with advice.

"Right, Myra, I see. That'll be all right. Oh, look here, do you—oh yes, I see. Right. Now then—wait a bit—oh yes, I've got it. Now then, what shall we have first? A group?"

"Take the house and the garden and the village," said Thomas. "You'll see plenty of *us* afterwards."

"The first one is bound to be a failure," I pointed out. "Rather let him fail at us, who are known to be beautiful, than at the garden, which has its reputation yet to make. Afterwards, when he has got the knack, he will be able to do justice to the scenery."

Archie joined us again, followed by the bull-dog. We grouped ourselves picturesquely.

"That looks ripping," said Simpson.

"Oh, look here, Myra, do you— No, don't come; you'll spoil the picture. I suppose you have to—oh, it's all right, I think I've got it."

"I shan't try to look handsome this time," said Archie; "it's not worth it. I shall just put an ordinary blurred expression on."

"Now, are you ready? Don't move. Quite still, please; quite—"

"It's instantaneous, you know," said Myra gently.

This so unnerved Simpson that he let the thing off without any further warning, before we had time to get our expressions natural.

"That was all right, Myra, wasn't it?" he said proudly.

"I'm—I'm afraid you had your hand over the lens, Samuel dear."

"Our new photographic series: 'Palms of the Great.' No. 1, Mr. S. Simpson's," murmured Archie.

"It wouldn't have been a very good one anyhow," I said encouragingly. "It wasn't typical. Dahlia should have had an orange in her hand, and Myra might have been resting her cheek against a cactus. Try it again, Simpson, and get a little more colour into it."

He tried again and got a lot more colour into it.

"Strictly speaking," said Myra sadly, "you ought to have got it on to a new film."

Simpson looked in horror at the back of his camera, found that he had forgotten to turn the handle, apologised profusely, and wound up very gingerly till the number "2" approached. "Now then," he said, looking up . . . and found himself alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I write this in London I have Simpson's album in front of me. Should you ever do us the honour of dining with us (as I hope you will), and (which seems impossible) should there ever come a moment when the conversation runs low, and you are revolving in your mind whether it is worth while asking us if we have been to any theatres lately, then I shall produce the album, and you will be left in no doubt that we are just back from the Riviera. You will see oranges and lemons and olives and cactuses and palms; blue sky (if you have enough imagination) and still bluer sea; picturesque villas, curious effects of rocks, distant backgrounds of mountain. . . . and on the last page the clever kindly face of Simpson.

The whole affair will probably bore you to tears.

But with Myra and me the case of course is different. We find these things, as Simpson said, very jolly to look back on. A. A. M.



## IN SEARCH OF PETER.

Martell is one of those men that you might live next door to for half-a-century and never know any better. It is entirely owing to his wife and her love for Peter that Martell and I have discovered each other to be quite companionable fellows with many tastes in common, and I am smoking one of his cigars at the present moment.

Peter is the most precious and the most coveted of my possessions. He is coveted, or was, chiefly by Mrs. Martell, who fell in love with his name and his deep romantic eyes. Apart from these I can see nothing remarkable in him. He is certainly the most irresponsible hound that ever sat down in front of a motor-car to attend to his personal cleanliness, but still I should not like to part with him. "We must have a Peter," was the text of Mrs. Martell's domestic monologues, and of late, before the great disillusionment—that is, after hinting delicately to me that she would like best of all to have the Peter—she took to sallying forth, armed with the name, into the purlieus of dog-fanciers to find a criminal that would fit the punishment.

I was not altogether surprised, therefore, one afternoon when a note was brought in asking me to step round and have a cup of tea. Martell was monosyllabic as usual, and we sat and gazed into the fire.

"I don't suppose you would like to part with Peter," he said suddenly.

"I certainly should not," I answered.

Then, after a pause, "Could you tell a good lie?" he asked.

I looked up in astonishment, but just then Mrs. Martell entered and plunged in *medias res*. She had just returned from the last of those fruitless expeditions, and the slow realization that there can be only one Peter in the world had brought her nearly to tears.

"And I've bought such a sweet little collar for him," she said, "with 'Peter' printed in big letters."

I remembered then that the original dog was in daily danger of being arrested, his very aged collar having been chewed to pulp after his last castigation therewith.

"And a dear little pair of soft slippers, one for him to play with, and the other to smack him with if he's ever naughty, although I don't think he could be—your Peter, I mean. Have you slippers for him?"

"Well, not a pair," I said, "and not exactly slippers. One's a golf-ball, the other's more in the nature of a boot."

"Oh, but he's such a sweet-tempered little creature, isn't he?"

I felt Martell's eye upon me.



[Extract from *Sentries' Orders*: "In case of man overboard, will throw the ship's life-buoy overboard, and report to the ship's officer on the bridge. In case of fire will at once report it quietly to the ship's officer on the bridge."]

Officer of the Watch (on transport). "WHAT DO YOU DO IN CASE OF FIRE?"

Nervous Sentry. "THROW MESELF OVERBOARD AN' REPORT AT ONCE TO THE BLOCK ON THE BALCONY."

"Very," I said; "his early upbringing gave him a healthy body and a mellow heart. He was born in a brewery, you know, and never tasted water until I flung him into the canal the first day I had him. Since then, as often as he has time, he goes to bathe in the scummiest parts, and then comes and tells me all about it with any amount of circumstantial evidence. Most enthusiastic little swimmer he is."

"What a funny dog! But I should never allow him to go out alone—if he

were mine, I mean. And what sort of food do you give him?"

"Well, he tried to swallow one of my white ties last night."

"Oh, but I should give him proper food," she said. "He doesn't hate cats, does he? I couldn't bear a dog that did."

My eyes met Martell's for one moment, then I cleared my throat. Slowly and sadly I opened the history of Peter militant, with unacknowledged borrowings from the lives of other Peters with other names. Beginning





## A NEW CRAZE.

"WHAT A TRAGIC FACE YOU HAVE, MISS POOTLE."

"YES, YOU SEE, I ADORE MISERY."

with cats I had seen in my garden looking as if they felt rather blurred and indistinct, I passed on through cats speechless and perforated, to 'cats that were. I told sad stories of the deaths of cats. I talked of nights of agonising shrieks, and mornings of guilty eyes and blood-stained lips. My store of reminiscences lasted five minutes, and before Mrs. Martell had recovered from their recitation I pleaded a pressing engagement and took my departure.

You will now understand why I count Martell among my friends and am at this moment, as I said before, smoking one of his cigars. It came in a box of a hundred, with the laconic note, "One for each."

As I write, my dog and my black kitten are barging in perfect accord all round my legs in pursuit of a brand-new collar with "Peter" printed in big letters.

Notice outside a station of the Wirral Railway Co. :—

"Loiterers on the Company's premises or annoying passengers will be prosecuted."

The passenger who annoys us most and seems worthiest of prosecution is the fifth on our side of the carriage.

## ANNABEL LEE.

Up and down on the fresh-ploughed levels,

All for the sake of their lady fair,  
Two cock-partridges fought like devils,  
Hammer-and-tongs and a hop in the air;

And I and "Basket" Annabel Lee—  
Elderly tinkling gyp is she—

We leaned on the paling and watched it go ;

And "Eh," said she, "now a fight 'tis cruel,

But of all the compliments 'tis the jewel!

May I die to-day, but I know, I know

There's naught as a young maid's 'eart takes better

Than a couple o' big chaps out to get her

Through a dozen o' dustin' rounds or so.

"Bet my bonnet it strikes you funny,  
Seen' I'm risin' seventy-three,

To think o' me once as sweet as honey ;  
Lor' how their fists went 'long o' me!

Jake Poltevo and Pembroke Bill,  
I saw 'em then, and I sees 'em still,

Eh, how their fists went—*thud ! crack ! thud !*

None o' your booze-house scraps,  
Lor' love 'em ;

Turf to their feet and the sky above 'em—

Stripped, bare-knuckle and mucked wi' blood ;

Queer thing, ain't it, I still thinks pleasure

In the strength o' a man, bein' old, by measure,

And plain, you'd say, as a pint o' mud ?

"Scared me fine at the time, though ; weepin'

I 'id my face in the 'azels low ;  
Tip-toe soon I was back a-peepin',

Couldn't 'a' helped were it never so ;  
Each as good as the other chap—

Bad old woman I be, may'ap ;  
But eh, I loved 'em, the fine young men.

Marry a one of 'em ? Why no, never ;  
They wasn't a-marryin' me what-ever ;

But I likes to think of 'em now and then ;

For, of all the compliments, *that* was candy,

And—ain't them dicky-birds at it dandy ?

I knows the pride o' their pretty 'en !  
Eh, but I loved 'em, me fine young men !"





FROM FIFE TO HARP.

MR. ASQUITH. "ONE MORE BONNIE TOOTLE, AND THEN BACK TO THAT DREARY OLD HARP."







## ESSENCE 'OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, April 6.*  
—At third time of asking Home Rule Bill read a second time. Odd feature in curious sitting that hotly contested measure passed crucial stage without a division. House divided on WALTER LONG's amendment for its rejection. When thereupon SPEAKER put the question that "the Bill be now read a second time" there was none to say him nay. Some folk of hopeful habit see in this incident a forecast of the end.

Debate unexpectedly decorous, not to say decidedly dull. TIM HEALY did something to lift it out of rut. But he was more concerned to belabour JOHN REDMOND and to dig DEVLIN in the ribs than to argue merits of measure. Taunted his much-loved fellow-patriot and countryman with facing both ways on question of exclusion of Ulster. ATTORNEY-GENERAL declared that PREMIER's offer of exclusion for period of six years was still open. REDMOND, believing it was dead, had, TIM said, prepared its coffin, "and now the ATTORNEY-GENERAL comes along and forces fresh oxygen into the corpse."

As for DEVLIN, he was introduced accidentally at end of harangue. Had interposed comment inaudible to main body of House, but safely assumed not to be complimentary. WILLIAM O'BRIEN turned round with angry retort.

"There is," mused TIM, "one gentleman from whom on historical grounds I had expected firmness in regard to Ulster. It is the gentleman who has just interrupted me, and the grounds of expectation are that in ancient time downward from the flight of the earls the DEVLINS were the hereditary horse-boys of the O'NEILLS."

Remark perhaps scarcely relevant to Home Rule Bill or motion for its Second Reading. But it soothed TIM and didn't hurt DEVLIN.

BIRRELL having made cheery speech on situation generally, PETO rose with amiable intention of continuing debate. House had had enough of it. Persistently cried aloud for division. Amid hubbub PETO shouted

dissatisfaction at top of his voice. Unequal contest maintained for only a few minutes, when MCKENNA in charge of business of House during absence of his elders nipped in with motion for Closure.

This carried, LONG's amendment negatived by 356 votes against 276.

would have been disappointed had it been possible for him to turn up to-day. So dark and dank that at three o'clock, when Questions opened, electric light was turned on. Revealed dreary array of half-empty benches. Had Closure been promptly moved a count out inevitable.

As in time of war the cutting off of superior officers brings comparatively young ones to chief command, MCKENNA (in the absence of PREMIER, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, and FOREIGN SECRETARY) sits in the seat of the mighty in charge of Government business. Fills the part excellently. Ten days ago SPEAKER cheered House by announcement that there should be no more Supplementary Questions. Welcome resolution either forgotten or deliberately ignored. Supplementary Questions, almost exclusively argumentative, assertive, or personally offensive, buzzed about Treasury bench like bees at mouth of hive. HOME SECRETARY, alert, self-possessed, deftly parried attack.

While Questions on printed paper were being duly picked up, put and answered, midway in melancholy proceeding there entered Distinguished Strangers' Gallery a small group of gorgeously clad princes from the storied East. They surveyed the scene with keen interest. In their far-off home they had read and talked of the House of Commons, the central controlling force of wide-spread Empire, whereof their possessions were as a bit of fringe. They had travelled far to look upon it. And here in this comparatively small chamber, scantily peopled, they beheld it.

Is this the face that launched a thousand ships  
And stormed the topmost towers of Ilium?

Fortunately for reputation of the House ROWLAND HUNT chanced to be to the fore. The other day, burning with patriotism, he issued a circular letter addressed to non-commissioned officers of the Army, advising them how to act in certain contingencies relating to Ulster. It happens that one CROWSLEY had previously circulated amongst soldiers at Aldershot a handbill urging the men to disobey orders when on duty. He was prosecuted for inciting to mutiny,



A FORETASTE OF HOME RULE HARMONY.

"Mr. Devlin here interposed with a remark which was not heard in the gallery, and Mr. W. O'Brien, turning round to where the hon. member was sitting, called out in an angry tone something which was not clearly heard."—"Times" Report.

Majority for Government, 80. Motion for Second Reading unchallenged; amid prolonged cheering from Ministerialists and Irish Nationalists Bill read a second time.

*Business done.*—For third time in course of three successive sessions Home Rule Bill passes Second Reading stage.

*Tuesday.*—BROWNING, longing to be in England "now that April's there,"



If only Sir EDWARD CARSON belonged to some other oppressed nationality—Armenia, for instance!



convicted and sentenced. Members in Radical stronghold below Gangway want to know wherein the two cases differ, and why, if CROWSLEY is in gaol, the Member for South Shropshire should go free?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL, to whom questions were addressed, diplomatically discriminated. Came to conclusion not to employ services of PUBLIC PROSECUTOR. So ROWLAND HUNT remains with us.

*Business done.*—A couple of small Government Bills advanced a stage. House talked out at eleven o'clock.

*Wednesday.*—Adjournment for brief Easter Holiday. Back on Tuesday.

### THE COWL.

Murdoch McWhannel, 3, Poynings Avenue, Glasgow, N.W., to Messrs. Fairley and Willing, house-factors there.

January 3, 191-.

I have been seriously annoyed for some weeks now by a noisy chimney-cowl on your property at 15, Poynings Road. It is on the stack of chimneys at the rear of your property, and within about fifty yards of the back windows of this house. During the recent high winds the cowl has kept up a continual shrieking, day and night, which has been extremely destructive to "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." I trust that you will be so good as to have the cowl overhauled, and this cause of disturbance removed.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to Murdoch McWhannel.

January 6, 191-.

*Re* your letter of 3rd curt. the chimney cowl at 15, Poynings Road shall have our immediate attention.

Murdoch McWhannel to Messrs. Fairley and Willing.

January 7, 191-.

I have to thank you for your prompt and courteous reply to my letter of 3rd January, and am glad to know that the noisy cowl will have your immediate attention.

*The Same to the Same.*

January 14, 191-.

May I remind you that in your letter of 6th January you were good enough to promise that the noisy cowl at 15, Poynings Road would have your immediate attention? Of course I know that it is difficult to get tradesmen to work so soon after the New Year holidays, but they should now be available, and the cowl is having a very serious effect on the health and nerves of the residents here.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to Murdoch McWhannel.

January 17, 191-.

*Re* chimney cowl at 15, Poynings Road and your letter of 14th curt., we are surprised to receive same. We sent out a tradesman on January 11, who reported same date that he had oiled and adjusted the cowl, and that it would give no further trouble. If you are still troubled, some other cowl must be causing it now. We understand, from enquiries made on the spot, that there is a noisy one, not on our property at all, but on Hathaway Mansions. We hope you will find this explanation satisfactory.



Sir EDWARD GREY (in Sutherlandshire on the day of the final debate on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill). "Ireland? Ireland? Where have I heard that name?"

Murdoch McWhannel to Messrs. Fairley and Willing.

January 19, 191-.

I am surprised by the contents of your letter of 17th, for which I am much obliged. If your tradesman attended to a cowl on the back stack of your property at 15, Poynings Road, on January 11, he must have attended to the wrong cowl. One can readily understand that if he adjusted and oiled a cowl which had not been making any noise it would continue to be silent. The error might easily occur, especially so soon after the New Year holidays. This is the only explanation I can think of, for the noise has been as bad as ever. I trust you will have the matter further looked into, as the situation, especially in regard to my wife's nerves, is becoming more and more serious.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to Murdoch McWhannel.

January 23, 191-.

*In re* chimney cowl at 15, Poynings Road and your letter of January 19, we can only say that it surprises us very much. We employ only the most competent tradesman, who could not possibly make the kind of mistake you suppose. We beg to refer you to the part of our letter of January 17 referring to Hathaway Mansions.

Murdoch McWhannel to Messrs. Fairley and Willing.

January 24, 191-.

I regret very much the tone of your letter of January 23. It is hardly courteous to suggest, as your letter does, that I cannot distinguish between the noise of a cowl on Hathaway Mansions, which are fully 150 yards away, and one which is practically just above my bedroom. As I write this letter, seated at a table at the window of my study, I can actually see the cowl shrieking—if you will pardon a figure of speech which has perhaps a Hibernian flavour. As my study is built out to the back of this house, it is parallel with your property at 15, Poynings Road. I am within fifty yards of the offending cowl. The noise it makes rises and falls in shrillness according to the speed at which the cowl revolves under the pressure of the wind. We are not disturbed at all by any cowl on Hathaway Mansions, but by this one of yours, about which I wrote you first so long ago as January 3. I have kept a diary of the cowl since then and for some days earlier, showing the number of hours per day that we have been annoyed by it, the number of times it has prevented us from getting to sleep at the usual time, the number of nights we have been wakened from the same cause, and the number of mornings when we have been prematurely wakened, often as early as seven o'clock, and prevented from getting to sleep again. I shall be glad to send you a copy of this document for your information. The original I must retain, in case any legal proceedings should be necessary, as I have had each item in the diary certified by my wife and our house-tablemaid, a very intelligent and observant girl. I hope, however, it may not be necessary to take any legal steps, such as an action of interdiction and damages at my instance, or a prosecution for nuisance at the instance of the public authority, which in this case would be the City Council, to a number of which body I am not altogether unknown. In fact I may say I took the opportunity of mentioning the



## HINTS TO ARTISTS AND WRITERS

WHO NEED TO ADVERTISE THEMSELVES BY SOME ECCENTRICITY OF COSTUME.



WHILE THE MOST ELABORATE ATTEMPTS TO DRAW ATTENTION OFTEN FALL FLAT,



SOMETIMES THE SMALLEST DEVIATION FROM THE USUAL MAY PROVE IRRESISTIBLE.

matter to Bailie McPartan at a municipal conversation to which my wife and I were invited last week. I do not wish to trouble you by writing at any undue length on this subject, but I think it right and only fair to tell you that owing to the actual noise of the cowl, and perhaps even more (as our doctor says) to the mental strain of listening to hear whether it is going to begin again, my wife is on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, which seems likely to necessitate some weeks' rest cure in a nursing home, and possibly a trip to the Canaries. I am advised by my lawyer that these are contingent liabilities, the burden of which would fall upon you as the owner of the cowl. In these circumstances I feel sure you will favour the immediate removal of this nuisance.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to Murdoch  
McWhannel.

January 27, 191-.

Your letter of 24th curt. will receive immediate attention at the hands of our solicitors. Messrs. Samson and Samuel, 114, North Regent Street, to whom perhaps you will kindly address any further communications you may think necessary *re* cowl.

Gilbert Macdonald, 5, Poynings Avenue,  
Glasgow, N.W., to George Willing,  
house factor.

February 3, 191-.

DEAR WILLING,—For Heaven's sake, as an old friend, spike or remove the chimney cowl that McWhannel at No. 3 has written you about. He has called on me twice and written three long letters, "to enlist my sympathy and support." He is the most poisonous kind of bore, and I'll gladly pay for the removal of the cowl, if that's the only way of muzzling him.

Reply by telephone, summarised.  
Willing to Macdonald.

February 4, 191-.

I would do so, for friendship's sake, but I've just sold the property. I preferred that to having any more letters from him.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to Murdoch  
McWhannel.

February 14, 191-.

*Re* your letters to Messrs. Samson and Samuel of January 29th and 31st, and February 2nd, 5th, 8th, 11th, and your telegrams of 12th and 13th, we have now pleasure in advising you that

we have sold the property at 15, Poynings Road, including the cowl, to the Corporation. We understand that the Corporation propose to use the premises as a reception house in connection with their Home for Lost Dogs, and we trust that this arrangement will be satisfactory to you.

## Commercial Candour.

From an Oxford Street wine merchant's advt. :—

"Equal to the so-called First Quality brands."

"He was defended by Mr. Macbottle of whisky."—*Scotch paper.*

The Macbottles (of whisky) are a very well-known Highland clan.

"At Sapphire Lodge in Vincent Square, W. A. Randall Wells has lately painted two rooms in a manner which combines novelty very successfully with a sound tradition." Speaking of the bedroom, *The Times* goes on to say that "there are passages from the 'Sensitive Blast' finely written on vellum in every panel." Certainly this variation on the title of *SHELLEY's* poem seems to "combine novelty very successfully with a sound tradition."



## A VILLAIN IN REVOLT.

I HAVE been in a fair dust-up in Denver City,  
Made many a baresark rush;  
I have bluffed with Death in my time  
and scooped the kitty,  
Smashing a cool straight flush;  
I have gouged my jack-knife deep in a  
victim's thorax  
(Golly, how the blood did gush!);  
I have scalped some dozens of skulls  
with an Indian war-axe  
Without being put to the blush.

I've killed with stilettos at times and  
with crude sandbagging,  
Or a brute belaying-pin;  
With a twisted cord I have frequently  
done my scrugging,  
And doped with devilish gin;  
I remember once in a boarding-house  
racket at Rio  
How my snickersnee snicked clean in;  
And I booted a blackguard to death  
with consid'able brio  
One evening in Tien-tsin.

I've run amok with a kris and sent  
men howling;  
With a kukri I've killed my prey;  
I'm an amateur still—I admit it—at  
disembowling,  
But I've settled a few that way;  
And I mind me well (for I still can sniff  
the aroma  
Of that particular fray)  
How I quartered and cut into ribbons  
some beggars at Boma  
On rather a busy day.

But I'm blowed—being really a rabid  
humanitarian,  
And a vegetarian too—  
If I mean to devour an unfortunate  
fellow Aryan  
In the Island of Oahu.  
I have done dire deeds by request, with-  
out any evasion,  
But this thing I will not do;  
If they won't be content with a "fake"  
for this single occasion,  
My cinema job is through.

From a list of popular novels:—

"The Beloved Premier, by H. MAXWELL.  
The Greater Law, by VICTORIA CROSS."

Politicians can take their choice.

The Latest Cinema Poster.

"Our Sea Rooms now open.  
No Finer Death."

The Men that Matter.

Sound the clarion, FILSON, FIFE,  
To all the reading world proclaim  
One signed half-column, straight from  
life,  
Is worth a page without a name.

## THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

I HAD a terrible experience yesterday, one of life's inky black hours which will bring a shudder whenever in future days memory seizes an idle moment to refresh herself. I had been dining with Scarfield and his mother at Hampstead, and with the entry of the coffee he had pleaded a sudden dyspepsia and withdrawn. So his mother, a dear colourless old lady, undertook to entertain me. By her desire I lighted a cigar.

She mentioned that she had just returned from a visit to Glasgow, and I remarked intelligently that Glasgow was a fine place. Considering for a moment, she observed that she thought the weather in Glasgow was colder than that of the South of England; and I said, Yes, very likely, I had heard so. In about two minutes she qualified her statement by informing me that the South of England was as a rule milder than Glasgow. I replied that it appeared to me very possible, adding recklessly that they had peculiarly mixed weather in Glasgow, which she seemed to think rather a questionable presentment of the case for the North, for she kept silent and ruminated for seven or eight minutes. My mind took a little excursion to Putney, where I have friends. But, before I had really settled at Putney, the lady's voice intimated that perhaps they had more rain in Glasgow than in the South of England.

I came back from Putney with a slight mental wrench, yet sufficiently clear-headed to say decidedly that Glasgow, on the whole, had a much better climate than the South, because I had once spent a day there, and the sun shone the whole time, so I ought to know. Then I started off again, and had just reached Walham Green (one does not speak of these places, but I may tell you that it is a station on the way to Putney, where I have a friend), when she responded with lightning-like swiftness that it couldn't be healthy to live in Glasgow. This bordered on repartee, so I countered rapidly with the brilliant suggestion that a good many people managed to live there, hoping she would not score by the obvious rejoinder that a good many people died there. If she had, I can't imagine how I should have extricated myself. Luckily she merely murmured, "Ah, yes," and reflected. I was just stepping off the train at a station (Putney—to be explicit, it is a lady friend) when there seemed to be a collision, and I caught myself saying, "Indeed!" though I don't know why. She nodded approval, however, and I ventured on a meditative "Ye-es."

"But they don't seem to mind," she said, glancing at me blandly through her spectacles. "Do they?"

"You see," I answered, chancing it, "they are so used to it." She smiled and agreed.

"That must be the reason," she said. For what, I hadn't the remotest idea; but this just shows what presence of mind will do for one in an emergency.

"What a difference they must find," I went on boldly, and lapsed into a muse. She sighted it, however, and replied in less than five minutes—

"You mean now that the old-fashioned ones are coming in again?"

Here was a catastrophe. Did she refer to hats, or skirts, or Christmas cards? What sudden original observation had I unfortunately missed during that last journey South-westward? At all costs I must keep cool. I pulled myself together and plunged.

"Yes," I said. "You see the old-fashioned ones were so awfully tight, weren't they?"

"Tight?" she echoed. "Not tight."  
"Well, not exactly tight," I answered, feeling rather distracted. "I meant large."

She looked at me suspiciously, I thought. "I think they're too long," she said, "and such a lot of people in them."

This was growing too complicated, and I wished heartily we had stuck to Glasgow and its weather.

"One finds them," she added, "so hard to follow."

I racked my miserable brain for anything that was lengthy, populous, and difficult to follow; in vain.

"Still," I gasped, glancing at the door, "one can always . . . one can generally . . . one can sometimes sit down . . . for a rest . . . if one is dreadfully tired," I explained.

She gazed at me reproachfully.

"I don't usually stand at the back of the pit," she said. "The last time Fred took me we had stalls."

"How—how jolly!" I murmured. "I was thinking of—of—"

"If you please, Mr. Fred would like some soda-water and a few biscuits taken up, Ma'am," said the servant, entering softly.

I rose.

"Must you go?" protested my conversationalist. "Oh, I am so sorry! But come again soon—you have kept me quite lively. Good-bye."

I took the tube to Charing Cross and changed there for Putney and Ethel. (Did I mention that her name was Ethel?) But when I told Ethel about it afterwards she said she thought sarcasm in elderly ladies was very objectionable.



## COMMERCIAL ART.

Across the sundering gulf of time  
I lift a song to you,  
Melodious as a minster chime,  
Loud, I expect, as two.  
Years have flown swiftly since we  
met;

Do you, remembered one, forget  
The rapturous moment and sublime  
When I drew near to you? I bet  
A half-a-crown you do.

Your name I never learned—Hélène,  
Beryl, perhaps Marie,  
Phyllis, Estelle, or merely Jane —  
It makes no odds to me.

I hymn you, maiden, none the less;  
I toil in rhyme and metre; yes,  
From noon till eve I bear the pain  
Of this prolonged poetic stress  
(With half-an-hour for tea).

Carrots your hair was (*i.e.*, red;  
"Carrots" is just my fun);  
Blue were your eyes, and from them  
sped

A gleam that mocked the sun—  
I think that's so, but, as I say,  
Time has moved quickly since that  
day,

And few, too few, the words we said  
When languidly, as beauty may,  
You handed me a bun.

Calmly you took it from the place  
Where it was used to sit,  
And I can still recall the grace  
With which you dusted it.

I paid you, and we parted; so  
Life's rich adventures come and go!  
And did that brief glimpse of your  
face

Set love within me surging? No,  
It didn't. Not a bit.

I only sing because I must;  
Not mine the fret, the throb  
Of fevered passion; verse is just  
My livelihood, or job.

Search'ing for themes, I had a clear,  
Swift vision of your dial; queer

How such things happen, but I  
trust

These lines will bring me in, my dear,  
£1 or 30s.

## THE BURNING QUESTION.

FEELING that not all the representa-  
tive voices have been heard with regard  
to the question of smoking in theatres,  
*Mr. Punch* has been making further  
inquiries. The replies are appended:—

*General VILLA Y VILLA.* I think  
that smoking should be permitted  
everywhere.

*Mr. MAX PEMBERTON.* I am totally  
opposed to giving theatres the same  
comfortable rules as the variety halls. If  
people may smoke at musical comedies  
they are in danger of avoiding revues.



## AT THE COSTUMIER'S.

"OH YES, SHE'S SMART, BUT SHE HASN'T AN IDEA IN HER VOCABULARY."

*Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.* I am in  
favour of giving the public all they  
want. Let them smoke if they wish  
to, everywhere and everywhen. Let  
them also chew and take snuff: a  
private snuff-box should be attached to  
every stall.

*Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON.* I would sup-  
port smoking in theatres if pipes were  
permitted. But of course they won't be.

*Mr. BERNARD SHAW* (*to whom no  
inquiry was addressed, but that did not  
prevent his sending a long letter on the  
subject, the purport of which is that there  
should be no smoking anywhere*). Had  
I ever smoked I should not now be the  
first intellectual in Europe.

*Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE.* No  
smoking in theatres for me. And if I

go to the Gaiety and find that a cigar  
or cigarette on my right or left sings  
my whiskers I will have the law of  
*Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.*

"*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.*"  
Let there be smoking, but let some  
kind of control be kept on the brands  
of cigars that are smoked.

*Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.* I am in favour  
of the extension of all taxable luxuries.

*Mr. EUSTACE MILES.* Most London  
theatres are now so grossly over-venti-  
lated that I welcome the idea of tobacco  
as helping to redress the balance.

*Master ANTHONY ASQUITH.* Surely if  
there is smoking in one house of en-  
tertainment there may be smoking in  
another. I am sure my poor father  
would agree.



## THE FEDERAL SOLUTION.

*(See the daily papers passim.)*

I.

SIR,—At last a ray of sanity has fallen like oil on the troubled waters of the Irish controversy and has given a well-merited cold douche to the extremists on either side. It is now acknowledged that what for want of a better term I may call the Federal Solution holds the field, and any attempt to expel it will only plunge the objector still deeper in the mire and cover him with ridicule from head to foot.

Long ago I adumbrated in the clearest possible way the fundamental outlines of this solution, and every hour which has passed has only sufficed to strengthen a conviction which was already so deeply rooted as to be beyond the reach of hostile argument. What is now required to be done may be stated in a nutshell. Let the Government withdraw the present Home Rule Bill. They will thus dispose at once of the opposition of Mr. BONAR LAW, Sir EDWARD CARSON, Mr. J. L. GARVIN and Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, and will provide themselves with a clean slate, which will be a peg on which any subsequent plan may be hung. Then let them bring in a Bill (or four or more Bills, if deemed necessary) for conferring autonomous governments on all the counties of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, every county to have the option of excluding itself for a period of not less than fifty or more than a hundred years by a majority of two-thirds of its electorate, women to count as two on a division. At the same time let the House of Lords be so reconstituted as to become in truth an Imperial Legislature, subject, however, to the veto of a new and impartial body to be composed of Field-Marshal, Archbishops, Judges and retired Lieutenant-Governors. Our Oversea Dominions could come into this scheme at any moment, if so desired. To this plan I can see no objections whatever except, perhaps, that its execution will take time and will stand in the way of other legislation—but anything that is worth doing takes time, and, for my own part, I want no other legislation.

Yours, etc., JAMES B. HORNBLOWER,  
Organising Secretary,  
Society of Federationists.

II.

*(In answer to the above.)*

SIR,—Dr. Hornblower is at his old games. His plan for settling the Irish question is no plan at all, as I have frequently shown. Whenever it has been submitted to the fire of criticism it has been found that it will not wash. It is quite useless to try to mix oil and vinegar in a jug that will not hold water.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am a convinced supporter of a Federal Solution and have for many years endeavoured to remove the public apathy which I have found to exist in regard to this profoundly interesting question. My suggestion is that, in order to sift the matter thoroughly and, if possible, to strike out a new path, we should put our existing constitution into the melting pot and thus clear away the weeds which threaten to choke its fair growth. Let Parliament be a movable institution, sitting for one week in Australia, for one week in Canada, for one week in Ireland, and so on. In the course of a year it will have sat in all the component parts of the Empire, which will then, indeed, be an Empire on which the sun never sets, and in which Parliament always sits. It need not, of course, be the same Parliament in every case, but can be varied to suit local customs and prejudices. As a symbol of unity His Majesty the King might be conveyed

by a special service of air-ships from one country to another, so that he might always open every Parliament in person. England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales would thus take their proper places in the Empire by the side of Barbados, Canada and British Guiana, and there would be no jealousy because all would be treated equally. Only in this way can civil war be avoided and Ulster be satisfied.

Yours, etc., BENJAMIN WOOLLET,  
Chairman of the Amalgamated League  
for the Federation of the Empire.

III.

*(In answer to the two preceding letters.)*

SIR,—Professor Woollet and Dr. Hornblower are both wrong. The only way in which a Federal Solution, such as we all desire, can be brought about is to convert the existing House of Lords—no change being made in its constitution—into the supreme and only legislative assembly of the whole Empire. The House of Commons, of course, would cease to sit, or it might take the place of the present London County Council. This is the true plan. All others are absurd. It is useless for people to say they do not want this. We insist on their having it.

Yours, etc., JONATHAN FIREDAMP,  
President of Council of the  
Federal Association.

## A MYTH OF BOND STREET.

*(The latest thing in female head-wear is said to be the "Minerva" Hat.)*

FORGIVE me if my nerves were somewhat shaken;  
Pardon me if my pulse went pit-a-pat  
When I observed your tiny head had taken  
To a "Minerva" hat.

Love at my heart's closed door, with loudest knockings,  
Won his admittance as I gazed on you  
Garbed in the gear of her, of all blue-stockings,  
The most superbly blue.

For you seemed nobler far in form and feature;  
In wisdom, too, I deemed you now divine,  
And, though I felt myself a worthless creature,  
I swore to make you mine.

I said, "I'll win this goddess. Though the siege is  
Long, I shall learn her wisdom if I can,  
Until in time she throws her nuptial ægis  
Over her Super-man."

And then you spoke, in accents all too human,  
Glanced at me coyly from beneath your casque;  
My vision vanished, and I saw the woman  
Behind that heavenly mask.

And straight I felt (so flippant was your mien) a  
Pain as I mused on Pallas and her fowl,  
And left the phantom of a faked Athena,  
A disillusioned Owl.

## Love's Labour Lost.

"The Newcastle Fire Brigade were called upon last night to deal with an outbreak at —, where Mr. J. G. — carries on business as a firelighter manufacturer. Before much damage had been done, the firemen were able to extinguish the flames with chemicals."

*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

Once again we see how the economic instinct clashes with the artistic temperament.





### A POINT TO POINT IN IRELAND.

Owner of Rank Bad Horse (who has given the mount to a stranger). "BEGORRA, I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A FRIEND OF YER HONOUR'S! TELL HIM TO GET DOWN OFF THAT HORSE! SHURE, I THOUGHT HE WAS ONLY A — SAXON."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A REFLECTION that I could not resist after reading *Love the Harper* (SMITH, ELDER) was that the Boy appears in this volume as a very indifferent performer upon his instrument. For the muddle into which he plunged the amatory affairs of the inhabitants of Downside was terrible. Downside was a quiet delightful village, as lovingly described by Miss ELEANOR G. HAYDEN, but the number of misplaced attachments it contained seemed, as *Lady Bracknell* once observed, "in excess of that which statisticians have laid down for our guidance." There was *John Harding*, the hero, who began by courting *Phyllis*, and subsequently transferred his suit to *Ruth*. There was *Will*, his brother, an even more inconstant lover, whom *Phyllis* (still nominally betrothed to *John*) adored at first sight, and who divided his own heart between *Ruth*, *Phyllis* and the crippled *Miss Mayling*. There was also *Ruth* herself, who thought she had a Past (she hadn't, at least it was all right really; but just in what sense it would be unfair to explain here) and therefore imagined herself for no man. The story begins with a wedding on the first page; and what with one thing and another I began to fear that this was the last consummation we were likely to get. But, of course, in the end— But I shall not tell you how the couples finally re-sort themselves, because this is the author's secret, and one that she very craftily preserves till the last moment. It is arithmetically inevitable that there must be an odd woman left over in the end; but as to her identity I was

entirely wrong, and so probably will you be. This ending is perhaps the best thing—I don't mean the words in an unkind sense—about a pleasant if not very thrilling story of a country that Miss HAYDEN evidently knows with the knowledge of affection.

Perhaps some of those who remember J. BURGON BICKERSTETH captaining the Oxford soccer team four years ago may be surprised to find him serving his apprenticeship at sky-piloting in Alberta. And very manfully and sincerely and tactfully he does it, to judge by the account which he modestly renders in *The Land of Open Doors* (WELLS, GARDNER). With headquarters at Edmonton he rides and drives or swims (when the floods are out or the bridges down) across this untidy country from shack to shack, holding odd little services in dormitories and kitchens, and evidently making friends with the rough pioneer folk, railway men and small farmers; of his assorted acquaintance. The discouragements of such a task must be immense; indeed, they peep through the narrative, reticently enough, for grousing habits are not in the equipment of this staunch and cheery young parson. His notes of this land of promise and swift achievement are admirably observed. He has the gift of characterisation with humour, is clever at reproducing evidently authentic and entertaining dialogues, and has caught the Western idiom, not only in these set reproductions, but unconsciously in his own writing, which is singularly straightforward and attractive, nor burdened with the sort of cleverness which the young graduate is apt to air. Neither is there anything of the prig in his compo-



sition—his book abounds in reported words which an earlier generation of clerics would certainly have censored—but when he is saddened by the indifference, the unplumbed materialism and what he sees as the wickedness of his scattered flock he might remember for his comfort that valid and sane distinction of the casuists between formal and material sin. Anyway, good luck to him for a sportsman!

I have often wondered why so few novelists select the English Lake District as a fictional setting. I wonder still more after reading *Barbara Lynn* (ARNOLD), in which it is used with fine and telling effect. Miss EMILY JENKINSON's previous story showed that she had a rare sympathy with nature, and a still rarer gift of expressing it. *Barbara Lynn* does much to strengthen that impression. It is a mountain tale, the scene of which is laid in an upland farm, girt about by the mighty hills and the solitude of the fells. Here, in the dour old house of Graystones, is played the drama of *Barbara* and her sister *Lucy*; of *Peter*, who loved one and married the other; of the feckless *Joel*, and the old bed-ridden great-grandmother, who is a kind of chorus to it all. Practically these five are the only characters. Of them it is, of course, *Barbara* herself who stands out most prominently, a figure of an austere yet wistful dignity, of whom any novelist might be proud. I should hazard a guess that Miss JENKINSON writes slowly; one feels this in her choice of words and her avoidance (even in the final tragic catastrophe) of anything approaching sensationalism: or melodrama. When all is said, however, it is for its descriptions that I shall remember the book. The hot summer, with the flocks calling in the night for water; the storm on the slopes of Thundergray; and the end of all things (which, pardon me, I do not mean to tell)—these are what live in the reader's mind. *Barbara Lynn*, in short, is an unusually imaginative novel, which has confirmed me in two previous impressions—first, that Miss EMILY JENKINSON is a writer upon whom to keep the appreciative eye; secondly, that Westmorland must be a perfectly beastly country to live in all the year round. Both of which conclusions are sincere tributes.

I was at school, some years ago, with two brilliant twins called DUFF, who between them captured, amongst other trifles, the Porson, two Trinity scholarships, a Fellowship, and first place in the examination for the Indian Civil Service. I mention them here as an example of the minute care with which ALISTAIR and HENRIETTA TAYLER have compiled *The Book of the Duffs* (CONSTABLE). For I find their names and achievements duly recorded in the list of (I should think) every male Duff born of the stock of ADAM OF CLUNYBEG, temp. 1590, from whom the present Duchess of FIFE is ninth or tenth in descent. And that is only one branch of the clan, only one of the numerous

family-trees that make these two bulky volumes a perfect forest of Duffs. I know now exactly how *Macbeth* felt when he saw Birnam Wood descending on Dunsinane. No wonder he exclaimed, "The cry is still, *They come*." When I looked at all these genealogies and lifelike portraits I had an appalling vision of this great army of Duffs of Clunybeg and Hatton and Fetteresso and the rest advancing towards me solemnly waving their family-trees. In the van, with his Dunsinane honours thick upon him, marched MACDUFF—MACDUFF, you know, who was also "Thane of Fife, created first Earl, 1057, m. Beatrice Banquo." Then followed a long train of other warriors—General SIR ALEXANDER, who fought in Flanders; Captain GEORGE, who was killed at Trafalgar; Admiral NORWICH and Admiral ROBERT, also contemporaries of NELSON; General PATRICK, who slew a tiger in single combat with a bayonet; General Commander-in-Chief Sir BEAUCHAMP of our own day—and I was afraid. Not, you understand, of their swords, but of their trees. And then suddenly the spirit of *Macbeth* came upon me again. With him I shouted, "Lay on, Macduff; and damn'd be he that first cries, *Hold, enough*." But, luckier than he, I have lived to tell the tale, or rather to tell about it, and to recommend it to all those who have arborivorous tastes. I can promise them that they will heartily enjoy a good browse in the Forest of Duff.



OUR CURIO CRANKS.  
THE MAN WHO COLLECTS THE CHALK USED BY FAMOUS BILLIARD-PLAYERS.

going; indeed, he travels so fast and so far that merely to follow him in fancy is a breathless business. When I have told you that *Diccon* belonged to the spacious times of ELIZABETH, I need hardly add that his methods of winning fame and fortune on the sea were as rough as they were ready. Mercifully he had a steady head and a very strong back, or something must have given way under the strain that his creator puts upon him. No hero in modern fiction has jumped so frequently from the frying-pan into the fire with so little injury to himself. But if I cannot altogether believe in *Diccon* I admit an affection for him. He was as loyal a lover and friend as could be found in the Elizabethan or any other age, and although he treated troublesome men without mercy his behaviour to women was marked by the extreme of propriety; so, though you may insist that he was merely a pirate, I shall still go on calling him a gentleman-adventurer, and leave him at that.

*The Barbados Standard* on an approaching Royal visit:—

"The visit it is understood is fixed to begin on April 29 and to last until April 25. The visit is probably unprecedented." It is.



## CHARIVARIA.

SAYS *The Times*:—"It used to be a tradition of British Liberal statesmanship to support, without prospect of immediate advantage, the cause of nationality and freedom abroad . . . It would at least be showing some interest to send a minister to Durazzo." Here, perhaps, is a post for poor Mr. MASTERMAN.

*The Kerry News* states that it prefers pigs to Englishmen. This seems a queer—almost an ungracious—way of expressing its desire for a Home Rule Government.

Oil has been discovered in Somaliland, and it is rumoured that the Government is at last about to realise that its obligations to our friends demand a forward move against the MULLAH.

Futurism is apparently spreading to the animal world. The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of *Lloyd's*:—

"DYER—Fancy Color Dyer for Ostrich required."

There is a dispute, we see, as to who invented Revues. But, even if the responsibility be fixed, the guilty party, we have no doubt, will go scot-free.

The inhabitants of Bugsworth in Derbyshire, are, *The Mail* tells us, dissatisfied with the name of their village. A former parish councillor has suggested that it shall be changed to Buxworth, on the ground that it was once a great hunting centre, and took its name from the buck, which used to be found in great numbers there. The present name has also a distinct suggestion of the chase about it.

Extract from a speech by Colonel SEELY on the recent Army crisis:—"The only difference is that I am £5,000 a year poorer. . . . I am not less Liberal but more Liberal after what has happened." To be more liberal after suffering financially does the ex-War Minister credit.

The fees charged by beauty doctors are tending to become more exorbitant than ever. To have his eyes darkened,

Mr. GEORGE MITCHELL, of Bolton, had to pay M. CARPENTIER, of Paris, no less than £100.

Old horse tramway-cars are being offered by the London County Council for sale at from £3 to £5 each. They are suitable for transformation into bungalows, tool-sheds, sanatoria and the like.

Last week, at Bristol, eleven brothers named HUNT, of Pucklechurch, played

According to *The Evening News'* critique of the exhibition of the International Society:—"Two statues by Rodin dominate the gallery. One, 'Benediction,' is in his early manner, but by Lord Howard de Walden." We suspect that there was division of labour here. RODIN sculpted it (in his early manner) and Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN said, "Bless you" (probably in his later manner).

New York Suffragettes have been discussing the question, "Ought women to propose?" and one of them has stated, "I am seriously thinking of proposing to a man"—and now, we suspect, she is wondering why her male acquaintances are shy about stopping to talk to her. We ought to add that her name, as reported, is Miss BONNIE GINGER.

We hear that, as a result of a contemporary drawing attention to Chicago's leniency towards women murderers, ladies whose hobby is homicide are now flocking to that city and it is becoming uncomfortably overcrowded.

"Frau Krupp von Bohlen," we are told, "is the largest payer of war tax in Germany. Her contribution amounts to £440,000." We have a sort of idea, however, that she gets some of this back.

"Sir John Collicie ridiculed the present system by which 22,000 doctors depend for an income on their capacity to please their parents."—*Labour Leader*.

And not only doctors. The Temple is full of people in the same ridiculous position.

"Mathilde explained (her name, of course, was Mathilde really but peasants in Normandy, and for that matter all over France, are curiously inaccurate with names, and often misplace letters in this manner)." —*Evening News' Pencilton*.

The printer of the above must be careful when he crosses the Channel, or he may pick up this bad habit.

"Tonight and tomorrow they will play a matched game of 1,500 points—750 each night. A local billiard enthusiast has offered \$100 to either of the players who scores a 00 break or better. This to the average billiard player seems a tremendous break."

*Vancouver Daily Paper.*

But not to us.



The Younger Brother (in an awestruck whisper). "SAY, 'ORACE, ARE YOU SURE WE'RE RIGHT FOR THE GALLERY? THERE'S A GENT BEHIND WIV SPATS ON!"

a football match against a team composed of the MILLER family, of Brisington. We are always pleased to see these practical object-lessons in the advantage of having large families—a custom which is in danger of falling into desuetude.

"The Liberal Party, the Tory Party, and the House of Lords are nothing against the united intelligence of democracy," said Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD at a meeting to celebrate the "coming of age" of the Independent Labour Party. We are of the opinion that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD should know better than to impose upon youth like that. *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.*



## POLITICS ON THE LINKS.

I PUT down my morning paper as I left the train for the golf club. It contained the interesting news that the Parliamentary Golf Handicap had been postponed lest fiery politicians should run amok with their clubs. I sighed, for the spectacle of BONAR V. BODEY (THE CHANCELLOR) would have beaten the MITCHELL-CARPENTIER fight. Then it came home to me that I, a golfer, a citizen, a voter, was taking no part in the great political struggle of the day. I had not even declined to deal with my butcher because he was a Conservative, or closed my wife's draper's account because he was a Liberal. It is a curious fact, worthy the serious attention of political philosophers, that butchers are always Conservative and drapers always Liberal.

I reached the club-house, and the first man I saw was Redford. Now Redford is a scratch player and a vice-president of a Liberal Association. He has a portrait of LLOYD GEORGE in his dining-room.

"Play you a round, old man, and give you ten," he said cheerfully.

I had to do something for my country. "Never," I replied sternly. "I do not play with homicides."

"What are you talking about?" asked Redford, who is an estate agent when he isn't golfing.

"I merely say," I replied, "that I will play with no man who deliberately connives at the slaughter of his fellow-citizens. Every Liberal vote is a vote for civil war."

"Man, this is a golf links, not Hyde Park."

"I regret the course I have to take, but my conscience is imperative. Away! your clubs are blood-stained."

Redford shrugged his shoulders and went off to get the professional to go round with him.

The next man to drop in was Pobson. He is a Grand Knight Imperial (or something similar) of the Primrose League, and makes speeches between the ventriloquist and the step-dancer at their meetings. He has signed the Covenant, and reads every column Mr. GARVIN writes. In fact, I attribute it entirely to Mr. GARVIN's effect on the nerves that his handicap has been increased from plus two to scratch.

"Want a round? Give you eight strokes," he began.

"No, Sir; not with a man who tampers with the Army."

"You're either mad," said Pobson, "or else you've been reading *The Daily News*."

I will say this for Pobson—he seemed

inclined to believe in my madness as the more credible alternative.

"Enough of this. Do you think I will be seen playing with a man who ruins our noble Army to gratify petty political spite? Every Conservative vote means an Army mutineer."

"Mad," said Pobson, still charitable, as he left me.

Then there entered a dear old stranger and my heart opened to him at once.

"I don't know whether you're waiting for a game, Sir," he began.

"Certainly," I said. "I'm an awfully rotten player. Ashamed to mention my handicap."

"Can't be worse than I am, Sir. There'll be a pair of us. What shall we play for? I like to have something on it."

"What you like," I replied. "Box of balls if you wish."

"Right."

And away we went. I beat him by eight up and seven to play and was marching triumphantly up to the club-house when Redford intercepted me.

"What's your game?" he said. "You wouldn't play with me and now you've played a round with our Candidate."

"Redford," I said, "when that dear old gentleman came along I felt that I had acted improperly in introducing political acerbity on the links. I was wrong, and as a proof of it I am willing to play level with any politician in the club for the same stakes—providing that his handicap is over twenty."

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"PEREANT QUI ANTE NOS. . ."

[“Before the Love of Letters, overdone, Had swamped the sacred poets with themselves.”—TENNYSON.]

"THE poets of an older time,"

Grumbled ROSSSETTI JONES one day,  
"Have used up every blessed rhyme  
And collared every thought sublime,  
Leaving us nothing new to say."

"They've sung the Game of War as played

By gods and men, heroic peers;  
They've sung the love of man and maid,  
To Life their laughing tribute paid,  
Nor grudged grim Death his toll of tears.

"What can a modern poet sing,  
Describe, imagine or invent?  
They've been before, they've tapped  
the spring,

They've laid their hands on everything,  
Staked out the spacious firmament.

"Last week, a line that did me proud  
Flashed on me, strolling down the  
Strand:—

'I wandered lonely as a cloud;  
Then conscience suddenly avowed  
The simile was second-hand.

"Take birds, for instance. No remark  
Of mine on birds could but be stale;  
SHELLEY and WORDSWORTH own the  
lark

(Which SHAKESPEARE too had bid us  
hark),

While KEATS has bagged the nightingale.

"With rose and lily surfeited,  
BURNS sang the daisy. Here's a  
fraud

Of TENNYSON'S: I might have said  
How daisies crimson 'neath the tread  
Of more attractive girls than *Maud*!

"You think you've something up to  
date?

You'll find it's been already done;  
I'd like to clean the blooming slate;  
Their footprints I'd obliterate;  
I want my corner in the sun."

He ceased. "Yet your revenge," I said,

Taking a classic from his shelves,  
"Is ample, surely"; there I read  
How moderns vex the sacred dead,  
Swamping old poets with themselves.

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CAUTIOUS CONCLUSIONS.

(By a Westminster Angel.)

[“Looking back at what has been achieved, we can gain fresh courage for the perplexities of the moment, in the sure and certain hope that with energy and goodwill the task of social amelioration will be safely accomplished, if never finished.”

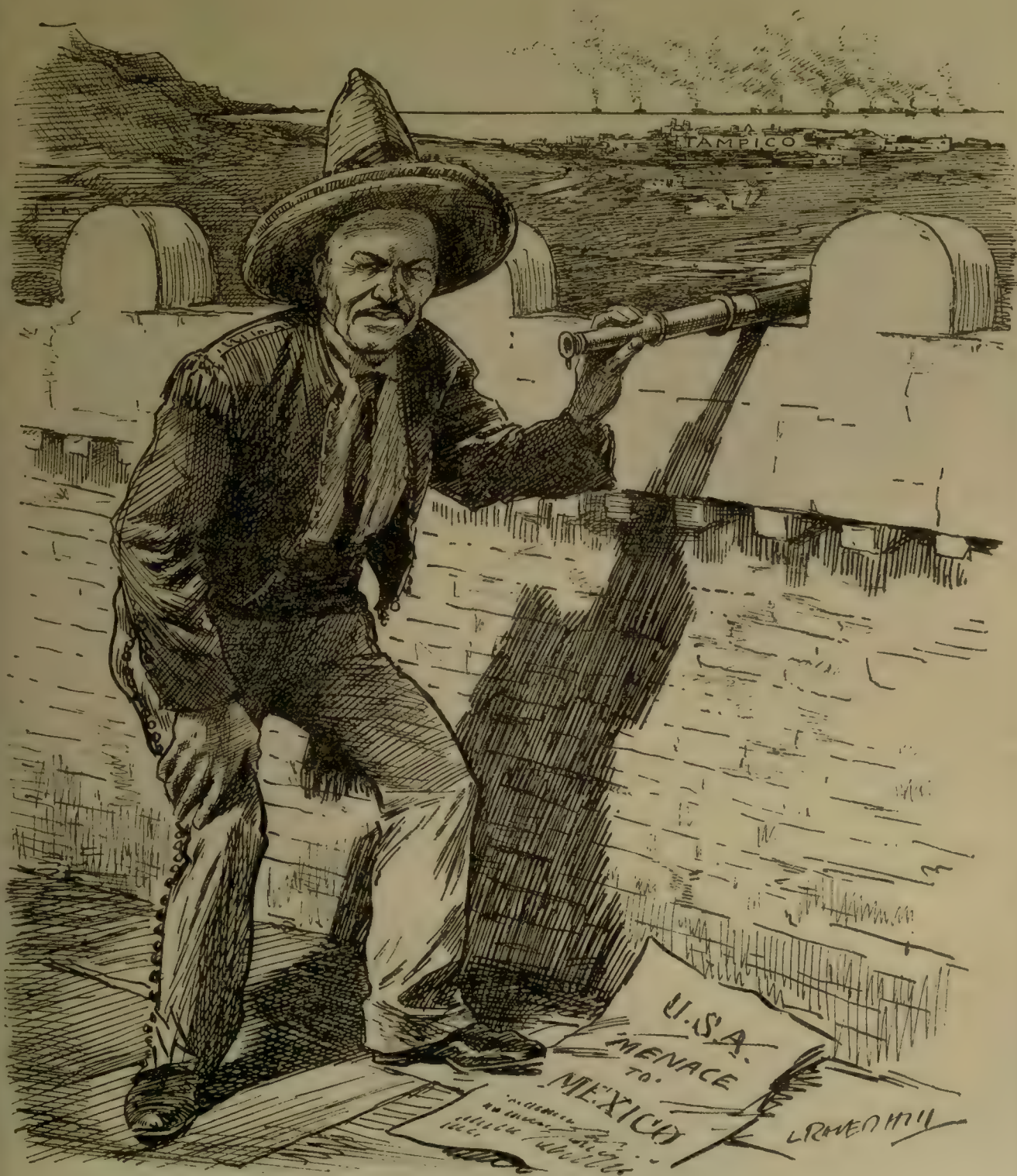
“Westminster Gazette” leading article.

WHILE then we admit that President Wilson's technical violation of his policy of non-intervention is fraught with possibilities of difficulty if not of actual danger for the United States, we can at least fortify ourselves with the reassuring consolation that, where righteous intentions are backed by a strong arm, the odds are generally in favour of their prevailing, even though they may never be victorious.

The prospects of a pacific solution of the Ulster problem, though they have not visibly improved in the last week, at least cannot be said to have substantially altered for the worse. But the atmosphere, though no longer electric, is not yet unclouded. All that can be safely said is that, if only the Government continue to play the game with the same forbearance, tenacity, and transparent honesty that they have shown in the past, the gulf that yawns between the extremists on either side must one day be filled up, though never bridged.

As we reflect on the happenings of the last year, we cannot but be sensible of a salutary *détente* in the relations of Germany and Great Britain. That this should lead to a closer understanding, and ultimately to an alliance,





### A PENULTIMATUM.

PRESIDENT HUERTA. "AMERICAN FLEET TO VISIT ME AND EXCHANGE COMPLIMENTS? WELL, IT'S NICE TO BE 'RECOGNISED,' ANYHOW."









## TYPICAL SPRING BLOSSOMS IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.

between the two Powers must be the heartfelt prayer of every patriotic Liberal. But good wishes are seldom operative unless they are backed by action. It is the duty of every lover of his country to labour unremittingly to promote this object, and at the same time to resign himself to the conviction that he may not live to see his aim realised, though his descendants may witness its translation into actuality, even if its consummation is indefinitely postponed.

The vagaries of feminine fashion are undoubtedly a source of misgiving and disquietude to those, like ourselves, who favour the extension of civil rights to women. But, amid all the evidences of frivolity and extravagance which pain the judicious, we need never relinquish the hope that, once the pendulum swings backwards into the direction of sanity, its retrogression will probably be beneficial, even though we cannot pronounce it satisfactory.

PRESIDENT HUERTA: "Morituri te salutamus? I don't think."

## EASY FRUIT.

He got in at Peterborough; I spotted him at once by the way he talked to the porter.

He sat down heavily and looked round the carriage for victims. I was doomed. The only other passenger in it had been asleep since Grantham.

I snatched up my paper and buried my head in it and shut my eyes. Ten seconds elapsed.

"I beg your pardon, Sir——"

"Not at all," I said gruffly.

"But your paper's upside down."

"Yes. I always read papers upside down. I'm ambidextrous."

Ten seconds more silence.

"What do you think of this weather we're having?"

"Nothing," I said curtly. I gave up the paper in despair and looked hard out of the window. I knew the man was staring at me and compassing a new attack.

He leant over at last.

"Now, what are your views on Ulster?"

I couldn't say "Nothing" again; but,

even so, I retained some presence of mind.

"I am a convinced Home Ruler, and I never argue," I snapped.

"I happen to have gone into the question pretty thoroughly," he began.

About ten minutes later he stopped talking and looked at me triumphantly.

"Now, what answer have you to that?" he said.

"None," I admitted.

"But you said——"

"I'm a convinced Anti-Home Ruler."

"But just now you said——"

"I know. But you've convinced me."

He snorted violently and relapsed into a moody silence until the other man awoke at Finsbury Park.

The Vicar of St. John's, Carlisle (*The Carlisle Journal* tells us), in moving the adoption of the past year's accounts, said:—

"About £9 was saved through not paying the choir-boys, and the result had been most satisfactory."

The note of satisfaction in the choir-boys' voices is said to be very touching.



## THE SLUGGARD.

My Uncle James, whose memoirs I am now preparing for publication, was a many-sided man; but his chief characteristic, I am inclined to think, was the indomitable resolution with which, disregarding hints, entreaties and even direct abuse, he would lie in bed of a morning. I have seen the domestic staff of his hostess day after day manœuvring restlessly in the passage outside his room, doing all those things which women do who wish to rout a man out of bed without moving Uncle James an inch. Footsteps might patter outside his door; voices might call one to the other; knuckles might rap the panels; relays of shaving-water might be dumped on his wash-stand; but devil a bit would Uncle James budge, till finally the enemy, giving in, would bring him his breakfast in bed. Then, after a leisurely cigar, he would at last rise and, having dressed himself with care, come downstairs and be the ray of sunshine about the home.

For many years I was accustomed to look on Uncle James as a mere sluggard. I pictured ants raising their antennæ scornfully at the sight of him. I was to learn that not sloth but a deep purpose dictated his movements, or his lack of movement.

"My boy," said Uncle James, "more evil is wrought by early rising than by want of thought. Happy homes are broken up by it. Why do men leave charming wives and run away with quite unattractive adventuresses? Because good women always get up early. Bad women, on the other hand, invariably rise late. To prize a man out of bed at some absurd hour like nine-thirty is to court disaster. To take my own case, when I first wake in the morning my mind is one welter of unkindly thoughts. I think of all the men who owe me money, and hate them. I review the regiment of women who have refused to marry me, and loathe them. I meditate on my faithful dog, Ponto, and wish that I had kicked him overnight. To introduce me to the human race at that moment would be to let loose a scourge upon society. But what a difference after I have lain in bed looking at the ceiling for an hour or so. The milk of human kindness comes surging back into me like a tidal wave. I love my species. Give me a bit of breakfast then, and let me enjoy a quiet meditative smoke, and I

am a pleasure to all with whom I come in contact."

He settled himself more comfortably upon the pillows and listened luxuriously for a moment to the sound of rushing housemaids in the passage.

"Late rising saved my life once," he said. "Pass me my tobacco pouch."

He lit his pipe and expelled a cloud of smoke.

"It was when I was in South America. There was the usual revolution in the Republic which I had visited in my search for concessions, and, after due consideration, I threw in my lot with the revolutionary party. It is usually a sound move, for on these occasions the revolutionists have generally corrupted the standing army, and they win before the other side has time to re-corrupt it at a higher figure.

"And then suddenly it flashed upon me that there had been a serious mistake.

"Wait!" I called.

"What's the matter now?" asked the leader of the firing squad.

"Matter?" I said. "Look at the sun. The court-martial distinctly said that I was to be shot at sunrise. Do you call this sunrise? It must be nearly lunch-time."

"It's not our fault," said the firing-party. "We came to your cell all right, but you wouldn't get up. You told us to leave it on the mat."

"I did remember then having heard someone fussing about outside my cell door.

"That's neither here nor there," I said firmly. "It was your business to shoot me at sunrise, and you haven't done it. I claim a re-trial on a technicality."

"Well, they stormed and blustered, but I was adamant; and in the end they had to take me back to my cell to be tried again. I was condemned to be shot at sunrise next morning, and they went to the trouble of giving me an alarm clock and setting it for 3 A.M.

"But at about eleven o'clock that night there was another revolution. Some revolutionaries revolted against the revolutionaries who had revolted against the revolutionaries who had revolted against the Government, and, having re-re-corrupted the standing army,

they swept all before them, and at about midnight I was set free. I recall that the new President kissed me on both cheeks and called me the saviour of his country. Poor fellow, there was another revolution next day, and, being a confirmed early riser, he got up in time to be shot at sunrise."

Uncle James sighed, possibly with regret, but more probably with happiness, for at this moment they brought in his breakfast.

"It would be amusing, if it were not athletic, to read that this satirist who ridiculed sentiment made himself ridiculous by falling violently in love with a young girl of eighteen."

Winnipeg Telegram.

He who runs may read—but apparently he mustn't be amused.

"It is known the play is in three acts and nine scenes, and that there is an exceptionally long cast, but beyond that the strictest scenery is being preserved."

Which will be good news for Mr. GORDON CRAIG.



Pavement Artist (who has not yet recovered the nerve which he lost on hearing of the attack upon the VELASQUEZ Venus). "PASS ALONG THEM COVERS, GEORGE—THE SUFFRAGETTES IS COMING."

In South America, thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just, but six times he who gets his bribe in fust. On the occasion of which I speak, however, a hitch was caused by the fact of another party revolting against the revolutionists while they were revolting against the revolutionary party which had just upset the existing Government. Everything is very complicated in those parts. You will remember that the Tango came from there.

"Well, the long and the short of it was that I was captured and condemned to be shot. I need not go into my emotions at the time. Suffice it to say that I was led out and placed with my back against an odobe wall. The firing-party raised their rifles.

"It was a glorious morning. The sun was high in a cloudless sky. Everywhere sounded the gay rattle of the rattle-snake and the mellow chirrup of the hydrophobia-skunk and the gila monster. It vexed me to think that I was so soon to leave so peaceful a scene.



## GRUB STREET GOSSIP.

(By our Special Parasitic Penman.)

*How I Got There and Back* is the title of a new story of adventurous exploration which Messrs. Jones, Younger announce for immediate publication. The author, Mr. J. Minch Howson, whose text has been revised by the publishers, has had some astonishing experiences as a bonzo-hunter in the Aruwihimi forest. On one occasion he was rescued by a mad elephant from the jaws of an okapi, into which he had inadvertently fallen while flying from a gorilla. During his residence among the pygmies Mr. Howson became such an adept with the long blow-pipe that they offered him the headship of the tribe; but, as this involved the adoption of anthropophagous habits, he was reluctantly obliged to decline the honour.

Mr. Bamborough, the famous violinist, who recently changed his name by deed poll from Bamberger, has compiled a further volume of reminiscences based on his experiences as a travelling virtuoso in all four hemispheres. Some of these have already been made public in the Press, but in a condensed form. He now tells us for the first time in full detail his astounding adventures in New Guinea, where he was captured and partially eaten by cannibals, and his awful ordeal in the Never-Never Land, when he was attacked simultaneously by an emu and a wallaby, and conquered them both by the strains of his violin. The volume, which will be published by the House of Pougher and Kleimer, is profusely illustrated with portraits of Mr. Bamborough at various stages of his career, before and after the execution of the deed poll; of Mrs. Bamborough and their three gifted children, Wotan, Salome and Isolde Bamborough; and of her father, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.G.S., formerly Attorney-General of Pitcairn Island. It is further enriched with a number of letters in *fac-simile* from the Begum of Bhopal, General HUERTA, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Madame HUMBERT, Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE and the late King THEEBAW of Burmah.

Messrs. Vigo announce the speedy publication of a volume of reminiscences from the pen of Count Lio Rotsac, the famous Bohemian revolutionary. In it special interest attaches to the long and desperate struggle between the Count and his rival, Baron Aracsac, which ended in the supersession of the latter and his confinement in the gloomy fortress prison of Niola Stelbat.

Miss Poppy McLurkin, the composer



## HOW TO TAKE YOUR PART IN A DIALOGUE.

"WHY, MRS. CODLINS, 'OW ARE YOU, 'OW ARE YOU? I 'AVEN'T SEEN YOU TO SPEAK TO FOR AGES." "NO, MRS. WHIDDEN; NO MORE 'AVEN'T I YOU, NETHER."

of that delightful song *Peter Popinjay*, of which over a quarter of a million copies have been sold or given away, has expanded the four verses of her lyric into a full-length novel, which Messrs. Gulliver will publish under the same title. Miss McLurkin, who is still on the sunny side of thirty, is one of the few female performers on the bagpipes in the literary profession.

New novelists are always welcome if only for the titles of their books, for, after all, perusal of their contents is not compulsory. In this category may be included *Telepathic Theodora*, by Beryl Smuts; *The Rottenest Story in the World*, by Dermot Stuggo; and *In the Doldrums*, by Wally Gogg.

## The Latest Cinema Poster.

"Amazing Realistic Drama, featuring Big Game Hunting.

1500 feet—BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST."

This is not realistic enough for us.

Seen on an Islington baker's shop:—

"CURRENT BREAD."

A marked improvement on the stale back-numbers supplied by some bakers.

"We understand that Prince William of Wied intends to proclaim himself King of Albania as soon as certain technical difficulties have been overcome."—*Times*.

Unfortunately there are several thousand "technical difficulties"—all well-armed.



## THE OBVIOUS.

CELIA had been calling on a newly-married friend of hers. They had been school-girls together; they had looked over the same Algebra book (or whatever it was that Celia learnt at school—I have never been quite certain); they had done their calisthenics side by side; they had compared picture-post-cards of LEWIS WALLER. Ah me! the fairy princes they had imagined together in those days . . . and here am I, and somewhere in the City (I believe he is a stockbroker) is Ermyntre's husband, and we play our golf on Saturday afternoons, and complain of our dinners, and— Well, anyhow, they were both married, and Celia had been calling on Ermyntre.

"I hope you did all the right things," I said. "Asked to see the wedding-ring, and admired the charming little house, and gave a few hints on the proper way to manage a husband."

"Rather," said Celia. "But it did seem funny, because she used to be older than me at school."

"Isn't she still?"

"Oh, no! I'm ever so much older now. . . . Talking about wedding-rings," she went on, as she twisted her own round and round, "she's got all sorts of things written inside hers—the date and their initials and I don't know what else."

"There can't be much else—unless perhaps she has a very large finger."

"Well, I haven't got *anything* in mine," said Celia mournfully. She took off the offending ring and gave it to me.

On the day when I first put the ring on her finger, Celia swore an oath that nothing but death, extreme poverty or brigands should ever remove it. I swore too. Unfortunately it fell off in the course of the afternoon, which seemed to break the spell somehow. So now it goes off and on just like any other ring. I took it from her and looked inside.

"There are all sorts of things here too," I said. "Really, you don't seem to have read your wedding-ring at all. Or, anyhow, you've been skipping."

"There's nothing," said Celia in the same mournful voice. "I do think you might have put something."

I went and sat on the arm of her chair and held the ring up.

"You're an ungrateful wife," I said, "after all the trouble I took. Now look there," and I pointed with a pencil, "what's the first thing you see?"

"Twenty-two. That's only the—"

"That was your age when you married me. I had it put in at enormous expense. If you had been eighteen, the man said, or—nine, it would

have come much cheaper. But no, I would have your exact age. You were twenty-two, and that's what I had engraved on it. Very well. Now what do you see next to it?"

"A crown."

"Yes. And what does that mean?"

In the language of—er—crowns it means 'You are my queen.' I insisted on a crown. It would have been cheaper to have had a lion, which means—er—lions, but I was determined not to spare myself. For I thought, "I went on pathetically, "I quite thought you would like a crown."

"Oh, I do," cried Celia quickly, "if it really means that." She took the ring in her hands and looked at it lovingly. "And what's that there? Sort of a man's head."

I gazed at her sadly.

"You don't recognize it? Has a year of marriage so greatly changed me? Celia, it is your Ronald! I sat for that, hour after hour, day after day, for your sake, Celia. It is not a perfect likeness; in the small space allotted to him the sculptor has hardly done me justice. But it is your Ronald. . . . And there," I added, "is his initial 'r.' Oh, woman, the amount of thought I spent on that ring!"

She came a little closer and slipped the ring on my finger.

"Spend a little more," she pleaded.

"There's plenty of room. Just have something nice written in it—something about you and me."

"Like 'Pisgah'?"

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it's 'Mizpah,' or 'Ichabod,' or 'Habakkuk.' I'm sure there's a word you put on rings—I expect they'd know at the shop."

"But I don't want what they know at shops. It must be something quite private and special."

"But the shop has got to know about it when I tell them. And I don't like telling strange men in shops private and special things about ourselves. I love you, Celia, but—"

"That would be a lovely thing," she said, clasping her hands eagerly.

"What?"

"I love you, Celia."

I looked at her aghast.

"Do you want me to order that in cold blood from the shopman?"

"He wouldn't mind. Besides, if he saw us together he'd probably know. You aren't afraid of a goldsmith, are you?"

"I'm not afraid of any goldsmith living—or goldfish either, if it comes to that. But I should prefer to be sentimental in some other language

than plain English. I could order 'Cara sposa,' or—or 'Spaghetti,' or anything like that, without a tremor."

"But of course you shall put just whatever you like. Only—only let it be original. Not Mizpahs."

"Right," I said.

For three days I wandered past gold-and-silversmiths with the ring in my pocket . . . and for three days Celia went about without a wedding-ring, and, for all I know, without even her marriage-lines in her muff. And on the fourth day I walked boldly in.

"I want," I said, "a wedding-ring engraved," and I felt in my pockets. "Not initials," I said, and I felt in some more pockets, "but—but—" I tried the trousers pockets again. "Well, look here, I'll be quite frank with you. I—er—want—" I fumbled in my ticket-pocket, "I want 'I love you' on it," and I went through the waistcoat pockets a third time. "I—er—love you."

"Me?" said the shopman, surprised.

"I love you," I repeated mechanically. "I love you, I love you, I— Well, look here, perhaps I'd better go back and get the ring."

On the next day I was there again; but there was a different man behind the counter.

"I want this ring engraved," I said.

"Certainly. What shall we put?"

I had felt the question coming. I had a sort of instinct that he would ask me that. But I couldn't get the words out again.

"Well," I hesitated, "I—er—well."

"Ladies often like the date put in. When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"

"The wedding," he smiled.

"It has been," I said. "It's all over. You're too late for it."

I gave myself up to thought. At all costs I must be original. There must be something on Celia's wedding-ring that had never been on any other's. . .

There was only one thing I could think of.

The engraved ring arrived as we were at tea a few days later, and I had a sudden overwhelming fear that Celia would not be pleased. I saw that I must explain it to her. After all, there was a distinguished precedent.

"Come into the bath-room a moment," I said, and I led the way.

She followed, wondering.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to a blue thing on the floor.

"The bath-mat," she said, surprised.

"And what is written on it?"

"Why—'bath-mat,' of course."

"Of course," I said . . . and I handed her the wedding-ring. A. A. M.





*Mother (to conciliate little girl who has been whipped). "WAS SHE A NASTY CRUEL MOTHER, THEN?"*  
*Modern Child. "OH NO; I DESERVED IT."*

#### GWENDOLEN'S HOBBIES.

Gwendolen, when we were wed,  
 In her artless manner said,  
 "Dear, I think I'd better  
 Choose a hobby, lest I find  
 Household duties cramp the mind."  
 Foolishly, I let her.

Books at first were her delight;  
 Gwendolen grew erudite;  
 Vain were my petitions,  
 Till in scientific terms  
 I dilated on the germs  
 Haunting first editions.

Then, for one expensive week,  
 China (guaranteed antique)—  
 Derby, Sèvres and Lustre—  
 Charmed her, till our Abigail  
 Washed them in a kitchen pail,  
 Dried them with a duster!

Foreign stamps her time engrossed  
 For a busy month at most;  
 I endured—and waited.  
 Who so proud as Gwendolen  
 Of each gummy specimen  
 Till the craze abated?

Later (if I seem severe,  
 Gwendolen, forgive me, dear!)

Art proved all-compelling;  
 Post-Impressionist indeed  
 Were the colour-schemes decreed  
 For our modest dwelling.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 With her last experiment  
 Gwendolen appears content;  
 Heaven grant she may be!  
 For, of all the hobbies run  
 By my wife, there isn't one  
 Suits her like a baby.

#### THE SITTER SAT UPON.

Wilkinson is a sculptor. I don't mean that he lives by sculpting. No. As he puts it himself: "My lower self, the self that wants bread and meat and warmth and shelter, lives on unearned increment. My higher self, the only self that counts, lives on Art."

Wilkinson and I had been sworn pals from our boyhood till the day he said: "By the way, old thing, I've never had a turn at *your* headpiece. You might give me a few sittings."

For the first time I found myself seated on a sitter's throne, while Wilkinson stood at his modelling stand working away at a mass of clay that

faintly suggested a human head and shoulders.

"Need you yawn so often?" There was a hint of savagery in Wilkinson's tone that was new to me.

"Why, you're not doing my mouth yet," I urged.

"No, but when a mouth like yours opens wide it alters the shape of the whole skull."

I was astonished and hurt, and took refuge in dignified silence.

"Shall you send it—I mean me—to the Academy?" I asked by-and-by.

"Depends on how it pans out," grunted Wilkinson, leaving the clay, twirling the movable throne round, and taking a frowning survey of me in various aspects. "I might send it in with Popplewell's bust, as a sort of make-weight."

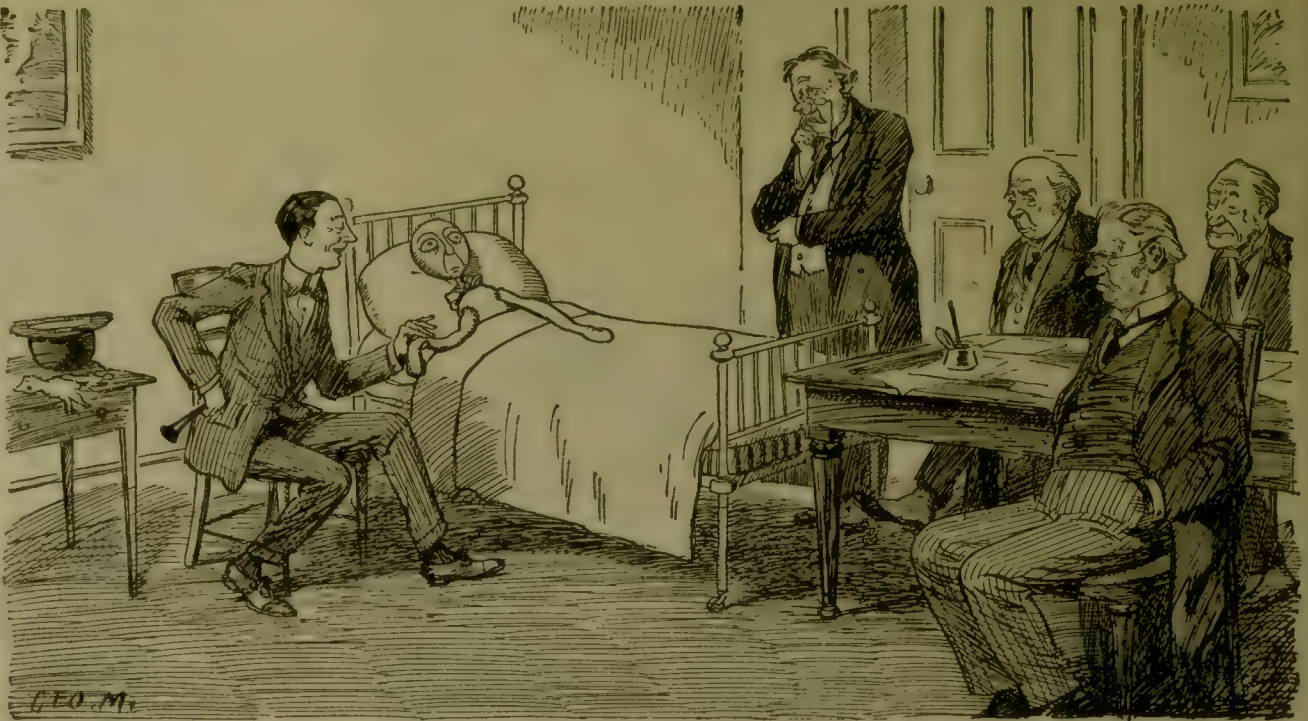
"As a sort of make-weight!" I echoed indignantly; and then, more calmly, "Popplewell's finished, isn't he?"

"Yes—gone to be cast; and then comes the marble."

"Oh, Popplewell's to be done in marble, is he? What shall I be done in?"

Wilkinson was taking an upward





CANDIDATE FOR MEDICAL DEGREE BEING EXAMINED IN THE SUBJECT OF "BEDSIDE MANNER."

view of my features now, with a look of extreme distaste on his countenance.

"You? Oh, if I decide to finish you, it'll be just the clay-burnt terra-cotta, you know. Tut, tut, tut!"

"Why tut, tut, tut?" I asked.

"No offence, old chap, but you *have* such queer facial bones;" and as he turned back to his modelling I heard him mutter: "You never really know what people are like till they sit to you."

Again I felt a bit hurt, and this time I indulged a retort. "Wonder if you'll get Popplewell into the Academy. You've never had anything in yet, have you?"

"We sculptors are so vilely handicapped by the wretched amount of space the Academy people give us!" said Wilkinson angrily. "Still, I've great hopes this time. Not only is my work improved, but it's a popular subject—Popplewell, the novelist. There—that'll do for to-day. I've got the construction all right," looking resentfully from the clay head to mine, "though no one would believe it who hadn't your head here to compare it with."

"Why, what's the matter with my head?" I asked irritably as I got gingerly off the movable throne. "And, anyhow, I didn't ask to be modelled. You made me sit here—I didn't want to do it."

"Oh, people make practice for one, whatever they're like."

"Good-bye," I said stiffly.

At the second sitting I tried to make allowances for the artistic temperament when Wilkinson prowled round me with a look of something like horror on his face, assaulted my features with compasses, and turned away gibbering. I even kept calm when informed that one of my eyes was considerably larger and wider open than the other and that I had "no drawing" in my face. "No offence, old chap," added my former friend with a grin. "You must remember it's the artist-eye that's responsible for these cursory reflections."

"I wonder," I remarked musingly, "whether the artist-eye is a feature that occasionally gets blacked by an indignant sitter."

At the third and fourth sittings more bitter so-called truths were handed out to me, and he was down on my "construction" like a hundred of bricks.

"That's a normal one," here he indicated a skull on a shelf; "his bones are all right. But if yours were stripped of the flesh——"

"I shan't be sorry when these sittings are over," I said; then, as I caught a side view of the clay head, "I say! Am I as frightful as that?"

"As frightful as that!" snorted Wilkinson; "why, I've *flattered* you, if anything. People never know what they're like. There's such a lot of rotten vanity knocking about."

When the last sitting was over my wrongs found voice.

"When I first sat to you," I said in a tense tone, "I was comparatively happy; my self-esteem was in a healthy state; I felt that I was well-looking at my best, even good-looking. I go from you to-day a broken man, my confidence shaken, my manners spoiled by the consciousness that my construction is wrong, that there is 'no drawing' in my face, and that neither my eyes nor my nostrils are a pair; and, not content with this, you have darkened my remote future by implying that when it is time for me to be merely a skull I shall be an absurd one. May Heaven forgive you, Wilkinson—I never can!"

For some weeks we stood apart, "like cliffs that had been rent asunder," and then one day Wilkinson came up and thumped me on the back. "It's always the unexpected that happens, old thing," he said. "Popplewell's bust was rejected at once, but yours——"

"Am I in?" In my excitement I forgot my wrongs.

"No, not *in*; but you were a *doubtful*. Only think—first doubtful I've ever had! To have a doubtful sculpture is as good as having two or three paintings on the line. You can't be such a bad subject after all. I'll have another touch at you, and next year see if you're not in! Come and have some lunch."

"Notable things are done around a table. Corporations are formed . . ."

*Westminster Teacher.*

The beginnings of them, anyway.





Bernard Partridge

AFTER TEN YEARS.







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Tuesday, April 14.*—Back to grindstone after so-called Easter recess. Divisions reveal presence of aggregate of something less than 200 Members. Watchful Whip, ever suspicious of ambush, succeeded in mustering four-fifths of the whole. Ministerial majority maintained at average of six-score.

Increased by a unit consequent on return of PREMIER after re-election by faithful Fife. Towards close of Questions was discovered standing at Bar awaiting SPEAKER's call.

"Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table."

As he advanced, escorted by CHIEF WHIP and Scottish colleague, Liberals and Irish Nationalists leaped to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs in loyal greeting. Only the haughty Labour Member remained seated. Not for him to pay court to chiefs of other parties, howsoever friendly. He is there as representative of the Working Man; is neither to be bought nor sold, cowed nor cajoled.

A fine spectacle. Pity Strangers' Galleries almost empty.

In process of swearing-in new Member nothing taken for granted. HALSBURY discovered this when, far back in the last century, he, known at the time as HARDINGE GIFFARD, came up to take his seat for Lancastron. Challenged by the Clerk for production of writ of return, made painful discovery that it was not at hand. Sure he put it in his pocket when he left home; but which pocket?

In full gaze of four hundred quizzical Members he proceeded to search. Was there ever mortal man with so many pockets stuffed with such miscellaneous contents as DISRAELI's Solicitor-General littered the Table withal? In the end—and its coming seemed interminable—the desired document was found coily hidden in his hat left on the seat he had occupied under the Gallery awaiting summons to the Table.

The PRIME MINISTER, cool and businesslike as usual, had necessary document ready. Handing it to the Clerk, he once more signed the roll of Parliament.



THE NEW MEMBER.

Mr. SPEAKER. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, Sir. Somehow I seem to know your face."

Then came critical moment, awaited with keen interest by House. The roll signed, it is duty of Clerk to conduct new Member to SPEAKER and introduce him by name.

"Mr. ASQUITH!" the Clerk announced.

With half start of surprise SPEAKER regarded newcomer; thought he recognised him as he stood at the Table.

the Highlands of Scotland. WEDGWOOD and THORNE thought Government had gone far enough in the way of lavish expenditure of tax-payers' money by providing them and others with salaries of £400 a year. From other side of House BANBURY made several speeches in succession. Division called and opposition swamped.

Wednesday.—"Such larks!" as Joe Gargery used to say to Pip when they met for confidential confabulation. Of all men it was COUSIN HUGH began them. At first sight difficult to associate tendency to larkiness with austerity of Member for Oxford University. But human nature is complex, and, after all, COUSIN HUGH is only human.

In a former Parliament he was convicted of what was officially known as loitering in the Lobby. It was a Wednesday afternoon, and in those days debate automatically stood adjourned at half-past five. Business to the fore related to Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. Every prospect of Resolution being approved if there were opportunity for division. The thing to do was to prevent one taking place. Accordingly, when House divided on Closure motion, COUSIN HUGH and his confederates were such an unconscionably long time returning to their places that half-past five struck before main question could be put from Chair. Debate accordingly stood adjourned for indefinite period.

A fortnight ago another of those domestic questions which stir COUSIN HUGH's soul to the depths came up. At the ballot-box a Member secured favourable position for motion relating to Divorce. COUSIN HUGH



THE GREAT EAST AFRICAN PROTECTOR.

"Come under de ole umbrella,  
Come along, piccaninnies, do;  
Hark to Uncle LULU a-callin',  
Room for all ob you!"—COON SONG.

(Mr. HARCOURT.)



straightway blocked it by a bogus Bill. Last Wednesday Opposition proposed on motion for adjournment for Easter to attack Government from divers points of compass. Ministerialists, taking leaf out of Cousin Hugh's book, put down notices that blocked the whole lot. To-day PREMIER's attention called to the matter. Admits "situation is scandalous"; undertakes forthwith to submit Resolution dealing with it.

Characteristically odd feature in case is that it was BROTHER BOB who brought matters to a head by tabling a Resolution making impossible in future the vagaries of COUSIN HUGH.

Which shows afresh how remarkable are the resources of a family rooted in the spacious times of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

*Business done.*—Criminal Justice Administration Bill read a second time.

*Thursday.*—As at approach of Spring the time of the singing of birds comes, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, so thus early in the session the voice of the objector is heard in the House of Commons. On days when Private Bills come up for consideration, there is a scene which interests while it perplexes occupants of Ladies' Gallery, in whose full view it is set. As soon as SPEAKER takes the Chair, before galleries are open to male strangers, there enters from hidden staircase leading to gallery over clock a procession of businesslike gentlemen. Silently, swiftly, they flood what is known as Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.

Clerk at Table reads list of Private Bills awaiting second reading: (1) Middlesbrough Corporation Bill, (2) Lurgan Gas and Electricity Bill, (3) Northwich Urban District Council Bill. From one side or other of benches below Gangway sounds a single word: "Object!" Title of next Bill on list recited. Again the cabalistic word, and so on to end of catalogue. This reached, anonymous Strangers in gallery rise and depart as swiftly, as silently, as they came, and what is still known as Question-hour (though it is limited to forty-five minutes) opens.

Whisper runs round Ladies' Gallery that mysterious Strangers are detachment of Ulster volunteers out on drill. As a matter of fact they are solicitors concerned for fate of private measures. With extreme rarity is a Private Bill debated on second reading. As a rule that stage is formally conceded, real work being done in select com-

mittees upstairs. One of the archaic absurdities of legislative practice remaining in Commons is that a single Member has autocratic power to delay progress of particular Bills approaching Committee stage by murmuring or shouting a magic dissyllable.

Last Session TIM HEALY, offended at certain course taken by Board of Trade in respect of Private Bill for which he was concerned, held up for a fortnight the whole course of private legislation. At the end of that time Government with a majority still a hundred strong capitulated. It was an exceptionally weary time for solicitors



THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING.

filing in and filing out of the Gallery, day by day passing and their Bill "getting no forrarder."

Fortunately in these cases there are two Bills that run concurrently. One is the legislative measure to which a Member objects; the other the bill of costs in which these daily attendances at the opening of successive sittings, this mounting and descending of unsympathetic stairways, are doubtless duly noted.

*Business done.*—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is making heroic efforts to improve the telephone service. According to the current Post Office Circular the name of the "Coed Talon" exchange has been altered to "Pontybodkin."

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

### AVIATION.

ONCE upon a time there was a little primrose who grew all alone on a sunny bank. All around her were primroses in clusters, but she was a solitary flower.

Having no brothers or sisters to talk to and no very near neighbours, she made a confidant of a bee, who would often sit with her for several minutes at a time. He was brusque and opinionated, but he was wise too, and, having wings, knew the world; and she never tired of hearing of his travels.

He told her of gardens where flowers of every kind and sweetness bloomed. "Not like you," he said—"not wild flowers that no one values, but choice, wonderful, aristocratic flowers that are picked out of catalogues and cost money and need attention from a gardener."

"What is a gardener?" the primrose asked.

"A gardener is a man who does nothing but look after flowers," said the bee. "He brings them water and picks off the dead leaves, and all the time he is thinking how to make them more beautiful."

"How splendid!" said the primrose.

And the bee told her of the houses in these gardens, with pleasant sunny rooms, and pictures, and flowers in vases to cheer the eyes of the rich people who lived there.

"How splendid!" said the primrose again. "I wish I could see it all. I should love to be in a vase in a beautiful room and be admired by rich people."

"You're too simple," said the bee. "You haven't a chance. You've got to stay where you are till you die."

"Why shouldn't I have wings like you?" said the primrose.

"How absurd!" replied the bee as he flew away.

But the next day the primrose looked up and saw a most wonderful thing. A primrose that really had wings! A flying primrose! A primrose that could go anywhere just like the bee. It darted hither and thither so gaily, alighting where it wished and then soaring up again right into the blue sky above the earth.

The solitary primrose called to it, but it did not hear, and was soon out of sight.

"So primroses needn't always stop where they are till they die," she said to herself. "Why did the bee deceive





### OUR YOUNG VETERANS.

He. "I SAY, YOUR GRANNIE SEEMS RATHER PUT OUT TO-NIGHT. WHAT'S UP?"

She. "HUSH! POOR DEAR, SHE'S JUST HEARD MY OTHER GRANNIE IS ENGAGED AND SHE'S SO AFRAID SHE MAY BE LEFT ON THE SHELF."

me? If I were like that I could see the garden and the gardener and the pretty gay sitting-rooms and the rich people."

She waited impatiently for the bee's return, and when he came she told him about the aviator.

"He was so splendid," she said, "so big and strong, and he flew beautifully. How can I get wings, too?"

"Pooh!" said the bee. "That wasn't a primrose. That was a brimstone butterfly; and as for flying—why, he can't compare with me. I could beat him every time: hundred yards, quarter-mile, mile, long distance—everything."

"He looked just like a wonderful big primrose," said the solitary flower wistfully.

"That's because you've got only one eye," said the bee. "He was a butterfly right enough;" and he hurried away laughing at the silliness of her mistake.

But that day the little primrose had part of her wish; for a party of children came into her corner of the wood and began to pick the flowers with cries of delight.

"Here's one all alone!" said a small

girl. "I shall pick that for mother." Straightway the primrose was torn from its root and held tightly in a hand which was far too hot to be pleasant.

Down the road the children went, and the primrose looked as well as she could at the hedges and the trees.

"So this is the world," she said to herself. "It seems really interesting, but I should like it better if I didn't feel so faint."

At last they came to a garden gate and passed through it, up a long path, with strange flowers on each side, which the primrose saw mistily, for she was now really ill.

"I am sure it is all very beautiful," she murmured, "but I know I shall die if I don't have some water soon."

And then they entered a room, and the little girl hurried up to a lady and gave her the solitary-primrose. "It was growing all alone," she said, "so I brought it for you."

"Put it into a vase at once," said the mother, "or it will die." And the primrose was placed in water, and at once began to revive.

Then she looked about her and saw what a nice room it was, and was happy.

The next morning in came the bee with a great fluster and bumped all over the room.

"Hullo," he said to the little primrose, "you here?"

She told him all her adventures.

"Well, what I said is right, isn't it?" the bee remarked. "It's all very jolly here, isn't it?"

"I suppose so, but I wish I didn't feel so weak. I never had an ache when I was in the wood."

"Ah, but you weren't among the nobbs then," said the bee; "make the most of your time while you're here, for it won't be for long, you know."

"Come and see me to-morrow," the little primrose whimpered. "I feel so lonely here. I was happier in the wood."

"You won't be alive to-morrow," said the bee cheerily. "But never mind, you have seen the world." And out he bashed again, blowing his motor-horn to clear the way.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "PYGMALION."

THE original Pygmalion took a block of dead ivory and made of it so fair a figure of a woman that he fell in love with his own creation, and Aphrodite, at his request, brought it to life. Mr. SHAW's *Pygmalion* takes a live flower-girl, turns her into a lifeless wax figure fit for a milliner's shop-window, and flatters himself, as an artist, on the result, but, as a man, proposes to take no interest in it, moral or physical. So you can easily see why almost any other proper name you can think of would have done better for the title.

The play itself shows the same typical inconsequence, the same freedom from the pedantry of logic. *Eliza Doolittle's* ambition is to become fitted for the functions of a young lady in a florist's shop. *Henry Higgins*, professor of phonetics, undertakes for a wager to teach her the manners and diction of a duchess—a smaller achievement, of course, in Mr. SHAW's eyes, but still a step in the right direction. And he is better than his word. After six months she has acquired a mincing speech, from which she is still liable to lapse into appalling indiscretions; but after another six months the product might pass muster in any *modiste's* showroom. And then she turns on him and protests that he has spoilt her life. As a flower-girl, she tells him, she used to earn her living honestly; now there is nothing she is good for.

Of course, you say, her contact with refined society—"we needs must love the highest when we see it"—has unfitted her for mixing with inferior people. On the contrary. She has, it is true, passed the final test of a series of social functions; but meanwhile all this time of her apprenticeship in manners she has been living her daily life, doing half-menial duties, in the house of *Higgins*, who happens to have no manners at all. One trembles, indeed, to picture the figure that he himself, the master, must have cut when he took his pupil to the halls of the great.

Then perhaps, you say, she has fallen into an unrequited passion for him, and this accounts for her peevishness? Well, if she has, we have only Mr. SHAW's word

for it, and she gets no sympathy from us for her deplorable taste in men. There was another man who was always about the house, a man with a habit of courtesy, but this gallant soldier left her cold. Such is the perversity of women—and Mr. SHAW. *Higgins's* one act of civility to his protégée, on which we had to

on just anything that occurs to him without prejudice in the matter of his mouthpiece. This time he was represented by a dustman; and for once Mr. SHAW consented to temper his wisdom to the limitations of its repository. His *Alfred Doolittle* (father of the flower-girl) threw off a little cheap satire on the morality of the middle-classes, yet admitted the drawbacks of unauthorised union (as practised by himself), since a man's wife is there to be kicked, whereas a mistress is apt to be more exigent of the amenities; you must adopt a more lover-like attitude if you want to retain her. He also argued brightly in defence of his proposal to sell his own daughter to any man for a fiver; let fall a platitude or two in praise of the lot of the undeserving poor; and (having come in for a fortune) found that charity had lost its blessedness—that the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin

was only admirable when you did the "touching" yourself. Not bad for a dustman, but Mr. SHAW has done better.

For the rest the attraction lay in the performance of individual actors rather than in the stuff of the play. Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL was delicious, both in her unregenerate state, and even more during the middle phase of the refining process. She made the Third Act a pure delight. Later, when she became tragic, she sacrificed something of her particular charm to the author's insincerity.

Sir HERBERT TREE, always at his best in comedy, was an excellent *Higgins* in his lighter moods. As for Mr. EDMUND GURNEY, he was far the best dustman I have ever met. His freedom from scruples, combined with a natural gift for unctuous and persuasive rhetoric, commanded admiration. *Higgins*, indeed, who could read potentialities at a glance, considered that he might, under happier conditions, have gone far toward attaining Cabinet rank or filling a Welsh pulpit.

Of the others, Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE played the too subsidiary part of *Colonel Pickering* with admirable self-repression; and Miss ROSAMOND MAYNE-YOUNG, as the mother of *Higgins*, was a very gracious figure.

The play was curiously uneven. If one might be permitted to enter and leave at one's pleasure I would



We venture to suggest a new attitude to illustrate the ease of manner which one expects from a Master of Phonetics and Deportment.

Henry Higgins . . . . . Sir HERBERT TREE.

base our hopes of a happy issue, was to throw a bunch of flowers at her from a balcony in Chelsea—not perhaps a very tactful reminder of her origin. But he was only just in time. Another two seconds of delay and the final curtain would have cut off this tardy and inadequate effort of conciliation.

However, nobody goes to a production of Mr. SHAW's with the idea of seeing a play. We go to hear him discourse



FROM FLOWER-GIRL TO PERFECT LADY.

(Showing middle stage in course of lessons in Polite Conversation.)

*Eliza Doolittle* (Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL) to Mrs. Eynsford-Hill (Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON). "An aunt of mine died of in-flu-en-za: but it's my be-lief they done h-her in."



advise you to miss out the desultory First Act. But if you insist on seeing it then take care to read your programme before the lights go down and find out that the scene is the porch of a church. I thought all the time that it was the porch of a theatre. Make sure in the same way about the Chelsea flat, or you may mistake it for a charming country cottage. The Second and Third Acts are not to be missed on any account, but I shouldn't worry about the Fourth. In the Fifth you should go away for good the moment that the dustman makes his exit. The tedium that follows is most distressing, and can only be explained as the author's revenge for your laughter. It was a cruel thing to do.

But I forgive him. I take away many delightful memories of my evening with *Pygmalion*, and, best of all, the picture of Sir HERBERT's frank and childlike pleasure at having discovered Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

#### "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER."

If you have ever been to an American commercial drama, you will know the opening scene of this one before the curtain goes up. The business interior; the typewriter on the left; the head of the firm opening cryptic correspondence and dictating unintelligible answers; spasmodic incursions of cocksure buyers and bagmen; a prevailing air of smartness, of hustle, of get-on-or-get-out. In *The Melting Pot* Mr. ZANGWILL has been creating a diversion with an Hebraic theme, his hero being a refugee from Kieff, where his family had perished in a pogrom. This new variation has occurred—independently, no doubt—to the author of *Potash and Perlmutter*, who has grafted it (including the detail of the immigrant from Kieff) on the old commercial stock, and done very well indeed with his blend.

His two protagonists in the Teuton-American-Semitic firm of "cloak and suit" manufacturers that gives its title to the play are extraordinarily alive. I am but imperfectly acquainted with this racial variety, but I can easily recognise that Messrs. AUGUSTUS YORKE and ROBERT LEONARD, who represent the two partners, are gifted with the most amazing powers of observation and reproduction.

The pair are alike in their mercenary tastes and in that loyalty which is so fine a feature of the Jewish race, and is here found in frequent conflict with their commercial instincts. The cruel wrench that their generosity always costs them is a true measure of its excellence. They quarrel alike over details of business policy; but they always stand together where profit

is obviously to be made by a common attitude, or where they find themselves in a tight corner. Yet the author has preserved a nice distinction between them. It is *Potash*, the elder of the two, and encumbered by fetters of domestic affection, who is the weaker vessel, and commits the indiscretions with whose issue he is impotent to cope; it is *Perlmutter*, with the quicker brains, contemptuous but devoted, who throws all the blame where it is due, yet stands by to share the punishment.

I found their language and accent rather hard to follow, a difficulty not shared by the strong Jewish element in an audience that was extremely quick to appreciate the humour that kept one always on the alert. It is profitless to ask how much of the fun was

due to the things said and how much to the manner of saying them. The essential matter is that actors and author between them gave us an unusually good time, and I am much obliged to them.

Apart from the leading characters, the *Mrs. Potash* of Miss MATILDA COTTRELL was a most delightful study, and the breezy methods of Mr. CHARLES DICKSON as a buyer and Mr. EZRA MATTHEWS as a salesman were effective of their kind.

The plot, as usual in such plays, was rather elementary. So, too, with the love interest; but the right kind of sentiment was not wanting in the very human characters of *Potash* and *Perlmutter*. For a rare moment or two there was a break in our laughter and tears were not far away. O. S.



Jones (selecting a uniform for his chauffeur). "I LIKE THIS ONE BEST, BUT IT'S RATHER EXPENSIVE."

Expert Salesman. "THEN I SHOULD HAVE IT. AFTER ALL, THE GUV'NOR PAYS!"



## THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

My nephew Rupert has been spending part of his Easter holidays with me. There is nothing like a boy of fifteen for adding an atmosphere to a house—in which term I include a garden. It is a special atmosphere, hard to define, but quite unmistakable when you have once lived in it. It is compounded of football, cricket, hockey—these are not actual, but conversational—of visits to the stables, romps with dogs in a library, tousled hair, muddy trousers, a certain contempt for time, the loan of my collar-stud, an insatiable desire to look through the back volumes of *Punch*, long rides on a bicycle and an irresistible tendency of ink to the fingers, presumably caused by the terrible duty of writing letters to parents. There may be other ingredients, but these are the chief. I am bound to add that he is a very amiable boy, with a strong sense of humour, and that he associates on very friendly terms with the little girls, his cousins, who form the majority of this household, it being quite understood that, for the time, they become boys while he remains what he is.

The other morning Rupert evidently had something on his mind. He made various half-hearted and thoroughly unsuccessful efforts to leave the room, twiddled his cap in his hands, tripped over the rug and finally spoke.

"Thanks awfully, Uncle Harry, for lending me your bicycle."

"That's all right," I said. "You're very welcome to it. It's a good thing for it to be used."

"Yes," he said, "but I shan't want it again."

"Tired of it?" I said. "Well, there's no compulsion."

"Oh, I know that—thanks awfully—but it isn't that. It's a ripping bicycle. I should like to ride it for ever, but—"

"Well, what is it? Out with it."

"I've got one of my own."

"One of your own!" I said. "How's that? You hadn't got one yesterday."

"No, but I've got one now. I bought it this morning at Hickleden. There's a bicycle shop there, and I heard there was a good bicycle for sale cheap, so I went over this morning and had a ride on it, and it suited me splendidly, so I bought it, and I've got it here."

"Bought it?" I said. "That's all very well; but how did you pay for it?"

"That," he said, "is where all the bother comes in."

"It generally does," I said. "Either you've got the money, and then it seems such a waste; or you haven't got it, and then it's a lifetime of misery. Debt, my boy, is an awful thing."

"Don't rag, Uncle Harry; I've got the money all right."

"Then be a man and shell out."

"Yes, but that's just what I can't do. It's this way: the price of the bicycle is five pounds seventeen and sixpence."

"And a very good price too."

"It's got three gears and a lamp and everything complete. Well, I've got three pounds ten in the Post-Office Savings Bank. I put it in in London."

"That's a good beginning, anyhow."

"Yes, and Aunt Mary gave me a pound for my birthday, and I put that in at the post-office here yesterday. It's better not to keep pounds in your pocket."

"Quite right," I said; "we have now got to four pounds ten."

"And Grandma sent me a pound this morning in a postal-order."

"We're all but up to it now," I said. "The excitement is becoming intense."

"Isn't it? And I've got the rest in shillings and sixpences and coppers."

"Away you go, then, and pay for the bicycle."

"Ah, but it isn't as easy as all that. I can't get the money out of the Post-Office."

"What," I said—"they won't let you have your own money? They calmly take the savings of a lifetime and then refuse to give them up?"

"I went round there this morning and they said I'd put the money in in London and there were various formalities to be gone through before I could draw it out here."

"The official mind," I said, "delights in technicalities. Let us see how you stand:—

To save you from the silly game of playing drakes and ducks  
You banked the cash in Middlesex—but asked for it in Bucks.

Or we could put it in this way:—

In order not to spend it all in lollipops and toffees  
You gave it to the P. M. G. to keep it in his office.

Or in this way:—

You bought a three-gear bicycle because you had a will for it,  
And now you've gone and fetched the thing and cannot pay the bill for it.

Rupert, you're in the cart."

"By Jove, Uncle Harry," he said in an awestruck tone, "that's poetry."

"Is it?" I said. "I just threw it off."

"Oh, yes, it's poetry all right. It's got rhymes, you know."

"Rupert," I said, "let us come back to plain prose and consider your desperate financial situation. You cannot get your three pounds ten."

"No, not yet."

"And Aunt Mary's pound?"

"They said that, being holiday time, that wouldn't have got to headquarters yet."

"Gracious goodness," I said, "I never knew a savings bank had so many pitfalls. The whole thing is too complicated for my mind."

"It isn't really complicated," said Rupert. "It's quite plain; but perhaps if you put it into poetry you'll understand it better."

"Rupert," I said, "let us have no sarcasms. The thing is too serious for that. You possess your grandmother's pound in a postal-order and assorted coins to the amount of seven and sixpence, total one pound seven and six, to pay for a bicycle costing five pounds seventeen and sixpence. In short, you are a bankrupt."

"But I shall get the money."

"That is what they all say."

Eventually the matter was arranged and the bicycle man was satisfied. Rupert's correspondence with the Post Office still continues. But his faith in that institution has received a severe shock.

R. C. L.

"The Rev. C. A. Brereton has presented to the St. Pancras Guardians a donkey for the use of the children at Leavesden Poor Law Schools, and a member of the Board has presented an A B C time-table."—*Daily News*.

*Anonymous Benefactor (when the secret of his name leaks out):* "No, no, don't thank me . . . It was last year's."

Headlines to adjoining columns in *The Toronto Daily Star*:—

"MAYOR TO CALL MEETING  
TO DISCUSS SCRIPTURE."

"MAYOR CALLS 'GLOBE'S'  
REPORT A 'BLASTED LIE.'"

These Mayors lead a life full of variety.





### PLEASURES OF THE POINT TO POINT.

*Good and encouraging Samaritan (helping sportsman to remount after immersion in the brook). "NEXT OLD BRUCK BE HEATS BRUCKER 'N THIS UN, AND HE DO HAVE A TERRIBLE LOT O' WATER IN HE JUST NOW."*

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Dodo the Second* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by E. F. BENSON. Doesn't the very title-page sound like a leaf from your dead past? I protest that for my own part I was back on hearing it in the naughty nineties, the very beginning of them indeed (the fact that I was also back in the school-room did little to impair the thrill) and agog to read the clever, audacious book that all the wonderful people who lived in those days were talking about. And behold! here they all are again—not the people who talked, but the audacious characters. Only the trouble is that we have all in the interval become so much more audacious ourselves that their efforts in this kind seem to fail to produce the old impression. This is by no means to say that I didn't enjoy *Dodo the Second*. I enjoyed it very much indeed; and so will you. For one thing, it was the jolliest experience to recognize so many old friends—*Dodo* herself (now of course the *Princess Waldenech*), and the wicked *Prince*, and the rest of them. Of *Dodo* at least it may be said, moreover, that she has matured credibly; this middle-aging lady is exactly what the siren of twenty years ago would have developed into, still beautiful, still alluring, and still (I must add) capable of infecting everyone else in a conversation with exactly her own trick of cheap and rather fatiguing brilliance. Added to all this there is now a new generation of characters, several of whom are quite pleasant company; for them and for one very impressive piece of descriptive work in the account of a gathering storm, this *Twenty Years After* may be heartily

welcomed. Indeed one leaves *Dodo* of 1914 so vigorously alive that I am not without hope of her turning up yet again as a grandmother in 1934.

I have discovered from *The Rebellion of Esther* (ALSTON RIVERS) why it is that my sympathies, usually at the disposal of insurgents, are withheld from the Suffragette. Anyone who is genuinely out to assert a principle, at the cost of quarrelling with established authority, has a certain merit of altruism which even the most law-abiding may count as a mitigating circumstance, however unworthy the end in view; but the egoism of a young lady (like Miss MARGARET LEGGE's heroine) who in whatever cause defies all institutions with the latent motive of asserting herself will induce even the most lawless to support warmly the powers of suppression. *Miss Esther Ballinger* had a number of real grievances, but her point of view was typified in her attitude towards the illicit and incidental motherhood of one of her acquaintances. Without hearing the facts, she pronounced it to be "a courageous stand against conventional morality," which it just possibly might have proved to be upon enquiry, and by no means a weak surrender to immediate desires, as much more probably it was in fact. From my knowledge of *Esther* she had but one reason for expressing this opinion, and that was the personal pleasure of saying the unorthodox thing, an element which accounts for much of the unconventionality of that intellectual class of townfolk figuring broadcast in the book, and largely discounts the value of its criticisms. I suspected the same flaw in her expressed convictions on religious, political and feminist matters,



and I shouldn't be surprised to learn, though there is no hint of it, that she stopped short of complete revolt in her own big affair because she realized instinctively that even a passionate pose may lose its attractions if it has to be maintained for a lifetime. Miss MARGARET LEGGE, though alive to the young person's faults, regards her as, on the whole, deep-thinking and right-minded; and I would not for a moment have our personal difference of opinion discourage anybody from reading a carefully studied and ably written novel.

The attitude of Militarist to Pacifist has the makings of a very pretty comedy. When the Mystics (with the Friends and the Tolstoians) were evangelical enough to preach their message of peace even to the point of non-resistance, they were broadly scouted as sentimental and idealistic idiots, and reminded of a nature red in tooth and claw rampant in this most sordid of all possible worlds. Now that the Rationalists take up the case against war from another end, they are denounced as squalid souls, with a greengrocer's outlook, morbidly anxious about the price of peas and potatoes, and urged to remember that not by bread alone doth man live. In *The Foundations of International Polity* (HEINEMANN), a series of lectures developing phases of the argument of the Great Illusion, Mr. NORMAN ANGELL incidentally deals with this greengrocery business. Nobody with knowledge of his shrewd and vigorous method will be surprised that without bluster or rhetoric he establishes a very clear verdict of acquittal. One has always the impression that the rationalist in him is deliberately repressing the mystic, lest his case be weakened by a suspicion of sentimentalism. For it must be obvious that not a cold, still less a squalid, but a generous purpose alone could inspire the fervour that flashes between the reasoned lines. When Mr. ANGELL pleads that policy is directed towards "self-interest," an easily misunderstandable pronouncement, it is no mean self-interest he has in view but a quality of high civilising and social value. He argues cogently that defence is not incompatible with, but rather a part of, rational pacifism, which is the protest against coercion; re-emphasises the difference between soldiering and policing; and illustrates the essential shallowness of that venerable tag, "Human nature doesn't change," by pointing to the decay of the duello, and the decline of the grill as a means of reasoning with heretics and witches. Were this learned Clerk a politician (which Heaven avert!), he would move for yet another increment to the Supplementary Navy Estimates—to wit, the price of a battleship to be expended in the distribution of this fighting pacifist's books to all journalists, attachés, clergymen, bazaar-openers, club oracles, professors, head-masters and other obvious people in both Germany and Britain.

In his new satirical study of certain modern cranks and their unpleasantness Mr. OLIVER ONIONS has, I think, allowed his bitterness to outrun his sense of proportion. *A Crooked Mile* (METHUEN) is a sequel to his earlier book, *The Two Kisses*. We meet again those two young women, *Dorothy* and *Amory*, and the natural characteristics that they once presented seem now to be tortured into caricature. *Amory* has indeed all my sympathy, so badgered is she by Mr. ONIONS, so relentlessly forced into ignominious positions; and I cannot feel, as I should do, that she would have achieved those ignominies without Mr. ONIONS' impelling hand behind her. I have myself considerable sympathy for cranks, and perhaps that is why I regard Mr. ONIONS' satire as a dry, gritty business. His humour is, of course, always a delightful thing, but here I fancy that he has not drawn the true line between comedy and farce, between satire that preserves the probabilities and indiscriminate exaggeration. Of the three Mr. ONIONES who have at different times given me pleasure—the author of *Widdershins*, the author of *In Accordance with the Evidence*, and the author of *Little Devil Doubt*—I greatly prefer the first. In *A Crooked Mile* there is one chapter worthy of all three of them—that chapter where *Amory* discovers that her lover is going away with another woman. That is fine work. For the rest I hope that he will grow tired of his social satire and soon give us again some more of his delicate imagination and fancy.



Vendor of studs and butts (to vendor of inflating baby). "NOW THEN, FATHER, NOT SO MUCH OF IT. GIVE AN OLD BATCHILER A CHARNST, CARN'T YER?"

What I felt about *The Girl on the Green* (METHUEN) was that, however charming and capable, she was not quite likely, after but a few short months of golf, to have put up such a good fight in her great match with the crack amateur, *Jim Beverley*, who was giving her a half. I couldn't manage to believe it. However, that was not my business, but MARK ALLERTON'S. According to him, *Frank* took her match to the last green, in spite of a number of cats, headed by the Vicar's wife, who did their best to put her off her game. Yes, you are right to presume that what began as a single developed into a flirtatious, and that the twain lived happily ever after in a nice little dorny house, and that *Jim* bested the *HILTONS* and the *OUIMERS*, while *Frank* put permanently out of joint all the noses of all the *Misses LEITCH*. Those who not only play but talk, dream, read and generally live for golf will, I can say with confidence, be grateful to Mr. MARK ALLERTON for this easy, hopeful narrative.

*The Morning Post* on the Army and Navy Boxing Championships:—

"These men's middles were full of good things."  
Why don't they train better?



## CHARIVARIA.

CAPTAIN FORT, a French army airman from Chalons, flew over the German frontier, last week, by mistake, and alighted in Lorraine, but flew back again before the German police arrived. We think he should have waited. It is just little discourtesies such as this that accentuate ill-feeling between nations.

Mr. H. W. THORNTON, the new American manager of the Great Eastern Railway, says that his ideal is to satisfy the public. This disposes of the absurd rumour that his appointment was made in the interests of the shareholders.

JACK JOHNSON, the pugilist, is about to become naturalized as a French subject. Frankly, America has brought this on herself.

It is possible, by the way, that the knowledge that America could not rely on JACK JOHNSON stiffened President HUERTA's back.

In at least one of our colonies the War Minister is designated "Minister for Defence." This would surely be a more than apt title for Mr. ASQUITH, who has been doing yeoman work of this kind on behalf of his peccant colleagues.

Some idea of the confusion which reigned at the fight between BLAKE and BORRELL may be gathered from the following paragraph in *The Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"Blake, who was the taller, at once led the £500 aside, and both men to deposit a further close quarters, and they indulged in in-fighting up to the close of the round."

It was certainly shrewd of BLAKE to act as he did in regard to the stakes, for, although he was the taller, it did not necessarily follow that he would win.

Stafford House, which contains the London Museum, will in future be called Lancaster House. It was felt, we understand, that its former name gave no clue to its contents.

We find the following announcement of the greatest interest :—

"April 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Turtle (née Nurse Lacey) a daughter."

It was a great performance to have been born a nurse, even if she turned Turtle later on.

"In everything where her means and opportunities allow," says Mr. ARTHUR RACKHAM, "woman seeks persistently for beauty." And now many husbands are flattering themselves that that is how they came to be married.

"Mothers who sleep nine hours on end," says Dr. WESTCOTT, the coroner, "should not have babies, and, if they do, they should be put in cradles." The only difficulty is that at present there is no cradle on the market large enough to take a grown-up.

*The Times* has published an indictment of the London plane-tree as a disseminator of disease. Nervous folk, however, may like to know that, if they stay indoors with their windows closed and with a towel fastened across the

What is described as a "Racegoers' Luncheon Palace" is being erected next to the Epsom Grand Stand. The new building will, we are informed, have fireproof floors and staircases. These will no doubt be duly tested by the Militants.

It is rumoured that such is the success of *The Melting Pot* that Mr. ZANGWILL has been approached by more than one manager with flattering proposals. Mr. ZANGWILL, however, is not to be rushed, and it is extremely unlikely that we shall have him turning out Melting Pot-Boilers.

The punishment does sometimes fit the crime. An individual who for some months past specialised in thefts of clocks was last week given time.

"A Blackburn platelayer," it is stated, "who has just died at the age of seventy, left £400, which he had accumulated out of his small earnings. He was a bachelor." Married women consider this a marvellous achievement in view of the fact that the man had no wife to help him.

At last it looks as if something is going to be done for golfers, whose language, it is rumoured, occasionally leaves so much to be desired. The Rector of Frinton has undertaken to consider a suggestion that a special service for golfers shall be held at nine o'clock on Sunday mornings.



THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

"NAH THEN, 'ERBERT, WE'RE IN 'YDE PARK. PULL UP YER SOCKS AN' LOOK SMART."

mouth and nose, they will run comparatively little risk from this source.

*The Express* is offering prizes to its readers with a view to ascertaining which is the best-looking animal in the Zoo, and which is the ugliest. It is, of course, no affair of ours, but we think it would be a graceful and humane act on the part of our contemporary to give a consolation prize to the poor beast adjudged to be the ugliest.

Meanwhile, in view of this competition, the wart-hog would be glad to hear of a really reliable cure for warts.

A thrush has built its nest and laid three eggs at the junction of two scaffold poles where between fifty and sixty men are working on a new building at Northampton. The kind-hearted labourers were, we understand, willing to work quietly and slowly in order not to disturb the young mother, but were over-ridden by the foremen.

## Another "Daily Mail" Record.

"How beautiful," said the Queen as she passed me."

We congratulate *The Daily Mail's* Special Paris Correspondent (author of the above passage), on the tribute paid to him by Her Majesty.

## The Rivals.

Two posters in Torquay :—

"FLYING AT PAIGNTON BY MONSIEUR SALMET."

"FLYING VISIT OF MR. H. B. IRVING."

"Fashion Gossip" in *The Cambridge Chronicle* :—

"Black rats, however, are most in favour and bid fair to retain their popularity."

It is no longer fashionable to see snakes.

"For supply of a body suitable for motor ambulance for Ipswich."—*Contract Journal*.

Ipswich seems in a hurry. Surely it might wait for the accident to happen naturally.



## GENERAL VILLA BREAKS INTO POETRY.

[The following unpublished poem of General VILLA—not, of course, to be compared with the recently discovered compositions of KEATS—throws an interesting light on the attitude of that incomparable brigand towards the academic diplomatist of the White House. This correspondence, rendered into English, is now made public without prejudice to any change of policy that may occur during its passage through the press.]

WILSON (or WOODROW, if I may),  
I blush to own that ere to-day  
I have described you as a "gringo";  
For you are now my loved ally;  
We see together, eye to eye;  
The same usurper we defy  
Each in his local lingo.

Friends I have had in your fair land,  
Nice plutocrats who lent a hand  
(In view of possible concessions),  
But still I lacked official aid,  
And lived, with that embargo laid  
Upon the gunning border-trade,  
A prey to rude depressions.

But, when you let the barrier drop,  
And all the frontier opened shop  
To deal in warlike apparatus,  
Much heartened by your friendly leave  
To storm and ravage, slay and reave,  
I felt my fighting bosom heave  
As with a fresh afflatus.

Now closer still we join our stars;  
At Vera Cruz, your valiant tars  
Have lately forced a bloody landing;  
No more you hold aloof to see  
The dirty work all done by me,  
You show by active sympathy  
A cordial understanding.

Nor shall my loyal faith grow slack  
Although you put the embargo back;  
No doubt once more you'll countermand it;  
And anyhow this party scores.  
Since you'll supply the arms and stores  
The bill for which so rudely bores  
A constitutional bandit.

At your expense, in fact, we go,  
We two, against a one-man foe  
(Of course you would not wish to hurt a  
Hair of our folk in vulgar broil;  
Your scheme is just to take and boil  
Inside a vat of native oil  
This vile impostor, HUERTA).

Then here's my hand all warm and red,  
And we will march through fire and lead  
Waging the glorious war of Duty;  
Though impotent to read or write,  
I love the cause of Truth and Light,  
So God defend us in the fight

For VILLA, Home and Beauty! O. S.

## A "SCENE" IN 1916.

SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF PARLIAMENTARY MANNERS.

**MR. ASQUITH.** I wish to ask the Prime Minister whether he will grant a full judicial enquiry into the recent military and naval movements contemplated by the Government in Munster.

**MR. LAW** (who was greeted by shouts of "Assassin"). I see no necessity for any such enquiry. I am prepared to answer for the Government on the floor of this House.

**MR. LLOYD GEORGE.** May I ask the right honourable gentleman how many members of the Government are interested in armament companies, and to what extent they would have profited by the contemplated Tipperary pogrom? (Shouts of "Yah," "Thieves!" "Thieves!" "Brigands!" and "Yah!")

**MR. LAW.** I utterly and entirely repudiate the suggestion of the right honourable gentleman. (Opposition shouts of "Liar" and "Coward.") The information the right honourable gentleman has gained during his intrigues with the rank and file of the Welsh regiments is totally—

**MR. SPEAKER.** Order, order. That reply obviously does not arise from the question.

**MR. ASQUITH.** I wish to ask the right honourable gentleman if he is prepared to make a statement on oath. Nothing else will convince the country, as it knows by experience that Ministers are steeped in falsehood.

**MR. LAW.** That is an allegation against the honour of Ministers. (**MR. CHURCHILL.** "They have none.") If the Leader of the Opposition desires to attempt to substantiate these charges I will give him a day—or a week, if he wants it.

**MR. SWIFT MACNEILL.** Afraid of five years for perjury. Blackguards!

**MR. AMERY** (*President of the Local Government Board*). Mr. Speaker, should I be in order if I appealed to you to ask Members on the other side to maintain the honourable traditions of this House?

**MR. JOHN WARD.** All they care for is the £5,000 a year.

**MR. SPEAKER.** Order, order! I must ask honourable members not to turn Question time into a debate.

**MR. CHURCHILL.** I beg to ask the Prime Minister whether the guns of the first cruiser squadron are not at this moment trained on Limerick, and to ask him if ample time will be given for women and children to escape before the massacre begins?

**MR. BONAR LAW.** The first cruiser squadron is not at Limerick. (Loud shouts of "Liar!") That disposes of the second part of the question also. (Cries of "No!" "Shame!" "Child-murderer!")

**LORD WINTERTON** (*Junior Lord of the Treasury*). Mr. SPEAKER, may I draw your attention to the fact that several Members of the Opposition shout "Liar" at the Prime Minister whenever he rises to his feet?

**MR. SPEAKER.** The term is certainly an objectionable one, but unfortunately there are Parliamentary precedents.

**MR. RAYMOND ASQUITH.** Yes, that's what he used to call Papa.

**MR. LLOYD GEORGE.** May I ask the Prime Minister if it is true that victims of the Celtic pogrom are to be refused treatment by their panel doctors?

**MR. LAW.** As there will be no victims (shouts of "Found out" and "Afraid") the question of medical treatment does not arise.

**MR. JOHN REDMOND.** Enough of this foolery. Enough of the deliberate falsehood of Ministers. I go to Ireland at once, where half a million resolute, dour, determined men are ready to defy this Government of assassins.

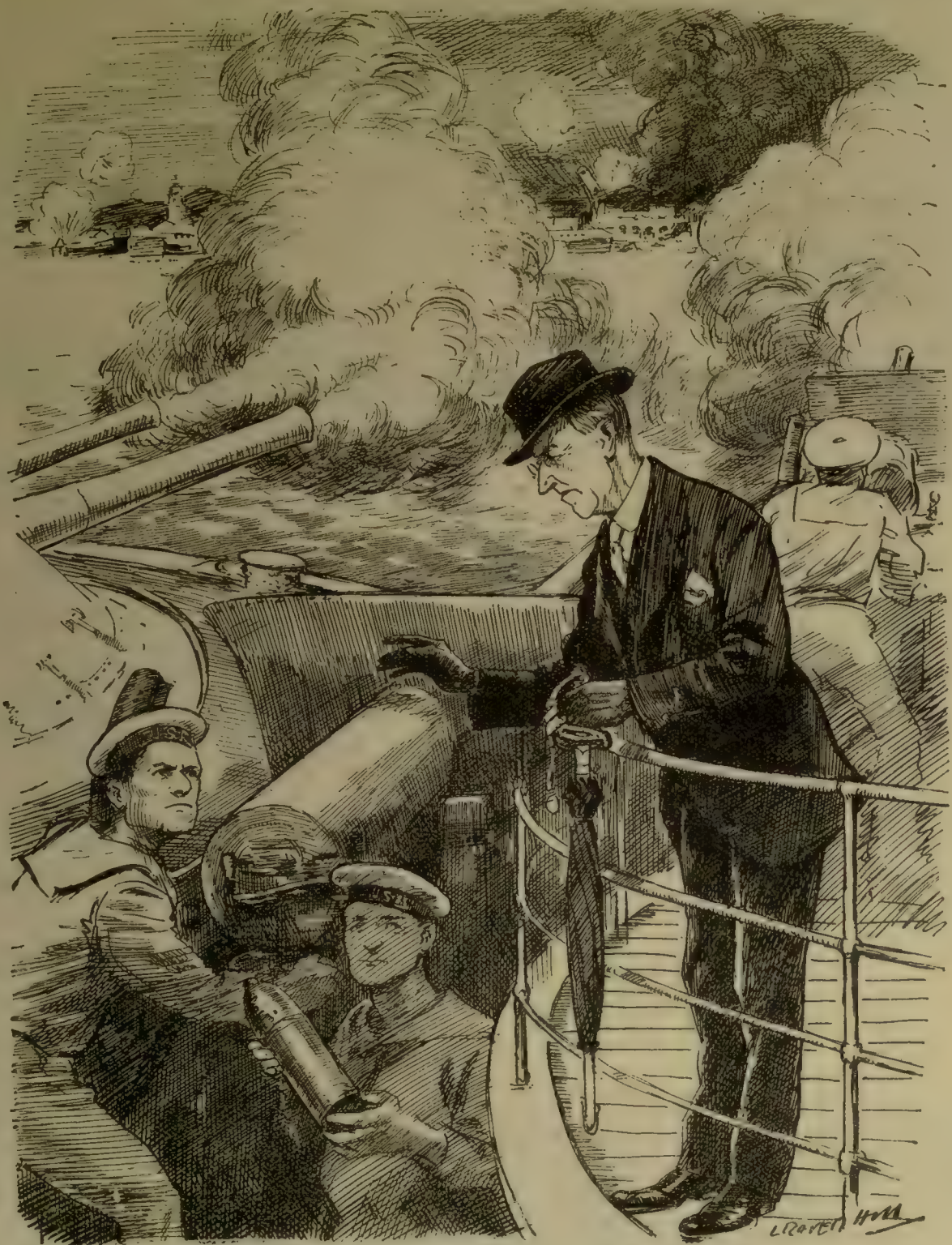
(Loud Opposition cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, as Mr. REDMOND retires from the House.)

"A REVIEW OF THE PRIMATES. By DANIEL GIRAUD ELLIOT. Three volumes.

Monkeys, and especially the higher apes, have an unflinching interest for mankind." "*Times*" Literary Supplement.

But this is not the way that we ourselves should begin an article on the Archbishops.





“A SORT OF WAR.”

PRESIDENT WILSON. “I HOPE YOU ARE NOT SHOOTING AT MY DEAR FRIENDS THE MEXICANS?”

U.S.A. GUNNER. “OH, NO, SIR. WE HAVE STRICT ORDERS ONLY TO AIM AT ONE HUERTA.”







## OUR CRAFTY CATERERS.



Born in Odesa  
in 1901,



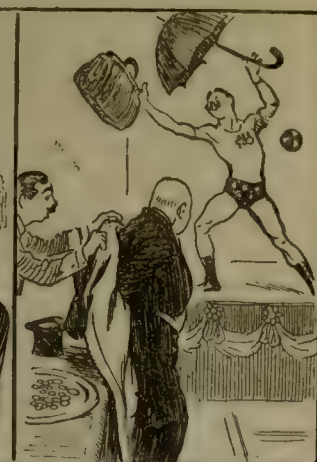
and at 13 years of age thinking  
nothing of his 800 mile walk to  
the Fair at Nijni-Novgorod,



our hero—the "poularde  
de Surrey"—at last ar-  
rives in London.



First of all we'll catch him  
(the British Public) in our  
cozy Appetiser Department.



Then Signor Sarsaparilla shall  
entertain him in the cloak-room.



Now, how to make this treasure palatable to the British Public?



We'll waft him up to the  
dining-room to the strains  
of the Blue Danubian Band.



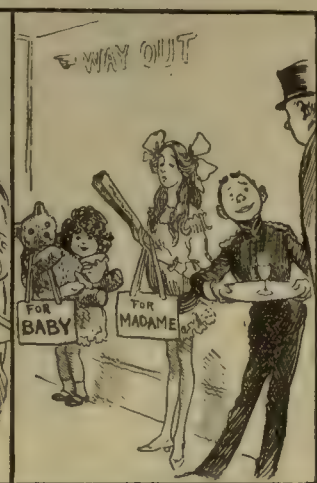
We'll give him "La Bohème"  
before the "poularde";



and the Maxixe during.



A Terrible Turk shall  
give him coffee (with  
Coon accompaniment);



and we'll send him home with  
a silver-mounted sterilised  
tooth-pick and presents for  
Madame and Baby. There!

## PER ASPARAGOS AD ASTRA.

Now we who sense the odorous Spring  
Our various winter garments fling,  
Cast off the heat promoting clout  
That wise men keep till May is out,  
And hail with joy and wear too soon  
Suitings more fitly planned for June.

'Twas ever thus; and now we look  
Askance on what arrides the cook,  
Behold her boil and chop and strain  
For us the cabbage all in vain.  
She would have dished what most we  
scout,  
But Brussels-sprouts at last are out.

And something else at last is in,  
A something green and straight and  
thin.  
Long looked for, long desired, its head  
Well raised above its English bed,  
It smiles at last and blesses us,  
Our garden-grown asparagus!

Let others in their praise advance  
The monstrous branches sent from  
France;

You ope your mouth as 'twere a door,  
And bite off half an inch, not more;  
And then perforce you lay aside  
A tasteless foot of wasted pride.

Besides, you find that what you  
praise,  
Is mostly sauce—a Hollandaise.  
The succulent, the English kind,  
You pick it up and eat it blind;  
In fact, you lose your self-control,  
And dip, and lift, and eat it whole.

And some day, when the beds have  
ceased  
To cater for your daily feast,  
You'll see—the after growth is fair—  
A green and feathery forest there,  
And "here," you'll say, "is what shall  
cheer  
My palate in the coming year.

"Yea, when these graceful pigmy trees  
Have swayed their last in any breeze,  
And all is bare, I may again  
See the ripe heads that pierce the plain,  
And eat once more before I die  
Our garden-grown asparagus."

R. C. L.

## Massage in the 18th Century.

"Anatomy. Albinus (Bernard Siegfried).  
Tables of the Skeleton and Muscles of the  
Human Body, translated from the Latin.  
Folio, half calf (joints cracked, back rubbed).  
Edinburgh 1777-78."

A Special Correspondent of *The  
Evening News* wrote last week:—

"As for the Queen, from the moment she  
stepped off the yacht till she got into the train  
she went on smiling and bowing and murmur-  
ing 'Merci, oh merci bien?' I do not, of  
course, know what she was thinking."

Possibly it had something to do with  
gratitude.



## MY LORD'S DINNER.

[A companion picture to Mr. EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S play, *My Lady's Dress*.]

## PROLOGUE.

*William and Mary have returned from the Royalty Theatre, where they have attended a play in several scenes each representing some incident in the making of a lady's dress.*

*William (for the ninth time).* Capital dinner we had to-night, dear. Don't know when I've had a better.

*Mary.* Oh, bother your old dinner. What did you think of the play?

*William.* It'm, not bad. Don't know that I care about those dream plays. *(After deep thought)* Capital caviare, that.

*Mary (annoyed).* You think of nothing but your food. Didn't you think DENNIS EADIE was splendid?

*William.* Very clever. A remarkable *tour de force*. It'm. Capital whitebait, too. Did you notice the saddle of lamb, my love? Capital.

*Mary.* I thought it was all very novel and interesting.

*William.* The dinner, my dear? Not exactly novel, but certainly—

*Mary (coldly).* I wasn't referring to the dinner. If you could manage to get your mind off your meals occasionally, I should like to discuss the play.

*William (yawning).* Not to-night, dear, I'm sleepy. . . . Capital dinner; don't know when I've had a better. . . . Very, very sleepy.

*(He goes to bed and dreams.)*

## THE DREAM.

## SCENE I.

*Moscow. The top of the Shot Tower where they make the caviare. Alexandrovitch is discovered at work. Enter Marieovitch.*

*Alexandrovitch (dropping his sturgeon and clasping her round the neck).* At last, my love!

*Marieovitch.* Be careful. Williamovitch suspects. He hates you.

*Alexandrovitch.* Nonsense, love! He's only jealous because my caviare is so much rounder than his.

*Marieovitch.* He knows I am tired of him. Look out; here he is.

*Enter Williamovitch from behind a heap of buttered toast.*

*Williamovitch (sternly).* I know all. *Alexandrovitch (pushing him over the edge of the tower).* Then take that!

*(Exit Williamovitch.)*

## SCENE II.

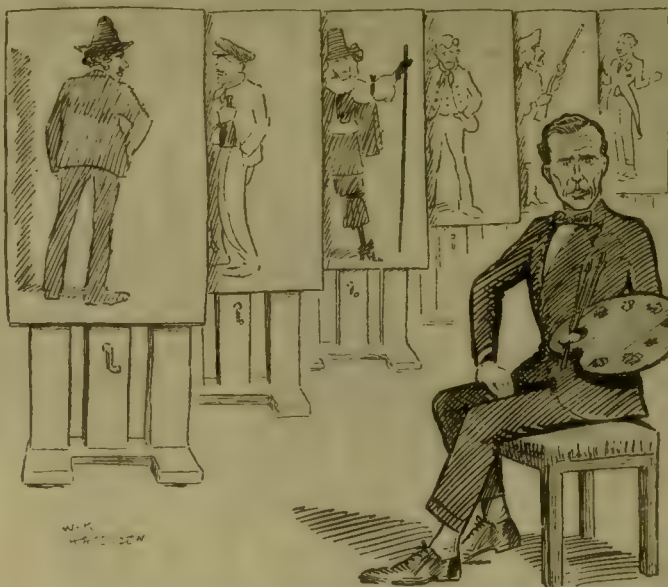
*A typefounder's in Italy, where they make the macaroni letters for the consommé.*

*Gulielmo (sorting the O's).* One million, three hundred and eighty-seven thousand, six hundred and forty-five. There are two missing, Maria.

*Maria (nervously).* Perhaps you counted wrong, Gulielmo.

*Gulielmo (scornfully).* Counted wrong! And me the best macaroni sorter in Italy! Now let's get the "E's" together. *(After a pause)* Two million, four hundred and five thousand, two hundred and ninety seven. *Corpo di Bacco!* There are two "E's" missing!

*Maria.* Don't you remember there



A LIGHTNING ROYALTY ACADEMICIAN.

*(All done while you wait.)*

*(MR. DENNIS EADIE.)*

was one "E" the reader wouldn't pass?

*Gulielmo (suspiciously).* I made another to take its place. There's some devilry in this. Maria, girl, what are you hiding from me?

*Maria (confused).* Oh, Gulielmo, I didn't want you to know.

*(She takes a handful of letters from her lap and gives them shyly to him.)*

*Gulielmo (sorting them).* Two "O's," two "E's," two "I's"—What's all this?

*Maria (overcome).* Oh!

*Gulielmo.* "I LOVE GULIELMO." *(Ecstatically).* Maria! You love me?

*(She falls into his arms.)*

## SCENE III.

*A whitebait stud farm at Greenwich. Polly is discovered outside one of the stables. Enter Alfred.*

*Polly.* Can't think what's the matter

with Randolph this morning. That's 'is fifth slice of lemon, and 'e's as fierce and 'ungry as ever.

*Alfred (gaily).* Never mind the whitebait now, sweet'art, when we're going to be spliced this afternoon. 'Ullo, 'ere's Bill.

*Enter Bill.*

*Bill.* Wot cher, Alf! The guv'nor wants yer. *(Exit Alfred hastily.)* And now, Polly, my girl, wot's all this about marrying Alf when you're engaged to me?

*Polly.* Oh, Bill, I'm sorry. Do let me off. I love Alfred.

*Bill.* I'll let yer off all right.

*(He goes towards Randolph's stable.)*

*Polly (shrieking).* Bill! Wotcher doing?

*Bill (opening the stable door).* Just giving Randolph a bit of a run like. 'E wants exercise.

*(Randolph, the fiercest of the whitebait, dashes out and springs at Polly's throat.)*

*Polly.* Help! Help!

*Bill.* P'raps Alfred will elp you—when 'e comes back. I'll tell 'im.

*(Exit leisurely.)*

## SCENE IV.

*A saddler's shop at Canterbury, New Zealand.*

*Molly.* Busy, Willie?

*William.* Always busy at the beginning of the lamb season, Molly. The gentlemen in London will have their saddle.

*Molly.* Too busy to talk to me?

*Willie.* Plenty of time to talk when we're married.

*Shan't have to work so hard then.*

*Molly.* Because of my money you mean, Willie dear. You aren't only marrying me for my money, are you?

*Willie.* Of course not.

*(He kisses her perfunctorily and returns to his work.)*

*Molly.* Because—because I've lost it all.

*Willie (sharply).* What's that?

*Molly.* I've lost it all.

*Willie.* Then what are you doing in my shop? Get out!

*Molly (with dignity).* I'm going, Willie. And I haven't lost my money at all. I just wanted to test you. Good-bye for ever.

*(She goes out. Willie in despair rushes into the garden and buries his head in the mint.)*

## SCENE V.

*(This part of William's dream was quite*





## AN ALTRUIST MALGRÉ LUI.

different from the rest, and it was the only scene in which his wife didn't appear.]

## An actor-manager's room.

*Actor-manager.* Yes, I like your play immensely. I don't suppose any actor-manager has ever played so many parts before in one evening. But couldn't you get another scene into it?

*William.* Well, I've got an old curtain-raiser here, but it doesn't seem to fit in somehow.

*Actor-manager.* Nonsense. In a dream play it doesn't matter about fitting in. What's it about?

*William.* Oh, the usual sort of love thing. Only it's in the tropics, and I really want an ice- pudding scene.

*Actor-manager.* Then make it the North Pole.

*William.* Good idea. [Exit to do so.]

## EPILOGUE.

## Next morning.

*William.* I've had an extraordinary dream, dear, and—er—I've decided not to eat so much in future.

*Mary.* My darling boy!

[She embraces him; and as the scene closes William takes his fifth egg.]

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

## NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

["THE SARDINE WAR."—Headline in a daily paper.]

THERE was peace at first in the tight-packed tin,

Content in the greasy gloom,  
Till the whisper ran there were some therein

With more than their share of room;  
And I saw the combat from start to end,  
I heard the rage and the roar,  
For I was the special *The Daily Friend*

Sent out to the Sardine War.

The courage was high on every face  
As the wronged ones took their stand  
On the right of all to a resting-place  
In a tinfoil fatherland;

Yes, each one, knowing he fought for home,

Cast craven fear to the gales,  
And the oil was whipped to a creamy foam

By the lashing of frenzied tails.

You may think that peace has been quite assured

When you've packed them tight inside,

But the sardine's spirit is far from cured

When you salt his outer hide;  
They gave no quarter, they scorned to yield,

To a fish they died in the press,  
And, dying, lay on the stricken field  
In an oleaginous mess.

## ISABEL IN SPRINGTIME.

THERE is a gladness in her eye,  
And in the wind her dancing tread  
Appears in swiftness to outvie  
The scurrying cloudlets overhead;  
In brief, her moods and graces are  
Appropriate to the calendar.

And yet methinks that Mother Earth,  
Awake from sleep, hath less a share  
In this, my darling's, present mirth,  
Than Madame Chic, *costumière*;  
My love would batten Spring's display  
For Madame's window any day.

"The members at the Club dance last Saturday were rather small—but this is only natural after four dances in 'the week' and the summer approaching."—*Pioneer*.

Certainly nothing gets the weight down so quickly.



### THE IMPRESSING OF PERKINS.

"I HOPE," said my friend and host, Charles, "I hope that you'll manage to be comfortable."

I looked round as much of the room as I could see from where I stood and ventured also to hope that I should.

"The tap to the right," he said, indicating the amenities, "is hot water; the left tap is cold, and the tap in the middle . . ."

"Lukewarm?" I asked.

"Soft water, for shaving and so on. But Perkins will see to it."

Some people can assume a sort of detached attitude in the early morning, while body-servants get them up and dress them and send them downstairs, but me, I confess, these attentions overawe. "Perkins is one of those strong silent men, is he not," I asked, "who creep into one's bedroom in the morning and steal one's clothes when one isn't looking?"

Charles has no sympathy with Spartans and did not answer. "I think you'll find everything you want. There's a telephone by the bed." I said that I was not given to talking in my sleep. "Then," said he, "if you prefer to write here is the apparatus," and he pointed to a desk that would have satisfied all the needs of a daily editor.

"Thanks," I said, looking at the attractive bed, "but I expect to be too busy in the morning even to write." I yawned comfortably. "Though it may be that I shall dictate, from where I lie, a note or two to my stenographer."

Charles doubted, with all solemnity, whether Perkins could manage shorthand, but promised to enquire about it. He's a dear solid fellow, is Charles, and he does enjoy being rich. Moreover, he means his friends to enjoy it, too. Lastly, "If you don't find everything you want," he said, "you've only to ring," and he pointed to a row of pear-shaped appendages hanging by silken cords from the cornice.

"Heavens," said I, seizing his arm, "you're never going to leave a defenceless man alone with half-a-dozen bell-pushes!"

Charles softened; he admits to a weakness for electricity. "Some are switches, some are bell-pushes, and one," he said, blushing, "is a fire-alarm."

I climbed on to a chair forthwith and tied a big knot in the cord of the fire-alarm. "We'll get that safe out of the way first," said I, and then he tutored me in the use of the others. After some repetition it was drummed into me that the one nearest the bed was the switch of the getting-into-bed light, and the next one to that the

bell which rang in Perkins' upstairs quarters. The other four or five I found, when I came to study them alone, I had forgotten.

I clambered into bed and with great intelligence pressed the correct switch. Had I left it at that my problem would never have arisen.

I have, however, a confession to make which ill accords with my luxurious surroundings of the moment. It is that I am accustomed to press my trousers myself by the homely and ignoble expedient of sleeping on them. My only excuse is that I am a heavy sleeper. So automatic is the process, that I was wrapped in sheets and darkness before it occurred to me that I had placed the trousers I had just doffed under the mattress on which I now lay. I could not help thinking how the masterful Perkins would take it when he came to look for them in the morning. I conceived him picking up my dinner-jacket here, my waistcoat there, and wandering round the room in a hopeless quest for the complement of my suit, trying to recall the events of the previous night and to remember whether I was English or Scottish . . . and then, more in sorrow than in anger, spotting the lost ones . . .

As I contemplated this picture I was moved to pity Perkins, torn asunder between two dreadful alternatives, the one of leaving the trousers there and committing a dereliction of duty, the other of removing them stealthily and committing an indelicacy. I was also moved to pity myself, lying supine under his speechless contempt. I resolved to spare us both, to get out of bed and put things right. I stretched out a hand for the switch. I grasped it with an effort. I pressed the button.

No light ensued.

I pressed again . . . and again . . . with no visible result. I pressed once more, and still there was a marked absence of light. I lay back in bed and, cursing Charles, thought out his instructions. Cautiously I reached out again, pressed once more and succeeded. The continued oscillation of the second cord revealed to me what you have already guessed, that I had meanwhile rung the bell in Perkins' sleeping quarters four times.

To me the approaching climax was horrible; I could see no way of dealing with the situation shortly about to arise. To those who have never known and feared Perkins or his like it may seem that there were at least two simple courses to pursue: to lie boldly and deny that I had rung; or to tell the truth and admit that I had made a mistake. Men like Perkins, however, are not to be lied to; still less may they

be made the recipients of confessions. Methods of self-defence were therefore unthinkable, and I knew instinctively that I must assume the offensive. I must order him curtly, upon his arrival, to do something. But what? As I waited anxiously I tried to think of some service I could require at this hour. What can a man want at 1 A.M. except to go to sleep? Even the richest must do that for himself.

There were footsteps outside. . . . Perkins' . . . I thought harder than I have ever thought before, but my life seemed replete with every modern comfort.

"Yes, Sir?" said Perkins.

"Ah, is that you, Perkins?" said I to gain time, and he said it was.

I shut my eyes and tried to think. Perkins stood silent. I had some idea of leaving it at that, of turning out the light and letting Perkins decide upon his own course of action. I was just about to do this when I had a brain wave. After all, he was paid to do the dirty work and not I.

At that moment I was anticipated.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Sir?" said the Model.

"There is," said I, in my most *négligé* voice. "Kindly turn out my light."

Perkins may have been annoyed about this, but he was certainly impressed. His demeanour suggested that he had met autocrats before but never such a thorough autocrat as I. For the rest of my time there I pressed my trousers in the usual way, well knowing that he would regard the process not as the makeshift of a valetless pauper but as the eccentricity of an over-stuffed multi-billionaire.

### The Honest Hypocrites.

"Among the most formidable foes to the reform of our industrial system are those who pretend to be most bitterly opposed to it."

*Sunday Times.*

Seen in a window in Clapham:—

"PAINLESS

ADVICE

FREE

EXTRACTIONS."

This "derangement of epitaphs" fails to attract us.

"The Counterfoil in centre must be returned to the Syndicate, which is placed in the Large Wheel with other Subscribers' Tickets for the Draw."—*Derby Sweep Circular.*

"As formerly, the ticket-holders, with their numbers, were placed in a barrel and thoroughly shaken up."—*Hamilton Advertiser.*

These repressive measures ought to satisfy even the sternest member of the Anti-Gambling League.





Harold (wanting a partner for the next dance). "ARE YOU VACANT?"

### CIVIL WAR;

*Or, Some Words about CARTER.*

Not always for the noblest martyr,  
My countrymen, ye forge  
The crown of gold nor wreath the laurel;  
One protestant ye count as moral,  
Neglect another. Take the quarrel  
Extant between myself and CARTER  
(Henchman of D. LLOYD GEORGE).

I see the Unionists grow oranger,  
I mark the wigs upon the green,  
The rooted hairs of Ulster bristle  
And all men talk of CARSON's gristle,  
Then why should this absurd epistle,  
Put down beside my little porringer,  
Provoke not England's spleen?

Did HAMPDEN positively jeopardise  
His life, and did the axe  
Extinguish CHARLES's hopes of boodle  
And all the wrongs of bad days feudal  
For this—that CARTER, the old noodle,  
With t's all crossed and dot-bepeppered i's,  
Should change my income-tax?

Thank heaven that one heart in Albion  
Retains its oaken core;  
Alone I can withstand my duty,  
And so my answer to this beauty  
Is simply "Rats!" and "Rooti-tooti!"

My toll for this year *must* and *shall* be on  
The sums declared before."

If not—if all things go by jobbery  
And tape dyed red with sin,  
Come, let him make a small collusion  
And, when he writes his next effusion,  
Grant me, we'll say, six years' exclusion  
From re-assessments of his robbery,  
And then—I *may* come in.

But, if the fiend still stays importunate,  
My blood is up. *Ad lib.*,  
Till at the door the bailiff rattles  
And rude men reave me of my chattels,  
I shall prolong these wordy battles,  
And may the just cause prove the fortunate;  
Phœbus defend my nib!

So long as gray goose yields a pinion,  
So long as ink is damp,  
Mine to resist the loathly fetters  
Of D. LLOYD GEORGE and his abettors,  
Posting innumerable letters  
To CARTER (D. LLOYD GEORGE's minion),  
Minus the penny stamp.

EVOE.

From *The Birmingham Daily Mail's* report of a fire:—

"The night-watchman was aroused."

A shame to disturb the poor fellow's sleep.





Squire. "WELL, MATTHEW, AND HOW ARE YOU NOW?"

Convalescent. "THANKEE, SIR, I BE BETTER THAN I WERE, BUT I BEANT AS WELL AS I WERE AFORE I WAS AS BAD AS I BE NOW."

### ASKING FOR IT.

THE big clock in the station pointed three minutes to the hour, and my train went at one minute past, so I didn't waste words with the man in the booking-office.

"Third r'turn, Wat'loo."

Nothing happened. He was there all right, but he neither spoke nor made any attempt to give me my ticket; he merely looked.

"Third r'turn, Wat'loo," I repeated, and again, inserting my face as far as possible into the window, very firmly, distinctly and offensively, "Third re-turn, Wat-er-loc."

Then he spoke, slowly. "Sorry, Sir, I can't do it. You have hit on the one station to which we don't issue tickets. Any other one I could manage for you, but——"

"Look here," I said sternly, "you don't seem to know your business. If you haven't got a printed ticket, can't you make one out on paper? Hurry up, man; my train leaves in a minute or two."

"Yes," he said more slowly than ever, "I could do that—we have blank forms for that purpose; but all the same I won't do it."

"Oh, you won't? And why?"

"Well, I don't know what the fare is. I——"

"All right," I said. "You don't appear to be drunk, so I imagine you're trying to be funny. As your sense of humour doesn't correspond with mine I shall take great pleasure in reporting you to the station-master;" and I prepared to stalk off.

"Wait a moment, please," he said, leaning a bit forward and dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, "I'll

give you a tip. You don't want a ticket at all, Sir; you can get there for nothing."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"It needn't cost you a halfpenny," he went on, smiling. "It's not many lines that have a station like this, but we——"

And then, but not until then, did I realise where I was.

"Oh," I said, "er—third return—er—Surbiton."

I don't think railway ticket-mongers ought to be allowed to have a sense of humour.

### IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch ventures to remind his readers that the Centenary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution is to be held on May 6th, under the chairmanship of H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT. This Institution devotes itself to the relief of artists, and the orphans of artists, who are in need. Mr. Punch, who is to be represented among the Stewards at the dinner by his Art Editor, begs to return his most sincere thanks for the generous gifts he has already received from his readers, and will be very grateful for any further contributions addressed to Mr. F. H. TOWNSEND, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

"The King this morning received the Bishop of Sheffield, who was introduced to Mr. McKenna (Home Secretary), and did homage upon appointment."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

Mr. McKENNA (accepting homage). "And now what do you think of my Welsh Disestablishment Bill?"





### A DIVERSION.

BURGLAR GEORGE. "IT'S YOUR MONEY I WANT!"

JOHN BULL. "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S POSITIVELY A RELIEF TO SEE YOU. I'VE JUST BEEN HAVING SUCH A HORRIBLE DREAM!"

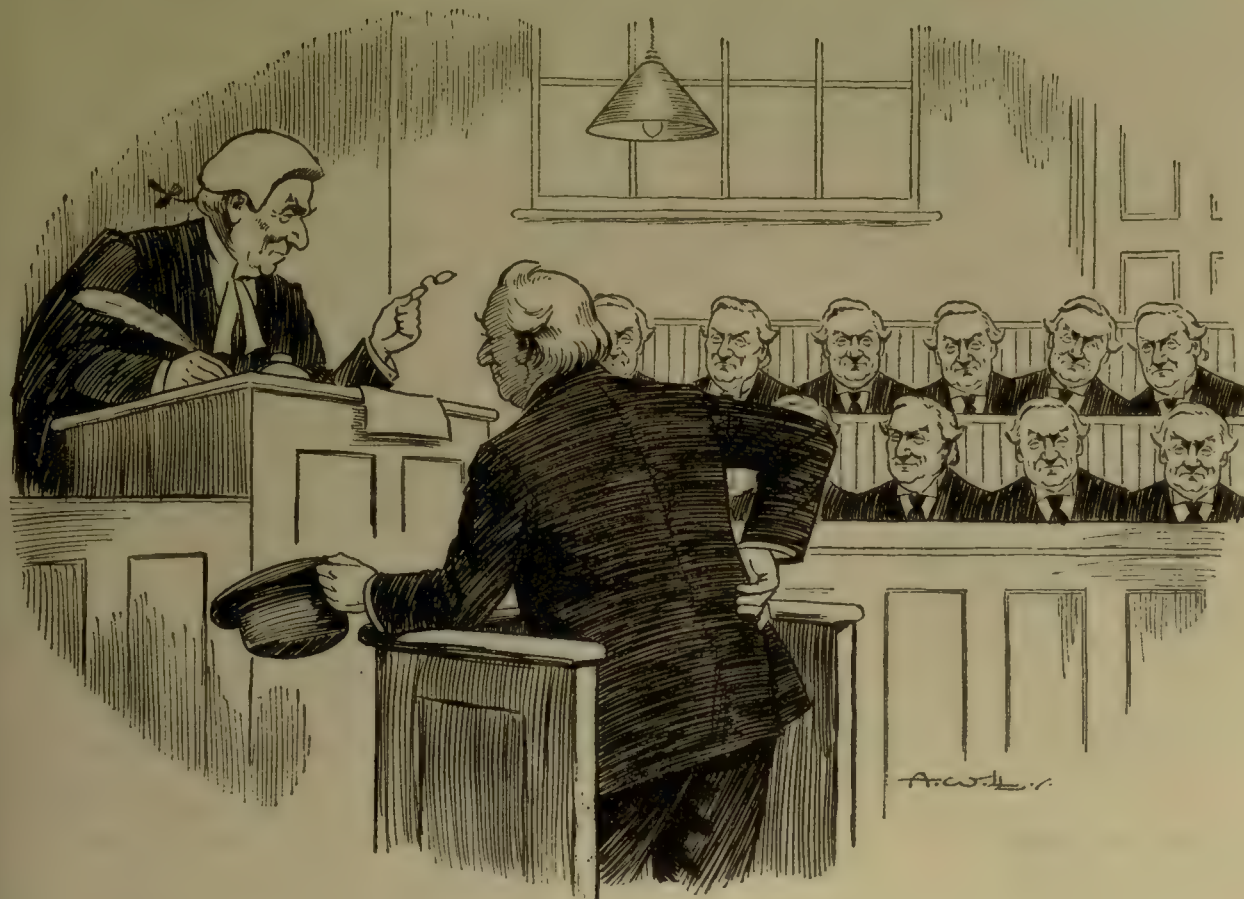






## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



## "THE INQUEST OF THE NATION."

Mr. ASQUITH (to Jury of ASQUITHS). "Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the prisoner ASQUITH plead 'Not Guilty.' This should be sufficient evidence to enable you to arrive at a unanimous verdict of acquittal."

[Prisoner leaves court without a stain on his character.]

House of Commons, Monday, April 20.—Lively half-hour with Questions. Cluster on printed Paper indefinitely extended by supplementaries. Only once did SPEAKER interpose. Colonel GREIG, sternly regarding badgered PREMIER, asked, "Has the attention of the right hon. gentleman been directed to No. 453 of the King's Regulations?"

This too much for SPEAKER. If it had been the odd 53 it might not have been unreasonable.

"The right hon. gentleman," he remarked, "cannot be expected to carry all the Regulations in his head. The hon. member had better give notice."

Cannonade of Questions which opened along full length of Opposition Benches was concerned with the Plot.

"The Plot!" MEMBER FOR SARK savagely repeated. "That's the ineffective heading in the newspapers. In order to keep up their circulation in parsonages, board-rooms of directors,

and suchlike fastidious quarters they are reticent with adjectives. It's only Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL who could select the appropriate one and give it due emphasis."

Short of that, Opposition did pretty well in denunciation of the Plot and condemnation of dastardly Government responsible for its planning. CHALONER opened fire with demand that judicial enquiry should be ordered into "allegations as to an unauthorised plot to over-awe Ulster by armed occupation." BUTCHER, WORTHINGTON EVANS, HELMSLEY, ARCHER-SHEE, LOCKER-LAMPSON, KINLOCH-COOKE—what was it GRANDOLPH, *a propos* of SCLATER-BOOTH, said of men who "had double-barrelled names"? —blazed away. Sometimes in succession; occasionally in platoons. In each case imperturbable PREMIER gave the short reply that did not turn away wrath. On the contrary, angry passions rose.

Member for East Edinburgh, as usual going the whole HOGGE, suggested arraignment of BONAR LAW on charge of high treason. KELLAWAY, anxious to get to business, enquired "whether these Questions might not be addressed to the spies in the service of the Opposition." At end of half-hour even temper of PREMIER was ruffled. Asked a tenth Supplementary Question by BUTCHER, he sharply replied:—

"I decline to answer any such enquiry."

Ironical applause of Opposition drowned in burst of angry cheering from Ministerialists.

SARK, as mentioned, unusually roused. As a rule successfully affects attitude of one "who cares for none of these things." To-day moved to unsuspected depths.

"Here," he says, "is Ulster, for two years arming with avowed intention of



forcibly resisting the law of the land. The Constitutional Party in this country, bulwark of Law and Order, who, when the Southern Counties of Ireland were in revolt, applauded PRINCE ARTHUR'S Cromwellian command, 'Don't hesitate to shoot,' backs them up, in my opinion very properly. CARSON has developed Napoleonic genius in reviewing troops on parade. F. E. SMITH has, with startling effect, 'galloped' along their massed ranks. LONDONDERRY has pledged his knightly word to be in the firing line when the trumpet sounds. All the while, to the bewilderment of onlookers from the Continent, who confess they are further off than ever from understanding John Bull, to the creation of ominous restlessness among their own supporters, the Ministry, Brer Rabbit of established Governments, have 'lain low and said nuffin'; much less have they done anything. Suddenly, without word of warning, they take steps for the protection of military stores in Armagh, Omagh, and Carrickfergus.

"That's their account of the transaction. We know better. It was a carefully devised Plot to take CARSON'S hundred thousand armed and drilled men at their word and compel them to fight. Not since war began has there been such unjustifiable—don't wish to use strong language, but must say—such really rude procedure on part of a so-called civilised Government."

*Business done.*—McKENNA moves Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Wholesome spirit of enquiry animates House just now. BONNER LAW leads off with demand for judicial inquiry into "the Plot."—Fact that its appointment would establish novel precedent in constitutional procedure adds interest to situation. PREMIER, with emphatic thump of the table that reminds it of GLADSTONE in his prime, stands by constitutional practice.

"If," he said, "the right hon. gentleman is prepared to make and sustain his allegation of dishonourable conduct on part of the Ministers, I will give him the earliest possible day to bring it forward. But," and here came the thump on the long-suffering table, "he must make it in this House."

Inspired by this high principle of getting at bottom of shady things, RICHARDSON has CHIEF WHIP up and sternly questions him about appointment of certain public auditors under Industrial and Provident Acts.

Position of CHIEF WHIP, though dignified and important, has inevitable result of withdrawing him from participation in debate. ILLINGWORTH now has his chance. Made the most of it. Read paper of prodigious length containing memoirs of the two gentlemen concerned, together with succinct history of the birth and progress of the Hetton Downs Co-operative Society, county Durham, of which one of them had been secretary.

House entranced. Rounds of cheering marked progress of narrative, concluding passages inconveniently rendered inaudible by tumultuous applause.

Apprehension in some quarters that



#### ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

"Harrowing tales were told about churchyards being seized, ploughed up and let as allotments."—Sir ALFRED MOND on Nonconformist protest against the Disendowment of the Welsh Church.

this will be the ruin of a really capable, universally popular Whip. EDMUND TALBOT goes so far as to hint at apprehension that ILLINGWORTH will turn up every afternoon at Question time and give us another speech.

Fear exaggerated. ILLINGWORTH a shrewd Yorkshireman; knows very well brilliant success of to-day was due to concatenation of accidental circumstance. Not likely to risk suddenly acquired reputation by hasty repetition of exploit.

*Business done.*—Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill passes Second Reading by majority of 84.

*Thursday.*—Spirit of enquiry alluded to above manifests itself in fresh direction. The other day CHARLES PRICE wanted to know all about political pensions granted to ex-Ministers. Intrigued by disclosure of particulars

of estate of our old friend GRAND CROSS. It appears he left property valued at £91,617. That a pleasant incident closing a worthy life. But, as Member for Central Edinburgh points out, he had for twenty-two years been in receipt of pension of £2,000 a year, a dole from public funds obtainable, as PRIME MINISTER admits, only upon statutory declaration of a state of poverty incompatible with the maintenance of position proper to an ex-Minister.

PRICE wants to know in the interests of the overburdened taxpayer whether aggregate sum drawn by the noble pensioner may not be recovered from his estate? PREMIER thinks not.

PRICE, undaunted, returns to the attack to-day. Cites cases of two other ex-Ministers drawing political pensions in supplement of private estate and fees derived from manifold directorships in public companies. Wants to know if payment can be stopped?

PREMIER says it is a matter of personal honour. Must be left to consideration of noble lords concerned.

*Business done.*—Committee of Supply.

#### THE SEASON'S DELIGHTS.

Sir Archibald and Lady Bayne Have struggled up to town again, Leaving the gentle Shropshire air For London dust and London glare,

And just that London folk may see Their lumpish daughter, Dorothy.

Sir Archie, in the club all day, Thinks of the bills he'll have to pay.

His wife is bored, and hates the smell

Of cooking in a cheap hotel.

She also very much deplores The lack of likely bachelors.

While Dolly, in the season's swing, Longs for the Shropshire woods in spring

And a dog chained up at home, poor thing!

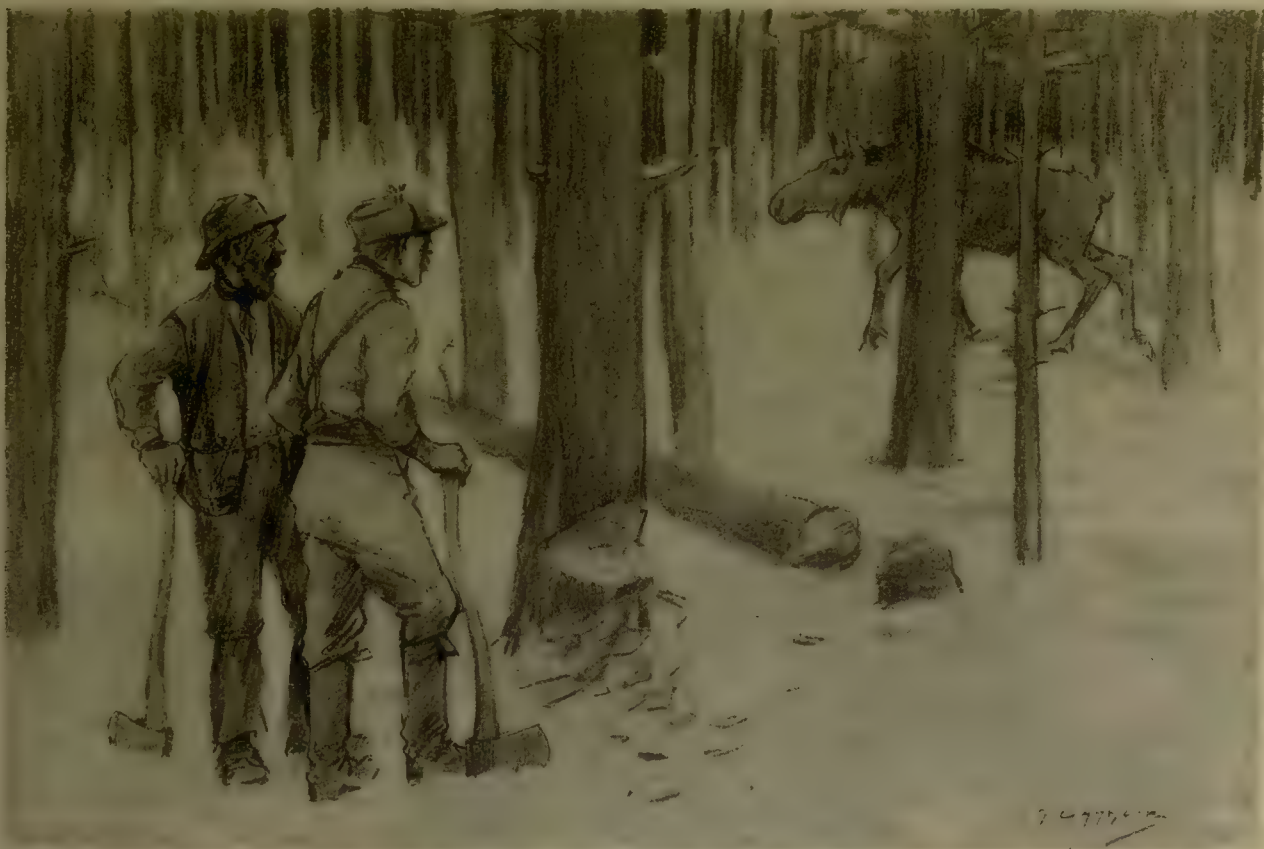
"Members of the Oxford University 'relay' tea are in fine shape."—*Daily Citizen*.

The one whose business it is to take up the running at the muffin stage is particularly rotund.

"He would rather he went for three years, for one could readily understand that for the first year he simply touched the fungi of the Council business."—*Hexham Herald*.

Motto for rival town council: "There's no moss on us."





*Sandy (newly arrived in the Canadian forest land). "WHATNA BEAST 'S YON?"*

*Native. "A YOUNG MOOSE."*

*Sandy. "OCH, HAUD YER TONGUE! IF THAT'S A YOUNG MOOSE I'D LIKE TO SEE AN' O' YER AULD RATS!"*

### MUSICAL NOTES.

As a concrete protest against Jumbo-mania, or the worship of mammoth dimensions, the prodigious success of Tiny Titus, America's latest wonder-child, is immensely reassuring. In the Albert Hall, where he made his *début* amid scenes of corybantic enthusiasm last week, the diminutive *virtuoso* was hardly visible to the naked eye. (As a matter of fact he is only 21 inches high and weighs just under 11lb.) Yet by his colossal personality he dominated the vast assemblage and inspired the orchestra to such feats of dynamic diabolism as entirely eclipsed the most momentous achievements of any full-grown conductor from NERO to NIKISCH.

What renders the performance of this tremendous tot so awe-inspiring is the fact that he is not merely a musical illiterate, who cannot yet read a note of music, but that he has received no education of any kind! Born at Tipperusalem, Oklahoma, on the 15th of March, 1912, he has for parents a clerk in the Eagle Bakery and a Lithuanian laundress. He never

touches meat, not even baked eagles, but subsists entirely on peaches and popcorn. He has been compared to MOZART, but the comparison is ridiculous, for MOZART was carefully trained by his father, and at the age of four was a finished executant. But it is quite otherwise with Tiny Titus, who knows no music, and yet by the sole power of his genius comprehends the musical heights unattainable by adults. MOZART, in short, was an explicable miracle, while Tiny Titus is an insoluble Sphinx.

From the innumerable tributes which have been paid to the genius of this unprecedented phenomenon we can only make a brief and inadequate selection. Prince Boris Ukhtomsky writes, "When I listen to this infinitesimal giant of conductors I dream that mankind is dancing on the edge of a precipice. Tiny Titus is—the 32nd of the month." Mme. Jelly Tartakoff, the famous singer, writes: "I have been deeply shaken by Tiny Titus's concert. He is the limit." Of the homages in verse, perhaps the most touching is the beautiful poem by Signor Ocarini, the charm of which

we fear is but inadequately rendered in our halting translation:—

Leaving his pop-gun and his ball,  
He goes into the concert hall,  
No more a baby, and proceeds  
To do electrifying deeds.

Wielding a wizard's wondrous skill,  
He leads us captive at his will,  
But only, mark you, to delight us,  
Unlike the cruel Emperor TITUS.

O'ercome by harmony's aroma,  
I sink into a blissful coma,  
Until, my ecstasy to crown,  
The infant lays his baton down.

From the Equator to the Poles  
Thy fame in widening circles rolls;  
But once the audience leave the hall  
Thy pop-gun claims thee, or thy ball.

Imagination's wildest flight  
Pants far behind this wondrous mite,  
And ST. CECILIA and ST. VIRGIL  
Are vanquished by our Tiny Titus.

*The Evening News on the Crystal Palace ground:—*

"The roof, back and sides of the stand have been taken away so that people standing on 'Spion Kop,' the hill at the back . . . will have an uninterested view of the whole length of the field of play."

This, together with a nicely crowded journey both ways, makes up a pleasant afternoon.



## PROFESSOR SPLURGESON ON PERSONALITY.

### STRANGE CONDUCT OF FASHIONABLE AUDIENCE.

Professor Splurgeson delivered the first of his Claridge Lectures at the theatre of the Mayfair University yesterday. The auditorium was crowded to its utmost extent, ladies largely predominating.

Professor Peterson Prigwell, in a brief introductory speech, said that the achievements of Professor Splurgeson begged the vocabulary of eulogy. More than any other thinker he had succeeded in reconciling high life with high thinking.

Professor Splurgeson, speaking in fluent American, began by alluding to the numerous links which bound together his country with that of his audience, and pointed out that nowhere was this affinity more pronounced than in their philosophies. Both showed a concrete cosmopolitanism indissolubly wedded to an idealistic particularism; both agreed that truth, no matter how abysmally profound, could be expressed in language sufficiently simple to attract large audiences of fashionable women; both, finally, made it clear that Pragmatism, unless allied with Feminism, was destined to be relegated to the limbo of the obsolete. (Cheers.)

Professor Splurgeson then went on to say that nowhere was this happy element of intellectual compromise more needful than in discussing the problem of personality. That problem comprised three questions: What are we? What do we think of ourselves? and What do others think of us? In regard to the first question, the philosophic pitch had been queered by the conflicting combinations of all thinkers from Coreorygus the Borborygmatic down to WILLIAM JAMES. (Applause.) Man had been defined as a gelastic apteryx, but in view of the attitude of women towards the Plumage Bill the definition could hardly be allowed to fit the requirements of the spindle side of creation. The danger of endeavouring to find some unifying concept in a multiplicity of conflicting details was only equalled by that of recognizing the essential diversity which underlay a superficial homogeneity. (Loud cheers.)

At this point the Professor paused for a few minutes while kummel and caviare sandwiches were handed round.

Resuming, Professor Splurgeson discussed with great eloquence the secular

duel between the Will and the Understanding. It was *ex hypothesi* impossible for the super-man, *a fortiori* the super-woman, to yield to the dictates of the understanding. The question arose whether we might not profitably invert metaphysic and, instead of trying to locate personality in totality, begin with personality and work outwards. (Applause.) Otherwise the process of endeavouring to effect a synthesis of centripetal and centrifugal tendencies would invariably result in an indefinite deadlock.

Professor Splurgeson then proceeded to give a brief outline of what we usually think of ourselves. It was true that the expression of the face held a great place in the idea we had of other personalities, but how was it that in the idea of ourselves it played so small a part? The reason was that we did



"REJECTED": ANOTHER MOVING PICTURE TRAGEDY.

not know our own countenances. (Sensation.) If we were to meet ourselves in the street we should infallibly pass without a recognition. More than that, we did not wish to know them. (Murmurs.) Whenever we looked at ourselves in the glass we systematically ignored the most individual features—(cries of dissent)—and that was why we never, or very seldom, agreed that a photograph resembled or rendered justice to us. The explanation was to be found in the fact that we thought it undesirable to have too individual features, just as we thought it undesirable to wear too individual clothes.

At this point a violent uproar broke out, many of those present protesting against these statements as involving a libel on the entire female sex. It being impossible to restore order, Professor Splurgeson had to be escorted to his hotel by policemen, the date of his second lecture being indefinitely postponed.

## PANDEAN.

'Twas harvest time and close and warm,  
A day when tankards foam,  
But when there came the thunder-storm  
We'd got the last load home;  
We'd knocked off work—as custom is—  
Though 'twern't but four o'clock,  
And turned in to Jim Stevens's,  
That keeps "The Fighting-Cock."

The rain roared down in thunder-thresh,  
And roared itself away,  
And left the earth as sweet and fresh  
As though 'twas only May;  
And from outside came stock and clove  
And half-a-dozen more;  
And then up steps a piping cove,  
A-piping at the door.

We tumbles out to hear him blow,  
Tu-wit, he blew, tu-wee,

On rummy pipes o' reeds a-row  
Their likes I never see;  
And as he blew he shook a limb  
And capered like a goat,  
And us bold lads we looks at him  
Like rabbits at a stoat.

An oddly chap and russet red,  
He capered and he hopped,  
A bit o' sacking on his head  
Although the rain had stopped:  
Tu-wee he blew, he blew tu-wit,  
All in the clean sunshine,  
And oh, the creepy charm of it  
Went crawling up my spine.

I don't know if the others dreamed—

'Cos why, they never tell—  
But in a little bit it seemed  
I knew the tune quite well;  
It seemed to me I'd heard it once  
In woods away and dim,  
Where someone with a hornéd scone  
Came capering like him.

It held me tight, that tune o' his,  
It crawled on scalp and skin,  
Till sudden—'long o' choir-practice—  
The belfry bells swung in;  
The piping cove he turned and passed,  
Till through the golden broom  
A mile along we saw him last  
Go lone-like up the coombe.

The belfry bells they rang—one—  
two;  
The spell was lift from me,  
The spell the oddly piper blew—  
Tu-wit, he went, tu-wee;  
The spell was lift that he had laid,  
But still—tu-wee, tu-wit—  
I can't forget the tune he played,  
And that's the truth of it.



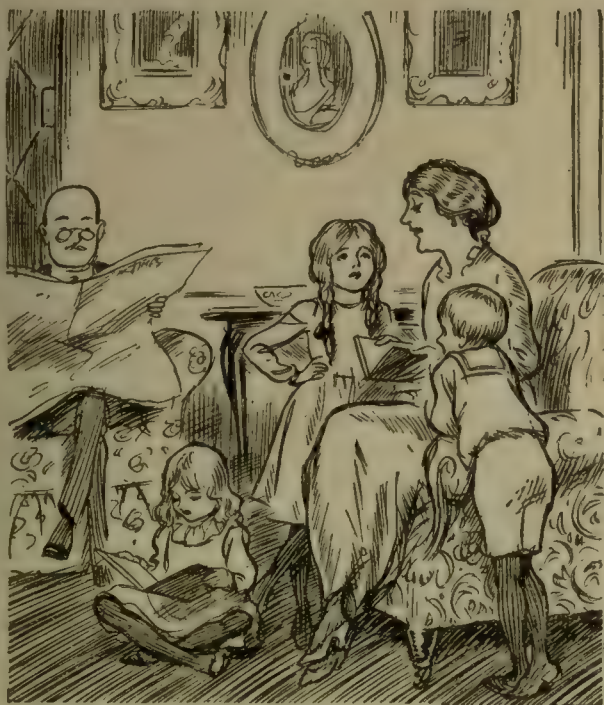
ANOMALIES OF FEMINITY.



WHY IS IT THAT MISS BIRDIE MONTRESSOR (OF THE PALACEUM)



ATTENDS THE ARTISTS' BALL AT COVENT GARDEN LIKE THIS?



WHILE MRS. DUMPERLEY-BROWNE (OF WEST KENSINGTON)



APPEARS AS ABOVE?



## THE AUTHOR.

I WAS reading proofs in my corner of the compartment, as I often do, and every time that I looked up I noticed the little shabby pathetic man with his eyes fixed upon me.

After a while I finished and put the proofs away with a sigh of relief.

"So you're an author too?" he said.

"Yes," I said, though I didn't want to talk at all.

"You wouldn't have thought I was one," he went on, "would you? What would you have said I did for a living?"

I am too old to guess such things. One nearly always gives offence. Moreover, I have seen too many authors to show any surprise.

"I'm not only a writer," he said, "but I dare say I'm better known than you."

"That's not difficult," I said.

"I am read by thousands—very likely millions—every day."

"This is very strange," I said. "Millions? Who are you, then? Not—no, you can't be. You haven't a red beard; you are not in knickerbockers; you don't recall SHAKESPEARE. Nor can you be MRS. BARCLAY. And yet, of course, I must have heard your name. Might I hear it again, now?"

"My name is unknown," he said. "All my work is anonymous."

"Not advertisements?" I said. "Not posters? You didn't write the 'Brown Cat's thanks,' or 'Alas, my poor brother,' or—"

"Certainly not," he replied. "My line is literature. Do you ever go to cinemas?"

"Now and then," I said, "when it rains, or I have an unexpected hour, or it is too late for a play."

"Then you have read me," he said. "I write for cinemas."

"There isn't much writing there," I suggested.

"Oh, isn't there!" he answered. "Haven't you ever noticed in a cinema how letters are always being brought in on trays?"

"Yes, I have."

"And then the hero or the villain or the victim opens them and reads them?"

"Yes."

"And then the audience has to read them?"

"Yes; there's no doubt about that."

"Well, those are all written by me. I mean, of course, all those that a certain film company requires."

"Marvellous," I said.

"I not only compose them—and it requires thought and compression, I can tell you—but I copy them out for the photographer too."

"Is that why they're always in the same handwriting?" I asked.

"Yes, that's it," he said. "It's mine."

"Then you can tell me something I have always wanted to know," I said. "I have noticed that when a letter written, say, by the Duke of Pemmican is thrown on the screen it is always signed 'Duke of Pemmican.' Why is that? In real life wouldn't he sign it 'Pemmican'?"

"He might," said my companion. "I don't know; but what I do know is that the cinema public expects a duke to call himself a duke; and we pride ourselves on giving them what they want."

"If you were making KING GEORGE write a letter," I said, "would he sign himself 'KING GEORGE'?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Why not? That's a good idea, anyway. A film with a letter from the KING in it would go. As it is, his only place in a cinema has been to indicate—by the appearance of his portrait on the screen—that the show is over. It isn't fair that he should come to be looked upon as a spoil-sport like that. It has a bad effect on the young. Many thanks for your suggestion. I'll give him a show with a letter."

## A QUESTION OF COURTESY.

"PERMIT me, Sir, to pass you the potatoes."

"After you," I inclined.

My fellow-passenger helped himself, shrugging his eyebrows. It was a provocative shrug—a shrug I could not leave at that.

"You shrug your eyebrows," I challenged.

"A thousand pardons," he answered; "but one never escapes it."

He courted interrogation. "What is it that one never escapes?" I asked.

"The elaborate unselfishness of the age," he replied a little petulantly. "I had two friends who starved to death of it."

"Indeed!" I offered him the salt.

"Observe," said my fellow-passenger, "that when you offer me the salt I accept it. Why should I deprive you of one of the little complacencies of unselfishness? You see, my dear Sir, either you are to feel smug all over, or I am. Now, if I take the salt—so—I perform a true act of courtesy; but, if I postpone the salt, saying 'After you,' I at once enter into the lists, jousting with you for the prize of self-satisfaction. With my two friends it was, if I remember, a matter of Lancashire relish. It appears to me one of the ironies of Fate that they should have starved to death

for want of a sauce. I am reminded of an epicure who starved to death for want of seasoning in his Julienno. But doubtless you are more interested in my two friends. I bow to your impatience. Hugh said, 'Allow me to offer you the Lancashire relish.' Arthur said, 'After you.' Hugh was piqued at this attempt to cheat his conscience out of a good mark. 'By no means,' he insisted. But Arthur, with a firm smile of politeness, only repeated, 'After you.'

"Hugh stuck out, and Arthur remained adamant. The contest lasted for nine days. On the first day Hugh was studiously courteous. It was, 'I could not dream, my dear Arthur,' et-cetera. On the second day he was visibly aggravated. It was, 'But, my dear Arthur, confess now, was it not I who offered you the Lancashire relish first?' On the third day he was ominously calm. It was, 'You had better help yourself to the Lancashire relish, Arthur.' On the fourth day he was frankly fierce. It was, 'By heaven, Arthur, if you don't take some Lancashire relish . . .'. And the only words in Arthur's vocabulary all that time were, 'After you! After you!' On the fifth day they came to grips on the floor, and through the sixth day and the seventh they swayed without separating. I suspect that the strain of this tussle assisted starvation to its victory. On the eighth day they were too weak for combat; they could only glare at each other passionately from opposite corners of the room; and on the ninth day came the end.

"Arthur held out the longer—he had, you see, wasted less breath. When he saw Hugh gasping in the penultimate throes of death, he mustered sufficient strength to clutch the bottle, and even to crawl over to his friend's side. Hugh saw him coming and shut his teeth. Arthur was too feeble to prize them open with his hands, but he had no difficulty in knocking out a couple with the butt end of the bottle, and with a faint groan of triumph he succeeded in pouring the contents down the cavity just before Hugh breathed his last.

"The exertion naturally hastened his own end. He made an effort to reach the well-stocked table of viands, but expired on the way, murmuring a final and, as it strikes me, rather too dramatic 'After you!'"

"When you have quite done with the cabbage," I rapped out. . . .

## Commercial Candour.

"Our illustration is of an exclusive model which we can fake in the latest fabrics for 3½ guineas."

Advt. in "Dewsbury District News."





### A FAIR WARNING.

Barber (turning sharply round, to the grave discomfiture of his client's nose). "DON'T GO, SIR; IT'S YOUR TURN NEXT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE consideration of Fear seems to have a special appeal for the BENSON Bros. Only the other day did ROBERT HUGH write a clever and hauntingly horrible story round it, and now here is ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER discoursing at large upon the same theme in *Where No Fear Was* (SMITH, ELDER). It is a book that you will hardly expect me to criticise. One either likes these gentle monologues of Mr. BENSON or is impatient under them—and in any case the comments of a third party would be superfluous. Personally, I should call this one of the most charming of those many hortatory volumes that have come from his prolific pen; he has a subject that interests him, and is naturally therefore at his best in speaking of it. Many kinds of fear are treated in the book—those common to us all in childhood and youth and age; and there are chapters dedicated to men and women who have notably striven with and overcome the dragon—JOHNSON and CHARLOTTE BRONTË and CARLYLE, and that friend of his, JOHN STERLING, whose letter from his death-bed the author quotes and rightly calls "one of the finest human documents." So now you see what kind of book it is, and whether you yourself are likely to respond to its appeal. It will, I am firmly persuaded, bring encouragement to many and add to the already large numbers who owe a real debt of gratitude to the writer. Somewhere he has a passing reference to the time when first he began to receive letters from unknown correspondents. It set me thinking that it was no slight achievement to have said so

many human and helpful things so unpriggishly. And certainly no one could call *Where No Fear Was* a pedantic work; its qualities of gentle humour and, above all, of sincerity absolve it from this charge and should commend it even to those who, as a rule, suffer counsel unwillingly.

Forrard, so to speak, in Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE's latest book you shall discover the three redoubtable stokers from whom it derives its title of *Firemen Hot* (METHUEN). Combining the steadfast affection and loyalty of the *Three Musketeers* or the imperishable soldiers of Mr. KIPLING with a faculty, when planning an escapade, for faultless English, only equalled by that of the flustered client explaining what has happened to the lynx-eyed sleuth, they are as stout a trio as ever thrust coal into a furnace or fist into a first mate's jaw. English, American and Scotch (and this would seem to be another injustice to the Green Island), in many ports and on many seas they have many wild yet not wicked adventures, knowing, with an instinctive delicacy born perhaps of the perusal of monthly magazines, where (even whilst crossing it) to draw the line. Aft, you shall come across once more the evergreen *Captain Kettle*, with his sartorial outfit unimpaired, his endless tobacco reserves not withered by a single leaf from their former glory. About wind-jammers and tramp-steamers and the harbours of all the world the author writes familiarly as usual, and has several ingenious plots to unfold, together with one or two that are not so good; and I suppose that the whisky drunk in the pages of *Firemen Hot* would float a small battleship, and the men laid out



with lefts to the jaw, if set end to end, stretch from Hull to Plymouth Docks. I sometimes wonder whether Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ ever in an idle hour picks up a book by Mr. CONRAD, and, if so, what he thinks of it.

I confess to being both weary and a little sceptical of heroines (in novels) who leap from the obscurity of mountain glens to fame and a five-figure income as dancers. The latest example is the young person who fills the title rôle in *Belle Nairn* (MELROSE), and of her I must say that she displays almost all the faults of her kind. She certainly did carry on! On the first page she ran away from the humble cot of her virtuous parents to seek the protection of an aunt whom she supposed (I could not discover on what grounds) to be wealthy. However, so far from this, the aunt turned out to be even worse-housed than the parents, and in point of fact to keep what you might call a gambling-cot on her side of the mountains, where a select circle met to drink smuggled spirits and entertain themselves in other ways that are at least sufficiently indicated in the text. So *Belle* shook off the dust of the aunt also; and soon afterwards found herself in an open boat, which was run down by the yacht of some real live lords, to one of whom she made violent eyes; at the same time giving an estimate of her social position that went considerably beyond what was warranted by the facts. It

was about here that I found that my credulity with regard to *Belle* was becoming over-taxed, though it may be that Mr. ROY MELDRUM, her creator, believed in her; he has at least a solemnity and sincerity of style that carries him, apparently unwitting, through every peril of the grotesque. Of course *Belle* comes to town, smashes all booking records at the Basilica, and establishes her-

self as the idol of society. Later on, I regret to add, she becomes, so to speak, tinged with wine. Perhaps this unfortunate failing is the most credible thing about her. So, while I envy those readers who will doubtless follow her progress with delicious thrills, I can only repeat that it left me entirely unconvinced.

If I had to classify *Oh, Mr. Bidgood* (LANE), then I should call it a confused comedy, but I should want to add that Mr. PETER BLUNDELL writes with such delightful irresponsibility that the confusion does not make much difference. To explain exactly what occurred during the voyage of the *Susan Dale* from Ceylon until she was "in distress" off the Borneo coast is not within my scope of intellect, but I can draw up a short list of her passengers (she was not supposed to carry any). I shall give Mr. Todd pride of place, partly because he owned her, but chiefly because sea-sickness incited him to deeds of gallantry. Then there were two skittish nurses, who got on board because one of them knew the second engineer; there was Colonel Tingle (swashbuckler); Señor Canaba (scamp), who had bribed both the captain and the chief engineer (*Mr. Bidgood*); and lastly a brace of crafty Malays, who were the second mate's contribution to the batch, and made a very reluctant appearance upon the scene. Quite as important, however, as this human freight was *Susan's* cargo of five hundred kegs of gunpowder, shipped as pickled pork, and a wonderful picture which at one time *Mr. Bidgood* was induced to wear (it was unframed) as extra underclothing. This

expedient was not devised to prevent him from catching cold, but to save the picture from being stolen. Indeed, if anyone or anything had to be protected, *Bidgood*, for better or worse, undertook the responsibility. A more engaging old ruffian I have seldom encountered; among all the philanderings, conspiracies and mutinies of this wild voyage he remains a master of volcanic versatility. And his humour s of the right JACOBS brand.

The really stupid thing about *Mr. Fergus Rowley* was that he had never been to see *The Great Adventure*. That popular play must have been running for a considerable while (and the story appeared in book-form of course much earlier) before he decided to "fake" a suicide from the deck of the liner *Transella* and leave his large possessions to an unknown and penniless nephew. *It Will Be All Right* (HUTCHINSON) is the sanguine title which Mr. TOM GALLON has given to his latest novel; but whether he refers merely to *Mr. Rowley's* optimism or to the further possibility of his readers sharing that gentleman's ignorance of current drama, is more than I can say. Anyhow, *Mr. Rowley* disappeared, and his nephew succeeded to an estate largely impoverished by the depredations of *Gabriel Thurston*, a fraudulent solicitor and unmitigated rogue after Mr. GALLON's own heart (and mine). Meanwhile, *Mr. Rowley*

was reduced to playing butler in his own house and thereby saving some of the most precious of his curios from the double waste of a spendthrift heir and an unscrupulous lawyer. There was also—need I mention it?—a Circe in the case. *It Will Be All Right* is an exercise in the picaresque school, lacking none of the author's usual raciness and vigour; but, if at the end we find *Mr. Fergus Rowley* still un-

able to reinstate himself, and left with no better consolation than the "Heigho" of his famous great-uncle *Anthony*, the fault, I feel, was his own. He ought to have looked in at the Kingsway Theatre and provided himself with the indispensable mole.

### "ON."

(A contemporary remarked recently how many names of famous men have ended in "on.")

CALL no man famous till you know his end.

"On" is the most effective. Docked of "on,"

Who's MILT? or NELS? or NEWT? "On" nerves Anon

To blush unseen in public. Say, who penn'd *Don Juan*? Was it BYR? Could BURT befriend

The humpstruck? So curtailed and put upon,

Would CAXT or PAXT, would LIPT, would WINST have shone?

No, they would not. Their "on" 's what we commend.

And what though "on" too lavishly impart

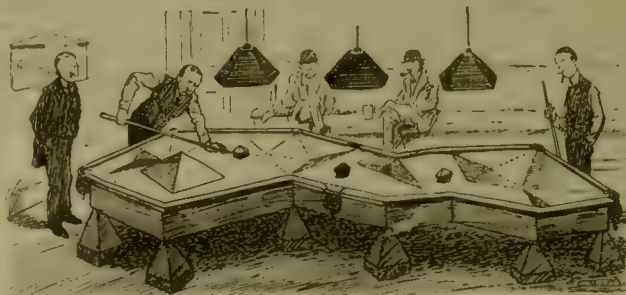
The gift of greatness ("CHESTERT," murmur some,

"Were ample; not to mention A. C. BENS")?

We're spared—remember this in "on's" defence—

A SHAWON ranting from a super-cart,

A CAINEON skilled to beat the outsize drum.



THE SPREAD OF CUBISM.



## CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to an official of the Imperial Japanese household, the poems composed by the late DOWAGER-EMPERESS OF JAPAN numbered 30,000. But these were never published, and the EMPRESS died universally respected.

A foolish hoax is said to have been perpetrated on the authorities at Dublin Castle. An anonymous communication informed them that a *Dreadnought* had been purchased by the Ulster loyalists, and would shortly make her appearance off the coast of Ireland disguised as an outrigger. Urgent instructions were in consequence issued to the coastguards not to be caught napping.

"I honestly hope," said General VILLA, "that the Americans will bottle up Vera Cruz so tight that one can't even get water into it." But this surely would place America's teetotal navy in a very awkward predicament.

His Majesty King FERDINAND of Bulgaria has, a Paris newspaper informs us, purchased four elephants as pets. We trust that this is the beginning of the end of the toy-dog craze. We have always considered elephants more interesting, and ladies no doubt will not be slow to realise that there is more effect to be got out of them.

The dogs which are to accompany his expedition are, Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON states, coming to London and will spend some little time here. It is to be hoped that they will be given a good time and shown the sights, and that no one will be so thoughtless as to mention emergency rations in their presence.

Says Mr. FILSON YOUNG in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—"I began yesterday by swimming in a sunlit sea, continued it by motoring through a hundred miles of lilac and gorse, and ended it listening to the most perfect concert programme at Queen's Hall that I have ever heard. . . . Was it not a happy day?" The answer, FILSON, is in the affirmative.

Forty years ago, £1,000 a year was spent on wines and spirits at the Medway (Chatham) Workhouse and Infirmary, while to-day the annual expenditure is only £5. In these hard times even paupers have to economise.

St. Mark's Church, Tunbridge Wells, which has been troubled with a plague of flies, has had to be closed for a week for the purpose of fumigation. Many



G. L. STAUPA. 1914

"LEND US A 'AND WIV THIS, WILL YER, MISTER? MUVVER WANTS 'IM 'OME AND 'E'S THAT 'EADSTRONG!"

members of the congregation had complained of being kept awake by these vivacious insects.

Apparently the modistes have resolved that this shall be a butcher's year, for we are promised leg-of-mutton sleeves, ham-frill skirts, and pork-pie hats.

Although M. JEAN WORTH, the famous creator of fashions, has declared that the mania of modern women for changing styles of dress amounts to a disease, it is not, we understand, the present intention of

any of the leading dressmaking firms to offer a prize for a cure for this ailment.

M. WORTH also stated that "Quality, not quantity," is the right motto for women in matters of dress. For all that, we trust that the irreducible minimum has now been reached.

According to the calculations of a M. VERRONET, the earth has only another two million years to live. We hope that the effect of this statement may not be to encourage jerry-building.



## THE CRITIC AT THE R.A.

"TALKING of treacle pudding," said Felicity, helping that delicacy with a grace and skill that would have demanded the entire concentration of one less gifted—"talking of treacle pudding, I suppose you've done the Academy?"

"Not yet," I confessed.

She looked at me reproachfully.

"Dear, dear," she sighed, "when will the British Public awaken to the claims of Art? We haven't either."

"I generally wait a bit and find out which are the pictures I am expected to admire."

"And a very sensible plan too," she rejoined; "that is, for you and me and the rest of the common herd. Of course Papa's different. He's a critic."

Her father coughed deprecatingly.

"When he sees anything really artistic," she went on, "it fills him with delight."

"I wish you wouldn't use that horrible word, Felicity," he groaned.

"What horrible word?"

"Artistic."

"Sorry, Papa; I forgot. On the other hand," she continued unabashed, "if you show him anything that *isn't*, it causes him terrible suffering. He will cover his eyes with one hand and shoo it away with the other."

"You mustn't mind my little daughter's nonsense," he said. "Someone told her the other day she had a sense of humour. It was a great mistake."

"That's one up to you, Papa," she returned cheerfully; "but before the House adjourns I should like to move that we all go to the Academy this afternoon."

"I should love it," I replied, "but I'm afraid I must get back to work."

"Do you *work*?" she exclaimed with rapture. "How frightfully exciting."

At a Flapper dance in the evening I met Felicity again and she gave me the second "Hesitation Waltz." Afterwards she led me to some nice basket chairs in the conservatory.

"Well, did the Academy come off?" I asked.

"Did it come off?" said Felicity. "I should say so. It was the nicest afternoon I've had for weeks. You *ought* to have been there."

"I suppose your father was in hot form criticising the pictures?"

"Hush," she whispered, holding her finger to her lips. "Papa as an Art critic is temporarily under a cloud. I'll tell you. It came about in this way: Papa is a great admirer of SARGENT, and to-day he was in a particularly Sargentese mood. 'The great drawback to the Academy,' he

said, as we were setting forth, 'is that the Sargents are spoiled by the other pictures. The huge mass of these all over the place entirely destroys one's perceptions of colour value. What I should like to do would be to see only the Sargents, turning a blind eye meanwhile to the other paintings.'"

"You ought to wear blinkers," I suggested.

"He was all for it at once.

"That's a capital idea, Felicity."

"Then you'll go by yourself, Papa," I said. "I'll do some shopping and call for you at the police station on the way home."

"Well, he abandoned the blinker idea eventually, but stuck to his scheme for concentrating on SARGENT, and suddenly I saw how the afternoon might be made both amusing and instructive. So I said, 'There's one thing that's rather pleasing, Papa. You won't have to buy a catalogue, because I've got one. Some people I had tea with yesterday gave me theirs, and I'll bring it if you like.'"

She looked at me mischievously under her long dark lashes.

"You catch the idea?" she asked.

"No," I said, "not yet."

"Well, as soon as we arrived Papa took the catalogue and looked up all the Sargents—in the index part, you know, and wrote the numbers on his cuff and then we began to hunt them down.

"The first one was a 'still life.' Papa viewed it in some perplexity. 'Ah,' he said at length, 'just as I thought. I have been anticipating this for some time.' He adjusted his spectacles. 'The tendency of modern Art—that is to say the best Art—is towards a return to more classic forms. SARGENT, as might be expected, leads the way; but he infuses the subject with his own special genius. I regard this as a very fine example—very fine, indeed. The vitality of the half salmon is positively amazing."

"I led him gently away, and presently we stood before the portrait of a City gentleman—the kind that is very fond of turtle soup. Papa raved over it.

"Here, again," he pointed out, "see the loving care bestowed on each link in the watch-chain. What a reproof to the slovenly slap-dash methods of the Impressionists."

"I gazed rapturously into his face and urged him onward. Things went from bad to worse, but it was really 'The Lowing Herd' that put the lid on it. A more lamentable company of cows you could hardly imagine. Even Papa was baffled for the moment; but after checking the number on the picture with the number on his cuff he pulled himself together.

"Wonderful grouping," he said; 'eminently Sargentese'; and his voice seemed to challenge all within earshot to name another artist who could have produced the work.

"Well, now," he concluded, "I think that is the last of them, and the best thing we can do is to go home. It would be a pity to spoil the afternoon by looking at any of the lesser lights."

"I hesitated. 'Don't you think,' I suggested, 'it would be nice just to look at the Sargents before we go?'"

"For some moments Papa was speechless.

"The Sargents!" he exclaimed at length. "Well, of all the— Here I devote a solid half-hour to teaching you something about Art and your mind is woolgathering the whole time. What on earth were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about the years that are gone," I said.

"The years that are gone?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid it's entirely my fault, because I brought it."

"Papa gasped.

"What on earth is the child talking about?"

"The catalogue," I said; "it's some other year's."

At this moment the fallen Art critic entered the conservatory.

"Is that you, Felicity?" he exclaimed. "You're cutting a dance with your own father. I never heard of such a thing."

She sprang up.

"Oh, Papa!" she cried, "I am sorry."

She slipped her arm through his, and as they moved away together I heard her say, with what seemed unnecessary distinctness, "We were talking Art, you know, and that's so dreadfully absorbing."

## Commercial Candour.

"It is a matter of surprise in more than one well-appointed household that the best efforts of a skillful chef can produce nothing more acceptable than

—'S TOMATO SOUP.'—*Adet.*

From a review of a book by Mr. HAROLD RUSSELL:—

"The horrible chigoes, or 'jiggers,' are of the flea family, and with them we must leave Mr. Russell."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Is this kind?

"The three greatest pets in the Darwin district are said to be the white ant—which sometimes grows to the size of a bee—the marsh fly, and the great Darwin mosquito."

*Adelaide Register.*

Our white ant "Fifi" has just bitten through her collar and run away. If found wandering, please return.





### SITTING TIGHT.

AMERICAN EAGLE. "OF COURSE I'M IN A VERY STRONG POSITION AND QUITE COMFORTABLE. ALL THE SAME, I HOPE THEY'LL HURRY UP WITH THE MEDIATION."



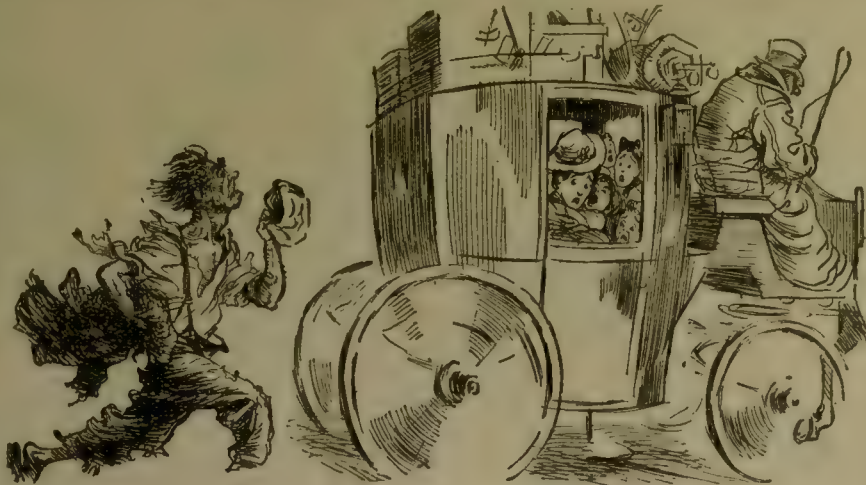




## NOVELIST AND MILLIONAIRE.

FORTIFIED by the inspiring example of Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR, who recently picketed the offices of the Standard Oil Company in New York with a view to bringing pressure to bear on Mr. JOHN ROCKEFELLER, Junr., Mr. Alf. Abel, the famous Manx novelist, has adopted similar measures to bring Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE to reason. The trouble is of long standing and has grown out of the movement inaugurated by Mr. Abel to induce municipalities and local authorities to refuse the gifts of Free Libraries. Such benefactions, as Mr. Abel has most conclusively shown, while nominally intended to educate the masses, in reality have the result of restricting the sale and circulation of those works of fiction which conduce most effectively to the culture, the intellectual emancipation and the moral uplift of the nation. Worse still, they reduce the legitimate emoluments which the authors of these noble works derive from their beneficent labours. Owing to this pernicious system the number of copies sold of Mr. Abel's last work only reached 250,000 copies, instead of 400,000, as he and his publisher, Mr. Goethemann, confidently expected. Mr. Abel has memorialised the PRIME MINISTER, but without effect, and at last determined to take decisive action himself. Accordingly, having chartered a swift steamer manned by Manx fishermen, and carrying 500 volunteers wearing the national uniform, Mr. Abel set out from Douglas (I. of M.) on Wednesday last and, landing in the neighbourhood of Dornoch on Friday night, advanced early next morning on Skibo Castle, the seat of Mr. CARNEGIE.

The famous millionaire, who is an early riser, was playing the organ in the central hall of the Castle when he was apprised of the approach of the raiders by one of his retinue, and at once determined to organise a stubborn resistance. The portcullis was let down, the moat filled to its utmost capacity, while Winchester rifles were served out to the four butlers, sixteen footmen, seven chauffeurs and twenty-four gardeners who compose the staff. The organist was instructed to play martial music to hearten the defenders, while Mr. CARNEGIE took up his position in the bomb-proof gazebo which is so prominent a feature in the Sutherland landscape. Meantime Mr. Abel, advancing at the head of his volunteers, had taken cover behind an Araucaria and addressed an ultimatum to Mr. CARNEGIE through a megaphone. It was to the effect that unless he promised to forbid the supply of Mr. Abel's novels to his Free Libraries, Mr. Abel would—



FORCED INTO RETIREMENT (HAPPILY ONLY TEMPORARY) BY THE INTRODUCTION OF THE TAXI-CAB, OUR DEVOTED FOLLOWER OF YESTERDAY



AGAIN TAKES THE FIELD.

- (1) Let loose 1,000 Manx cats in Mr. CARNEGIE's preserves;
- (2) Permanently establish himself in the neighbourhood of Skibo and follow Mr. CARNEGIE about wherever he went, in Elizabethan costume;
- (3) Make Mr. CARNEGIE the villain of his next novel;
- (4) Give free recitations from his works in Dornoch and the neighbourhood.

The situation was extremely critical when Mr. Jinery Hames, the illustrious American novelist, who was staying with Mr. CARNEGIE, gallantly offered his services as a mediator, and, sallying forth under a flag of truce, entered into negotiations with Mr. Abel. After a protracted interview a *via media* was reached by which, while Mr. CARNEGIE undertook to exclude Mr. Abel's works from his Free Libraries, Mr. Abel agreed to withdraw his threat of coming to reside in Sutherlandshire on the understanding that Mr. Jinery Hames contributed a six-column appreciation of

Mr. Abel's works to *The Times*, provided that the demands of golf on the best pages of that journal permitted it. Subsequently Mr. CARNEGIE entertained the Manx Volunteers at a sumptuous *déjeuner*, at which Mr. Hames proposed the health of Mr. Abel and Mr. Abel fell on the neck of Mr. Hames. No other casualties occurred to mar the peaceful termination of what might have proved an international catastrophe.

"Its author could no longer look forward with his old hope or confidence to a continued successful resistance to Home Rule."

*Manchester Guardian.*

"Half his old hope" a less meticulous speaker would have said.

"The defendants were ordered to pay the costs, but the Chairman (Mr. T. J. Price) remarked that if such breeches were repeated the magistrates would have to adopt sterner measures."—*South Wales Daily News.*

We hope this will be a warning to our nuts.



## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WEEK-END-ON-SEA.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I've been doing Easter with the Clackmannans and helping them with an idea they're carrying out. There's a little coast town on their Southshire property (Shrimington it's been called up to now), and they're turning it into a seaside place *that people can go to!* Isn't that dilly? Of course, our coasts quite *bristle* with seaside towns, but they're places people *can't* go to because *everybody* goes there. And so the Clackmannans are going to supply a long-felt want, as old-fashioned people say, and give us a *ville de bains* of our very *very* own. Its name is to be

changed from Shrimington to Week-End-on-Sea. It has no railway station, which, of course, is a great merit; it's not to have any big blatant hotels or pensions—nothing but charming bungalow-cottages; there'll be no pier, no band, none of those banal winter-gardens and impossible pleasure palaces that *ces autres* delight in, and, of course, none of those immensely fearful concert parties and pierrots. But we shall have a troupe of mermen and mermaids who will do classic gambols by the marge of the sea and play on pipes or shells or whatever it is that sea-creatures play on. There'll

be bathing parties, when the last syllable of the last word in bathing-kit will be seen; paddling parties, in carefully thought out *toilettes pour marcher dans l'eau*, and shell-gathering parties. Stella Clackmannan, who has such an active brain that everyone's quite anxious about her, is going to have tons of really pretty shells laid along a part of the beach (above high water), and people will go shell-gathering *en habit coquilleux*.

The only feature Week-End-on-Sea will have in common with other seaside places is a parade. At first Stella wouldn't hear of having one; but Norty told her there's "a deep-seated primal instinct in human nature for sitting on benches and watching one's fellow-creatures walk up and down, and it would not be wise to thwart this instinct." He's an enormously clever boy, and, when it was put to her like that, Stella gave in. So there's to be a parade on the sea front, and Ray Rymington, whose sense of the beau-

tiful is *absolutely*, will see after it. There'll be none of those ghastly glass shelters, but just darling Sheraton benches at intervals, and the paraders will be carefully *censored*. Nobody who hasn't *something* of a profile will be allowed to walk up and down—and no woman who takes more than 4's in shoes or who's wearing a last year's sleeve. So you see, dearest, it will be quite a *cachet*, both of person and style, to be seen walking on the parade at our watering-place. The Bullyon-Boundermere woman met Stella in town the other day and said, "My dear duchess, how can we thank you for at last giving us a really *classy* seaside place?" "What a wonderful word, Mrs. Boundermere!" answered Stella. "'Classy'! Do tell me what it means!"



Superb Chauffeur. "THERE HAS BEEN AN ACCIDENT, M'LADY."

Oh, my best one! Such a simply *simptuous* storyette for you! Even in your remote fastnesses you must have heard of young Ivan Rowdidowsky, the very *very* latest thing in Russian composer-pianists. Playing the piano with his elbows, dressed in scarlet velvet, and fuller of "inner meanings" than anyone (even from *Russia*) ever was before, he captured London at the beginning of the Little Season, and his vogue has been *colossal*. He gave twelve elbow-recitals of his own compositions at Emperor's Hall. Those fearsome interviewers fairly mobbed him, and he told them, in the *prettiest* broken English, that "piano playing with the hands suited well enough the pale-blooded law-abiding people of yesterday, but that the full-pulsing stormy emotions of to-day could only be adequately expressed by the *elbows!*" Quite *myriads* of people made him write, "Your affectionate friend, Ivan Rowdidowsky," in their autograph-books, till at last he had cramp in the

hand and Sir William Kiddem had to be called in. There were reassuring bulletins telling the public that they needn't be alarmed about their favourite, as cramp in the hand is *rarely* fatal and does *not* affect the elbows, and that, if M. Rowdidowsky stopped writing in autograph-books for a day or two, he'd be quite his wonderful self again.

Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, has been *folle de lui* from the first, and at Easter she'd a big party for him down at "Popsy's Pleasaunce," her place in Sussex, and then and there announced that she was engaged to him, and that after her marriage she would drop the Ramsgate title and be known by "her Ivan's beautiful Slavonic name!" People were very nice to her about it and

didn't laugh more than they could help, and all went cheerily, Rowdidowsky in his scarlet velvet playing to them with his elbows every evening; and then one fatal morning (as novelists say) Popsy picked up a letter that her Ivan had dropped from his pocket. It was addressed outside to "M. Rowdidowsky," and this is an extract from what she read inside: "I was at your show at Emperor's Hall the other day and thought I should have split my skin at the way the silly jossers all round me were carrying on, and at the thought that it was my pal, good old Bert Smith of Camberwell, perched up on the platform

in red velvet togs pounding away on the old piano with his elbows like a good 'un. I put my hands over my face to prevent myself from bursting out, and the woman next to me shoved a silver bottle under my nose and gurgled into my ear, 'You've an artist-soul! I felt just as you do when I first heard this divine Rowdidowsky!' The silly geeser! Go it, old son! More power to your elbows! And don't forget, when you've made your pile, that your old pal, Joe, was part-author of the idea and helped you to work it out!"

Popsy, poor old dear, is having the Gurra-Gurra treatment for nervous collapse. Lord and Lady Ramsgate are enormously relieved at the turn things have taken; and their boy Pegwell said to me yesterday, "I'm jolly glad it's all off! Fancy how *decomposed* it would have been to have Rumtidumsky, or whatever his name was, for a step-grandfather!"

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.





### OUR OVERBRED RACERS.

*(The Nightmare of an Anxious Owner.)*

"FLASH-IN-THE-PAN" SUDDENLY REALISES THE ENORMOUS ISSUES DEPENDING ON HIM AND FAINTS IN HIS TRAINER'S ARMS.

### PETER, A PEKINESE PUPPY.

Our Peter, who's famed as an eater of things,  
Is a miniature dragon without any wings.  
He can gallop or trot, he can amble or jog,  
But he flies like a flash when he's after his prog;  
And the slaves who adore him, whatever his mood,  
Say that nothing is fleetier  
Than Peter the eater,  
Than Peter pursuing his food.

He considers the garden his absolute own:  
It's the place where a digger can bury a bone.  
Then he tests his pin-teeth on a pansy or rose,  
Spreading ruin and petals wherever he goes;  
And his mistress declares, when he's nibbled for hours,  
That nothing is sweeter  
Than Peter the eater,  
The resolute eater of flowers.

Having finished his dinner he wheedles the cook,  
Picks a coal from the scuttle or tackles a book,  
Or devotes all his strength to a slipper or mat,  
To the gnawing of this and the tearing of that;  
*Faute de mieux* takes a dress; and his mistress asserts  
That there's nothing to beat her  
Like Peter the eater  
Attached by his teeth to her skirts.

But at last he has supped, and the moment is come  
When, his stretchable tum being tight as a drum,  
He is meek and submissive, who once was so proud,  
And he creeps to his basket and slumbers aloud.

And his mistress proclaims, as she tucks up his shawl,  
That nothing is neater  
Than Peter the eater,  
Than Peter curled up in a ball,  
Asleep and digesting it all.

R. C. L.

### A BARGAIN IN FASHIONS.

WHATEVER may chance in the coming season  
Regarding the fashions in women's wear,  
I should like to remark that I see no reason  
For treating the thing like a German scare;  
Rather let us, the oppressed, restricted,  
Assert ourselves as the women do;  
It's *their* turn, dash it! to feel afflicted  
By seeing *us* flaunting a craze or two.

It's more than time their monopoly ceases;  
Excepting the vote, I dare assert  
We deny them none of their wild caprices,  
Though I own we jibbed at the harem skirt;  
We were wrong; we ought to have let them wear it;  
Free will in dress is a sacred right;  
But we should be equally keen to declare it  
With them who make it their chief delight.

We must come to terms with our female betters,  
Seeing that summer will soon be nigh;  
If *they* would be rid of the skirt that fetters,  
They might free *us* from the collar and tie;  
It's neck or nothing! I ask you whether  
We can't be conspicuous now and then;  
I think these challenges go together:—  
*Trousers for women!—Low necks for men!*



## THE COMPETITION SPIRIT.

ABOUT six weeks ago a Canadian gentleman named Smith arrived in the Old Country (England). He knew a man who knew a man who knew a man . . . and so on for a bit . . . who knew a man who knew a man who knew me. Letters passed; negotiations ensued; and about a week after he had first set foot in the Mother City (London) Smith and I met at my Club for lunch.

I may confess now that I was nervous. I think I expected a man in a brown shirt and leggings, who would ask me to put it "right there," and tell me I was "some Englishman." However, he turned out to be exactly like anybody else in London. Whether he found me exactly like anybody else in Canada, I don't know. Anyway, we had a very pleasant lunch, and arranged to play golf together on the next day.

Whatever else is true of Canada there can be no doubt that it turns out delightful golfers. Smith proved to be just the best golfer I had ever met, being, in fact, when at the top "of his form," almost exactly as good as I was. Hole after hole we halved in a mechanical eight. If by means of a raking drive and four perfect brassies at the sixth he managed to get one up for a moment, then at the short seventh a screaming iron and three consummate approaches would make me square again. Occasionally he would, by superhuman play, do a hole in bogey; but only to crack at the next, and leave me, at the edge of the green, to play "one off eleven." It was, in fact, a ding-dong struggle all the way; and for his one-hole victory in the morning I had my revenge with a one-hole victory in the afternoon.

By the end of a month we must have played a dozen rounds of this nature. I always had a feeling that I was really a better golfer than he, and this made me friendly towards his game. I would concede him short putts which I should have had no difficulty in missing myself; if he lost his ball I would beg him to drop another and go on with the hole; if he got into a bad place in a bunker I would assure him it was ground under repair. He was just as friendly in refusing to take these advantages, just as pleasant in offering similar indulgences to me. I thought at first it was part of his sporting way, but it turned out that (absurdly enough) he also was convinced that he was really the better golfer of the two, and could afford these amenities.

One day he announced that he was going back to Canada.

"We must have a last game," he said, "and this one must be decisive."

"For the championship of the Empire," I agreed. "Let's buy a little cup and play for it. I've never won anything at golf yet, and I should love to see a little cup on the dinner-table every night."

"You can't come to dinner in Canada every night," he pointed out. "It would be so expensive for you."

Well, the cup was bought, engraved "The Empire Challenge Cup," and played for last Monday.

"This," said Smith, "is a serious game, and we must play all out. No giving away anything, no waiving the rules. The Empire is at stake. The effete-ness of the Mother Country is about to be put to the proof. Proceed."

It wasn't the most pleasant of our games. The spirit of the Cup hung over it and depressed us. At the third hole I had an eighteen-inch putt for a half. "That's all right," said Smith forgetfully, and then added, "perhaps you'd better put it in, though." Of course I missed. On the fifth green he bent down to brush away a leaf. "That's illegal," I said sharply, "you must pick it up; you mayn't brush it away," and after a fierce argument on the point he putted hastily—and badly. At the eighteenth tee we were all square and hardly on speaking terms. The fate of the Mother Country depended upon the result of this hole.

I drove a long one, the longest of the day, slightly hooked.

"Good shot," said Smith with an effort. He pressed and fozzled badly. I tried not to look pleased.

We found his ball in a thick clump of heather. With a grim look on his face, he took out his niblick . . .

I stayed by him and helped him count up to eight.

"Where's your ball?" he growled.

"A long way on," I said reproachfully. "I wish you'd hurry up. The poor thing will be getting cold."

He got to work again. We had another count together up to fifteen. Sometimes there would be a gleam of white at the top of the heather for a moment and then it would fade away.

"How many?" I asked some minutes later.

"About thirty. But I don't care, I'm going to get the little beast into the hole if it takes me all night." He went on hacking.

I had lost interest in the performance, for the Cup was mine, but I did admire his Colonial grit.

"Got it," he cried suddenly, and the ball sailed out on to the pretty. Another shot put him level with me.

"Thirty-two?" I asked.

"About," he said coldly.

I began to look for my ball. It had got tired of waiting and had hidden itself. Smith joined gloomily in the search.

"This is absurd," I said after three or four minutes,

"By Jove!" said Smith, suddenly brightening up. "If your ball's lost I win after all."

"Nonsense; you've given the hole up," I protested. "You don't know how many you've played. According to the rules if I ask you how many, and you give wrong information—"

"It's thirty-five," he said promptly.

"I don't believe you counted."

"Call it forty-five then. There's nothing to prevent my calling it more than it really is. If it was really only forty, then I'm counting five occasions when the ball rolled over as I was addressing it. That's very generous of me. Actually I'm doubtful if the ball did roll over five times, but I say it did in order to be on the safe side." He looked at his watch. "And if you don't find your ball in thirty seconds you lose the hole."

It was ingenious, but the Mother Country can be ingenious too.

"How many have you played exactly?" I asked. "Be careful."

"Forty-five," he said. "Exactly."

"Right." I took my niblick and swung at the heather. "Bother," I said. "Missed it. Two."

"Hallo! Have you found it?"

"I have. It's somewhere in this field. There's no rule which insists that you shall hit the ball, or even that you shall hit near the ball, or even that you shall see the ball when you hit at it. Lots of old gentlemen shut their eyes and miss the sphere. I've missed. In five minutes I shall miss again."

"But what's the point?"

"The point, dear friend," I smiled, "is that after each stroke one is allowed five minutes in which to find the ball. I have forty-three strokes in hand; that gives me three hours and thirty-five minutes in which to look for it. At regular intervals of five minutes I shall swing my club and probably miss. It's four-thirty now; at eight o'clock, unless I find my ball before, I shall be playing the like. And if you are a sportsman," I added, "you will bring me out some tea in half-an-hour."

At six-thirty I was still looking—and swinging. Smith then came to terms and agreed to share the cup with me for the first year. He goes back to Canada to-morrow, and will spread the good news there that the Old Country can still hold its own in resource, determination and staying power. But next year we are going to play friendly golf again. A. A. M.



## THE EAVESDROPPER.

It may not be generally known that, on very still nights, in the small hours, when there are no taxis rushing past and no late revellers returning home, it is possible, by leaning against a pillar-box and placing one's ear close to the opening, to hear the letters converse. Provided, of course, that one has a pure soul, as I have. Otherwise there is no sound.

Chancing to be out late the other night in a very quiet neighbourhood, I suddenly noticed a pillar-box and was reminded that I had a letter to post. I dropped it in and held my breath as I listened.

"Here's another!" said a voice. "Who are you, pray?"

"I'm an acceptance with thanks," said my letter.

"What do you accept?" another voice asked.

"An invitation to dinner," said my letter, with a touch of swank.

"Pooh!" said the other. "Only that."

"It's at a house in Kensington," said my letter rather haughtily.

"Well, I'm an acceptance of an invitation to a dance at a duchess's," was the reply, and my poor letter said no more.

Then all the others began to chatter.

"I contain news of a death," said one.

"I bring news of a legacy," said another.

"I demand the payment of a debt," said a sharp metallic voice.

"I decline an offer of marriage," said a fourth, rather wistfully.

"I've got a cheque inside," said a fifth with a swagger.

"I convey the sack," said a sixth in triumph.

"What do you think I am?" another inquired. "You shall have six guesses."

"Give us a clue," said a voice.

"Very well. I'm a foolscap envelope."

Then the guessing began.

One said a writ.

Another said an income-tax demand. But no one could guess it.

"I'm a poem for a paper," said the foolscap letter at last.

"Are you good?" asked a voice.

"Not good enough, I'm afraid," said the poem. "In fact I've been out and back again seven times already."

"Guess what I am," said a sentimental murmur.

"Any one could guess that," was the gruff reply. "You're a love-letter."

"Quite right," said the sentimental murmur. "But how clever of you!"

"Well," said another, "you're not



"I SAY, NORA, THAT WOMAN'S WEARING RATHER A SMART COAT."

the only love-letter here. I'm a love-letter too."

"How do you begin?" asked the first.

"I begin, 'My Darling,'" said the second love-letter.

"That's nothing," said the first; "I begin, 'My Ownest Own.'"

"I don't think much of either of those beginnings," said a new voice.

"I begin, 'Most Beautiful.'"

"You're from a man, I suppose?" said the second love-letter.

"Yes, I am," said the new one. "Aren't you?"

"No, I'm from a woman," said the second. "I'll admit your beginning's rather good. But how do you end?"

"I end with 'A million kisses,'" said the new one.

"Ah, I've got you there!" said the second. "I end with 'For ever and ever yours.'"

"That's not bad," said the second,

"but my ending is pretty good in its way. I end like this, 'To-morrow will be Heaven once more, for then we meet again.'"

"Oh, do stop all this love talk!" said the gruff letter, when I was conscious of a hand on my arm and a lantern in my face.

"Here," said the authoritative tones of the law, "I think you've been leaning against this pillar-box long enough. If you can't walk I'll help you home."

Thus does metallic prose invade the delicate realms of supernature.

"Captain Amilcar Magalhaes, chief of the Brazilian Mission, accompanying Mr. Roosevelt, says the ex-President has discovered a tribe of savages named Panhates. The total bag collected on the expedition amounts to about 2,000 specimens.—Reuter."

Sussex Daily News.

The flower of the tribe, no doubt.





Promising Member of Junior Firm (having been given a lesson on SAMSON and told to write an account of him). "I FORGOT THAT MAN'S NAME YOU WAS TELLING US ABOUT, SO I CALLED HIM 'ARCHIE.'"

### WATER IS BEST.

(General VILLA, who is a teetotaler, has denounced General HUERTA as an old drunkard.)

WHEN sons of Bacchus  
Fiercely attack us,  
Flouting the majesty of Alcohol,  
And, spite of HORSLEY,  
Indulge quite coarsely  
In panegyrics of dry Monopole—

For consolation  
In our vexation  
The news from Mexico we gladly hail,  
Learning how VILLA  
Shuns Manzanilla  
And only slakes his thirst with ADAM'S  
ale.

No wonder WILSON  
The beer of Pilsen  
Regards as liquid death within the pot,  
When even a bandit  
Can't stick or stand it,  
And gibes at HUERTA as an aged sot!

Let senile soakers  
And jaded jokers  
Their bottle-noses still incarnadine,

But we, with VILLA,  
Prefer Vanilla  
Or Sarsaparilla to the choicest wine.

Port, brandy, sherry  
Make idiots merry—  
They're little use when civil wars begin;  
Men who can slaughter  
Upon barley-water  
Are in the long run always bound to win.

### NATURE STUDY.

THE following letter may have been noticed in the columns of *The Daily Eye* some weeks ago:—

*The Lilac Grove,  
Moonvale Park, S.E.*

SIR,—On looking out of my bedroom window this morning at 6 o'clock I observed a cuckoo eating ripe strawberries in the garden next but one to mine. It occurs to me that for a cuckoo to be in a suburban garden eating ripe strawberries so early in the year as April 15 is somewhat unusual. Can you tell me whether this has ever been known before?

Yours etc., AUGUSTUS QUEST.

We understand that the following

further letter has been sent to the Editor of *The Daily Eye* by the writer of the above, but has not appeared in print:—

SIR,—Some days ago I sent you a letter in which I mentioned that on April 15th a cuckoo was seen eating ripe strawberries in the garden next but one to mine, and asking whether you could tell me if anything of the kind had been known before. But up to the present I have received no reply. The only result of my letter has been the receipt of a number of circulars announcing works on the subjects of nature study and fruit culture. From a publisher's announcement which has been sent to me, giving specimen pages from "How to Tell Our Feathered Friends at a Glance," I discover that the bird I saw in my neighbour's garden could not possibly have been a cuckoo, its body being altogether too small. And in conversation with my neighbour in the train this morning I learnt that his garden does not contain strawberries; the bird, whatever it was, must therefore have been eating something else.

Yours, etc., AUGUSTUS QUEST.





THE ULSTER KING-AT-ARMS.







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—In accordance with arrangements made last week, House met to-day with primary intention on part of Opposition to place PREMIER once more on the rack constructed of Questions relating to "the Plot" for over-aweing peaceful law-abiding Ulster. Startling things have happened since the Friday afternoon when Members went off for well-earned week-end holiday. There had actually been a plot in Ulster, a real one, not compact of circumstantial imaginings — a skilfully planned scheme successfully carried out in the dead of the night, when honest citizens, including the police and the military, were sound asleep. Telegraphic and telephonic communications were ruthlessly cut; cordons of armed men were drawn round selected spots. Thus surrounded and protected the conspirators landed large quantities of rifles and ammunition, distributing them through the country by relays of motor-cars.



THE POLITICAL "FACE OF THE SKY": APRIL 28.

Changeable; threatening in parts with passing squalls; considerable heat at first, milder later; general outlook more favourable.



THE QUESTION CRAZE.

SCENE—The Battle of Belfast, 19—.

Galloper F. E. SMITH, of the Ulster Volunteers, to ask the WAR MINISTER what are the next tactical dispositions to be carried out by the Military forces of the Crown.

[“Do these right hon. gentlemen really suppose that they will be able to conduct a campaign against the Government on the field and at the same time to ask the Government all the awkward questions they can think of about their military operations?”—MR. CHURCHILL.]

Something like a “plot” this, dismissing into ignominious shade report of bloodthirsty intentions of FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY and the EX-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

Interest in the old plot being thus suddenly, dramatically cooled by vigorous birth and development of the young 'un, it might reasonably have been expected that elaborate preparations for fanning it would be dropped, and House would straightway get to business on the genuine thing. Not a bit of it. Hon. Members who had in interests of the nation spent ingenuity and energy in compiling ninety-four Questions addressed to PRIME MINISTER not to be denied pleasure of putting them.

As usual in similar circumstances not much change got out of ASQUITH. Answered sometimes by monosyllable; never exceeded a score of words. Yet none could complain of incompleteness of reply. Performance occupied full period allotted to Questions. When hand of clock pointed to quarter-to-three, the time-limit of intelligent curiosity, thronged House drew itself together, awaiting next move with breathless interest. How would the Government take this midnight outbreak of armed and disciplined men?

Lying down? or standing up sternly to grapple with it in their capacity as custodians and champions of established law? Inquiry voiced from Ministerial side, where Members are growing increasingly impatient with benevolent neutrality. PREMIER's reply brief but weighty.

“In view of this grave and unprecedented outrage,” he said, “the House may be assured that His Majesty's Government will take without delay appropriate steps to vindicate the authority of the law and to protect officers and servants of the KING and His Majesty's subjects in the exercise of their duties and in the enjoyment of their legal rights.”

Cheer after cheer from excited Ministerialists punctuated the ominous sentences. There was no counter-demonstration from the Opposition.

*Business done.*—Lords, abandoning rumoured intention of forcing crisis by throwing out Army Bill on Second Reading, passed the stage without debate. In the Commons Plural Voting Bill read a second time.

*Tuesday.*—In crowded House two nights' debate opened on motion by SON AUSTEN demanding Judicial Inquiry



Horror and indignation of the Rev. Sir CHADBAND BYLES at the grave prospect of a conciliatory attitude on the part of the Government towards the Ulster “rebels.”



into the "Plot." Circumstances peculiar. Attack on Government planned last week. Since then what is called "a great Coup," as distinct from an unnamable "Plot," startled the world and upset things generally. AUSTEN, above all things systematic and orderly, insists on limiting discussion to the "Plot." The wily WINSTON equally determined on chatting about the "Coup."

Pretty play, watched with keen interest by critical audience. AUSTEN's speech pleasantly differed from some familiar of late from same quarter. Luminous, lucid, temperate yet firm, it did much to uplift debate with tone of late lamentably lacking.

WINSTON, whilst once more replying in detail to insinuations and allegations upon which existence of the "Plot" is based, preferred to talk about the "Coup." This naturally goaded Opposition into recriminatory retort. Incidentally it led to exhibition of fine generosity and good feeling, innate in House of Commons, peculiarly welcome just now.

WINSTON was drawing vivid picture of great Conservative Party "committed by its Leaders to a policy of armed violence, to tampering with the discipline of the Army and Navy, to overpowering the police, coastguards and Customs officials, to smuggling arms by moonlight."

From centre of Opposition Camp rang the cry, "Shall we let him go on?" Then came the noble inspiring answer from WINTERTON—

"Oh yes, let him go on."

So they did, right on to the end, reached by earnest appeal for peaceful settlement of a question which between the varied circumstance of "Plot" and "Coup" has already brought Ulster within touch of civil war.

*Business done.*—Motion made from Front Opposition Bench for Judicial Inquiry into the "Plot." Following upon sound and fury there may be observed indescribable, but unmistakable tendency towards peace.

*Wednesday.*—When, as happened in respect of three speeches, debate on motion for Judicial Inquiry turned aside to deal with critical situation in Ireland, it rose to heights commensurate with the national interests involved. Yesterday WINSTON, towards close of speech particularly exasperating to Opposition, suddenly sheathed his sword and waved the olive branch. The happy accident of PRINCE ARTHUR's chancing to resume debate this afternoon gave it at outset the lofty tone echoed and preserved by CARSON and the PREMIER. As the latter said, it was impossible for anyone to listen to concluding passage

of PRINCE ARTHUR's speech without liveliest emotion. Finely conceived, its message was conveyed in language whose eloquence had the charm of simplicity and sincerity. CARSON's yearning for a really united Ireland was greeted with sympathetic cheers. The PREMIER's declaration that he "had never closed the door against a peaceful solution of the problem, and until compelled by absolute force of circumstance will never do so," gave fresh assurance of a happy issue of what twenty-four hours earlier seemed hopeless dilemma.

*Business done.*—AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's motion negatived by a majority of 80 in House of 608 Members.

*Thursday.*—Amid turmoil of Parliamentary week pleasant to look in on



ONE OF THE NUTS?

"No, the form of the right hon. gentleman is not the embodiment of the Suburban Nut."—MR. LULU HARCOURT on the Member for Wimbledon, MR. CHAPLIN, in the Debate on the Plural Voting Bill.

WEDGWOOD BENN in snug little den arranged for himself off quiet staircase leading from Central Lobby. When last week he mounted to roof of Westminster Hall, the way led for a quorum of Members by that youthful athlete Sir THOMAS ROE (at 80), he came upon party of grubs which, obedient to family tradition that goes back for centuries, had eaten into it. Conveyed choice specimens to his room and carefully provided for their comfort.

His favourite is the *Xestobium tessellatum*, which boasts that at least 35 per cent. of the damage to historic roof stands to its credit. Turns out to be lively, intelligent creature. WEDGWOOD, always thoughtful of other people's tastes, brought down with him from the roof (in THOMAS ROE's pocket) a few chips. One of these he

placed in a saucer borrowed from the tea room. Here the grub, which for brevity we will call X., lives. In incredibly short time X. burrowed through the wood, its bright intelligent eyes gleaming out on the other side, as who should say, "Here I am again."

Expects in time to be able to make it converse. Busy teaching it difference between a coup and a plot. Hasn't grasped it yet, its mother tongue being Norman-French. But prospect promising.

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply on Post Office Vote.

### JOHNNY RIGG.

Johnny Rigg, the ranger,  
He walked in Wood-o'-Lea  
And happened on a stranger—  
A nut-brown maid was she;  
His heart it did rejoice of her,  
As you may recognise;  
The wind was in the voice of her,  
The stars were in her eyes.

Johnny Rigg, the ranger,  
He followed far away,  
He didn't know the danger  
That lurks at time o' may;  
She drew him with the smiles of her,  
She left him with a laugh,  
Bewildered with the wiles of her,  
And moon-struck as a calf.

Johnny Rigg, the ranger,  
The muckle oaf was he;  
He followed of a stranger;  
She led him bonnily;  
The fox he marked the track of him  
And watched him through the segs;  
The tinkers ran a-back of him  
And stole his pheasant eggs!

Now, all you jolly rangers,  
When nesting-time is on,  
Don't go to follow strangers,  
Nut-brown nor white as swan;  
Beware of 'em, be wise of 'em,  
For sooth it is that's said:  
When stars get in the eyes of 'em  
The moon gets in your head.

### THE FUSER.

In a moment of expansion, Sheila Armitage confided in me that she has worked it out, and that we are third cousins twice removed. I accept her word for this, because I have to work at other things, getting a living and so forth, while her sole occupation is to acquire a *flair* as a hostess, week-ends being her speciality.

I hope that I am not unkind to Sheila when I say that she seems to me more attractive when she is either in trouble or ill-health; in her more joyous moods I simply do not belong—and do





"YES, THAT'S THE SORT OF MAN THEY WOULD GIVE WORK TO—A MAN WITH NO PRINCIPLES! WHY, ONLY LAST WEEK 'E WAS 'AD UP FOR BEATING 'IS WIFE, AND NOW 'E'S WORKIN' ON A CHURCH!"

not want to belong—to her life. A friend of mine once called her a social pirate, and there is no doubt that her method of collecting the people whom she wants is to besiege them until they eventually surrender. Why, however, Bobbie Outram is always asked to her smartest week-ends was a conundrum to me until I met her magnificently convalescing after influenza at Folkestone. For I know Bobbie, and I would run a mile or two any day to avoid him.

Sheila was in a bath-chair, but looked radiantly well, and at once gave me a list of her latest victims.

"They sound all right," I said. "But will Bobbie Outram like them?"

At this she gave a little gurgling laugh and put two fingers on my arm.

"Of course you know Bobbie. I forgot."

"I kicked him at school, I loathed him at Cambridge, and let him know it, and he is still all over me. He brags about you whenever he sees me before I see him."

"He is the greatest success I have ever had," she declared.

"Then Heaven help you," I replied.

"You don't understand; you think it's quite easy to collect—"

"People tell me you tried to found a *salon*, but only got as far as a Zoo," I interrupted.

For an instant she frowned, then she gurgled again.

"Brenda Thornton told you that," she protested. "It's just her jealousy. As a fact I'm quite good at getting only the right people. Fliers have rather had their day, though they are still useful, and I like an explorer or two for week-ends, though the best kind seems to be always exploring. But Brenda was getting ahead of me—I don't mind confessing that to you—until I thought of Bobbie Outram. He's my one stroke of genius; even David admits that."

"I never thought much of your husband's taste," I said brutally, and then, "in men," I added gently, as she was recovering from influenza.

She smiled again and continued:

"There is one thing that is indispensable to a successful week-end."

"It can't be Bobby Outram," I declared.

"It is, or somebody like him; but he is easily the best. Bobbie is my point of contact."

"He used often to be my boot's," I growled.

"The more you can fuse your guests the better," she went on, as if she were giving a lecture. "Everyone knows that; it's the A B C of entertaining; but they must have something to agree about—a sort of rallying point. And I was the first hostess to discover that no party is complete unless you have someone in it whom all the others can most cordially abuse."

"So that is Bobbie's *métier*?" I said.

"The help that man has been to me on wet Sundays is beyond belief," she replied ecstatically; "and Brenda Thornton is absolutely furious."

"I never expected to be sorry for Outram, but—"

"My dear Jack, you needn't worry about Bobbie. He knows all right. I told him, and he enjoys it. He's really rather a dear."

But at this my gorge rose. "At any rate," I said, "he's going to Mrs. Thornton's from next Friday to Tuesday; he told me so yesterday."

"The little worm," said Sheila.

"'Worm' is the word," I said; and as we remained to abuse Bobbie for another ten minutes with much mutual goodwill I suppose he had once more justified his existence by a successful feat of "fusing."



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE CLEVER ONES."

I DO wish I had been one of the clever ones, for they seemed to be in Mr. SUTRO's confidence and able to penetrate the obscurity of his motives. At first even I could understand something of the scheme, which ran (as I thought) like this:—*Wilfrid Callender*, a rich bachelor of Harrow and Oxford, has a socialist friend, *David Effick*, at whose meetings he happens to have encountered a Girton girl, *Doris Marrant* (pretty daughter of a hop-merchant in affluent circumstances), who affects revolutionary ideals. In order to win the approval of this lady he represents himself as an anarchist plumber, earning five pounds a week; and to the horror of her family they become affianced. Having no sort of intention of keeping up the imposture, even if he could, and being fearful lest the exposure of his wealth and education would, in her present state, alienate her affections, he proposes by practical demonstration to disgust her with the mode of life which she designs to lead. In collusion with *Effick* he arranges that he shall invite *Doris* to take tea at his friend's attic in Bethnal Green, and reveal to her the sordid conditions of existence in that quarter.

So far good, and the delightful first Act was rich in promise. Then came the complexities. There was another girl, *Rose Effick* (a rich relation of the socialist), to whom *Callender* should have been engaged but for a misunderstanding. It is her business to divert him back to his old love. You would naturally say that, if it is *Callender's* object to disgust *Doris* with the life of the people, so that she may change her mind and take him for what he actually is, it will be *Rose's* object, since her aim is the frustration of this design, to make Bethnal Green as attractive as possible, so that *Doris* will refuse to sacrifice her ideals when she learns the truth about *Callender*. Yet it looks as if *Rose* is playing *Callender's* game and not her own. At first, it is true, she tries to make the attic more supportable; imparts a pleasant flavour to the meal; dismisses the hurdy-gurdies that *Callender* has chartered from the Universal Provider. But subsequently she goes slumming with *Doris* to such good purpose that the latter turns sick of the whole thing.

Now, you will say, *Callender's* way is clear; he will reveal his identity and *Doris* will be prepared to tolerate his wealth. On the contrary, Mr. SUTRO is not to be defeated by his own machinations; he means to bring *Callender* and *Rose* together; so he just takes and throws them into one

another's arms and consigns *Doris* to an old admirer whom we have never so much as set eyes on.

I hope I am more lucid than I seem to myself to be—more lucid, anyhow, than Mr. SUTRO, who has threatened to damage an excellent scheme by defiance of the first law of drama, even of farce, namely, that the audience should be permitted to know what the author is after. Nor, again—though of course he was not asking to be taken seriously—was he very particular about the probability of some of his characters. *Doris*, for instance, was required to be too many things at once. A blue-stocking and a *sansculotte* (not a very usual combination), she was also a



A HAIR-AND-TIE ANARCHIST.

*Wilfrid Callender* Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER.

woman of the very latest cry in frocks. Miss NINA SEVENING looked pretty and wore them well, but beyond this she gave us very little help. *Rose*, too (charmingly played by Miss MARIE LÖHR), who disguised herself as a dweller in Bethnal Green by the simple expedient of a duster pinned over her shoulders—how could Mr. SUTRO expect her dainty skirt and smart white shoes to escape the eye of this "clever" female, her rival?

All the same, he gave us much matter for mirth, though the Second Act, which promised so well, was dragged out by interminable trivialities over the preparations for tea. I wish that authors and actors would understand how depressing it often is when people on the stage will insist on keeping things bright and brisk with domestic details.

As for the wit of "the clever ones"—*Doris* and her mother and her aunt—I don't know how the first-nighters

took it, but when I was there a great deal of it (when audible) was over the heads of the audience. They understood all right the humour of things when somebody (not a clever one) said "Damn," but I wonder how many of them appreciated the symbolic force of the term *épicier*, or grasped the purport of *Quem deus vult perdere prius dementat*.

Mr. SUTRO owed much to the excellence of his cast. Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER was, of course, inimitable; but there were also Miss FLORENCE HAYDON, Miss MARY BROUGH and Mr. EDMUND GWENN, all delightful in their own specialised veins of humour—the plaintive, the rich, the uproarious. But Mr. HOLMAN CLARK had not enough scope for his unique qualities.

I hear rumours of a revision, and hope that this means that I shall receive an invitation to renew a most delightful evening. For my only real criticism is that Mr. SUTRO thought me more intelligent than I actually am—an error that I always encourage.

## "DUSK."

*Account Rendered*, a comedy of some promise, but produced with an extraordinary inadequacy in the matter of what the programme called "the decors," has been very quickly withdrawn from the Little Theatre. But its curtain-raiser, *Dusk*, is to be retained for the revival of *Magic*.

That is nearly all that I have to say about Mr. VANSITTART's "Oriental Fantasy." It deals with a youthful bride who has just been attached to a Persian harem. In the garden at dusk she finds a young English traveller (who has just told us what a *penchant* he has for "women, women, women"—he is very insistent about this), and being caught in conversation with him is placed by her lord in a sack and consigned to the deep; but not before she has explained in fluent verse that in the circumstances this abrupt end to her young career has no terrors for her. But for this courageous attitude on her part I should have experienced greater relief when the hero appeared next morning in his pyjamas and indicated that the regrettable incident was a figment of his sleeping brain.

I thought I detected some good lines among the Englishman's remarks (though I did not like his voice), but I prefer to study poetical drama at leisure before attempting to pass any comment on it. I may add that I don't suppose that that engaging actor, Mr. FRED LEWIS, has ever previously played the part of a Persian slave with a taste for philosophic recitation; and I hope he never will again, for, frankly, it is not his *métier*. O. S.





[Circular from head office of a London bank to its branches: "Suggested that the Cashier should drop his cash-scoop as a warning to the remainder of the staff that a forged cheque is being presented and that they are to detain the presenter."]

THE CASHIER AT OUR GOLDSTEAD BRANCH HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO DROP HIS SCOOP ACCIDENTALLY WHEN CASHING A CHEQUE FOR THE WORTHY MAYOR OF OUR SELECT SUBURB.

## A SPORTING CHANCE.

It is generally in the spring that I begin to notice how big my accounts are growing. I don't know why this should be, unless it is because I haven't paid any during the previous year. At any rate you must take my word for it. I have the accounts here.

Then, again, it is a most remarkable fact that whenever one has bills to pay one finds there are other things to be bought.

A few days ago I discovered that my tailor wanted thirty pounds. I also discovered that I wanted a lighter overcoat and a raincoat. It was a nice problem.

On occasions of great difficulty like this I always consult Edith. Edith might have married me if it hadn't been for Henry. Had she accepted me I should probably have gone in for something. As it is I just go on existing.

The really sad part of the whole affair is that she seems to be very fond of me. Poor girl! We all make

mistakes. Anyhow, apart from her momentary mad infatuation for her husband, she is very sensible and I always like to consult her. Married women are so different from single girls; I don't know why, unless it is that they have husbands.

Edith being married, therefore, I rang her up.

"I want," I said, "to consult you financially."

"Certainly," she replied. "What is it?"

"Private. I will come round to tea."

I rang off. I made a little parcel of my accounts and then telephoned for a taxi. In due course I found Edith in the drawing-room.

"Hello," she said. "Is it very bad trouble?"

"We are," I replied, "in deep water. Life is very shallow." Edith laughed; she appreciates wit.

"Well, let me see if I can help."

I sat down. "I want two new coats," I explained. "My tailor is clamouring for thirty pounds, balance of account owing, and," I added signi-

ficantly, "there are others. It is going to be a big smash."

"Poor boy!"

I sighed heavily as I opened the accounts.

"Here we are," I said. "Tailor, thirty pounds."

I paused and again sighed.

"Hatter, three pounds."

"Three pounds?" Edith looked amazed.

"That's your fault. I bought a new hat for your wedding. Not only was I best, but best-dressed man. I wore beautiful clothes to hide a breaking heart."

Edith smiled. "A beautiful hat was perhaps superfluous," she suggested. "They are worn so little in church. Are there any more?"

"Plenty. Hatter, three pounds;  
Glover, one pound——"

"What for?"

"Gloves. Need I go through the sad list?"

Edith shook her head. "What's the total?"

"Fifty-four pounds, thirteen and



fourpence. I'm hoping to avoid the fourpence in discounts. Total spare cash, twenty pounds, and nearly three months to go before I touch any more."

"Poor boy, have you really only twenty pounds?"

"To throw about in bills, certainly. I shall want all my other money for rent and food and cash payments."

"And are they all clamouring for their money?"

"Yes, the sharks."

Edith lay back in her chair and thought. Suddenly she sat up.

"It can't be helped," she said.

"Some of them will have to wait. We'll put their names in a hat and the first three we draw out get paid."

"Yes," I objected, "but what about my overcoats?"

"You must wait."

"No," I said, "I have a better idea."

I paused impressively. "I think that we can fairly assume that my creditors are sportsmen. At any rate, they must have the benefit of the doubt. That being so, I put my own name in the hat and draw against them. If I'm in the first three I get my new coats."

"But——"

"Not a word." I slipped noiselessly out of the room and came back with Henry's Homburg. In less than five minutes everything was prepared.

"Now," said Edith, and she put her hand in the hat. There was a tense silence. "(1) Glover, (2) Tobacconist, (3) Tailor. Bad luck!"

I suppressed a groan. Had I not been sitting down, I should probably have reeled. Then, with an effort, I pulled myself together and smiled.

"Well, that's all right," I said.

"All right?"

"Certainly," I said; "I can pay off the first two."

"But what about the tailor?"

"I have thought of that," said I. "I shall make a distinction in his favour. I shall give him an order for two coats. Surely that means more to him than a mere settlement."

"Yes," said Edith doubtfully. "But of course you'll pay him the money?"

I laughed amazedly. "My dear girl! Either I pay his account just like the other two, or I distinguish him by ordering the new coats. He can't have it both ways. And I couldn't very well pay for the new coats, if that's what you mean, before the old account is settled. You see that?"

"Yes, but still it doesn't seem——"

"Ah, perhaps not," I said, "perhaps not, at first sight. I hardly saw it myself at first. It was really a clever idea of yours."

Edith brightened visibly. "Yes, wasn't it?" she said.

### AN EPIC FROM THE PROVINCES.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I know that from your superior standpoint as a Londoner you are disposed to regard us as dwellers in a quiet backwater, unswayed by the currents of political strife, but you must not imagine that the stirring events of the past few weeks have failed to leave their mark on the life of our little town. A study of the Press—that faithful mirror of our time—would quickly convince you to the contrary.

The Press, as you know, is here represented by *The Signal*, a fine old weekly journal of inflexible Unionist views. Well, last week, rising on a wave of enthusiasm, *The Signal* burst into poetry.

*The Gun Runners*, it is called, by "Cecilia Merrifield."

The air is still, the night is dark;  
Along the harbour side  
There stands a silent, waiting park  
Of motors, full inside.

That is the opening stanza. You may possibly take exception to the French rhyme, but you cannot fail, Charles, to appreciate the fine spirit of it.

What are they full of? Not of man,  
But rifles, neatly packed,  
Taken from out the good ship *Fan*,  
Now in the harbour backed.

Strictly speaking, I believe it was not the *Fan* at all, but that is a small matter.

Brave men have toiled across the sea  
To bring those rifles in,  
With helm held stoutly hard-a-lee  
Amid the breakers' din.

I am not at all certain of the accuracy of the term "hard-a-lee" in this connection, but what a fine sense of steadfast heroism that run of aspirates awakens! "With helm held stoutly hard-a-lee."

Amid the breakers' strident cry  
They kept their courage cool,  
For thus, they said, Home Rule must die,  
We will not have Home Rule!

They 'scaped the vessels of the Fleet  
By lavish use of paint;  
The warships had to own defeat  
With loud and long complaint.

But I cannot give you more than a selection from these noble verses. They continue in the same lofty strain until the good ship is warped safely in port. Then comes another dramatic change of tense. We are again on the quayside.

The night grows darker. All at once  
An order sharp we hear—  
The order waited for for months;  
The motors come in gear.

Yes, I admit that this stanza is open to criticism on more than one count, but I would not have it changed. It bears the impress of red-hot inspiration.

Criticism must always be silent when confronted with that.

The joy of having to obey  
Lights up each driver's face,  
And so the motors move away  
Each to its destined place.

You must not suppose, however, that there was no show of opposition. As you have observed, our poetess believes on the whole, in sticking closely to historical truth.

The minions of the Government,  
A weak and craven breed,  
Stand by, quite helpless to prevent  
This great heroic deed.

I cannot say I altogether like the tone of the second line, but the fury of enthusiasm, shackled by the exigencies of rhyme, must be forgiven much. Let us continue.

Across the night the motors throb  
Without the slightest hitch,  
For this is quite a business job,  
Though in romance so rich.

Indeed, the whole stupendous plot  
Is cleverly arranged;  
Even the motor-cars have got  
Their number plates all changed.

And so they speed by tortuous ways  
With Freedom in the van,  
And patriotism sets ablaze  
The face of every man.

And so on. Then we come from the general to the particular, and follow the fortunes of a single consignment of arms until it reaches its destination.

And into cellar, pantry, shed,  
In kitchen, bedroom, loft,  
The rifles go. Home Rule is dead!  
The words are uttered oft.

The ammunition, too, is hid  
In many a secret hole,  
Each bearer doing as he's bid,  
Intent upon the goal.

The goal being, I take it, the final death of Home Rule. And now comes the wonderful peroration, in which the whole great adventure is brought to its dignified and eloquent climax. It runs into twenty-three stanzas, of which I will give you the last two without comment—

Freedom is what we Labour for,  
Freedom, it is our right;  
We have no wish for bloody war,  
But, if we must, we'll fight.

This is our message sent to him,  
The dark Dictator's tool—  
Whatever happens, sink or swim,  
We Will Not Have Home Rule!

There, Charles! I challenge you to produce anything approaching that from all your boasted London dailies.

Yours, ROBERT.

"A villager will always tell the difference between a good coin and a bad one, but he cannot tell the difference between a bad coin and a good one."—*Pioneer*.

He must try to enlarge his mind.





Perspiring Sportsman (who has been riding in fourteen-stone point-to-point race). "WELL, THANK GOODNESS THAT'S THE LAST OF THE SEASON!"

Friend. "THOUGHT YOU LIKED IT."

Perspiring Sportsman. "YES, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE WASTING YOU'VE GOT TO DO TO RIDE THE WEIGHT?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DOUBTLESS you will think, as I did at first, that the title of *The Priceless Thing* (STANLEY PAUL) has reference to love or something intense like that. Far from it. Not in fifty guesses would you be likely to discover that its real meaning is an autograph of the late WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. One knew already that Mrs. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON could write a vigorous and bustling tale. If I have a complaint to make against *The Priceless Thing* it is indeed that it suffers from some superfluity of plot, and what approaches a plethora of villains, real or supposed. For this reason it is a story more than usually hard to condense fairly into a paragraph. Briefly, however, the P. T., which was the peculiar treasure of the noble line of *Annerslie*, lived in a case in the library of their ancestral home. The heroine, *Anstice*, a relation of the Family, was employed by My Lord as librarian. When I tell you, moreover, that *Anstice* had run away from her own father on finding that he was an expert manufacturer of literary forgeries, and that her circle of friends included an American blackmailer, a curiosity dealer and a mad Italian who was even better at the forgery business than her own father, you will perceive that the poor girl was likely to find her situation "some job." I could not begin to tell you what really happened. Towards the end there had been so much mystery, and the story had become such a palimpsest of forged signatures, that I myself knew no more than *Lord Annerslie* in which to believe. But I think we both had the upholding conviction that an affair of this kind was bound to come out

all right in the end. Which indeed it did; leaving all the virtuous characters abundantly satisfied, a feeling that will, I am sure, be shared by Mrs. RAWSON's maze-loving public.

ROBERT TRESSALL was a house-painter, a Socialist, and very evidently a sincere if somewhat raw thinker. He left to his heirs and assigns a manuscript of many thousand words. It was a novel, oddly entitled *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* (GRANT RICHARDS), and fell into the hands of Miss JESSIE POPE, who recognised the genius in it (none too strong a word), made some excisions, and now stands sponsor for it to the world. It is a grim story of the un-picturesque and horribly anxious lives of working-folk, specifically of the house-painter and his mates working on a job, elated and satisfied at the beginning, depressed and despondent as the work nears completion with the uncertainty as to how long it will be before another job comes along. Nobody who hadn't lived exclusively in this hard environment could have written with such candour and intensity. Mr. TRESSALL has avoided altogether the pretentiousness and literary affectation that betrayed, for example, Mr. H. G. WELLS' bathchairman, MEEKS. The earlier part of the book is better than the later, where the propagandist ousts the chronicler. The exposition of Socialist doctrine is made with a considerable if a crude skill. It is disfigured with certain familiar limitations; the author can recognise no work except that done with the hands; and, whether by unhappy accident of actual circumstance or through defect of temperament, he sees his employers with a disproportionate bitterness that somewhat discounts his indictment, while he views his fellow-



workmen from rather a disdainful height. But *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* is a book to be read by any who want an insight into the conditions of working-class life at its average, with its virtues, its vices, its courage, its intolerable piteous anxieties.

Mr. GRANT-WATSON is one of the most resolute and intrepid novelists I have met, and his directness of speech may give offence, I fear, to the more reticent of his readers. His story of two white men and *Alice Desmond*, freed from the social conventions and let loose among the natives on a remote island in the Pacific, proceeds apace and with little regard for the susceptibilities of civilisation and refinement. Familiar but rarely printed language is used when occasion demands; primitive passions stalk naked and unashamed; and when murder is to be done it is done brutally, forthwith and notwithstanding the respective merits, from an heroic point of view, of active and passive agents. Being myself so situated in life that I am never likely to take part in any affair more passionate and drastic than a football match or a lawsuit, I found the savage reality, the candour and the unbridled wrath of *Where Bonds are Loosed* (Duckworth) most welcome by contrast. It gave me pleasure to see a man's annoyance being worked off by the use of fists, knives and bullets, a woman's impatience spending itself in immediate violence, and love and hatred being expressed in sharp and decisive action rather than in deliberate subtleties of conversation. In short, Mr. WATSON left me wondering, somewhat fondly, to what lengths I myself might go in my more heated moments if I too were isolated on Kanna Island and beyond the supervision of police-constables and next-door neighbours.

Once upon a time it was my lot to read a slender volume of Prose Poems, all about stars and rivers and moons and such other things of which prose poetry is made, and written by the most intense and soulful young woman who ever put pen to paper. Which, being perused, I handed to another and elder woman, noted for a great reader of books. And after many days, and after (I suppose) much fruitless toil on the part of my friend, the volume was returned to me with this single comment, "It seems very racily written." I tell you the story, which being true is without point, because I have been wondering what the same critic would have found to say about another slender booklet called *The Word of Teregor* (Nisbet). My idea of it is that Mr. GUY RIDLEY, the author, knows and admires his KIPLING and delights in his MAETERLINCK to such extent that (possibly after a visit to *The Blue Bird*) he felt himself inspired to sit down and write these Forest-Jungle-Book tales of an earlier world, wherein Man and Beast and all created things were subject to the benevolent rule of *Teregor*, the Oak-tree; when everything living had a voice and used it, pleasantly enough, in rather mannered prose

of the "Yea, Nay and Behold" type; and when all the old legends had yet to be started in ways of which Mr. RIDLEY gives his own most original explanations. So if you care about this kind of thing (and I had quite a pleasant half-hour from it myself) get it. You will at least find here a book entirely different from anything else in the library-box; printed in type that is a pleasure to the eye, and having, moreover, the classic excuse of being a very little one.

I have for some time watched a steady improvement in the work of Mr. RALPH STRAUS. It is therefore a pleasure to greet *The Orley Tradition* (METHUEN) as his best yet. The *Orley* tradition was to do nothing whatever, and, like the House of Lords in *Jolanthe*, to do it very well. They were, as a family, noble, of ancient lineage, and fine stupidity. *John Orley*, the hero of the tale, starts out to follow worthily in the footsteps of his race, as a brainless but agreeable country magnate. Then comes an accident, which

thwarts his physical ambitions and awakens his mental. Thereafter he essays the life of affairs—and fails all round; is defeated for Parliament, and equally worsted in the lists of Art. So, being now recovered of his hurt, he says a graceful farewell to the career intellectual and resumes the traditional *Orley* existence. This, in brief, is his story; but I give it without the pleasant style of Mr. STRAUS's telling. There are many very happily touched scenes; more especially had I a guilty sympathy roused by one in which poor *John* endeavours to concentrate his very slipshod brains upon an afternoon of hard reading.

And almost all the characters are alive, from the entertaining old lady who keeps the village post-office to Mrs. Adderson, the naughty novelist in whose hands *John Orley* completed his sentimental education. As for the setting, I fancy that those who have spent their summers round about St. Margaret's Bay will have little difficulty in identifying *Handsfield*. Altogether a happy book (more so than you would expect from its theme) and one that marks, as I said, the further advance of a ready and agreeable writer.

"By road it is vastly different: there is an 80-mile sand desert to negotiate, and hundreds of miles of rutty roads and rocky bush tracks to drive over; yet Mr. Murray Aunger, of Adelaide, averaged 38 hours per mile from capital to capital."—*Advt.*

If it wasn't for the chance of being photographed we should always prefer to walk this bit.

"I am," he answered in rather indifferent English."

"Derby Advertiser" feuilleton.

Very indifferent, we call it. How much better if he could have answered, "Your statement of the position is not wholly unwarranted by the facts," or something snappy like that.



AT THE GLADIATORIAL AGENCY.

Manager. "BUT, MY DEAR SIR, YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE THE PHYSIQUE FOR AN ENGAGEMENT OF THIS KIND!"

Applicant. "THAT'S JUST IT. YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN RATHER RUN DOWN FOR SOME TIME, AND MY DOCTOR ADVISED ME TO TAKE A TURN OR TWO IN THE ARENA FOR THE SAKE OF MY HEALTH."



## CHARIVARIA.

SOME idea of the amount of distress there is among Stock Exchange men, owing to the continued depression, may be gathered from the fact that a number of members, anxious to get to Brighton on their recent holiday on the 1st inst., walked all the way.

While there would seem to be no "Picture of the Year," the canvas which appears to attract anyhow most feminine attention is the Hon. JOHN COLLIER'S "Clytemnestra," with its guess at the fashion of to-morrow—the low-neck blouse carried a little bit further.

A publication entitled *Pictures and the Picturegoer* has made its appearance, and, please, we want to know what a Picturegoer is. Suffragettes, it is true, are apt to go for pictures, but we have never known anyone merely go pictures.

Sculptors submitting designs for a statue of PETER THE GREAT, to be set up at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, are required by the conditions not only to produce a statue which will be recognized by the man in the street as that of the monarch, but it must also convey the idea that he spent his last days in the Palace. Possibly this might be effected by his wearing his linen collar inside out, plainly showing the marking, "PETER THE GT. WINTER PALACE (2)."

In the duel which took place last week between M. CAILLAUX and M. D'ALLIERES the ex-Finance Minister fired in the air. As a result, we hear, aviation societies all over France are protesting against what they consider may develop into an exceedingly dangerous practice.

As regards the result of the duel, M. D'ALLIERES was certainly the more successful of the two. He fired at the ground and hit it. M. CAILLAUX aimed at the sky and missed it.

The House of Commons has passed the second reading of a Bill to enable Health Resorts and Watering Places to spend a portion of their rates on advertising. The urgent necessity for such a measure would appear to be

proved by the fact that newspapers of every shade of political opinion approve it.

"Democracy," says Lord HALDANE, "is rapidly finding its feet." But it will not gain much if at the same time it loses its head.

"A rector," we read, "has written to his bishop and to his wife announcing his elopement with the wife of one of his parishioners." This is a little act of courtesy which some men would not have thought of.

The London County Council proposes to allow on the Aldwych site a circular experimental railway on the Kearney high-speed mono-rail system.



"I SAY, I'VE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU."

"PARDON ME, SIR, THAT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE, FOR I'M A STRICT VEGETARIAN."

It seems strange that what is undoubtedly the most rugged and wildest tract of forest land in London should for so long have been without railway facilities. To nature-lovers, however, the proposal is as distasteful as the idea of a railway up Borrowdale.

We had thought that races between omnibuses had, owing to an entire lack of encouragement on the part of the police, died out, but we see that the L.G.O.C. is now advertising "ANOTHER MOTOR-BUS DERRY."

The police are said to be viewing with some apprehension the spread of habits of cleanliness among our house-breakers. Last week, for instance, some burglars who paid a visit to a Birmingham firm, after opening a safe and removing its contents, obtained a bucket of water and carefully removed all finger-marks.

At a recent smoking-match at Brighton the winner kept an eighth of an ounce of tobacco alight for 103 minutes. The tobacco trade, we understand, is strongly opposed to the holding of competitions of this nature, "which serve no useful purpose whatever."

"There are 'vintage years' for babies," says Dr. JAMES KERR. These must be the years when they take most readily to the bottle.

Extract from an account in *The Birmingham News* of a meeting at Solihull:—"The next business was the presentation of a handsome breakfast egg to the Rev. Courtney Smith, B.A." Once upon a time such gifts were confined to political gatherings.

In the course of his exploring expedition Mr. ROOSEVELT lost nearly four stone in weight, and it is rumoured that Mr. TAFT may once again follow in his footsteps.

A vulgar person with no respect for wealth has suggested that the Royal Automobile Club shall change its name to the Hotel Nouveau Ritz.

### Another Mysterious Disappearance.

From a catalogue:—

"20 Dozens Bottles Excellent Old Tawny Port, sold without reserve by the Port of London Authority to pay for charges, the owner having been lost sight of, and bottled by us last year."

We hope that, after this callous confession, Scotland Yard will now take action.

### Musical Candour.

"The singing of the Bradshaw chorus broke up a happy evening."—*Local Paper*.

We understand that the famous Presidential biography, *From Log-Cabin to White House*, is to be followed by another, entitled, *From White House to Semi-attached Villa*.

"Reflection," a picture of an elderly gentleman lost in thought after a lonely dinner, not only suggests a story, but how effective Mr. Jack is with interiors.

*Cork Constitution.*

In this picture, however, the gentleman's interior is wisely left to the imagination.



## THE UNHAPPY MEAN.

(How the Budget strikes a Brain-Worker.)

WOULD I were poor (but not too poor),  
A working plumber, say, by trade,  
One of the class for whom the lute  
Of Liberal Chancellors is laid;  
For then no single sou from my revenue  
Should go to swell the Treasury's bin,  
Save indirectly through my breakfast-menu,  
My pipe, my beer, my gin.

Would I were rich (O passing rich),  
One of the idlers, softly bred,  
From whom the hands of DAVID itch  
To pluck their plumage, quick or dead;  
For then, a super-man, I'd scorn to grudge it—  
This super-tax on my estate,  
But like a bird contribute to his Budget  
The paltry two-and-eight.

Alas, not being this nor that,  
But just a middling-type of man,  
Neither a bloated plutocrat  
Nor yet a pampered artisan,  
I am not spared, nay, I am hardest smitten,  
Although 'tis held (and I agree)  
That half the backbone of these Isles of Britain  
Is made of stuff like me.

O brothers, ye who follow Art,  
Shunning the crowds that strive and pant,  
Indifferent how you please the mart  
So you may keep your souls extant,  
LOYD none the less is down upon your earnings,  
And from the increment that flows  
(With blood and tears) from your poetic yearnings  
You pay him through the nose.

These very lines, in which I couch  
My plaint of him and all his works—  
Even from these he means to pouch,  
Roughly, his six per cent. of perks;  
This thought has left me singularly moody;  
I fail to join in GEORGE'S joke;  
So strongly I resent the extra 2d.  
Pinched from my modest poke.

O. S.

## MR. ROOSEVELT'S DISCOVERIES.

### SCRAPPING THE MAP IN BRAZIL.

WE are glad to be able to supplement with some further interesting details the meagre accounts of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S explorations in Brazil which have appeared in the daily papers.

Not only did Mr. ROOSEVELT add to the map a new river nearly a thousand miles long, but he has discovered a gigantic mountain, hitherto undreamt of even by Dr. Cook, to which he has attached the picturesque name of Mount Skyscraper. The lower slopes were thickly infested with cannibals, whom Mr. ROOSEVELT converted from anthropophagy by a sermon lasting six hours and containing 300,000 words—almost exactly as many as are contained in Mr. DE MORGAN'S new novel.

The middle regions are densely covered with an impenetrable forest inhabited by rhomboidal armadillos and gigantic crabs, to which Mr. ROOSEVELT has given the name of Kermit crabs, to commemorate the escape of his son, who was carried off by one of these monsters and

rescued by a troglodyte guide after a desperate struggle. On emerging from the forest the travellers were faced by perpendicular granite crags, which they ascended on the backs of some friendly condors. . . . The summit proved to be an extensive plateau, the site of a prehistoric city, built of pedunculated wood-pulp. Lying among the ruins was a gigantic mastodon in excellent preservation, which Mr. ROOSEVELT brought down on his shoulders.

It was after the descent from Mount Skyscraper, which was accomplished in parachutes, that Mr. ROOSEVELT struck the new river, the upper parts of which were utterly unknown except to some wild rubber-necked Indians. In consequence of its character and size Mr. ROOSEVELT originally thought of calling it the Taft, but finally decided on the Rio Encyclopædia in virtue of its volume.

The journey was made in canoes and was full of incident. Descending the great Golliwog Falls Mr. ROOSEVELT'S canoe was smashed to atoms, but the EX-PRESIDENT escaped with only slight injury to his eyeglasses, after a desperate conflict with a plicone crocodile. The Encyclopædia River, as described by Mr. ROOSEVELT, resembles the Volga, the Hoang-ho and the Mississippi; but it is richer in snags and of a deeper and more luscious purple than any of them. Near its junction with the Mandragora it runs uphill for several miles, with the result that the canoes were constantly capsizing. The waters of Mandragora are of a curiously soporific character, while those of the River Madeira have a toxic quality which renders them dangerous when drunk in large quantities.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, it may be added, is shortly expected in London, when he will lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, Master ANTHONY ASQUITH having kindly consented to preside.

## TO MY HUSBAND'S BANKER.

FLORENCE, May 2nd.

DEAR MR. S.,—We have been here a week, and I feel I really must write and thank you for what I can see is going to be the most lovely holiday.

It was ripping of you to let us come—for *sending us*, in fact. I can't think why more people don't do it—I mean travel when they can't afford it. Perhaps it is that all bankers aren't so good-natured as you are. I shall tell all my friends to come to you in future. Of course I shall only recommend the conscientious ones. We are being frightfully conscientious. For instance, when we arrived we purposely didn't go to a hotel some friends of ours were at because it was two francs a day dearer than one we found in *Baedeker*—though as I told Fred I don't believe you'd have grudged us the two francs a bit. The only thing I have on my conscience a little is that in Paris, where we stayed three days on our way out, we *did* go to rather good restaurants. But I had never been to Paris before, and I thought, when you knew that, you would quite approve, because first impressions are everything, aren't they? It is rather as if you were an invisible host everywhere we go. "Of course you will have a liqueur with your coffee, Mrs. Merrison?" I hear you say after dinner; and really, Grand Marnier (*cordon jaune*) is heavenly, isn't it?

Then we came on here, and, do you know, "The Birth of Venus" nearly made me cry when I first saw it, it's so beautiful. I shall never forget that it was you who introduced me to it, so to speak.

And isn't Pisa jolly?

Oh, there's just one other thing I wanted to tell you. Before we came away we gave a little farewell dinner to one or two of our most intimate friends. It came out of the travelling money; and I do feel you ought to have been





## THE SWASHBUCKLERS.

TORY DIE-HARD. "DOWN WITH HOME RULE!"

RADICAL EXTREMIST. "DOWN WITH ULSTER!"

JOHN BULL. "THIS SORT OF THING MAY AMUSE YOU, GENTLEMEN, BUT I'VE NO USE FOR IT. I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE CIVIL WAR TO PLEASE EITHER OF YOU!"









## HIGH ART.

Our very busiest Society Portrait Painter (who has rushed back to his studio after a luncheon in Park Lane). "I'M LATE, MRS. FAULKNER. ANYBODY COME?" Studio Caretaker. "YES, SIR. I'VE ALREADY SHOWN A LADY UP TO THE DRESSING-ROOM."

Portrait Painter. "IS IT THE COUNTESS OF WEST MIDDLESEX OR LADY VERA VALTRAVERS?"

Studio Caretaker. "I'M SURE I CAN'T SAY, SIR. THEY'RE THAT COVERED UP WITH POWDER AND PAINT I CAN'T TELL ONE FROM T'OTHER."

asked too, when you were really our host. But you see I don't know you *very* well (except through your actions), and I thought that just possibly you might have felt a little out of it. But I want you very much to come and dine with us one night when we are home again. I think it is time we knew each other ever so much better.

Well, no more now as we are off to lunch. (How ridiculously cheap food is in Italy, isn't it?) We shall be home in three weeks, I expect. I wish we could stay longer, especially as it's really cheaper to stay here than to come home, now we *are* here. But we mustn't put too much strain on your hospitality.

Yours always gratefully, ISABEL MERRISON.

## THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN.

[In an article on Animal Training it has been stated that "wolves are so stupid it is a waste of time trying to do anything with them," and that "it is a wonderful tribute to the trainer's skill that he has succeeded in evolving so faithful a companion as the dog from this unpromising material."]

FULL many a time when I've been overwrought,  
And all has seemed beset by doubts and fogs,  
I have gleaned ample comfort from the thought,  
"Nature is kindly; she has given us dogs  
To share our griefs with sympathetic eyes  
And force us out for healthy exercise."

But, Carlo, I was wrong to take that view;  
Nature, though wonderful, does not (I find)  
Deserve the credit of evolving you;  
A trainer did it, just by being kind;

Your rise from wolfish ancestors you owe  
To some primæval impresario.

One sees the scene: how in the bygone days  
Our forbears, fresh from bludgeoning their foes,  
Would gather round to watch with glad amaze  
A wolf who balanced rocks upon his nose.  
"How quaint! How human!" thus their praises  
flowed;  
"Look at his ikey way of wearing woad!"

And ever as the long years took their course  
The trainer's skill came further to the front,  
Until, through gentleness and moral force,  
One wolf achieved the "trust-and-paid-for" stunt.  
Topical, this produced unbounded fun,  
Coming when commerce had but just begun.

Then cleverer grew the wolfings year by year,  
And greater yearly grew the "spot-cash" boon  
Given to trainers summoned to appear  
And charm a cave-man's idle afternoon,  
Till came the whisper, "This is not the least  
Bit like a wolf's cub; 'tis a nobler beast."

And thus the dog was born; the gathered crowd  
Cheered their approval of this wise remark;  
A glad tail wagged its pride, and clear and loud  
Rang out the music of the earliest bark,  
While envious Nature sighed, "O parlous miss!  
I was a silly not to think of this."



## A SILVER JUBILEE.

"ANOTHER!" said George, flinging down the card. "I have had just about ENOUGH OF IT!" He spoke vehemently, with an intonation that I have tried to convey by the employment of capitals. It was obvious that he was deeply moved.

"Do you mind explaining?" I asked.

"It explains itself," he answered disgustedly, referring to the card. I picked it up. It was a printed communication, in which somebody, whose name I forget, requested the pleasure of George's presence at the marriage of his daughter. Something to Mr. Somebody else.

I read it aloud. "What's wrong with that?" I asked. "Were you in love with her yourself?"

"I was not," said George shortly. "To the best of my knowledge I have never even set eyes on the wretched girl, and never want to. My implication in the affair rests solely on my having once been at school with the bridegroom."

"Then what more touching than that he should desire the presence of his old comrade at such a crisis?"

"Presence!" began George bitterly. "If they'd said—"

I stopped him. "I know the pun," I said quickly, "and am no longer capable of being amused at it. So that is the ground of your complaint. I must say, George, that I regard this as a little mean of you."

"You may," answered George. "That shows you don't realise the facts: If you were in my position you wouldn't talk like that. Why, look at it," he went on, warming to his subject, "here am I, a bachelor nearing fifty, with an income, secure certainly, but by no means lavish; and what do we find? Scarcely a day goes by without my receiving some more or less veiled demand from persons without a shadow of claim!"

"Relatives," pursued George, "one, of course, expects. I have myself five elder sisters, all of them comfortably married with my assistance. Pianos or dinner-sets or whatever it happened to be," explained George. "I make no complaint there. Not even though in these cases the initial outlay was only the beginning. I am by now seventeen times an uncle. A pleasant position at first, but repetition stales it. The expense of that alone is becoming appalling. Why on earth didn't

HENRY VIII. or somebody institute a bounty for uncles?"

"It can't be so bad as all that."

"It would not be, if, as I say, the matter was kept within one's own family. But you see it isn't. I have now reached that time of life in which the rush of weddings appears to be heaviest. Everybody I ever met seems to be doing it, and using the fact as an excuse for blackmail. I am a poor man, and I have had enough of it!"

years of eligibility, invites his numerous friends to join with him in celebrating his silver celibacy."

"The idea is not original," I said coldly, "but I am interested to know why you should select this particular moment rather than any other. What happened in '89?"

George looked faintly conscious. "Nothing," he answered. "That's just the point. It's what might have happened. I think you've never heard

me speak of a girl called Emeline? Anyhow, I was rather struck at that time; we were staying in the same house that autumn, and I believe everybody expected me to propose. Only, somehow I didn't. But it was the closest shave I've ever had, and, as that was just twenty-five years ago, I began counting from then."

"Did Miss—er Emeline share the general expectation?"

"To be candid, I rather fancy she did. Several of her set were quite nasty about it afterwards, though it was obviously no business of theirs. She married somebody else later on, and lives in Ireland." George sighed reflectively.

As it was apparent that he would shortly become sentimental, a condition for which he is unfitted, I took my leave. "You're not really going to put that nonsense in the paper?" I asked.

"I am," said George, recovering abruptly. "If there is any way in which a put-upon bachelor can get equal with the world, I mean to take it. I regard it as a public duty. Look in again next week, and you'll see the result."

Curiosity brought me on my next visit to George with more anticipation than usual. The

advertisement had duly appeared. But my inquiries found him oddly reticent.

"Look here, George," I said at length, "what did that paragraph produce?"

"I got stacks of letters, mostly humorous, that will require answering."

"No presents?"

"One," answered George reluctantly, "from Emeline."

This was intriguing. George's manner with regard to it was discouraging, not to say morose. But I am not easily put off.

"What sort of present?" I persisted.

"Oh, handsome enough. A silver frame, quite good in its way, with a family group of herself and her husband



Maid at Country Hotel. "PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU USE THE HOT WATER SOON AS THERE'S AN 'OLE IN THE CAN?"

I made a sympathetic noise. As a matter of fact, George's friends agree that he is very comfortably off, but I let that pass. "What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"This," answered George unexpectedly. He opened his pocket-book and produced a half-sheet of note-paper. "This is going in *The Morning Post* to-morrow. I wrote it some time ago, but the hour has now come when I must make a stand and endeavour to get a little of my own back. So in she goes!"

I took the paper and read as follows: "1889—1914. Mr. George Pennywise, of 1096, Upper Brook Street, having remained a bachelor during twenty-five



and three kids inside it. I shall take that out."

"Any inscription?"

The moment I had said it I saw that I had found the trouble.

"Only three words," answered George evasively. He hesitated. "But there, Emeline never did know how to express herself."

"George," I demanded sternly, "what were those three words?"

"A Thank Offering," said George.

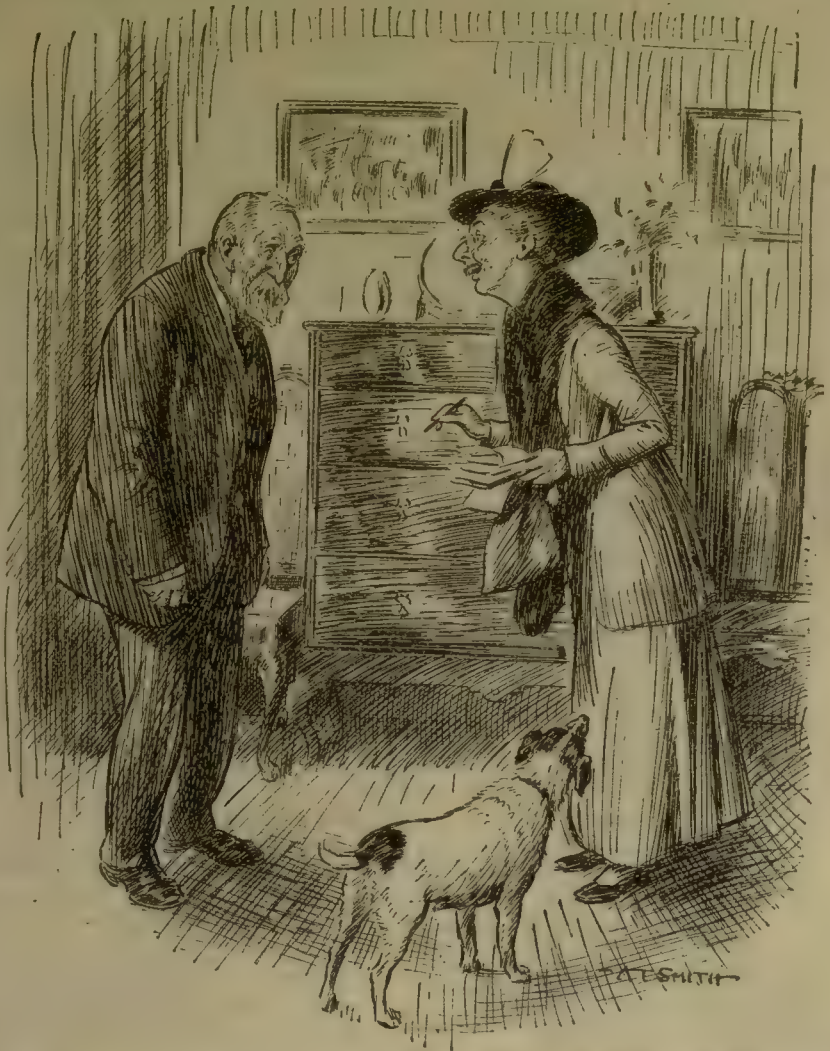
### CLEANINGS FROM GRUB STREET.

(By our Special Parasite.)

A BRILLIANT reception is being prepared for Professor Hjalmar Stormbarner, the Finnish novelist, on the occasion of his first visit to England in June. An address of welcome, composed by Mr. C. K. SHORTER and Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL, with lyrics by Mr. MAX PEMBERTON and Lord BURNHAM, will be presented to him at the Grafton Gallery, and Dr. CLIFFORD is arranging what he happily calls a "pious orgy of congratulation" at the Caxton Hall, at which Sir ALFRED MOND, Baron DE FOREST, and Mr. THORNTON, the new manager of the Great Eastern Railway, will deliver addresses. A demonstration in Hyde Park in honour of our guest is also being organised by his English publishers, Messrs. Dodder and Dodder, at which their principal authors will speak at thirteen different platforms, and a resolution will be simultaneously moved by blast of trumpet that Professor Stormbarner is the greatest novelist in the world.

Professor Stormbarner is of course best known in this country as the author of the famous romances, *Letters from Limbo*, *The Devil's Ducats*, *Narcotic Nelly* and *The Sarcophagus*, but his versatility and accomplishments in other departments of mental activity will come as a surprise to his English admirers. He has penetrated the Arctic circle in a bath-chair drawn by reindeer; he plays with great skill on the balalaika, and he has translated most of the works of Mr. EDMUND GOSSE into Maso-Gothic. At the present moment he is undoubtedly the first favourite for the NOBEL Prize, though WILLIE FERRERO runs him close in virtue of the patronage of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE and the Dowager-Empress of RUSSIA.

Perhaps the finest and most convincing tribute to the overwhelming genius of the great Finnish romancer is the quatrain recently written in his honour by Mr. EDMUND GOSSE:



*Lady Canvasser.* "I'VE CALLED TO ASK YOU TO GIVE US SOMETHING FOR THE O.P.Q.S. THE—"

*Old Gentleman.* "MY DEAR LADY, I ALREADY GIVE AWAY ONE-TENTH OF MY INCOME."

*Lady Canvasser.* "OH, JUST THIS YEAR, COULDN'T YOU MAKE IT AN ELEVENTH?"

GEORGE ELIOT, greatest of blue stockings, JOSEPH and SILAS K. (the HOCKINGS), WATTS-DUNTON and Professor GARNER—Are all united in Stormbarner.

We understand that during his visit to London Professor Stormbarner will stay with Mr. David Dodder at Hampstead, but will spend a week-end with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Walton Heath.

Mrs. Ray Clammer, whose novels in praise of Blackpool, written at the commission of the municipal council, have gained her equal cash and kudos, has gone to Australia for a visit, but hopes to return in time to spend August at the famous health resort which her genius has done so much to adorn. Her only regret is that she has had to leave at home her Persian cat Abracadabra, called "Abe" for short. "Abe," by the way, figures prominently in a bright personal article about Mrs. Ray

Clammer which Miss Marjorie Moulton contributes to *The Penwiper* for May.

### Another Impending Apology.

"Meanwhile Dick Smith is matched with Carpentier, and will receive £200 as the loser's end of a £1,200 purse offered by the Liverpool Stadium."—*Daily Mail*.

If it is as certain as this we shall put our money on CARPENTIER.

"FALLEN BY THE WAY.  
Making a Deep Impression."

*Advt. in "Era."*

Evidently an accident to the heavy tragedians.

"Nurse, superior, or Help wanted, immediately: go to seaside: experienced infant."  
*Advt. in "The Manchester Guardian."*

The infant: "Let her come. I think I shall know how to deal with her."



### "WRONGLY ATTRIBUTED."

You've heard of WILLY FERRERO, the Boy Conductor? A musical prodigy, seven years old, who will order the fifth oboe out of the Albert Hall as soon as look at him. Well, he has a rival.

WILLY, as perhaps you know, does not play any instrument himself; he only conducts. His rival (Johnny, as I think of him) does not conduct as yet; at least, not audibly. His line is the actual manipulation of the piano-forte—the Paderewski touch. Johnny lives in the flat below, and I hear him touching.

On certain mornings in the week—no need to specify them—I enter my library and give myself up to literary composition. On the same mornings little Johnny enters his music-room (underneath) and gives himself up to musical composition. Thus we are at work together.

The worst of literary composition is this: that when you have got hold of what you feel is a really powerful idea you find suddenly that you have been forestalled by some earlier writer—SOPHOCLES or SHAKESPEARE or GEORGE R. SIMS. Then you have to think again. This frequently happens to me upstairs; and downstairs poor Johnny will find to his horror one day that his great work has already been given to the world by another—a certain Dr. JOHN BULL.

Johnny, in fact, is discovering "God Save the King" with one finger.

As I dip my pen in the ink and begin to write, Johnny strikes up. On the first day when this happened, some three months ago, I rose from my chair and stood stiffly through the performance—an affair of some minutes, owing to a little difficulty with "Send him victorious," a line which always bothers Johnny. However, he got right through it at last, after harking back no more than twice, and I sat down to my work again. Generally speaking, "God Save the King" ends a show; it would be disloyal to play any other tune after that. Johnny quite saw this . . . and so began to play "God Save the King" again.

I hope that HIS MAJESTY, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the late Dr. BULL, or whoever is most concerned, will sympathise with me when I say that this time I remained seated. I have my living to earn.

From that day Johnny has interpreted Dr. JOHN BULL's favourite composition nine times every morning. As this has been going on for three months, and as the line I mentioned has two special rehearsals to itself

before coming out right, you can easily work out how many send-him-victoriouses Johnny and I have collaborated in. About two thousand.

Very well. Now, you ask yourself, why did I not send a polite note to Johnny's father asking him to restrain his little boy from over-composition, begging him not to force the child's musical genius too quickly, imploring him (in short) to lock up the piano and lose the key? What kept me from this course? The answer is "Patriotism." Those deep feelings for his country which one man will express glibly by rising nine times during the morning at the sound of the National Anthem, another will direct to more solid uses. It was my duty, I felt, not to discourage Johnny. He was showing qualities which could not fail, when he grew up, to be of value to the nation. Loyalty, musical genius, determination, patience, industry—never before have these qualities been so finely united in a child of six. Was I to say a single word to disturb the delicate balance of such a boy's mind? At six one is extraordinarily susceptible to outside influence. A word from his father to the effect that the gentleman above was getting sick of it, and Johnny's whole life might be altered.

No, I would bear it grimly.

And then, yesterday, who should write to me but Johnny's father himself. This was the letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—I do not wish to interfere unduly in the affairs of the other occupants of these flats, but I feel bound to call your attention to the fact that for many weeks now there has been a flow of water from your bathroom, which has penetrated through the ceiling of my bathroom, particularly after you have been using the room in the mornings. May I therefore beg you to be more careful in future not to splash or spill water on your floor, seeing that it causes inconvenience to the tenants beneath you?

Yours faithfully, JNO. McANDREW."

You can understand how I felt about this. For months I had been suffering Johnny in silence; yet, at the first little drop of water from above, Johnny's father must break out into violent abuse of me. A fine reward! Well, Johnny's future could look after itself now; anyhow, he was doomed with a selfish father like that.

"DEAR SIR," I answered defiantly, "Now that we are writing to each other I wish to call your attention to the fact that for many months past there has been a constant flow of one-fingered music from your little boy, which penetrates through the floor of

my library and makes all work impossible. May I beg you therefore to see that your child is taught a new tune immediately, seeing that the National Anthem has lost its first freshness for the tenants above him?"

His reply to this came to-day.

"DEAR SIR,—I have no child.

Yours faithfully, JNO. McANDREW."

I was so staggered that I could only think of one adequate retort.

"DEAR SIR," I wrote,—"I never have a bath."

So that's the end of Johnny, my boy prodigy, for whom I have suffered so long. It is not Johnny but Jno. who struggles with the National Anthem. He will give up music now, for he knows I have the bulge on him; I can flood his bathroom whenever I like. Probably he will learn something quieter—like painting. Anyway, Dr. JOHN BULL's masterpiece will rise no more through the ceiling of the flat below.

On referring to my encyclopædia, I see that, according to some authorities, "God Save the King" is "wrongly attributed" to Dr. BULL. Well, I wrongly attributed it to Johnny. It is easy to make these mistakes.

A. A. M.

### WEST HIGHLAND.

With stern a-droop, a "dowie chiel,"  
I see him lugged at Beauty's heel,  
A captive bound on Fashion's wheel,  
Down Bond Street's aisle,  
Far from his land of cairn and creel  
In grey Argyle.

I wonder if in dreams he goes  
Afar from streets and kindred woes,  
A-rabbiting with eager nose  
And strenuous paw  
In birch-woods where the west wind  
blows

By banks of Awe;  
And if his slumbers take him back  
To trail the mountain-fox's track,  
In corries of the shifting wrack  
Where one may spy  
Old Cruachan's twin Titan stack  
Heaved to the sky;

Or, boudoir-bred degenerate,  
If ne'er he knew the nobler state,  
The birk-clad brae, the roaring spate,  
The tod's dark lair,  
Too spiritless to girn at Fate  
Or greatly care.

And better this, perhaps you'd say,  
Than break his heart for yesterday,  
Uneasy in the dreams that stray  
Where lost trails stretch—  
Well, he's my pity either way,  
Poor little wretch!



## HOW TO IMPROVE LONDON.

WE were discussing London's needs. Each of us was suggesting some long-felt want which most appealed to him or her.

Some had declared that what London chiefly wanted was a tube from Victoria to Chelsea. Someone else said that what it chiefly wanted was a glass roof over Bond Street and the chief shopping area. Someone else said that what it chiefly wanted was perforated pavements to let the rain through at once—and so on.

"What I want," said a pretty girl—so pretty that I almost got up and set about providing her with it—"is a guide to the cinemas. I adore cinemas, but there is no means of knowing what is on unless you go to the place itself. Then very likely it's some stupid long play, with more printed descriptions than deeds and more letters to read than people to see. Now there ought to be a list of all the cinema programmes on sale at the bookstalls, like *The Times* and *Spectator*.

"Wouldn't you have a cinema critic too," someone asked, "like Mr. WALKLEY, to say how the films amused him, and so on?"

"No, I don't want that," she said. "But I should like information as to how long they were, and if they were American or Italian or French or English, and I should like a star to be put against those which Mr. REDFORD had not thought splendid."

When it came to my turn I said that London's most crying need was a tailors' clearing-house.

"What on earth is that?" they asked.

"Well," I said, "I'll tell you. All men have tailors, and for the most part they stick to them, because they find them all right, or fear to go further afield to begin all over again. But every now and then it happens, no matter how good the tailor, that a coat is stubborn. It goes on being wrong. Fitting a'ter fitting leaves it even worse than before; and the result is that one either loses one's temper and bangs out of the place and never enters it again, or, not wishing to hurt the tailor's feelings, one accepts defeat and gives the coat away the next day at considerable personal loss. In other words, a time comes when one either cannot, through disgust, bring oneself to visit one's tailor again on that matter, or when one cannot, through sympathy, bring oneself to ask him to do any more. Don't you know that?"

They agreed.

"Very well then. This is where the clearing-house comes in. The tailor



## THE MILITANT SCANDAL.

I.—THE SEX PAYS THE PENALTY.

*Algernon (suddenly to his aunt and cousin).* "LOOK HERE, I HOPE YOU BOTH UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN WE GET TO THE ACADEMY I DON'T KNOW YOU. I CAN'T BE SEEN THERE WITH WOMEN AFTER THIS SARGENT BUSINESS!"

there is prepared to tackle such cases as those I have described. He will come to the coat with an open mind and put it right. You can ask him, without any false delicacy, to do so because it is his business. That's what London most needs," I concluded.

"I daresay you're right," said another of the party; "but in my opinion what London most needs is a good restaurant which has pork-pie on its bill of fare."

"An extraordinary amount of destruction and annoyance is annually perpetrated by the somewhat unsociable creatures known as wasps."—*Amateur Gardening*.

They are still more annoying when they are sociable.

"Masterman jumped out of the conveyance, which also contained several ladies, and, overtaking the animals, succeeded in turning them into a telegraph pole."

*Lincolnshire Echo.*

This trick is a favourite one with all good conjurers, but rarely comes in so opportunely. The second part of it—in which the telegraph pole is turned into a couple of rabbits—is rather in the nature of an anti-climax.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* on JOHN BURNS:—

"*Johannes locutus est; res finite est.* Or so we hope."

We, too, always hoped at school, and then wished afterwards we had looked it up in our Latin Grammar.





### THE MILITANT SCANDAL.

II.—THE SKIED ARTIST COMES INTO HIS OWN.

#### PERFECTION.

(An Up-to-date Romance of Studio Life.)

Spaghetti, the prince of Futurists, stood  
And gazed at his work with a thoughtful eye;  
"It is good," he murmured, "yet not quite good,"  
He had labelled it *Midsummer Eve in a Wood*,  
But the gods knew why.

A lady's eyes and a calf-topped boot,  
And a ticket (punched) for the Highgate Tube,  
He had painted there, with some crimson fruit  
And a couple of uptorn elms, each root  
A perfect cube.

"It is better than all those beastly Dutch  
And the old Italian frauds," he said;  
"But the little something that means so much  
Still waits;" and he gave an anguished clutch  
At his mop-crowned head.

He went to the further side of the room  
And flecked the canvas with daubs of mud;  
He wiped it down with a housemaid's broom,  
And gummed in the middle a jackdaw's plume  
And a ha'penny stud.

He put on his motor-bicycling mask,  
And prayed to his Muse; and whilst he prayed  
(So Heaven is kind to those that ask)  
Like a mænad flushed from the wine-god's flask,  
Behold, a maid!

Her skirt was draggled, her hair was down,  
As though she had walked by woodland tracks  
Or come on an omnibus through the town,  
And suddenly forth from her loosened gown  
She pulled an axe.

And "Thus!" and "Thus!" she observed, and dealt  
The painted fantasy blow on blow;  
"Thou tyrannous man, thy doom is spelt!"  
She gave it another frightful welt,  
Then turned to go.

But the master, rolling upon the floor,  
Leapt up to his feet like a mountain kid,  
And "Swipe it," he said, "sweet maid, once more  
Just here where the axe hit not before;"  
And swipe she did.

He pressed his bosom, his eyes were wet,  
He knelt and fawned at the damsel's feet;  
"Be mine," he bellowed, "O Suffragette,  
For the noblest work I have painted yet  
Is now complete!"

EVOE.

#### Fair Warning.

"Any wedding, singing party, dance, concerts, dramas, social gatherings, friendly companion, jolly trips, pleasure enjoyments etc. Cannot be performed without at least a Bottle of ——. This is simple in price but gives lasting odours."

Advt. in "United India and Native States."

"Again I was welcomed by my chery hostess, and once more partook of her simple yet palatable face." *Buenos Aires Standard.*  
The next time he kisses her he must try not to tell us about it.





## CRESCENDO;

OR, THE TUNE THE OLD COW'S LIKELY TO DIE OF.

THE COW. "STOP! STOP! THIS ISN'T MILKING: IT'S MURDER!"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, May 4.*

—Not since epoch-making night four years ago has House been so densely crowded in anticipation of Budget statement. Amongst most honourable traditions of English public life is absolute secrecy in which Budgets are wrapped till veil is lifted by Chancellor of Exchequer. Somehow it gets known in advance when a particular one will prove to be of exceptional public and personal interest. Thus it was to-night. Hence the crowd that filled every bench on floor, every nook and cranny of the galleries.

Expectation fully realised. LLOYD GEORGE, Atlas in miniature, lightly bore on his shoulders weight of biggest Budget ever presented to House of Commons. Total expenditure £210,203,000. Total revenue £210,455,000. Balance in hand, £252,000.

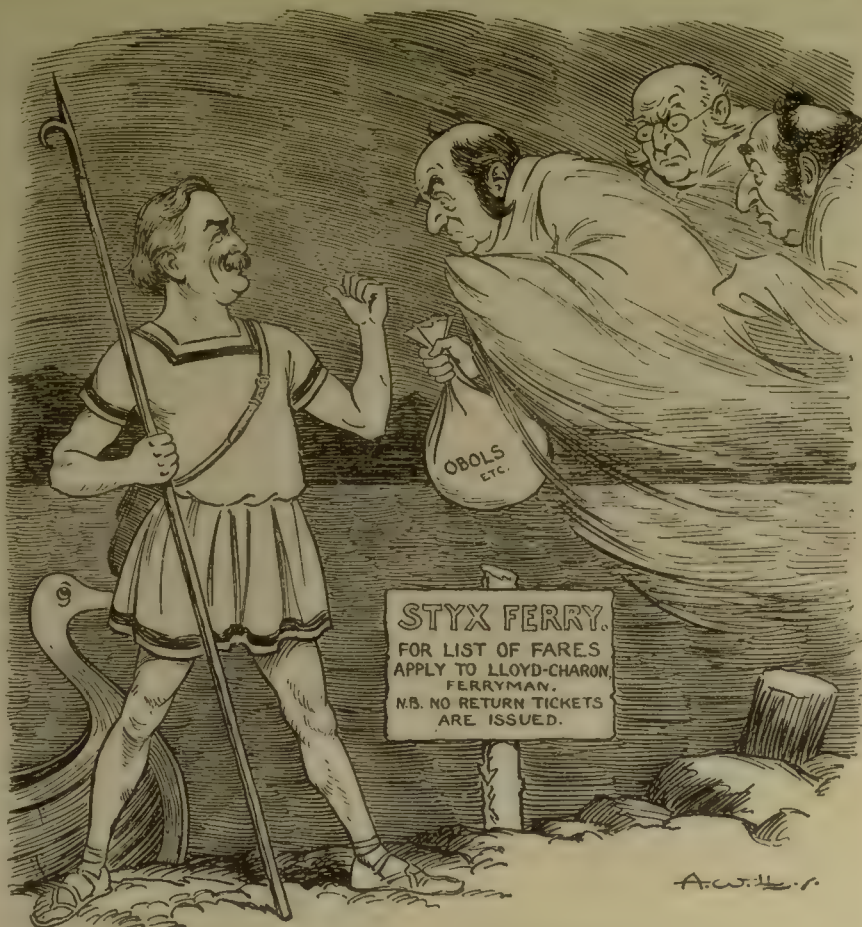
How Mr. Micawber's heart would have glowed over this realisation in colossal figures of his cherished principle! You remember his formula to young *Copperfield*: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six; result misery."

LLOYD GEORGE, keeping this axiom steadily in view, after dallying with income and expenditure counted by the hundred million, came out triumphant with £252,000 in his pocket.

Spoke for two hours and forty minutes. Avoiding flights of eloquence that were wont to entrance GLADSTONE'S



Mr. Chancellor Micawber. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result, happiness."



Lloyd Charon (to Plutocratic Shades). "Your fares will cost you more!"

audience on Budget nights, resisting temptation to epigram that beset Mr. CHANCELLOR LOWE, was content with plain business statement. The massive figures dealt with, the millions lightly scattered there and sedulously picked up here, left some passages obscure. SON AUSTEN well advised in reserving criticism till he had opportunity of studying statement set forth in print.

A passage in speech followed with breathless interest below Gangway dealt with increase of super-tax. CHANCELLOR set forth how what he called a "£3,500 man" would, in addition to ordinary income-tax, pay 1-7d. in the £. Running up the gamut to "a £10,000 man" he mentioned that the affluent citizen would oblige with an additional 8-9d.

"I can," he blandly added, "go further if anybody specially wants me."

General expression of sympathy with HOUSTON when he asked what the £100,000 man would be called upon to pay.

"The hon. gentleman," said the CHANCELLOR, with encouraging smile bent on inquirer, "will be let off with an additional 15-3d."

The Member for the Toxteth division of Liverpool didn't seem so pleased with this prospect as might have been expected.

*Business done.*—Budget brought in.

*Tuesday.*—LORD "BOB" CECIL, whose industry is equalled only by his ingenuousness, posed the PREMIER with awkward question. Wants to know "whether the Government propose to continue Sir NEVIL MACREADY'S appointment as resident magistrate; if so, whether he will be able in that capacity, in case of civil disturbance, to call upon himself as a military officer to give assistance to the civil power?"

Suggests difficulty at first sight appalling. On historic occasion JOHN BRIGHT found himself in analogous quandary. As he then protested in ear of sympathising House: "I cannot turn my back upon myself." True that in the last three years of his political career he achieved the apparently impossible. But exception does not make a rule.

More exact parallel found in case of eldest of Dr. Blimber's pupils. Mr. Toots, we know, occupied his time at school chiefly in writing long letters to



himself from persons of distinction addressed "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex," which with great care he preserved in his desk. Thus, in case of emergency, Sir NEVIL MACREADY, Resident Magistrate, might write to General Sir NEVIL MACREADY in command of troops in Ireland a note something to this effect:

"SIR,—From information received, I expect Ulster will be in a blaze before the end of the week. Please hold yourself in readiness to co-ordinate the action of your troops with that of the Royal Irish Constabulary.—Your obedient Servant, NEVIL MACREADY, Resident Magistrate. To Sir NEVIL MACREADY, General in command of troops in Ireland."

PREMIER tried to explain away the situation. Remembering recreation of *Mr. Toots*, it is not really so bad as LORD "BOB'S" earnest desire for preservation of law and order in Ulster leads him to fear.

*Business done.*—On motion of PRIME MINISTER new Standing Order dealing with blocking motions carried *nemine contradicente*.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—The death of the Duke of ARGYLL leaves the House of Lords poorer by withdrawal of a quiet, gracious presence. I talked with him here a few days before the Easter recess. To-night the MACCAILEAN MHOR, on his way to his last resting-place in the Highlands, sleeps amid the stately silence of Westminster Abbey, unawakened by the noiseless footsteps of the ghosts of great men dead. Thus in Plantagenet times the coffined body of the wife of EDWARD I., brought from Lincoln to Westminster, halted by the way, Charing Cross being the last of the nine resting-places of her bier.

A happy marriage which brought him into close kinship with the Sovereign forbade the Duke's taking active part in political life. It gave him fuller opportunity for dallying with his dearly-loved foster-mother, Literature. Endowed with the highest honours birth could give or the Sovereign bestow, he bore them with a modesty that made others momentarily forget their existence. Circumstances precluding his living at Inveraray Castle and keeping up its feudal state, it was characteristic of him that he cheerily homed himself in a cottage some two miles down the loch-side, originally built for a factor. Little by little he enlarged the residence till Dalchenna House became a roomy mansion. Here, in company of a few choice companions, it was his delight to stay during the autumn months. He kept to his study in the morning, engaged in literary

work or dealing with his vast correspondence. After luncheon he led his guests forth, usually on foot, to tread the Highland ways he knew since boyhood, when as Marquis of LORNE he presented the picture of manly beauty in Highland dress that to-day adorns the hall of Inveraray Castle.

In later years he built for himself a chalet set amid the pine-trees of the ancient French forest of Harelolot, within sight and sound and scent of the sea. Like Dalchenna this began in a small way. Enamoured with the peace and rest that brooded over the place, he went on year by year enlarging and embellishing it.

According to long-laid plans he was to have spent the Easter recess in his French retreat. Almost at the last moment duty called him elsewhere, and,



"It was hardly a tactful way of trying to convert him to the movement to place a bomb under his throne at St. Paul's."—*The Bishop of LONDON in the Debate on Lord SELBORNE'S Bill for Female Enfranchisement.*

as was his wont, he uncomplainingly obeyed. But he insisted that two old friends, whom he had bidden to keep Easter tryst with him, should not alter their plans. So the chalet, with its dainty appointments and its domestic establishment after the Duke's own heart—a French peasant and his wife, who acted as butler and cook—was placed at their disposal, he bestowing infinite pains upon arrangements for their comfort whilst under his roof.

This little episode, the most recent in a busy life, is a typical instance of his unselfishness and untiring thought for others.

A scholar of wide reading, a man of shrewd judgment, and, as his government of Canada disclosed, a statesman of high degree, he might have filled a part in public affairs at least as lofty as that commanded by his distinguished father. Debarred from such career he was content to live up to the highest

standard of Christian conduct. If a line of commentary might be added to the inscription on the coffin which to-morrow journeys northward to lie beside those of the ten Dukes of ARGYLL at rest in the burial-place of the Campbells at Kilmun, here it is written in one of the oldest of Books: "He went about doing good."

*Business done.*—Commons resume debate on Budget.

### FLORAL DANGERS.

DEAR, I do not send you flowers,

Though I notice day by day  
That, 'neath Spring's recurring  
powers,

All the shops are perfect bowers

With the floral wealth of May;  
I could get you quite a heap,  
Fresh and reasonably cheap.

Here is many a fragrant rose

Mingling with the scented pea,  
Hyacinths whose odour flows  
Fondly to the grateful nose,

These, and many more, there be;  
You should have them like a shot,  
But I think you'd better not.

Science 'tis that bids me pause;

'Tis by her the tale is told  
That, by Nature's mystic laws,  
Blossoms are a frequent cause  
Of a lady catching cold;  
Their aroma, so she says,  
Irritates the passages.

Whether this is quite exact

May be food for questioning;  
But, as it's a painful fact  
That your membrane is attacked

Thus about the prime of Spring,  
I, who hold your welfare dear,  
May not leave it with a sneer.

Wherefore, much though I aspiro

You, and you alone, to please,  
I refrain from this desire,  
For 'twould set my heart on fire

If I made my lady wheeze;  
I should well-nigh perish if  
Aught from me should rouse a sniff.

DUM-DUM.

"In connection with the daily service at St. Enoch's Parish Church, it would be possible to have marriage celebrated at two o'clock on any particular week-day. That meant that in ordinary circumstances it would be possible to have marriage celebrated in St. Enoch's Church at two o'clock on any week day."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Left to ourselves, we were just arriving at the same conclusion.

"Captain W. M. Turner joined Freeman, and played the best cricket of the day. He bit hard on the off-side."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We always move to the leg side of the field when Captain TURNER comes in.





Mr. Brown. "YES, THIS CIVIL WAR BUSINESS IN IRELAND IS TERRIBLE—TERRIBLE—BUT, GOOD HEAVENS, MARIA, WHY ISN'T THERE ANY ONION SAUCE?"

## AT THE PLAY.

### "THE DANGEROUS AGE."

WHEN there is a good deal of talk on the stage about a certain character, who however remains "off" throughout the play and gives you no chance to discover for yourself what he is like, then I have an instinctive distrust of him. If his name is as bad as *Cecil* he is practically doomed. *Betty Dunbar*, widow, ran away from her rich sister's house and spent a night in London with such a *Cecil*. *Betty* had arrived at the dangerous age of forty, and was temporarily and ridiculously in love with this young bouncer (as I felt him to be) of twenty-two. But the fact that, at the very time when she was thus making a fool of herself in London, her younger son, *Jack*, was falling off a tree and nearly killing himself in the country brought her to her senses. When she returned to the country to find *Jack* at death's door, her love for *Cecil* died and she could only think of him with hatred.

Now I can remember wonder-



Distracted Mother (at the top of her voice, outside sick son's room). "He won't die! Tell me he won't die!"

Author of Play. "No, he won't die, because this is a 'happy ending' play, but the noise that goes on outside his room would kill him in ordinary life."

*Betty Dunbar* .. .. Miss EVA MOORE.  
*Sir Egbert Englefield* .. .. Mr. H. V. EDMOND.

ing, when I read *The Vicar of Wakefield* at an early and innocent age, why *Dr. Primrose* was so anxious that his daughter *Olivia* should be married to the beast with whom she had eloped, when it would be so much better for her if *Thornhill* left her (as he was willing to do) and she returned unmarried to her father. I am older now, and I know that in the good Vicar's opinion only thus could his daughter's "honour" be "preserved." But the world is also older now, and perhaps the oldest person in it is the woman suffragist—such a one, for instance, as *Betty's* elder sister, *Ethel*, who carried copies of *Votes for Women* about with her when she strolled through the home park. That *Ethel* should share *Dr. Primrose's* ingenuous views on this matter is unbelievable—by me, but not by the author. For she insisted, under threat of cutting off supplies, that *Betty* should marry *Cecil*, and (so to speak) become a lady again. *Betty* wisely refused, which left the way clear for *Sir Egbert Englefield*, and



so brought down the curtain. I haven't mentioned *Sir Egbert* before, but he was there or thereabouts all the time, and being in the flesh Mr. H. V. ESMOND, author of the play, it was obvious that he would have the pull over any unseen *Cecil* in the final arrangement of partners.

Although *Ethel* appears to be impossible, and the other characters mostly conventional, *The Dangerous Age* makes a very charming entertainment at the Vaudeville, a patchwork of humour and pathos ingeniously woven together; of which the humour was as fresh and jolly as anything I have heard on the stage, and the pathos put me in greater danger of being caught "blubbing like a seal" than I have ever been before. It is to Masters REGINALD GRASDORFF and ROY ROYSTON that I owe my special thanks. Two more delightful boys on the stage cannot be imagined. Indeed I was at least as sorry as *Betty* when *Jack* fell off his tree, for I knew then that I should not see Master ROY again that evening. Fortunately REGINALD remained, and acted with great skill a part which suddenly became serious. But I wish Osborne boys on the stage wouldn't wear their uniforms in the holidays when they climb trees. It emphasizes their Osbirth (if I may use the word) at the expense of their boyishness. Miss EVA MOORE and Mr. ESMOND were excellent, the latter playing a perfect WYNDHAM part without the WYNDHAM mannerisms. Mr. LESLIE BANKS, representing an entirely incredible person, was exactly like somebody I know; a feat, it seems to me, of some skill.

#### "THE WYNMARTENS."

When a young widow wants to commit a flagrant outrage on the proprieties in order to scandalise a detested mother-in-law, and selects the first likely man for her accomplice, she will probably not be deterred by fear of any damage that may occur to his reputation. When *Lady Wynmarten* engaged the services of *Bill Carington* she had the less compunction because he was only over from India for a week and might rely upon the fresh air of the high seas to repair the damage and displace the breath of scandal. Unfortunately, his very limited time in England had been carefully scheduled for the execution of several important contracts; and when his firm heard of his escapade and found him twenty minutes late for a business appointment, he was briefly booted.

It was at this point that the critics began to think of taking notes on their cuffs about BROWNING's views on the danger of "playing with souls," but found on reflection that the case was not so serious as that. For we knew all the time (by the splendour of her frocks) that the lady was rich, and we had gathered half-way through that she was prepared to accept *Bill* in marriage and make an honest man of him. Not that their joint adventure had actually achieved immorality. She had simply dined with him, done a play, had supper at the Savoy, gone on to a Covent Garden ball, failed to effect an entrance into her house (having deliberately mislaid her latch-key and cut the bell-wire), and been taken a little before milk-time to her mother-in-law's,



#### BLACK TRIES TO CHECK WHITE.

*Lady Wynmarten* .. .. Miss MARIE TEMPEST.  
*Dowager Lady Wynmarten* .. Miss AGNES THOMAS.

where her appearance had caused the greatest confusion and scandal, which was indeed the ultimate purpose of the scheme. But the fatal devotion of her French maid, who telephoned next morning to all her mistress's friends to say that her bed had not been slept in, and that a dark mystery brooded over her whereabouts, tended to promote a garrulous interest in her conduct.

It was a sad pity that we were not permitted to witness any phase of this adventure. One seemed to be assisting at a farce with the fun left out. I should have greatly enjoyed being present at the moment when her ladyship claimed the hospitality of her mother-in-law's roof. But perhaps this experience would have left me in a frame of mind too frivolous for the right reception of the grave things that were to follow.

Yet the play was mixed of all moods, from gay to earnest, and offered excellent scope for the versatility of Miss

MARIE TEMPEST. Mr. CLARENCE's humour, on the other hand, was not so well served; and there were frequent *longueurs* during the episodes in which the *Dowager Lady Wynmarten* figured. She was meant to be a terror, and had some very vicious things to say; but Miss AGNES THOMAS delivered them with superfluously well-bred restraint, and the level tone of her bitter suavity tended to become a little tedious.

Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE showed a very nice self-repression as the widow's dummy. But he let himself go with his cigarettes which in moments of emotion he threw away with an appalling recklessness after the first two whiffs.

The rest of the cast did ample justice to a play which, if it is Mr. POWELL's first, must be commended for its promise. But the next time he writes a Four-Act Comedy he must try and give us more than one Act without any tea in it. O. S.

#### "MILESTONES."

(*Ladies of the coloured hair school are reported to be painting dragons on their cheeks in place of complexion spots.*)

WHEN the world was very young  
And agog with derring-do,  
Knights went courting maids who hung  
Chained, for dragons' teeth to chew;  
Found their lass, and set her free,  
Having duly on the spot  
Slain the dragon (or, maybe,  
Having failed to slay, did not).

Later, when your maid demure,  
Long of lash and coy of mien,  
Seemed a conquest swift and sure,  
Fiercer monsters stepped between:  
Mrs. Grundies, grey and grim,  
Kept Miss Proper closely tied;  
Beaus dissolved before the prim  
Portly dragon at her side.

Now there dawns a lighter day;  
Chaperons are nearly dead;  
Undefended lies the way  
For your amorous wight to tread,  
Yet we still must pay our toll,  
We who woo the guarded rose:  
Frightful at the very goal  
Lurks the dragon by her nose:

Modern maidens, if upon  
Cheeks that court the curious stare  
Voluntarily you don  
This insane pictorial wear,  
Know your tricks intrigue us not,  
Frankly, ladies, they appal;  
Out, I say, out, damned spot!  
We don't like your cheek at all.



ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



THE COLLIER PROBLEM. WHICH PICTURE HAS SHE CUT TO RIBBONS?



SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE ELECTRIC COOKER. THE CHIEF EXPLAINS THAT THE CAVIARE HAS BEEN BURN'T TO A CINDER.



Cupid. "A ROTTEN STANCE, BUT HERE GOES."



Lord Curzon to Lord Curzon. "I'M CURZON OF KIDLESTON. WHICH ARE YOU?"



Little Boy (rather shocked). "OH, PLEASE MRS, YOUR LEG'S SHOWING."



THE JUGGLER'S PET OWL THINKS IT'S ALMOST TIME HE GOT OUT OF THE WAY.



Fond Mother. "COURAGE, MY BOY; IT'LL SOON BE OVER."



Lord Bishop Birrell. "AH, DISESTABLISHMENT! SURELY I'VE HEARD THAT WORD SOMEWHERE!"



THE ROSARY—983RD PERFORMANCE.



A SYNOPSIS OF THE SCULPTURE IN THE LECTURE ROOM.



## THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

"It was here yesterday," I said. "I am quite sure I saw it."

"Saw what?" said the lady of the house.

"A letter," I said, "that required an answer."

"Well," she said, "there are about fifty letters of that kind on your table there. Why don't you answer some of those? You can take your pick of them."

"Those are different," I said. "They've waited a long time, and it won't hurt them to wait a little longer. The one I want came yesterday, and required an immediate answer. I remember it quite distinctly."

"Why not answer it, then, without finding it? I'll dictate to you:—Dear Sir or Madam,—In answer to your obliging letter, I beg to say that I much regret I shall be unable to attend the meeting of the blank committee on the blank of blank, owing to a previous engagement to be present at the meeting of the blank association for the blank blank blank. I enclose herewith my subscription of blank, and remain; with apologies for my delay, yours blankly, etc., etc." Fire away; you can't go wrong."

"I am not sure," I said, "that I like all those blanks. It's a good model, of course, but it's just a bit too sketchy."

"If you remember the letter so perfectly you can fill in the blanks as you go along."

"I didn't say I remembered it so perfectly as all that. I remember getting it. I remember it was marked 'Urgent and confidential' or 'Private and immediate,' or something of that kind, and I remember putting it down on this writing-table and making up my mind to answer it at once, but I don't remember who it was from——"

"Whom it was from."

"Amiable pedant! I don't remember who my importunate correspondent was, or what address he or she wrote from, or what it was about. It was one of those letters that produce a general sense of discomfort, the sort you want to forget but can't."

"Oh, but *you* can. I never heard of anything so completely forgotten as this unfortunate letter."

"Really," I said, "you drive me to despair. Can't you see that a man may remember the *existence* of a letter without remembering all its petty details? For instance, I know there's a Sultan of Morocco, but I don't know what he's like, or what his name is, or how he's dressed, or what his exact colour is. Still, there he is, you know."

"Where?"

"Oh, I don't know. Morocco, I suppose, would find him."

"Then all you've got to do is to write him a respectful letter, saying that you can't accept his Majesty's kind invitation to the small and early dance at the Palace."

"I am not," I said, "in a humour for frivolity. I want to write a letter."

"And I," she said proudly, "am doing my best to help you."

"I put it down on this writing-table, and one of you has moved it. Possibly it looked untidy, and one of you has tidied it—you yourself, for choice. In that case I shall never, never find it. To think that there is some one in the world who is eagerly expecting a letter from me, who is watching for the postman as he comes on his rounds, who is constantly disappointed, who lapses finally into a sullen acquiescence, who considers me unbusinesslike—and all because you saw a letter which didn't please you, and so you tidied it away. After all, it's my writing-table, and in future I won't have anyone at it except myself."

"Don't be harsh," she said. "How do you know any of us have been at what you call your table?"

"How do I know?" I said bitterly. "Look at these

neat little packets of papers all put carefully one on top of the other. Look at my pens, look at my bills, look at my cheque-book, look at my notepaper and envelopes—I mean, don't look at them, because if you did you wouldn't see them. They're tucked away out of sight, and all that is left to me is a blotting pad, on which you have done several interesting money addition sums, and Peggy has drawn four Red Indians in crayons, and Helen has tentatively written in ink the words 'alright' and 'alright.' Oh yes, some of you have invaded my private domain and sat at my table, and have first scattered and then re-asserted my papers."

At this moment John entered the room, came and stood beside me, and abstracted from the table a pencil and a sheet of foolscap.

"There," I said, "you can see the result of your dreadful example. Even this innocent child has learnt to pilfer my writing materials."

"John," said his mother, "would you like to search your father?"

"What's 'search'?" said John.

"Feel in his coat pockets and see if you can find a letter."

John was quite willing. He inserted a pudgy hand into one pocket after another, and finally extracted a rather crumpled letter.

"Hurrah!" I said. "He's got it."

"What is it?" she said.

"It is a courteous communication from Messrs. Wilfer and Wontner, highly commending the virtues of their renowned Hygeia tabloids, two to be taken daily after dinner."

"It's the most private and urgent letter I ever heard of. And now, I suppose, you'll withdraw your most unjust decree against our using the writing-table."

"Not at all," I said; "I make it stricter than ever. If you hadn't used my table I should have looked in my coat pocket and found the letter long ago."

"Anyhow," she said, "it's a comfort to think you won't have to write to the Sultan of Morocco." R. C. L.

## THE LORD OF THE LEVIATHANS.

THERE harbours somewhere in our midst to-day

A visionary whom I long to meet;

He shuns publicity, and yet his sway

Is felt in many a teeming London street,

From staid Stoke Newington to sylvan Sheen,

From gay Mile End to high-browed Golder's Green.

'Tis he who planned the routes for motor-bi,

Who set them in the way that they should go,

That Maida Vale might wot of Peckham Rye,

That Walham Green might fraternise with Bow—

For him a Norwood bus stormed Notting Hill,

'Erh at the helm, Augustus at the till.

"Tooting is fair," he mused, "but what of Kew?

Shall Cricklewood and Balham be forgot?"

Mindful of regions Barking never knew,

He linked them up with that idyllic spot,

And then, his wild imaginings to crown,

He ran a bus from Barnes to Camden Town.

Dreamer of dreams! above the city's strife

I picture him, in some lone eyrie pent,

What time the crash and roar of London's life

Drone deep-mouthed up in sullen music blent,

And, hearkening, he weaves with lonely glee

A wondrous web of bus-routes yet to be.





*Farmer's Wife (to visitor).* "Now, JOHNNY, WILL YOU GO AND COLLECT THE EGGS, AND DON'T TAKE THE CHINA ONES. I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE FOR?"

*Johnny.* "Oh, YES; THEY'RE FOR A PATTERN TO SHOW 'EM HOW TO MAKE THE OTHERS."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BERESFORD is most warmly to be congratulated upon his new book, *The House in Demetrius Road* (HEINEMANN). MR. BERESFORD's work has had from the first remarkable qualities that place him beyond question amongst the first half-dozen of the younger English novelists; but never before, I think, have his talents had a subject so exactly suited to their best display. It would be difficult to praise too highly the grim and relentless effect of the author's treatment of his subject. *Robin Gregg* is a drunkard, and everyone about him—his secretary, his sister-in-law, his little girl—is caught into the dingy cloud of his vice. The house also is caught; and very fine indeed is the way in which MR. BERESFORD has presented his atmosphere—the rooms, the dirty strip of garden, the shabby suburb, the London rain—but beyond all these things is the central figure of *Gregg* himself. Here is a character entirely new to English fiction—a man who in spite of his degradation has his brilliance, his humour and, above all, his mystery. It is in this implication that, at the very heart of the man, there are fine things too degraded and degraded things too fine for any human record of them to be possible that the exceptional merit of MR. BERESFORD's work lies. In his desire to avoid any possible cheapness or weak indulgence he misses, perhaps, some effects of colour and pathos that might, a little, have heightened the contrasts of his study; and I do not feel that the woman is as vivid as she should

be. These things, however, affect very slightly a story that its author may indeed be proud to have written.

*Penelope* was the heroine. She was in what are called reduced circumstances, and was moreover encumbered by sisters who were not quite all that could have been wished in the way of niceness. One day *Penelope*, looking through an iron gate, saw a beautiful garden, full of flowers; and the master of the garden, himself unseen, saw *Penelope*, and loved her. So she accepted the invitation of his voice and went into the garden and found that the master was a young man so disfigured by a recent accident that he had to wear blue spectacles and a shade. However, he loved her and she didn't mind him, so that after a time they became engaged, which was pleasant enough for *Penelope*, who had henceforth the run of the garden and leave to take home roses and things to the not-nice sisters. Do you want to be told how presently these began to tempt *Penelope*, urging her to insist that her lover should unmask, and what happened when she yielded? Or have you seen already that the story here called *A Garden of the Gods* (ALSTON RIVERS) is just a modern version of one that we all used to be told in the nursery? Moreover, Beauty and the Beast had been used once at least in this fashion before Miss EDITH M. KEATE happened on the idea. But that does not make the present any the less an amiable, quietly entertaining story, if a little obvious. The characters have never anything but a very distant resemblance to life; and their speech is for the most part that of a lady novelist's



creations rather than of human beings. But those who demand "a good tale," with beauty properly distressed till the last page, and there beatified with the knowledge that "the darkness that surrounded her was scattered for ever," will find some highly agreeable pasturage in *A Garden of the Gods*.

*The Modern Chesterfield* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a book that I enjoyed only after overcoming a considerable and partially-justified prejudice. In the first place, I generally dislike stories told in epistolary form; in the second, I almost always detest books that their publishers advertise by selected "smart sayings." But I must honestly admit that *The Modern Chesterfield* conquered me—chiefly, I think, by its good-nature. The writer of these very up-to-date paternal admonitions is supposed to be one Sir Benjamin Budgen, Bart, "of Budgen House, Fleet Street, E.C. and Cedar Court, Twickenham, Middlesex." The addresses tell you what to expect—a satire on the methods of popular journalism. This in fact is what you get; but the satire is so neat (and withal so genial) and Mr. MAX RITTENBERG has so happy a knack of conveying character in a few lines that you are simply bound to enjoy reading him. One other facility he has that deserves the highest praise: he tells his story, in letters that emanate from one side only, without wearisome repetition. There is, I mean, hardly any of that "You say in your last that—and ask me whether—etc.," which in similar volumes always bores me to ill-temper by its unlikeliness to the letter-

writing customs of real life. An explanatory line or two at the head of each epistle puts you in possession of the facts—that Norman, the son to whom they are written, has left Cambridge, is proving unsatisfactory, has married an Earl's daughter, and so on. That known, the letters tell their own tale. They reveal the writer too (I refer to Sir Benjamin): shrewd, clear-headed, vulgar and of bulldog courage. The disasters that overwhelm him in the end do not leave his readers unmoved; bankrupt and beaten he goes down fighting, with the final characteristic wire, in response to a suggestion of compromise by his chief enemy, "Surrender be damned." A little book to enjoy.

The village priest of Clogher, as depicted in two colours on the paper wrapper of *Father O'Flynn* (HUTCHINSON), is a man of plethoric habit and sanguine countenance engaged in brandishing a large horsewhip. The book is dedicated by Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE to Sir E. CARSON and Mr. REDMOND, and in a short preface he says: "The Irish Roman Catholic priest is the main factor in present-day Irish affairs. I have attempted to catch him at his best in the butterfly net of this trivial story. . . ." I am anxious not to do Mr. STACPOOLE an injustice, but I do feel that (as an entomologist) he gets easily tired. In the 250 pages

of *Father O'Flynn* there is a good deal of very tolerable Irish "atmosphere;" a very tepid love affair between Miss Eileen Pope and a gentleman from England "over for the hunting;" a lot about old Mr. Pope—a moody maniac who owned an illicit still at Clon Beg House, incurred the enmity of the United Patriots, was in the habit of keeping followers away from his beautiful step-daughter with a duck-gun, and finally (after locking up his brother who came to recover a debt) set fire to his own mansion—but practically nothing at all about the reverend gentleman outside. Beyond a few conversations with the "boys" and some rescue work at the end, *Father O'Flynn* scarcely comes into the plot. There is humour in the book and some good description in patches, but towards understanding the Irish priest it will probably assist Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. JOHN REDMOND very little more than it will assist a settlement of the problems of Ulster. However, it may give them an agreeable hour or so in a railway train, and the announcement (also made on the cover) that it is "an entirely new novel, now published for the first time," may call their attention to the value, in art as well as politics, of emphatic tautology.



Jovial Person (to sweep). "HULLO, CHAWLIE ME BOY. GLAD TER SEE YER LOOKIN' SO WELL."

I could wish that *The Escape of Mr. Trimm, His Plight and Other Plights* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) had been one continuous whole, instead of a number of separate items, for though Mr. IRVIN S. COBB tells a tale well he has not such a genius for the short story that he needs must express himself through that medium. Moreover, the people of his imagination are too interesting to be readily parted with; I should, for in-

stance, have liked to see how that gentleman convict, Mr. Trimm, fared when, after his odd vicissitudes, he was restored to the clutches of the Law and was set on to do his time with the worst of them. There was plenty of criminal company available, for Mr. COBB makes some speciality of perpetrators of dark deeds, and I feel that all the characters and events of the subsequent stories could, with a little ingenuity, have been worked into the one plot with our fraudulent financier as the centrepiece. That wrong-headed but chivalrous relic of the Southern Confederacy, Major Putnam Stone, would fit in as the virtuous or comic relief, his inborn lust for battle and his chance employment as a newspaper reporter being just the things to combat these felonious activities. There is certainly a lack of lovable women in the book, yet I have always been led to suppose that the U.S.A., the *locus in quo*, overflows with feminine charm, and our author is obviously man enough to appreciate and reproduce it for us. However, even a critic must take things as they are, and it is a collection of short stories that I have to complain about. My complaint, then, reduces itself to this, that in the case of each of them I regret their shortness.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (to shade of PITT). "Peace hath her income-tax no less renowned than War."



## CHARIVARI.

It is comforting to know that we need not yet despair of human nature. Even the most abandoned politician may have one redeeming quality. For example, *The Express* tells us that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a reader of *The Express*.

It is reported to be the intention of General BOTHA to visit this country in June or July, and the Labour Party here are said to be already taking steps with a view to having him deported as an undesirable.

If Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN has been correctly reported he is even more of a reactionary than most of his opponents imagined. In the course of the debate on the Sunday Closing Bill he is said to have delivered himself as follows:—"Drunkenness is diminishing, and I say Thank God; long may it continue." The pious ejaculation would seem to be an expression of gratitude for the joys of inebriety.

"Does the nightingale really boycott the land of Llewelyn and Mr. Lloyd George—and why?" asks an anxious inquirer in a contemporary. If it is so we suspect the reason is a fear on the part of the bird that the CHANCELLOR may get to know of the rich quality of his notes and tax him out of existence.

Mr. GEORGE STOREY has been elected a Royal Academician. This will surprise no one. Burlington House has always favoured the Storey picture. And as regards Mr. H. S. TUKE, who was promoted at the same time, his serial tale, "Three Boys and a Boat," has now been running for quite a number of years.

"English," says Mr. BALFOUR, "is abominably difficult." But Erse is worse.

Despatched at Teddington twenty-three years ago a postcard has just been delivered at Walton-on-Thames. The postal authorities trust that the publication of this fact will induce people to exercise a little patience when they

do not receive correspondence which they expect, instead of at once jumping to the conclusion that it has been lost.

As a consequence of recent outrages at the Royal Academy the Council is reported to be testing "unbreakable glass." No doubt the Indestructible Paint Company is also circularising artists.

A man walking across St. Paul's

"Mothers' Day" at the London Central Y.M.C.A., an eloquent address was delivered by the secretary of the association, Mr. VIRGO. The thought that, in spite of his name, this gentleman, try as he might, could never become a mother is said to have raised a lump in the throat of many a member of the audience.

We are glad to hear that "Hospital Egg Week" has been a success. We find it difficult, however, to believe one account, which states that sufficient new-laid eggs have been contributed to last the whole year.

"If Adam had lived till now," says Mr. SNOWDEN, "and had worked hard at honest labour the whole time, and had been a thrifty man withal, he would not have had an income like some of those enjoyed to-day." Mr. SNOWDEN is apparently presuming that ADAM's wife would have lived as long as her husband.

At his examination in bankruptcy a Clacton monumental mason attributed his failure to the healthfulness of the neighbourhood. Suggested motto for Clacton funeral artists: "*Si monumentum requiris—go elsewhere.*"

Among probable forthcoming improvements at the Zoological Gardens is the provision of a band on Sunday. But one great difficulty, we imagine, will be to persuade the laughing hyena and certain other rowdy animals not to take part in the performances.

The didactic drama is with us again, and this time we are to be taught to feel affection for the unpopular. *Love Cheats* is the hortatory title of a play to be produced by Miss HORNIMAN's company next month.

Mr. MARGAM JONES has written a volume entitled *Angels in Wales*. Nonconformists, we presume.

## "BAD LANGUAGE.

FROM SIR HERBERT TREE.  
To the Editor of *The Daily Mail*."

We hope the Editor replied suitably.



THE NEW DRESS.

"GOING ALONG OXFORD STREET, ARE YOU? I SHOULD LOVE TO COME WITH YOU, BUT IT WOULD BE A LITTLE HARD ON BOND STREET. YOU SEE, I HAVEN'T SHOWN IT TO BOND STREET YET."

Churchyard gave a remarkable exhibition of presence of mind one day last week. He was knocked down under a motor-omnibus, but managed so to arrange himself that the wheels passed clear of him. Cinema operators will be obliged if he will give them due notice of any intention to repeat the turn.

"The London General Omnibus Company advertises itself, so why shouldn't we?" said the L.C.C. Tramways—so they had a nice little collision on the Embankment last week.

At the second annual celebration of



### "WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF"—NINETEEN-SIX?

[Thoughts on "a Bill for the Better (sic) Government of Ireland."]

THERE was an Isle all green and fair  
Where milk and whisky used to flow,  
Where, thanks to lavish legislators,  
The pious cult of pigs and taters  
Filled with content the balmy air—  
Eight little years ago!

Distressful she had been, a land  
Of kine curtailed and burning ricks,  
Until we others oped our purses  
To rectify her fendal curses  
And freed the soil with generous hand—  
Prior to nineteen-six.

Though still the casual moonlight raid  
Occurred at seasons, just for joy,  
New brands of owners, fat and thriving,  
Had lost their use for cattle-driving,  
And agitation's artful aid  
Pined for its old employ.

Then came the Liberals in and eyed  
This land where Peace had poised her wings;  
And "O!" said they, "how sad a smutch on  
Our clean United Kingdom's 'scutcheon!  
It is our duty to provide  
A Better State of Things."

Eight years ago! And now we see  
The dogs of war about to bay;  
The Bill for Ruling Ireland Better  
(Strangely enough) has so upset her  
That pretty soon there ought to be  
The DEVLIN's self to pay.

So, when the general atmosphere  
Becomes opaque with flying bricks,  
And those who ran the Home Rule movement  
Bid me applaud this marked improvement,  
From pure politeness I shall fear  
To speak of nineteen-six. O. S.

### BUSINESSFRIENDSHIP.

HAVE you heard from ——— this year? Mine came last night. Of course (to keep it among ourselves) I am not going to say who ——— is beyond mentioning (for the purpose of handy reference) that he appears to have been christened Josef and that the capital from which he writes (or alleges that he writes) is associable with a high standard of musical comedy. His communication is very much underlined, very profuse of the mark of exclamation in quite unnecessary places (until, indeed, the sign begins to assume an absolutely satirical value), and very ornate with little amputated hands, all pointing out the short cut to illimitable wealth. Now you understand.

The envelope was addressed, as Josef himself assures me that his future communications will be, "in the most discreet manner," and yet . . .

"Put it into the waste-paper basket, my dear," I said to Philippa, who had brought it in with some curiosity. "We need not open it. It is only Josef offering us another fortune." Need I say that she at once opened it?

My address, according to Josef, had been given to him "by a mutual businessfriend." This threw me into a

contemplation. Who could it be? Spraggs had certainly toured the capitals of Central Europe last autumn, but he never mentioned Josef on his return. Harris? Well, one would scarcely call Harris a businessfriend. Filmer? No, Filmer is too selfish, I fear, to do me so good a turn. Ah, of course! Kelly, dear old burly rubicund Kelly, with his unfailing memory for an address and his delightfully abbreviated style. And he goes everywhere too: the very man. I can almost hear him saying it: "Then there's Johnson, my staunch old businessfriend Johnson, whom I can trace right back as far as my impressions of 1912; mustn't leave him out. I think I can—yes, I have it: John Fdk. Johnson, 72, Chestnut Av., Mayfield Pk., S.W. You've got that?" Josef has it.

Josef, it appears, possesses a few tickets, and I gather that for some reason he does not require all of them himself. Naturally he turns to the friend of our mutual businessfriend. Will I participate in the distribution of "many, many million within five months?" The first prize is one—but perhaps I had better express it as Josef loves to do. The first prize is

### One Million crs.

The chance, he goes on to say, is "without any risk worth mentioning." Still, he does mention it. He mentions it quite explicitly so that there shall be no mistake. The risk is as follows:—

1/4 Ticket sh 8/6.

1/2 Ticket sh 17/.

1/1 Ticket sh 34/.

"All tickets forwarded (paid for) belong to the customer," I am assured, "from the moment of dispatch and play, of course, on his account."

I fancy I see what Josef means, but I don't think that the expression, "play, of course, on his account," is altogether well chosen. I think it might have been phrased more felicitously.

You will not be surprised to know that Josef's interest, stimulated by our mutual businessfriend, goes beyond my mere personality. He reminds me—Philippa is quite affected by this—that there are others. "The astonishing advantages . . . must induce to serious consideration anyone who is looking after his own welfare, and that of those near and dear to him as well." Yet Josef can be almost stern when there is occasion, and he tersely warns me that it is a chance which "probably never will be offered to you again!" Ah, well.

I suppose that I shall give a miss as usual. It isn't that I doubt a single word of Josef's splendid optimism on my behalf. It isn't that I really mind the always, to me, inexplicable fact that every second ticket is guaranteed to draw a prize, while the *lowest* prize is double the amount charged for the ticket. It isn't (altogether) that I distrust Philippa's rosy presentiment. I think it is the concluding paragraph that settles it. I read:—

Will you become

### A Millionaire?

Fill out this Order-Form and send it to me by return of post with the necessary remittance!

That last and entirely superfluous note of exclamation seems only to be adequately vocalised as a chuckle. And as I listen it does not seem to be myself that is laughing.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is already using his influence with the new WAR MINISTER. In the Army Orders for March, 1914, we read:—

"Paragraph 55, line 4. For '4d.' substitute '9d.'"





## THE CONCERT OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE MEDIATORS. "PARDON, MADAM, BUT YOU HAVE HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE OF THIS KIND OF THING. HOW DO YOU DO IT?"

EUROPA. "OH, WE JUST TALK AND TALK—AND THEN TALK!"









First Player (encouragingly). "BAD LUCK! WELL TRIED!"

Second Player (petulantly). "I DIDN'T TRY FOR ANYTHING."

## THE PIERCING OF THE VEIL.

"I THINK," says Dr. LYNCH in *The Daily Chronicle*, "that a man leaves some trace of himself in every sentence that he writes. What then of works so extensive as Shakspeare's? Certainly we should see him through and through if we only knew how to look."

We do know how to look, and we have done so with results that can hardly fail to astonish the reader. It has long been known, for instance, that SHAKSPEARE was a good man of business, but until our researches no one had realised quite how good. His theatre had to pay, and he knew as well as any modern manager how to make it do so. That he realised, for instance, the attractions of American dance tunes is evident from his reference to "rags to split the ears of the groundlings" (*Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 2).

Apart from his business SHAKSPEARE had private ambitions. We all know that he applied for a grant of arms, but few are aware that he also stood for Parliament, and, like many another, regretted the expense after it was incurred. "Almost all," he says feelingly, "repent in their election" (*Coriolanus*, Act II., Scene 3). His exact political views are still uncertain, but, at any

rate, we may be sure that he disappointed of the Lords, for he boldly announced the fact in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V., Scene 4, where he says, "One house, one mutual happiness."

But these are serious matters. What of his hours of ease? That he golfed there can now be no manner of doubt. In *The Tempest*, Act IV., Scene 1, he refers to the "short grassed green," and in *Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 2, he earns our respect by the simple statement, "I went round," without any tedious details. Possible the "thousand marks in links" in the first part of *Henry IV.*, Act III., Scene 3, explains this reticence, but, at any rate, he occasionally found one whom he fancied he could beat; witness his remark in *Twelfth Night*, Act II., Scene 3, "Sir Toby, I must be round with you."

And, golf over, he liked his pipe and his glass. The "smoke and lukewarm water" mentioned in *Timon of Athens*, Act III., Scene 6, only needs the addition of a dash of whisky to make an evening any of us might enjoy; and his words in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act I., Scene 2, "We bring forth weeds when our quick minds are still," will find an echo in many a chest. In this connection it might be noted that he took an occasional holiday in France.

That at least seems a reasonable assumption when so keen a smoker cries, as he does in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Scene 1, "I have another bad match."

## A VAGRANT.

THE humble bee  
No skep has he,  
No twisted, straw-thatched dome,  
A ferny crest  
Provides his nest,  
The mowing-grass his home.

The crook-beaked shrike  
His back may spike  
And pierce him with a thorn;  
The humble bee  
A tramp is he  
And there is none to mourn.

O'er bank and brook,  
In wooded nook,  
He wanders at his whim,  
Lives as he can,  
Owes naught to man,  
And man owes naught to him.

No hive receives  
The sweets he gives,  
No flowers for him are sown,  
Yet wild and gay  
He hums his way,  
A nomad on his own.







## VANDALISM.

THE new proposals with regard to the water supply of the City of Glasgow are causing, we are not surprised to learn, the utmost fury and consternation throughout Scotland. Criticism has concentrated especially upon two points: the imminent risk of submerging ROBERT THE BRUCE'S Stone and, of course, the danger of tampering in however slight a degree with the birthplace of ROB ROY. The passive resistance movement has already assumed such proportions that one enterprising publisher feels justified in announcing a new cheap edition of the "Waverley Novels," illustrated from local photographs.

There is, of course, another side to the question. As far as the stone goes it is contended:—

(1) That no one knows why it should have belonged to ROBERT THE BRUCE, where he got it or what he did with it when he had it.

(2) That the fact of its being under water would not impair its value in any way and at the same time would give an historical flavour to every glass of mitigated whisky thereafter drunk in the City of Glasgow.

(3) That it could very easily be shifted a bit up the hill if it is desired to keep it dry, and a small permanent umbrella erected over it.

With regard to ROB ROY'S birthplace the contention is that it is practically impossible to construct a new reservoir in these days anywhere north of the Tweed which will not interfere in some way with one or other of the places where ROB ROY was born.

It is not only Scotchmen, however, who have been touched to the quick by this irreverent and thoughtless proposal. The whole literary profession is up in arms. A memorial is being prepared to be presented to the PRIME MINISTER, under the heading, "Hands off ROB ROY!" Mr. PUNCH himself has not been idle in the matter. He has spent the last week in eliciting the opinions of some of our leading writers on this vital question.

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN (in a charming, if rather discursive, letter of 32,000 words) demands legislation. "Who knows," he asks, "to what lengths this modern craze for water supplies may go? It is even possible that, within a century, attempts may be made to submerge that delightful little cottage in the county of Essex where Ghost met Ghost."

MR. BERNARD SHAW, interviewed on his doorstep, derided the action of the Glasgow Corporation. No amount of water, he told our representative, could



Customer. "THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL CHOP, WAITER, THE BEST YOU'VE EVER —"

Waiter. "YER, AN' I WON'T 'ARE COP NOTHING. THAT WAS THE BOSS'S CHOP WHAT I'VE GIV YOU IN MISTAKE."

have the least effect in making our modern cities less beastly than they were. For his part, however, he was taking no risks. He had that morning arranged for the erection of a spiked iron fence twenty feet high round the (supposed) birthplace of *Eliza Doolittle*.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT writes: "I have every sympathy with the widespread indignation of my fellow-authors, but personally I am not very closely concerned. My position is secure: no one is likely to tamper with the Five Towns in an attempt to improve their washing facilities."

"Might I suggest to the learned pundits of the House of Lords, if it is not too late," writes Mrs. FLORENCE BARCLAY, "that a writer who, in his day, enjoyed such a circulation as that of Sir WALTER SCOTT—this is, of course, fundamentally a question of circulation—is not to be treated in this cavalier

fashion? For oneself, whatever fate may be in store for the precious local associations of one's past work, it is fortunately possible to make the future secure. I am laying the scene of my new romance, of which the fifth chapter is almost completed, on the top of an inaccessible hill."

MR. H. G. WELLS points out that there is no particular need in his case to take action. He hopes that by the day when the conditions in time and space of his latest novel come into being every household in the country will be supplied with its own water by a process of filtered absorption from the atmosphere.

It is anticipated that something definite will be done by the special committee of the Authors Society which has been appointed with the view of extending the law of copyright so as to secure the author's undoubted property in his local associations.



## BILLET DOUX.

MONDAY'S breakfast is never a jovial affair. One always has the feeling that something dreadful has happened or is going to happen. Thus, three days ago I had with a light heart handed over my practice to a locum and my books to an accountant, telling the one to look up my bad patients and the other to look up my bad debts, while I went away to end the week with the Wrefords. Twelve hours ago it had seemed that I should never know such happiness in this world again as I had found with them, and here we all were on Monday morning with everything changed, Mrs. Wreford sulking in bed and Wreford displaying a polite but firm hatred of me and all the world. In this case my feeling was that something dreadful was happening.

"Mornin', Wreford," said I, as I took my place at table.

"Mornin', Everall," he grunted, barely looking up from his letters, and that seemed to end the dialogue. When, however, one's host is also one's most valuable patient, there is call for a special effort. He had all the correspondence, I had none; in an emergency this suggested itself as a matter of comment.

"To me," I said chattily, "things seem to be just as badly managed at the Post Office as they were in SAMUEL'S time."

"Was there a post office in those days?" he asked, without noticeable enthusiasm.

"The SAMUEL; HERBERT," I explained, and that again seemed to end it.

After a pause, "However," I said kindly, "you enjoy your letters and I will find what consolation and company I can in a poached egg."

"Enjoy?" asked Wreford. "But you are being sarcastic, no doubt."

"Only panel doctors can afford to be that," I murmured.

Wreford's first letter appeared to pain him, and he looked at me sternly, as if the evils of this life were all my fault. Then he unbent a little.

"Tell me, Everall," said he, "have you enjoyed your little visit to us?"

The question took me by surprise but it was, at any rate, one to be answered in the affirmative.

"And you are proportionately grateful?" he pursued.

I protested, somewhat lamely, that I most certainly was.

"Gratitude, it seems," said he, "may express itself in the most odd manner."

"Mine," I replied stiffly, "will express itself in the customary letter."

"What, another?" he asked, adding, after a pause, "Do you refer to the note

which your solicitors will write me forthwith and charge me three-and-sixpence for?"

I thought deeply but was baffled. "It is full early in the morning for the cryptic and abstruse," I said.

Wreford sighed as he slowly folded up his letter and put it in its envelope. "It is the one moment in the week," he explained, "when the very worst must be expected."

I begged him to elucidate the position.

"Suppose," said he, "you had invited a man to stay with you for the week-end, had motored him down from town on the Friday night and given him dinner and a nice big bed, and on Saturday more meals and more bed, and on Sunday still more meals and still more bed, and on the Monday morning a nice yellow - and - white poached egg all to himself."

"I quite appreciate all that," said I.

"And suppose, while he was still sitting at your table and working his way through the bit of toast where the egg once sat, you received a letter from him."

"A letter from me?" I cried.

"You said your thanks would be expressed in a letter, but the promptitude of it has surprised even yourself, hasn't it? I should have received it yesterday, but that there is no Sunday post, happily."

"You remember I said I was very grateful," said I, still not understanding.

"And I said that gratitude had a queer way of expressing itself sometimes," said he, handing over the letter at last. "Read it aloud," he added; "I find the style original."

"Harley Street, W. 25th April, 1914," I read. "Thomas Wreford, Esquire, debtor to John Everall. For professional services, 1912 to 1913, thirty-eight guineas."

"Go on," he said. "The postscript is where your gratitude becomes the most exuberant."

"Your attention will oblige," I finished.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked with a smile.

"I prefer not to," said I, also smiling tentatively.

There was a silence. "However," said Wreford eventually, "let us say no more about it." At this my smile became firmer and more expansive. "Let us agree," he said significantly, "to let bygones be bygones."

My smile died out suddenly, as smiles do on a Monday morning.

"In practice yesterday Mr. Hilton did 72 in a three-hole match."

*Liverpool Daily Post.*

We must challenge him at once.

## HIGHWAY LOOT.

Ah! the lapse of courtly manners,  
Ah! the change from knighthood's  
code

Since the day when oil and spanners  
Ousted horseflesh from the road!

This I realised most fully  
Last week-end at Potter's Bar  
When a beetle-flattening bully  
Held me up in Laura's car.

"Where," I shouted, "are the graces,  
Officer, of days long dead?  
Never mind how hot our page is,  
Conjure up the past instead;  
Dream of chaises and postilions,  
Turnpike bars that ope and shut;  
Try to get some more resilience  
Into your confounded nut.

"Blooms are bursting in the covers  
Even as they burst to-day  
(Not to mention tyres); two lovers  
Post to Scotland, let us say;  
Sudden from the hedge comes TURNPIKE,  
Pistols cocked and debonair;  
Both the horses stand up perpen-  
dicularly in the air.

"What occurs? The gallant caitiff,  
Noticing the swain is poor  
(Courtesy with him is native,  
Not like you, suburban boor),  
Bows, and says in accents sunny,  
'Pass along, Sir—make good speed;  
I'm convinced you've got no money  
And I do not want your bleed.

"Sweet be Maytime to your noses;  
Short is life, but love is sweet,  
There's a city man named MOSES  
Whom I've simply got to meet;  
On you go, you two young larkers;  
Then he bids his Jew disgorge  
Or reserves his brace of barkers  
For the coach of D. LLOYD GEORGE.

"Such the good high Toby fashion;  
Surely in your bosom stirs,  
Constable, a like compassion  
For our two poor cylinders;  
All we have is vile and shoddy;  
See that low-hung touring brute—  
There's a bonnet! there's a body  
Worthy of a road-knight's loot!"

Thus I spake; but, still phlegmatic,  
Imperturbable and stout,  
Rendering Doric for my Attic,  
Robert pulled his note-book out;  
Said, "Me dooty is me dooty,"  
And retiring to his trench  
Pondered further schemes of booty  
For the footpads on the Bench.

EVOE.

"The enthusiasm of the people was so great that it was not damped by a real Scotch milk."—*Liverpool Courier.*

When did whisky ever damp the en-  
thusiasm of a Scotch crowd?



## ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



393

Harlequin. "NEVER MIND, MY DEAR; I'LL HAVE A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO THE LIMELIGHT MAN ABOUT THIS!"



727

THE CARD-SHARPERS.

Near Female. "STOP CHEATING FOR A MINUTE WHILE I GET MY PORTRAIT TAKEN."



1021

A PHANTASY IN THE CENTRAL HALL.—"CAUGHT."



701

A DEADLOCK.

"IF WE GO FORWARD WE'LL GET SUNSTROKE, AND IF WE GO BACK THERE'S A BLIZZARD; SO WE MAY AS WELL STOP WHERE WE ARE AND HAVE OUR PICTURE PAINTED."



350

FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

THE FAMILY OF A WELL-KNOWN STOCKBROKER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION TO PRACTISE A LITTLE FIRST-AID, AND INCIDENTALLY GET ON WITH THE WEEK'S WASHING.



529

SINGULAR APATHY OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS DURING AN INVASION.



687

The Sea-Maiden. "CATCH ME!"

The Shrimp-Hunter (regretfully). "I'D LIKE TO, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THIS IS THE CLOSE SEASON FOR MERMAIDS."



813

THE ART OF ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE—A CUBIST PICTURE GETS A PLACE ON THE LINE.



686

YOUTHFUL ATHLETES, WHILE TRAINING FOR THE NEXT OLYMPIC GAMES (THREE-LEGGED RACE), ARE HAMPERED BY THE PRESENCE OF LARGE, FIERCE BIRDS.





*First Territorial.* "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR MANŒUVRES, BILL?"

*Second Territorial (hitherto unacquainted with field-days).* "THANK 'EM WE'VE GOT A NIVY!"

### BELOW THE WEIR.

BEYOND the punt the swallows go  
Like blue-black arrows to and fro,  
Now stooping where the rushes grow,  
Now flashing o'er a shallow;  
And overhead in blue and white  
High Spring and Summer hold delight;  
"All right!" the black-cap calls, "All  
right!"

His mate says from the sallow.

O dancing stream, O diamond day,  
O charm of lilac-time and May,  
O whispering meadows green and gay,  
O fair things past believing!  
Could but the world stand still, stand  
still

When over wood and stream and hill  
This morn's eternal miracle  
The rosy Hours are weaving!

Eternal, for I like to think  
That mayflowers, crimson, white and  
pink,  
When I am dust the boughs shall prink,  
On days to live and die for;  
That sun and cloud, as now, shall veer,  
And streams run tumbling off the weir,  
Where still the mottled trout rolls clear  
For other men to try for.

I like to think, when I shall go  
To this essential dust, that so  
I yet may share in flowers that blow,

And with such brave sights mingle,  
If tossed by summer breeze on high  
I'm carried where the cuckoos cry  
And dropped beside old Thames to lie  
A sand-grain on a shingle.

Meanwhile the swallows flash and skim  
Like blue-black arrows notched and  
trim,

And splendid kingcups lift a brim  
Of gold to king or peasant,  
And 'neath a sky of blue and white  
High Spring with Summer weaves  
delight;

"All right!" the black-cap calls, "all  
right!"

And life is very pleasant.

### THE LANGUAGE OF COLOUR.

"My dear Clarice," I said, "I may  
say, in the circumstances, my very dear  
Clarice, I like being engaged—to you,  
that is; no, I've never been engaged  
before—but I don't see the sense of  
getting married. Even the State seems  
to deride the idea of our union."

"What do you mean?" said Clarice.  
"I'm almost alarmed. Have they  
discovered that you suffered from  
toothache as a boy?"

"It isn't," I said, "a question of  
eugenics. I was at Somerset House  
to-day getting a copy of my birth  
certificate, and——"

"They surely didn't say anything  
about our engagement at Somerset  
House. I didn't suppose they even  
knew of it," said Clarice.

"Ill news travels apace," I said.  
"But that by the way. I was about to  
say that red is a noble colour. It is a  
bold, a striking colour. A day on which  
a great event occurs is called 'a red  
letter day.' Black, on the other hand,  
may mean nothing, or it may denote  
sadness."

"Why this going off at a tangent?"  
said Clarice. "Why this dissertation  
on colours?"

"I say, that's a good word—I mean  
that long one just near the end. Did  
you really learn it, or did you merely  
come by it? But, as I was saying, red  
is a colour used for indicating notable  
events. The State considers a birth  
is a notable event. Birth certificates  
are printed in red."

"And death certificates," said Clarice,  
"in black, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "a delicate hint that  
the State feels sad."

"And marriage certificates?" asked  
Clarice.

"Ah!" I said, "that's the strange  
thing. Nothing may be implied really,  
but it is significant that they print  
them in——"

"Purple?" said Clarice eagerly.

"Verdant green," I said.





### THE NEW SHYLOCK.

MR. REDMOND. "LOOK HERE, I UNDERSTOOD YOU WERE TO GET ME MY FULL POUND OF FLESH!"

MR. ASQUITH (*his counsel*). "YES, YES, I KNOW: BUT IT RATHER LOOKS NOW AS IF WE MIGHT HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THREE-QUARTERS."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, May 11.*

—For a while PRIME MINISTER's protest against inordinate questioning, his announcement of determination not to take part in further shorter catechism more or less distantly related to the "plot" and the "coup," had wholesome effect. As he stated, since the plot was discovered he had made seven hundred replies to friendly inquiries. A Member below Gangway to his right added the seven hundred and first. Wanted to know whether it is true that the argumentative questions crowding the notice paper are the product of a factory in the neighbourhood of Parliament Street, presided over by an official whose name suggests that he has been "made in Germany." Expeditiously turned out, as from a sausage machine, is it true that they are nicely sorted and distributed among Members of the Opposition, who in turn pelt the PREMIER with them?

After brief lull epidemic breaks out afresh. Twenty-three Questions addressed to PRIME MINISTER to-day appear on printed paper. As each, with the aid of semi-colons, represents two, three, occasionally five distinct queries they reach aggregate of half a hundred. This not counting Supplementaries.

Happily the PREMIER is incomparable master of the rare art of brief reply, wherein he presents pleasing contrast to the manner of his old master, GLADSTONE. Had he chanced to be Premier when the Fourth Party were struggling into notoriety their task would have been more difficult, their triumph delayed if not unattainable.

When GRANDOLPH, WOLFF and GORST, with PRINCE ARTHUR looking on, set themselves to "draw GLADSTONE," as was their custom of an afternoon, that astute personage became as a child in their hands. GRANDOLPH led off with a question, to which long reply was made. WOLFF, profusely grateful for the right hon. gentleman's courtesy, shunted the PREMIER on to another track, along which he cheerfully sprinted. Then came JOHN O' GORST. With the subtlety of a trained but not practising barrister he put a third question, drawing a third speech. Thus merrily sped a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, deferring by so much the progress of public business.

ASQUITH's share in the conversation at the Question hour



MR. LLOYD GEORGE REGARDS MR. BALFOUR'S ATTITUDE AS BELLICOSE.

"If every conciliatory offer put forward by the Government is to be treated in the spirit displayed by the right hon. gentleman, that is the way to promote civil war."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

is based on a familiar Biblical injunction. It is largely composed of "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay." In the case alluded to, wherein the Fourth Party gave play to their insatiable desire for information, he would have replied to GRANDOLPH, "Yes, Sir;" to WOLFF, "No, Sir." Had he been exceptionally lured into verbosity he might have gone as far as to

say, "The answer is in the negative," or "in the affirmative," as the case might be. As for JOHN O' GORST, he would have referred him to a speech made on a particular preceding date, "to which I have nothing to add."

*Business done.*—LLOYD GEORGE further explains his Budget. Resolutions founded thereupon agreed to.

*Tuesday.*—What at outset promised to be businesslike debate verging on dullness suddenly leapt into flame and fury, signifying angry passion stirred by Home Rule Bill. In studiously moderate speech PREMIER moved resolution identical with that adopted last year, whereby Committee stage of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment and Plural Voting will be forgone. Pointed out that Committee stage is designed for purpose of providing opportunity of amending Bills. Since under Parliament Act none of these measures can be amended in the Commons, what use to go into Committee on them?

Being in increasingly businesslike mood PREMIER went a step further. Abandoned proposal to submit and discuss "suggestions" to Home Rule Bill. Authoritatively announced by WALTER LONG and others that the Lords are predetermined to throw it out on second reading. What use then to formulate and discuss suggestions



THE BILL AND THE AMENDING BILL.

Nurse ASQUITH. "Now, take the powder like a good boy."

Master BONAR LAW. "Where's the jam?"

Nurse ASQUITH. "Oh, that comes later."

Master BONAR LAW. "Well, I want to see it now. What's it made of?"

Nurse ASQUITH. "I must have notice of that question."



that could be dealt with by the Lords only in subsequent Committee? Finally announced intention of getting Bill through all Parliamentary stages before Whitsuntide, placing it on Statute Book by automatic process of Parliament Act. Will then bring in Amending Bill dealing with Ulster.

It was PRINCE ARTHUR who roused crowded House from chilled condition following upon douche of this application of ordinary business principles to legislative procedure. In best fighting form. Stirred to profoundest depths of scorn for actual working of that detested statute, the Parliament Act.

"We are," he said, amid strident cheers from Opposition, welcoming their old captain back to the fighting line, "asked to force through under the Parliament Act a Bill which by hypothesis requires amendment. What is worse than that is that we are to be compelled to read it a third time and to part with it while we know that it is to be amended, but while we have not the smallest conception in what respects or in what way." Insisted that before Home Rule Bill is added to Statute Book Parliament should know in what points it would be amended. "Let us have the Amending Bill first."

PRINCE ARTHUR having stirred the embers of slumbering fire, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER vigorously fanned them.

"If," he said, "every conciliatory offer put forward by the Government is to be treated in the spirit displayed by the right hon. gentleman, that is the way to promote civil war."

Hereupon storm burst over Opposition quarters. Shouts of "Shame!" and "Liar" hurtled through the suddenly heated atmosphere. The CHANCELLOR's attempt to proceed with his speech baffled by continuous cry, "Withdraw! Withdraw!" At length SPEAKER interposed with suggestion that the CHANCELLOR had been misunderstood. Claimed for him the right of explanation. This conceded, LLOYD GEORGE pointed out that what he had meant to say was that argument such as that forthcoming from Front Opposition Bench, making it difficult for the Government to submit proposals of peace, would have effect of promoting civil war.

PRINCE ARTHUR naturally falling into "old style" of House of Commons debate, not only frankly accepted explanation but chivalrously took upon himself blame of the outbreak, which he said "apparently arose from an unfortunate expression of mine." Ended with pretty turn of grave satire that greatly pleased the House.

After this, debate quietly proceeded

to appointed end, everyone mutely invoking

Blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love  
And kiss again with tears.

*Business done.*—PREMIER's resolution carried by 276 votes against 194. Majority 82. House of Lords by common consent passed second reading of useful little Bill for protection of grey seals threatened with extinction by mercenary sportsmen.

*Thursday.*—Remarkable how SHAKESPEARE (or was it BACON?) wrote not only for all time but for all circumstance. The marvel came to light again in scene in House yesterday.

Writing of the time of *Romeo and*



MR. ROWLAND HUNT IN HIS BEST FORM.

"I don't know [laughter] what honourable Members [renewed laughter] are laughing about [loud and prolonged laughter]."

Juliet SHAKESPEARE reports dialogue between two fighting men of the houses of *Capulet* and *Montague*. Meeting *Sampson* in a public place in Verona, *Abram* truculently asks, "Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?"

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, Sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

*Sam.* (aside, to his comrade Gregory). Is the law on our side if I say ay?

*Greg.* No.

*Sam.* No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb."

KINLOCH-COOKE, having put question to WEDGWOOD BENN, following it up by two supplementary inquiries, put a third when the SPEAKER interposed. Shrugging his shoulders in silent protest against this tyranny KINLOCH-COOKE resumed his seat.

Said the SPEAKER sternly, "It is no good shrugging your shoulders at me."

This is prosaic account of incident

given in this morning's papers. Refer to *Hansard* and see how it runs.

*SPEAKER.* Do you shrug your shoulders at me, Sir?

KINLOCH-COOKE. I do shrug my shoulders, Sir.

*SPEAKER.* Do you shrug your shoulders at me, Sir?

KINLOCH-COOKE (aside to WINTERTON). Is there anything in the Standing Orders that forbids my shrugging my shoulders at the SPEAKER?

WINTERTON (who is training for *Speakership* and has them all by heart). Yes.

KINLOCH-COOKE. No, Sir, I do not shrug my shoulders at you, Sir; but I shrug my shoulders.

*SPEAKER.* Order! Order!

*Business done.*—Another plot that failed. For some weeks Opposition have not attempted to snap a division. Ministerialists, lulled into sense of security, off guard. Secret preparations sedulously made for trapping them this afternoon. Questions over, division challenged on formal motion. Ministerial Whips awake in good time to emergency. Urgent messages had been sent out to their men by telephone and special messengers. Arrivals watched with feverish interest. Ministerialists hurriedly drop in by twos and threes, presently by tens. ILLINGWORTH's massive brow, temporarily seared with wrinkles, smooths out. When, after division, Clerk hands paper to him indicating that ambush has been baffled, hilarious cheer rises from Ministerial benches. Renewed when figures read by the SPEAKER show that the motion is carried by 255 votes against 234.

"Not a high-class game in imperial politics," says SARK. "Rather akin to the humour of making a butter slide on the pavement for the discomfiture of unsuspecting passers-by. But boys will be boys."

## A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

GREAT PERFORMER CONTEMPLATES RETIREMENT.

ONCE more the Atlantic liner has delivered Mr. Bamborough (né Bamberger) back to us, and once more British concert-goers should in consequence rejoice. But their natural jubulations are unfortunately tempered by a momentous announcement which the great violinist made to our representative at Plymouth last week, on the arrival of the *Julius Caesar*, to the effect that he has decided to retire from the active pursuit of his profession. On receiving the news of this national calamity our representative fell into a heavy swoon, and was revived with some difficulty. The thought of the





Small Brother (whose sisters are working for their girl guides' ambulance badge). "COME ON, HERE'S A BIT OF LUCK FOR YOU. I'VE MADE RUPERT'S NOSE BLEED."

permanent withdrawal from public life in his golden prime of the great virtuoso, with his opulent physique, his superbly Mosaic features and his luxuriant chevelure, was altogether too poignantly overwhelming. Let us hasten then to reassure our readers that the blow, though it must inevitably descend one day, is mercifully deferred for a considerable period. To begin with, Mr. Bamborough is under contract to give five farewell tours in the United States at intervals of four years before entering upon the penultimate stage of his severance from the British concert platform. This, which will begin in the autumn of 1934, is likely to continue until the year 1948, when he is booked for an extended tour in Polynesia, Japan, New Guinea and Java. On his return to England in 1950 he proposes to give sixty farewell recitals at intervals of three months, culminating in a grand concert at the Albert Hall.

"And then," mused the illustrious artist, "farewell to the platform for ever!—I find it hard indeed to realise that the concert-going public and I by that time will have been intimate friends for more than seventy years, but so it will be, for I was only nine when I made my first appearance in London,

in a velvet knickerbocker suit with pearl buttons and a Fauntleroy collar. Still, it will all make a lovely retrospect for me, and when I finally retire it will be with a heart very full of gratitude to my generous friends in all four hemispheres of the globe."

"And after that?" suggested our representative, now partially restored by these reassuring tidings.

"After that—literature," was the emphatic reply. "I have already signed a contract with Messrs. Goodleigh and Champ to write my *Reminiscences* in the form of a *Musical Encyclopædia*. My father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, is giving me valuable assistance in preparing the material, but as he is already sixty-five I cannot, unhappily, count with absolute confidence on his being spared to witness the completion of the work. Still, he is so full of vigour that M. METCHNIKOFF considers his chances of becoming a centenarian decidedly promising. In any case the collaboration of my children, whose filial devotion is only equalled by their talent, is secured, and Mrs. Bamborough, as you know, wields a vivid and trenchant pen. But literature will not occupy all my time. My estancia in the Argentine will need supervision, and I hope to spend an occasional summer

in the Solomon Islands, where the natives are strangely attached to us."

Mr. Bamborough pointed out that Sir JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON, who also returned by the *Julius Cæsar*, had only drawn receipts amounting to £107,000 in a tour of thirty weeks' duration, while he (Mr. Bamborough) had netted no less than £150,000 in a tour lasting twenty-seven weeks and three days. In addition to the receipts in specie, Mr. Bamborough had received several nuggets from the gold miners in Colorado, and a bull moose from Mr. KERMIT ROOSEVELT, while Mrs. Bamborough had been the recipient of of a highly-trained bobolink, and a charming young alligator from the cedar swamps of Louisiana.

Other notable passengers on the *Julius Cæsar* were Miss Topsy Cooney, the famous coloured pianist, who plays only on the black keys and entirely by ear; Little Dinky, the marvellous calculating boy, who does not know the names of the numbers; and Elaine Runnymede, the child contralto, who can only sing the whole tone scale.

#### Commercial Candour.

From a catalogue:—

"Also made in cheaper and better quality models."



## "GRUMPY."

(As it might as well have been.)

### ACT I.—THE CRIME.

Scene—Mr. "Grumpy" Bullivant's library. Enter his grand-daughter Virginia and Mrs. Maclaren.

Mrs. Maclaren. What a remarkable man Mr. Jarvis seems to be, dear—so amusing at dinner! And he writes for *Tiddly Bits*, he tells me. Where did you meet him?

Virginia. Quite accidentally in Hyde Park. He told grandfather a long story about a gold brick, and grandfather was so charmed with him he asked him down at once for the week-end.

Mrs. Maclaren. Such a knowledge of character your grandfather has, love.

Virginia. Yes, but you must remember he used to be the cleverest criminal lawyer of his time. He saw directly that Mr. Jarvis was a nice man.

[Exit.

Enter Ernest Heron and "Grumpy" by opposite doors.

Grumpy (when the audience's delight at seeing Mr. CYRIL MAUDE again has at last been got under). Wow-wow-wow-wow; tut-tut-tut-tut (and other old-gentleman noises). Ah, Ernest, my boy, what are you doing here?

Ernest. Just back from Africa, uncle, with a diamond weighing—I mean costing—ninety thousand pounds in my belt, which I'm taking up to the firm in London. May I sleep here?

Grumpy. Do, my boy. (Enter Mr. Jarvis.) Ah, Mr. Jarvis, let me introduce my nephew, Mr. Heron. He's just back from Africa with a— (To himself) No, perhaps better not. Well, good night to you both. Wow-wow-wow, tut-tut-tut-tut.

[Exit, followed by Mr. Jarvis.

Ernest is left alone with his diamond. Seeing a suspicious shadow at the window he rushes to it and leans out, so as to give anybody a chance of sand-bagging him. The chance going begging, he takes his diamond from his belt to see if it is still there. The only other precaution he can think of is to draw the curtains. At this moment a hand steals through the door and turns out the lights. A terrible struggle in the dark ensues; there is a noise of somebody's larynx going; and then the curtain goes down and up . . . to disclose the body of poor Ernest on the floor. Is he dead? Certainly not; he's got to marry Virginia; but the diamond is gone.

### ACT II.—THE SLEUTH-HOUND.

Time—Next morning.

Grumpy. Tut-tut. Is everything just as it was last night? Very well, then. You say that when you discovered Mr. Ernest he was lying on his back, and in his right hand he was clutching this—what did you call it?

Ruddock (the valet). A dicky, Sir. A detachable shirt-front.

Grumpy. Excellent. Then the first question is—to whom did this—er—richard belong?

Ruddock. Yes, Sir.

Grumpy (musing). Could it have been his own? In the fierceness of the



Grumpy. "Better put the diamond in the safe, my boy. You'll be ruined if anybody steals it."

Ernest. "Yes, but the play will be ruined if nobody does."

Grumpy . . . . . Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.  
Ernest Heron . . . . . Mr. EDWARD COMBEMERE.

struggle might he have torn it off in order to give himself greater freedom? Was he offering it to his assailant as a bribe? Was he—but first we must find if he was wearing one at all. Call Susan.

Enter Susan, the lady's-maid.

Grumpy. Susan, you were the first to see Mr. Ernest when he came in last night. Did you happen to notice if he was wearing a detachable shirt-front, a—h'm—dicky?

Susan. Yes, Sir.

Grumpy. Ah! (He hands her the all-important clue.) Was this it?

Susan (examining it). No, Sir.

Grumpy. Tut-tut, are you sure?

Susan. Yes, Sir; Mr. Ernest's was an india-rubber one. I know, because he said he'd been travelling all day, and he asked me to sponge it for him.

Grumpy. Thank you, Susan. Ruddock, we must find that india-rubber richard. If Ernest has his assailant's shirt-front, what more likely than that his assailant has Ernest's? Probably they exchanged them before the battle, as, you may remember, Glaucus and Diomed did at the siege of Troy.

Ruddock. Yes, Sir.

Grumpy. Every shirt-front we see we must suspect. Let us go and look for some. [Exit.

Enter Jarvis and Virginia.

Virginia. Still in evening dress, Mr. Jarvis?

Jarvis. Yes, I was so busy fetching the doctor last night that I had no time to change. I am going back to London now. (Tenderly) I should like to think you had some little memento of me. (He removes his shirt front.) Keep this and think of me sometimes when you look at it.

Virginia. Oh, Mr. Jarvis! But I must give you something too. (She goes out and returns with one of her grandfather's shirt-fronts.) Wear this in place of the one you have given me—always. [Exit.

Re-enter Grumpy.

Grumpy. Now, Mr. Jarvis, I wonder if you would help me. You were the first to find the body last night. Would you mind lying down in the position in which it lay? It may give me an important clue.

Jarvis. Certainly. (He prepares to lie down.)

Grumpy. Take care, you mustn't crumple your shirt-front. Perhaps it removes? Ah, allow me. (He detaches it and hastily substitutes the other one for it.) Ah, thank you so much. Here is your shirt-front again.

[Exit Jarvis.

Ruddock (eagerly). Is that it, Sir?

Grumpy (examining Jarvis's shirt-front carefully). No, linen, confound it. Ruddock, we must find that india-rubber richard. Who has it? Ah!

CURTAIN.

### ACT III.—TRAPPED.

Scene—Jarvis's rooms in London.

Keble (his man). Terrible thing that assault on Mr. Heron, Sir.

Jarvis. Yes, terrible.

Keble. I hope they don't suspect me of it, Sir.

Jarvis. Why on earth should they suspect you?

Keble. Well, I was known to be jealous of Mr. Heron, Sir. I found Susan sponging his shirt-front, and Susan and I are as good as engaged.



Jarvis (mildly interested). How can you sponge a shirt-front?

Keble. It was an india-rubber one, Sir; they sponge off quite clean, and save the laundry bill, Sir. My—

Jarvis. Good Heavens, I'm ruined! Enter Isaac Wolfe, his partner. Exit Keble.

Wolfe. Got the diamond, my boy?

Jarvis (moodily). Yes . . . I'm done for; I must leave the country.

Wolfe. What d'you mean? You've got the diamond?

Jarvis (rapidly). I throttled him in the dark and got the diamond. My shirt-front fell off in the struggle. I noticed one on the floor and picked it up. I thought it was mine. It was his; his had fallen off too; and he was found with mine in his hand.

Wolfe. Well, why did you leave it there?

Jarvis. I thought it was his own—and that, anyhow, as long as we each had one, no one would notice. But his was an india-rubber one!

Wolfe. And that's the one you've got now? Well, burn it.

Jarvis (burying his face in his hands). It isn't! I cannot! I gave it to Miss Bullivant. (Grimly) But I shall get it back again.

CURTAIN.

#### ACT IV.—THE SLEUTH-HOUND'S TRIUMPH.

*The Library again.*

Grumpy. Well, Virginia, and how's Ernest? Better, hey? He ought—Good heavens, child, what's that you've got in your hand?

Virginia. Just a dicky, grandfather.

Grumpy (excitedly). Let me look . . . Virginia, it's an india-rubber one! (Sternly) Where did you get this?

Virginia. Mr. Jarvis gave it to me.

Grumpy. Mr. Jarvis! Aha! (He hides behind the sofa.)

Enter Mr. Jarvis.

Jarvis (to Virginia). I'm afraid my conduct must seem very strange, but I had to come back to see you. I—er—lost the shirt-front you gave me. Could you let me have my own back again? You see, I'm going abroad and I must have one.

Grumpy (popping his head up). Ah, Mr. Jarvis, did I hear you asking for a shirt-front? Allow me to offer you one—an indiarubber one, Mr. Jarvis! (Jarvis blanches.) And the price, Mr. Jarvis, is the diamond in your waistcoat-pocket!

CURTAIN—except that Ernest gets engaged to Virginia first.

Postscript.—On reading this through I feel that it hardly does justice to the clever acting of Mr. MAUDE as an



Pat (leaving hung up an ostrich's egg on the hen-house door). "THERE, YE DEGENERATE LITTLE SPALPENS, LOOK AT THAT AND THRY WHAT YE CAN DO!"

always delightful old gentleman, the excellent support given him by the rest of the company, and the pleasantly exciting melodrama provided for them by Messrs. HORACE HODGES and T. W. PERCYVAL. To all of them my thanks for an entertaining evening.

A. A. M.

From a letter to *The Scotsman* :—

"It goes without saying that when recognising a friend in the street one raises one's hat by the hand removed from that friend."

Of course. But it is proper to return the hand immediately after the little ceremony with a few words of thanks.

"For the latter an excuse must be offered in that he was badly hit on the left hip by the previous ball—a yorker—to that which bowled him."—*Evening News*.

In the over before he had been stunned by a sneak.

*The Yorkshire Daily Observer* on the income tax :—

"A Bradford widow has been left with five children under 15-years of age. Her income is £300 a year."

Or £3,600 in all. We refuse to be moved by her hard case.

"Miscellaneous Volumes. 10s. per cwt. (No theology.) Theology. 5s. 6d. per cwt."—*Catalogue*.

Money being tight, we are ordering 8 stone 7 lbs. of theology for the drawing-room.

"The Government has introduced another Bill to regulate the sale of milk and the inspection of dairies. This disgracefully dilutory Parliament of ours has been playing with similar Bills for five years."—*Daily Herald*.

The dilutory milkman is really more to blame.



### MEDIATION.

[SCENE—A room at Niagara Falls. The Argentine, the Brazilian and the Chilian mediators are mediating; that is to say, they are sitting on rocking chairs not very close to a large table covered with papers, pens, ink, etc. A deep noise of falling water pervades the air. Out of compliment to Canada the conversation is carried on in English.]

Argentine Mediator. Cold, isn't it?

Brazilian Mediator. Yes, there's a great deal of cold in the atmosphere.

Chilian Mediator. We often get it colder than this in Chili.

(A pause.)

A. M. There's a lot of water coming down.

B. M. Yes, and it keeps coming, too, doesn't it?

C. M. It isn't as noisy as I thought it would be, though.

A. M. Oh, I don't know. It's quite noisy enough.

B. M. Yes, it's very difficult to concentrate one's mind. We've got a waterfall in Brazil which has the same effect. You can't do any work near it. People go there for a rest-cure.

C. M. There are a good many waterfalls in Chili, too, and they make more noise than this one.

(A pause.)

A. M. How long do you think we shall be here?

B. M. A week, or a month, or a year—I don't know.

C. M. It's a dull place, isn't it?

A. M. Yes, it is, dull as ditchwater.

B. M. Dull as a ditchwaterfall. Ha, ha.

C. M. and A. M. (together). Ha, ha. That's capital.

B. M. You fellows must remind me to telegraph that home to Brazil.

A. M. By the way, I see ROOSEVELT has been in Brazil.

B. M. Yes; isn't it awful?

C. M. Discovered a river, hasn't he?

B. M. Something of that sort. He'll discover the world next.

A. M. Anyhow, I'm glad he's not here.

B. M. By Jove, yes. Wouldn't it be dreadful if he were?

C. M. Don't. You make my flesh creep.

B. M. After all, I'm not sure he's worse than WILSON. They're all alike, these Yankees. I've no use for them and their MONROE Doctrine; have you?

A. M. Not the slightest. If they think we're children they'll soon find out their mistake.

C. M. Hear, hear!

(A pause.)

A. M. Anything new from Mexico?

B. M. No. Same old game.

C. M. What's HUERTA up to?

B. M. Sitting tight.

A. M. And what's VILLA doing?

B. M. Oh, he's been capturing Tampico a good deal lately.

C. M. Isn't a fellow called ZAPATA chipping in somewhere?

B. M. Yes, he's having a go too.

(A pause.)

A. M. I say, you men, I've got an idea.

B. M. Out with it, then.

C. M. Yes, let's have it.

A. M. Well, then, suppose we start by saying that HUERTA and WILSON must both be eliminated. That'll please both sides. HUERTA will be tickled to death if

WILSON has to go, and WILSON will be delighted at our backing up his policy. What do you think?

B. M. I can't think at all in this noise.

C. M. Nor can I, but I daresay it's all right.

A. M. I'm glad you like the idea. It's fair to both sides, you see. That's what mediation's for.

(Left mediating.)

### THE BATH UNREST.

My bath awaits me! It contains to-night,

Besides the customary water—stay:

Before I name ingredients, let me say

Exactly who and what I am who write.

(My bath awaits me!) I am known to fame,

First, as a rising music-hall artiste;

But, secondly and chiefly, I'm the beast

Who Puts Things in his Bath. You've met my name.

(My bath awaits me!) People come, you see,

With sample packets of the Lord knows what,

And want me to "endorse" the silly rot.

Well, I "endorse"; receiving £ s. d.

(My bath awaits me!) But I specialise

In baths. I will not "like it in my soup,"

Nor "take five drops before I loop the loop";

Nor will I "find it helps to keep off flies."

(My bath awaits me!) Am I over-nice?

I cannot "thank you for the lovely sox,"

Nor shall "my children quarrel for the box."

I Put It In My Bath. Let that suffice.

(My bath awaits me!) Now, to take the list:

Mustard, by thirteen makers; salt, by six;

Saponica; Shampoona; Sozothrix;

Eau-de-Cologne (nine samples); Bathex; Vrist.

(My bath awaits me!) These and more than these

(I drop the catalogue) in pungent strife,

Stench hard at grips with stench for loathly life,

Yon seething cauldron holds. Excuse a sneeze.

(My bath awaits me!) Why the cauldron? Why

Not desecrate the dustbin? Here's the rub:

All the endorsements specify my tub;

The dustbin is not mentioned. Can I lie?

(My bath awaits me!) So I made a vow,

Soon as the groaning shelf could bear no more,

In one doomed bath to mix 'em. What I swore

I've done. The night of reckoning is now.

My bath awaits me! True. But then I said

Not "use" but "put." Why have my beastly bath?

Bed, too, awaits me; be the bedward path

My choice. I do not Put Things in my Bed.

"The following are good dishes for a small luncheon, not a complete menu, but suggestions for filling one out with those light and tempting dishes which the jaded modern palate so greatly prefers to the solid English cookery of our forefathers."—*Truth*.

That is all very well, but if one really wants filling out these little kickshaws are no good; roast beef and Yorkshire pudding is the thing.

"Folds of net and thick white face lighten the effect of the corsage."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The writer seems keen, but we are not.





### THE SCRUTINEER.

Eliza Jane. "'ERE, THAT LAST ONE DIDN'T SEEM LIKE A FULL SACK TO ME."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Not the least attractive feature in Madame WADDINGTON'S new book, *My First Years as a Frenchwoman* (SMITH, ELDER), is the revelation, undesignedly made, of a keen-sighted, vivacious, exceedingly womanly woman. During her residence in France as the wife of a highly placed Minister she had rare opportunity of watching the progress of historic events from a favoured standpoint behind the scenes. When she married M. WADDINGTON, in later years known to this country as French Ambassador, the National Assembly was sitting at Versailles. THIERS, first President of the Republic, had been overthrown and MACMAHON reigned in his stead. Madame WADDINGTON was brought into personal touch with these statesmen, with their successors, JULES GRÉVY, DE FREYCINET, CARNOT and with their varied *entourage*. Of each she has something shrewd, sprightly and informing to say. While immersed in international politics, perhaps not wholly free from anxious conviction that she was in some measure responsible for their direction, she had a seeing eye for frocks. Frequently, when describing social gatherings at the height of political crises, she stops to tell you how some lady was dressed and how the apparel suited her. Amongst other men of the epoch she has something to say about BLOWITZ, the famous Paris correspondent of *The Times*. It is evident that, without premeditation, he managed to offend the lady. She reports how Prince HORENLOHE expressed a high opinion of the journalist, remarking, "He is marvellously

well-informed of all that is going on." "It was curious," writes Madame, "how a keen clever man like the Prince attached so much importance to anything Blowitz said." For the side-lights which it flashes on high life in Paris at a critical period of the Republic the volume possesses exceptional value.

The subtleties of human motives, the fine problems of temperament, the delicate interplay of masculine logic and feminine intuition, what are these compared to blood, thunder, plots, counter-plots, earthquakes and, from the final chaos, the salvage of the "sweetest woman on earth" effected in the nick of time by a herculean and always imperturbable hero? Mr. FRANK SAVILE is not out to analyse souls. The opening chapter of *The Red Wall* (NELSON) plunges us into a fray, irrelevant to the narrative save in so far as it introduces *Dick Blake* and *Eileen O'Creagh* and removes any possible doubt that might ever have been felt as to their respective merits and their mutual suitability. That preliminary complete, we proceed to the real business of the agenda, and momentous, passionate, nefarious, diabolical, mysterious and incessantly exciting business it is, covering the gamut of private emotions and international complications. In such narratives I demand three things: the first, that my author should combine a graphic (and grammatical) style with the professional knack of imparting an air of probability to his tale; the second, that things should go all wrong in the beginning and come all right in the end; the third, that if any German schemers are involved these should be eventually outwitted. Mr.



SAVILLE has abundantly satisfied me in all particulars; although I incline to carp at the opportuneness with which nature is made to erupt from time to time, and I venture to suggest that men and women never were and are probably never going to be like *Dick* and *Eileen*. The book is, however, of the sort which is to be read and enjoyed but not considered further.

*Joe Quinney*, the curiosity shop man in Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S *Quinneys* (MURRAY), is undoubtedly a "card," not unrelated, I should say, to Mr. BENNETT'S *Machen*. He is an entertaining fellow with his enthusiasms, his truculences, his fluctuating standards of honesty. Mr. VACHELL didn't quite get me to believe in *Joe's* expert knowledge, which indeed seemed to be turned on and off in rather an arbitrary way as the exigencies of the story rather than the development and experience of the character dictated; but he did make me see and like the fellow. *Mrs. Quinney*, that faithful timid soul, is admirably drawn, both in her courtship and her matronly days. But I found *Quinney* a little hypocritical in his denunciation of *Miggott*, the chair-faker, who was not really sailing half so close to the wind or so profitably as *Quinney* and his bibulous friend of a dealer, *Tamlin*. There are some interesting side-lights upon the astonishing tricks of the furniture trade, which are reflected by the authentic experience of the bitten wise. An entertaining and clever book; but why, why should H. A. V. drop from his Hill into the discreditable fellowship of those who have misquoted "honoured in the breach"?



(A nervous individual, having been advised by a specialist that he must undergo an operation, calls upon his own doctor to ask him to administer the anæsthetic.)  
The Doctor (a conscientious practitioner). "WELL! I WILL ADMINISTER THE ANÆSTHETIC, BUT—YOU KNOW, I NEVER LIKE DOING IT. THE JURY ARE ALWAYS DOWN ON THE ANÆSTHETIST."

Anybody can understand how extremely annoying and inconvenient the complete disappearance of a husband would be to a wife after a mere fortnight or so of married existence, before he had even begun to complain of the—well, anyhow that is what happens in *Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES'S* latest novel, *The End of Her Honeymoon* (METHUEN). The *Dampiers* arrive in Paris, a Paris *en fête* and crowded beyond all custom because of the state visit of the TSAR, and are obliged to occupy rooms on different floors of the *Poulains'* hotel. Next morning *Mrs. Dampier* awakes to find herself in the awkward predicament of *Ariadne* on the beach of *Naxos*, with the aggravation (spared to *Theseus'* bride) that the hotel people absolutely deny that she came with a husband at all. A punctilious if sceptical American senator (refreshingly guileless of accent) and his enthusiastic son and daughter take pity on her, and the rest of the book resolves itself into a detective story, saved from conventionality by the pleasantly distinguished style in which the author writes and the intimate knowledge which she appears to possess of the Paris *préfecture de police*. *Gerald Burton*, the young American, not entirely platonic in his solicitude, is baffled; *Salgas*, a famous enquiry agent, is baffled; and I am ready to take very long odds against the reader's

unravelling the mystery, unless he happens to be familiar with a certain legend of the plague (though no plague comes in here). Indeed, it is only a chance conversation in the last chapter that throws light, my dear Watson, on this particularly *bizarre* affair. And what then, you ask, had happened to *Jack Dampier* after all? Ah!

I wonder why it is that so many books about walking tours should be written in much the same style. At least I don't really wonder at all, since it is quite apparent that R. L. S. and *Modestine* are the models responsible for this state of things. And, since the style in itself is pleasant enough, I don't know that any one need complain. What put me upon this reflection was *Vagabonds in Perigord* (CONSTABLE), which, for the modulation of its prose, might almost have been an unacknowledged work of the Master, but is actually written by Mr. H. H. BASHFORD. It concerns the wanderings on foot of certain pleasure pilgrims along the course of the river Dordogne; and is, for those that like such things,

one of the most attractive volumes I have met this great while. I liked especially the author's happy gift of filling his pages with a holiday atmosphere; there is, indeed, so much fresh air and sunshine in them that the sympathetic reader will emerge feeling mentally bronzed. Nor does Mr. BASHFORD lack an agreeable humour of phrase. "Those wonderful three-franc dinners that seem to fall like manna upon France at seven o'clock every evening" is an example that lingers in my memory. Moreover, running through the whole is a hidden joke, and very cunningly hidden too, only to be revealed in the last paragraphs.

Not for worlds would I reveal it here; I content myself with admitting that I for one was entirely fooled. I am less sure whether as a record of travel the book tempts to emulation. The drawbacks are perhaps too vividly rendered for this—heat and thirst through the flaming June days, and by night not wholly unbroken repose. But I am delighted to read about it all.

BRAM STOKER, whose too early cutting off saddened a wide circle of friends, was the Fat Boy of modern writers of fiction. He knew how to provide opportunity in fullest measure for making your flesh creep. A series of stories named after the first, *Dracula's Guest* (ROUTLEDGE), is a marvelous collection of weird fancies wrought with ingenuity, related with graphic power, that come as near EDGAR ALLAN POE as anything I am acquainted with. There are nine, widely varying in subject and plot. I have read them all, and am not ashamed to confess that, finishing one before commencing another of the fascinating series, I found it convenient and agreeable to turn aside for a while and glance over less exciting pages. Not the least marvellous thing about the banquet is that it is provided at the modest charge of a shilling.



## CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that the news of the defeat of MESSRS. TRAVERS, EVANS ("Chick") and OUMET in the Amateur Golf Championship was received by President HUERTA's troops with round upon round of cheering. Frankly, we think it rather petty of them.

The statement in *The Daily Mail* to the effect that about two million pounds have been sunk in the new German liner *Vaterland* is apt to be misconstrued, and we are requested to state that the vessel is still afloat.

There was a fire at the Press Club off Fleet Street last week, but we refuse absolutely to credit the rumour that this was the work of a member anxious that his paper should have first news of the conflagration.

We came across a flagrant example, the other day, of an advertisement that did not speak the truth. Seated on the top of an omnibus were six persons with most regrettable faces. Underneath them was an inscription, which ran the length of the knife-board:—

"THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW."

Persons who are hesitating to visit the Anglo-American Exposition may like to know that the representation of New York there is not so realistic as to be unpleasant.

Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON writes to *The Daily Mail* deploring England's lack of great men. We are sorry that *The Times* should be so shy in using its power to remedy this defect. Letters from the great are always printed by our contemporary in large type. A few promotions might surely be distributed now and then among the small-type men?

A friendly intimation is said to have been conveyed by the Royal Academy to a restaurant in the immediate neighbourhood which advertises an Academy luncheon that its name might with advantage be changed to one of a nature less inciting to Suffragettes. We refer to HATCHETT'S.

Is cannibalism to be Society's latest fad? We notice that somebody's Skin Food is being advertised pretty freely.

The Criterion Restaurant, we see, is advertising a "*Souper Dansant*." Personally we dislike the kind of supper which, when eaten, will not lie down and rest.



*The Patriarch.* "I DON'T BELIEVE THIS 'ERE ABOUT TELLIN' A MAN'S CHARACTER JUST BY LOOKIN' AT 'IS FACE. IT AIN'T POSSIBLE."

It looks, we fear, as if in *Break the Walls Down* the Savoy Theatre has not found a play which will *Bring the House Down*.

The proposal that a "full blue" should be awarded at Cambridge to those who represent the University at boxing was recently considered but not adopted. We should have thought that a "black and blue" would have been the appropriate thing.

Some idea of the heat last week may be gathered from the following order issued by the Cambridge University Officers' Training Corps:—

INTER-COMPANY COMPETITION.

DRESS:—Two pouches will be worn on the right.

A translation is announced of a book by AUGUST STRINDBERG, entitled "*Fair Haven and Foul Strand*." Those of us who remember the Strand of twenty years ago, with its mud baths, will not consider the epithet too strong.

There is, we hear, considerable satisfaction among the animals at the Zoo at the result of a recent competition open to readers of *The Express*. It has been decided that the ugliest animal in the collection is the orang-utan, who resembles a human being more closely than any other animal.

Meanwhile it has been decided, humanely, not to break the news to the orang-utan himself until the weather gets cooler.



## DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

Lines dedicated to the outraged memory of KEATS.

[Two pretty poor sonnets by KEATS have been exposed by a Mr. HORNER and exploited in facsimile, twice over in one week, by *The Times*. In its *Literary Supplement*, where they made their second appearance, we are told with cynical candour that "afterwards, when he had become ashamed of his crowning" (the foolish episode which is the subject of these two sonnets) KEATS "kept them from publication; and Reynolds" (the friend to whom he confided them), "knowing the story, respected his feelings after his death."]

WHAT is there in the poet's human lot

Most beastly loathsome? Haply you will say

An influenza in the prime of May?

Or haply, nosed in some suburban plot,

The reek of putrid cabbage when it's hot?

Or, with the game all square and one to play,

To be defeated by a stymie? Nay,

I know of something worse—I'll tell you what.

It is to have your rotten childish rhymes

(Rotten as these) dragged from oblivion's shroud

Where, with the silly act that gave them birth,

They lay as lie the dead in sacred earth,

And see them, twice in one week, boomed aloud

To tickle penny readers of *The Times*. O. S.

## THE AUDIT.

THIS income of mine, in which the world has suddenly become so interested, must be calculated from the following returns of past years, being the figures supplied privately to Phyllis:—

(1)	guineas.	£
1911-1912. By fees as specialist . . . 113	By occasional papers in Medical Journals . . . 35	
1912-1913. ditto . . . 152	ditto . . . 42	
1913-1914. ditto . . . 203	ditto . . . 37	

(2) My capital is invested in Ordinary Stock, and brings in anything from £50 to £100 a year, in accordance with the varying moods of the directors.

(3) Lastly, I have now bought, out of my earnings, the freehold of the premises in which I carry on my practice. In making out a Balance Sheet this item must be regarded either as a liability or as an asset accordingly as one takes the dark or the bright view of the position. Either I owe myself so much a year for rent of the premises, in which case it is a liability; or else myself owes me so much for rent, in which case it is an asset. Practically speaking it doesn't much matter, because it is a bad debt either way.

Those amongst my (apparently) most intimate friends, who are money-lenders, do not ask for details. They are content to assume the worst and hope for the best. Sir Reginald Hartley and Mr. Charles Dugmore, Assessor of Taxes, the most interested enquirers, are not, however, money-lenders.

Sir Reginald is not naturally an inquisitive man, and his concern for me, in spite of my frequent appearance at his table, had hitherto been limited to my services in getting the port decanter round its circuit. It was I who, when one evening we were doing this alone, led up to the subject.

"Sir Reginald," said I.

He passed the port again, hoping thus to damp down my conversational powers. I, hoping to stimulate them, helped myself.

"Well, what do you want now, my boy?" he asked reluctantly, noting my unsatisfied air.

"I'll tell you what I should like, Sir," said I, "and that's a father-in-law. Would you care for the job?"

Not, I think, entirely with a view to what he himself was

likely to get out of this suggestion, he asked me outright what I was worth. "I don't think," he suggested, "that I could very well let my Phyllis marry anyone with less than five hundred a year, eh?"

I got out paper and pencil, puckered up my brow, and worked out a sum. "I am happy to announce," I said eventually, "that we may put my income on the other side of that figure."

To show my *bona fides*, I set out my sum:—

MY INCOME ('14 to '15):	£
(1) Fees. (To estimate this item it is necessary to take actual figures of last three years, which show an annual increase at the rate of about 33%. The '13 to '14 figure is 203 guineas; add 33% and you get total for '14 to '15, 284 pounds, say . . . . . 300	
(2) Add annual value of professional premises, which is . . . . . 50	
(3) Occasional literature. This is practically a regular stipend, at the fixed figure of (circa) £40. But a happy marriage should promote inspiration. Allowing for same, put this figure at, say . . . . . 51	
(4) Interest on Investments, say . . . . . 100	
GRAND TOTAL (E. & O. E.) . . . . .	£501

These, however, were not the figures I quoted to Charles Dugmore, A.T.

There was no port about him, and still less did he wait for me to introduce the subject. He sent me a sharp note and gave me twenty-one days to answer, in default of which he said he would have the law on me. Still, there is a certain rough kindness even about your Assessor of Taxes; this one enclosed a slip of paper, which he hoped I wouldn't read, but which, when I did read it, suggested to me my middle course of safety. "Work out your income, on lines consistent with honesty, at less than £160, and you've won," it said. With the assistance of the advice it gave, I had no difficulty in doing this; thus:—

MY INCOME ('14 to '15):	£
(1) Trade, Vocation or Profession, A Specialist. (To estimate this item it is necessary to take actual figures of last three years, which show an average of 164 pounds. It is difficult to say how much of this will be nett profit after making allowance for estimated rental of professional premises and other liabilities, but let us give the Inland Revenue the benefit of the doubt and say 50%. 50% of 164 is . . . . . 82	
(2) Ditto, Occasional literature. (This is a fluctuating stipend, at the figure of (circa) 35. But one's inspiration gets exhausted. Allowing for same, and for pens, ink and paper, put this figure at . . . . . 27	
(3) Interest on Investments, say . . . . . 50	
	£159

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ulster may fight and Mexico may be right; nevertheless these things are apt to be forgotten when conversation reverts, as it always does, to My Income.

The sordid subject came up again for discussion when Phyllis and I went to have a preliminary chat with the house-agent.

"You have spoken with eloquence and conviction about reception-rooms, out-houses, railway stations, golf courses and h. and c.," said I, "but sooner or later some one must rise and say a few pointed words about Rent."

"That all depends on what you are prepared to give," he replied. "The rough-and-ready rule is to fix one's rent at a tenth of one's income."

"Yes, but which income?" I asked. "For I have two incomes and I can't afford a separate house for each."

He had no formula for my case and I left him a little later under a cloud of suspicion. Your house-agent is an ill judge of the subtler forms of humour.





## THE COALITION TOUCH.

PREPARING TO RECEIVE BY-ELECTION CAVALRY.

FRONT RANK (to REAR RANK). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ENEMY MAY THINK OF YOUR PIKE, BUT PERSONALLY IT INCOMMODOES ME!"









"VERY SORRY, SIR; BUT I'M AFRAID I'VE MADE A SMALL CUT ON YOUR CHIN."  
 "AH! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A SHARP PATCH ON THE RAZOR."

### THE COLONEL TALKS.

THE great hunter and explorer received us with profound affability. Thinner he may be, but his terrible privations in the perilous back blocks of Brazil have left his dazzling bonzoline smile unharmed. Every one of the powerful two-and-thirty extended a separate welcome.

"Sit right down," he said.

We sat right down.

"Say, Colonel," we began in the vernacular, "tell us about the river. Some river, ain't it?"

"You are right, Sir," he replied. "It's a river. The Thames, according to your great statesman, Colonel BURNS, is 'liquid history'; my river is——"

"According to SAVAGE LANDOR," we interrupted, "'liquid mystery.'"

The explorer's face fell. "I will deal with him later," he said. "Meanwhile let me tell you, Sir, that this is no slouch of a river. It has all the necessary ingredients of a river. It has banks and a current. There are fish in it. Boats and canoes can progress on

its surface. Twenty-three times did I risk my valuable life in saving boats and canoes that had got adrift. It has rapids. Twenty-eight times did I nearly drown in negotiating them. It has some ugly snags. The ugliest I have called 'Wilson,' the next ugliest, 'Bryan.'"

He stopped for applause and we let him have it.

"It was a great discovery of yours," we said, after he had bowed several times.

"No, Sir," he replied, "let us get that right. It is not my discovery. It is the discovery of Colonel RONDOR."

"Well, you keep it among the colonels anyway," we said.

"In America, Sir," replied the modern Columbus—"in G. O. C., by which I mean God's Own Country—we keep everything among the colonels. But to proceed—it is not my discovery. All that I did was to trace it to its source in order to put it on the map. That is my ambition—the crowning moment of my *ex-officio* life—to put this river on the map. It will mean a

boom in South America at last. They are all out-of-date and new ones must be made."

"And what will you call the river?" I asked.

"I am not sure," he said. "Some want it to be known as the 'Roosevelt,' but that does not please me. The 'Rondor' would be better, or 'The Two Colonels.' Can you suggest anything?"

"Why not 'The Sixty-five'?" we said, "since you lost sixty-five pounds in your travels."

"Good," he said. "I will put the point to Kermet."

"And is that your only triumph," we asked—"the river?"

"Oh, no," he said. "There is a bird too. A new bird, about the size of a turkey."

"Turkey in Europe or Turkey in Asia?" we asked.

He pulled a gun from his belt and stroked it lovingly. There are moments when even an interviewer recognises the dangers of importunity, and this was one.



## ONE OF OUR GREATEST.

## AN INTERVIEW.

It was naturally not without difficulty that I won my way to the presence of so busy and influential a publicist. A man who spends his whole time in instructing the readers of so many different papers in the delicate art of discerning the best and ignoring the rest cannot have much margin for inquisitive strangers.

However, I succeeded in penetrating to his sanctum and, while waiting for the lion to appear, had an opportunity to look round. It was severely furnished—obviously the room of a great thinker. I noticed on the desk, which was covered with paper and note-books, a copy of ROGER'S *Thesaurus* and TAYLOR'S *Natural History of Enthusiasm*. With two such works one can, of course, go far. On the wall were the mottoes, "We needs must love the highest when we see it," and (from *The Bellman*) "What I tell you three times is true." I noticed two portraits also: one was of a delightful grande dame who might have graced a pavane in the days of LOUIS QUINZE, inscribed to her "fellow-worker in the great cause, from Madame de BOCCAGE," and another was the photograph of a gay young Frenchman in English clothes, signed "To mon cher colleague from 'is sincere friend Alphonse." There were also three tele-

phones on the table and several typewriters here and there.

A moment later the wizard came in—a tall scholarly-looking figure, with all the stigmata of the great thinker beneath one of the highest brows in Europe.

"And what," he asked, bowing with perfect courtesy, "can I do for you?"

"I have come hoping for the privilege of an interview," I said.

"But why," he replied with charming diffidence, "should you interview me? Why am I thus honoured?"

"Because you are a very remarkable person," I replied. "You are the only journalist who can contribute the same articles regularly to *The Pall Mall*, *The Westminster* and I don't know to how many other papers besides. That is a feat in itself. You are the only journalist who always has the same subject."

He admitted these fine performances.

"So I should like to ask you a few questions," I continued. "The public

is naturally interested in the personality of so widely read an author. May I know how you obtained your amazing command of words? Your fluency?"

"I have ever made a study of the finest writers," he said. "From MOSES to DE COURVILLE, I have read them all. These studies and constant intercourse with the brainiest Americans I can meet have made me what I am."

"But your certainty in discrimination," I said—"how did you acquire that? Most of us are so doubtful of ourselves."

"I never am," he replied; "I am sure. One thing at a time is my theory. Concentrate on one thing and forget all the rest. In other words, trust to elimination. That's what I do. Having found something that I know to be good I instantly eliminate all thought

"Now and then," I said, "you puzzle me a little. The columns in the evening papers go fairly straight to the point, but you are not always so direct. One now and then has to search for the true purpose of the article."

He bent his fine brows in perplexity.

"As when?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "those third leaders in *The Times*, for example. I often read them without making perfectly sure which department of the great House you are recommending; to which of its varied activities you are drawing particular attention."

He looked more bewildered. "The third leaders in *The Times*?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Don't you write those?"

"No," he replied with emphasis.

"Great Heavens!" I said, "I'm very sorry if I've hurt you. But I always assumed that you did."

The simultaneous ringing of the three telephones warned me that my time was up and I rose to go.

"Good-bye," he said, "good-bye. You know where to go if you want anything, don't you? No matter what it is—ties, socks, dress-suits, scent, afternoon tea, civility, perfection. You know where to go?"—and he bowed me out.

And that is how I met Callisthenes.



"'ARE A MO, CHAWLEY; LET'S WAIT AN' SEE 'IM SIT DOWN.'"

of the existence of rival claimants and concentrate on that discovery and its exploitation."

"Marvellous," I murmured. "And how do you think of all your variations on the one stimulating theme?"

"Ah!" he said, "that is my secret." He tapped his massive forehead. "It wants a bit of doing, but I think I may say that up to date I have delivered the goods."

"You may," I said. "Have you no assistants?"

He flushed angrily and I changed the subject.

"In your spare time——" I began.

"I have none," he said. "I want none."

"But surely now and then," I urged, "after office hours?"

"I never relax," he said. "If I am not writing I am worshipping. I walk up and down on the other side of the street, gazing this way, wondering and adoring."

What a man!

## BLUDYARD.

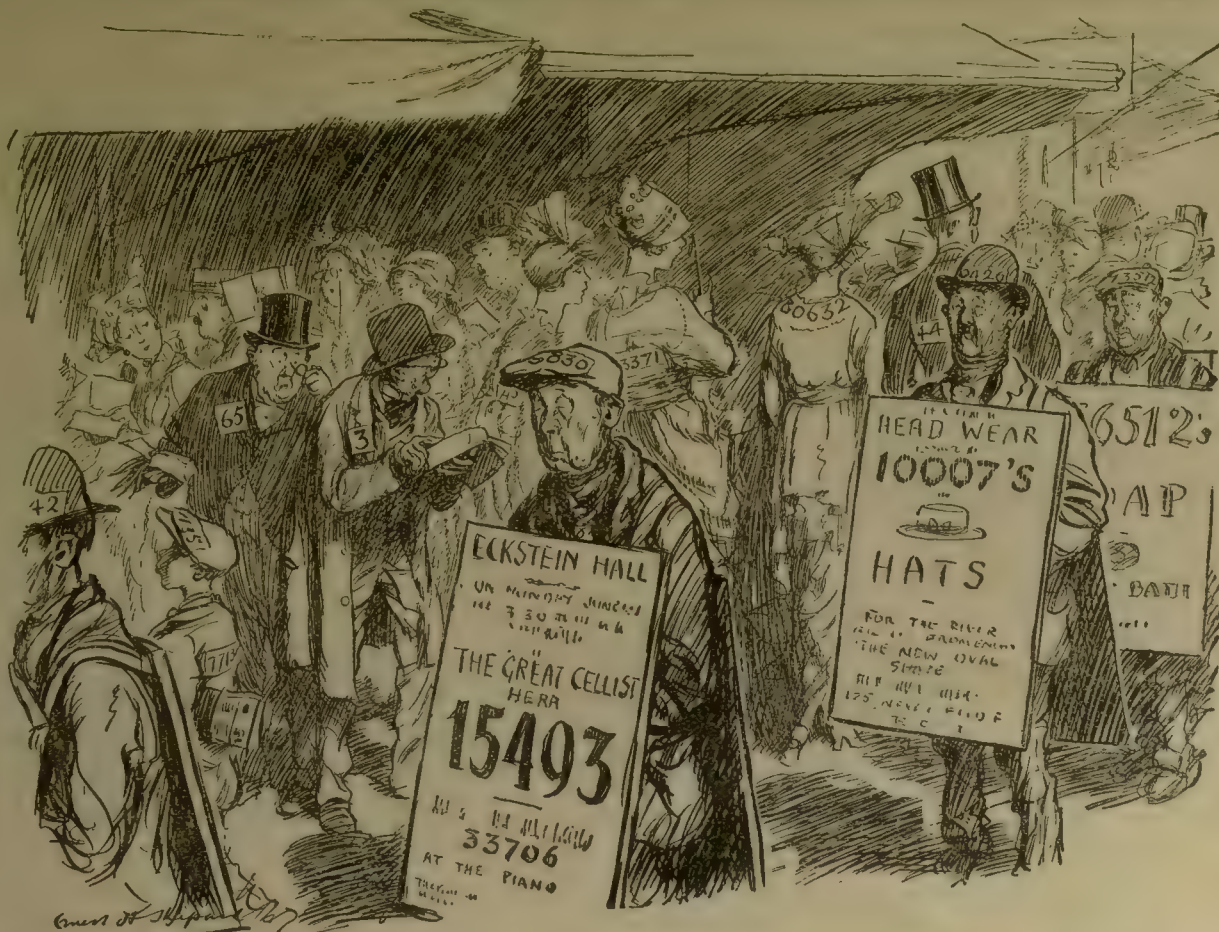
MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S few remarks, made beneath the blue sky of the Empire at Tunbridge Wells, have not yet lost their effect. The famous orator's letter-bag is daily crowded with communications from total strangers who have striven in vain to resist the impulse to tell him what they think of him and his speech.

"I understand from the local paper that you're an author," writes one correspondent from Haggerston; "if you can write like you can speak, your books ought to sell in hundreds."

"Your speech was quite good," writes another, "so far as it went; the only fault I have to find with it is that it was not strong enough, Sir, not strong enough. The blackguards!"

An envelope of pale purple, gently perfumed, contained that well-known work (now in its tenth thousand), "Gentle Words, and How to Use Them. By Amelia Papp." We under-





ACCORDING TO A SCHEME SUGGESTED BY THE ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY EVERYONE SHOULD BE GIVEN A NUMBER AND AN INDEX CARD AT HIS BIRTH. THIS WOULD HELP THE POLICE TO TRACE MISSING PERSONS, PREVENT FRAUDULENT MARRIAGES, ETC. IT WOULD BRIGHTEN THE SCHEME IF EVERYBODY WAS COMPELLED TO WEAR HIS NUMBER IN A CONSPICUOUS POSITION, AND IF A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE WAS ISSUED.

stand that the receipt of this famous pamphlet had a tremendous effect upon Mr. KIPLING.

The speech has put courage into the heart of a young literary man known to us. "I have long yearned to break away from the weaklings who can do no more than call a spade a spade," he said the other day. "I feel that I now have a master's authority for doing so. In gratitude I can do no less than send Mr. KIPLING a copy of my new book, *The Seven D's*, when it is ready."

"I cannot be too grateful for your impressive speech," wrote a lady from Balham. "For many weeks now I consider that my butcher has been sending joints that are perfectly disgraceful, and I have been quite at a loss to know how to deal with him. But thanks to your great utterance I was able to get together just the words I wanted, and on Tuesday last I sent him *such* a letter. You will be glad to know that Wednesday's shoulder was excellent."

An anonymous correspondent, dating

from a temporary address at Limehouse, has written, "Why don't you come over on our side? You and I together could do great things."

### THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

Get your summer smocks on, ye little elves and fairies!

Put your winter ones away in burrows underground—

Thick leaves and thistledown,

Rabbit's-fur and missel-down,

Woven in your magic way which no one ever varies,

Worn in earthy hidey-holes till Spring comes round!

Get your summer smocks on! Be clad no more in russet!

All the flow'rs are fashion-plates and fabrics for your wear—

Gold and silver gossamer,

Webs from every blossom,

Fragrant and so delicate (with neither seam nor gusset),

Filmily you spin them, but they will not tear!

Get your summer smocks on, for all the woodland's waking,

All the glades with green and glow

salute you with a shout,

All the earth is chorussing

(Hear the Lady Flora sing!—

Her that strews the hyacinths and sets you merry-making),

Oak and ash do call you and the blackthorn's out!

Get your summer smocks on, for soon's the time of dances

Soon's the time of junketings and revellers' delights—

Dances in your pleasaunces

Where your dainty presence is

Dangerous to mortals mid the moon-light that entrances,

Dazzling to a mortal eye on hot June nights!

"APRIL 23, 1914.

350th Anniversary of the birth of William Makepeace Shakespeare."—*Kootenaiian*.

Oliver Wendell Cromwell, the distinguished author-politican, was born much later than the poet-novelist.



### A HANGING GARDEN IN BABYLON.

"ARE you taking me to the Flower Show this afternoon?" asked Celia at breakfast.

"No," I said thoughtfully; "no."

"Well, that's that. What other breakfast conversation have I? Have you been to any theatres lately?"

"Do you really want to go to the Flower Show?" I asked. "Because I don't believe I could bear it."

"I've saved up two shillings."

"It isn't that—not only that. But there'll be thousands of people there, all with gardens of their own, all pointing to things and saying, 'We've got one of those in the east bed,' or 'Wouldn't that look nice in the south orchid house?' and you and I will be quite, quite out of it." I sighed, and helped myself from the west toast-rack.

It is very delightful to have a flat in London, but there are times in the summer when I long for a garden of my own. I show people round our little place, and I point out hopefully the Hot Tap Doultonii in the bath-room, and the Dorothy Perkins loofah, but it isn't the same thing as taking your guest round your garden and telling him that what you really want is rain. Until I can do that the Chelsea Flower Show is no place for us.

"Then I haven't told you the good news," said Celia. "We *are* gardeners." She paused a moment for effect. "I have ordered a window-box."

I dropped the marmalade and jumped up eagerly.

"Celia, my child," I cried, "this is glorious news! I haven't been so excited since I recognised a calceolaria last year, and told my host it was a calceolaria just before he told me. A window-box! What's in it?"

"Pink geraniums and—and pink geraniums and—er—"

"Pink geraniums?" I suggested.

"Yes. They're very pretty, you know."

"I know. But I could have wished for something more difficult. If we had something like—well, I don't want to seem to harp on it, but say calceolarias, then quite a lot of people mightn't recognise them, and I should be able to tell them what they were. I should be able to show them the calceolarias; you can't show people the geraniums."

"You can say, 'What do you think of that for a geranium?'" said Celia. "Anyhow," she added, "you've got to take me to the Flower Show now."

"Of course I will. It is not only a pleasure, but a duty. As gardeners we must keep up with floricultural progress. Even though we start with

pink geraniums now, we may have—er—calceolarias next year. Rotation of crops and—and what not."

Accordingly we made our way in the afternoon to the Show.

"I think we're a little over-dressed," I said as we paid our shillings. "We ought to look as if we'd just run up from our little window-box in the country and were going back by the last train. I should be in gaiters, really."

"Our little window-box is not in the country," objected Celia. "It's what you might call a—a *piéd de terre* in town. French joke," she added kindly. "Much more difficult than the ordinary sort."

"Don't forget it; we can always use it again on visitors. Now what shall we look at first?"

"The flowers first; then the tea."

I had bought a catalogue and was scanning it rapidly.

"We don't want flowers," I said. "Our window-box—our garden is already full. It may be that James, the head boxer, has overdone the pink geraniums this year, but there it is. We can sack him and promote Thomas, but the mischief is done. Luckily there are other things we want. What about a dove-cot? I should like to see doves cooing round our geraniums."

"Aren't dove-cots very big for a window-box?"

"We could get a small one—for small doves. Do you have to buy the doves too, or do they just come? I never know. Or there," I broke off suddenly; "my dear, that's just the thing." And I pointed with my stick.

"We have seven clocks already," said Celia.

"But a sun-dial! How romantic. Particularly as only two of the clocks go. Celia, if you'd let me have a sun-dial in my window-box, I would meet you by it alone sometimes."

"It sounds lovely," she said doubtfully.

"You do want to make this window-box a success, don't you?" I asked as we wandered on. "Well, then, help me to buy something for it. I don't suggest one of those," and I pointed to a summer-house, "or even a weather-cock; but we must do something now we're here. For instance, what about one of these patent extension ladders, in case the geraniums grow very tall and you want to climb up and smell them? Or would you rather have some mushroom spawn? I would get up early and pick the mushrooms for breakfast. What do you think?"

"I think it's too hot for anything, and I must sit down. Is this seat an exhibit or is it meant for sitting on?"

"It's an exhibit, but we might easily want to buy one some day, when our window-box gets bigger. Let's try it."

It was so hot that I think, if the man in charge of the Rustic Bench Section had tried to move us on, we should have bought the seat at once. But nobody bothered us. Indeed it was quite obvious that the news that we owned a large window-box had not yet got about.

"I shall leave you here," I said after I had smoked a cigarette and dipped into the catalogue again, "and make my purchase. It will be quite inexpensive; indeed, it is marked in the catalogue at one-and-sixpence, which means that they will probably offer me the nine-shilling size first. But I shall be firm. Good-bye."

I went and bought one and returned to her with it.

"No, not now," I said, as she held out her hand eagerly. "Wait till we get home."

It was cooler now, and we wandered through the tents, chatting patronisingly to the stall-keeper whenever we came to pink geraniums. At the orchids we were contemptuously sniffy. "Of course," I said, "for those who like orchids—" and led the way back to the geraniums again. It was an interesting afternoon.

And to our great joy the window-box was in position when we got home again.

"Now!" I said dramatically, and I unwrapped my purchase and placed it in the middle of our new-made garden.

"Whatever—"

"A slug-trap," I explained proudly.

"But how could slugs get up here?" asked Celia in surprise.

"How do slugs get anywhere? They climb up the walls, or they come up in the lift, or they get blown about by the wind—I don't know. They can fly up if they like; but, however it be, when they do come, I mean to be ready for them."

Still, though our slug-trap will no doubt come in usefully, it is not what we really want. What we gardeners really want is rain. A. A. M.

### The Tandem.

"The winner was Mr. E. Williams, on an A.J.S. machine, while, on the same machine, Mr. C. Williams finished second."

*Liverpool Evening Express.*

He should have insisted on the front seat at the start, and then he might have finished first.

"Wanted immediately, experienced pressers for ladies' waists."

*Advt. in "Montreal Daily Star."*

DON JUAN, forward.





### NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

*Mathematical Master (after carefully explaining new rule).* "WELL, TERTIUS, AND WHAT IS FOUR PER CENT. ON £5?"

*Tertius.* "TEN SHILLINGS."

*Mathematical Master.* "No, no."

*Tertius.* "FIVE SHILLINGS."

*Mathematical Master.* "No!"

*Tertius.* "HALF-A-CROWN."

*Mathematical Master.* "Now, TERTIUS, IT'S NO USE GUESSING; JUST THINK. I'LL GIVE YOU HALF-A-MINUTE TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER." (After interval of half-a-minute) "WELL?"

*Tertius (with confidence).* "PLEASE, SIR, THERE ISN'T ONE."

### DRASTIC REFORM OF SCHOOLS.

#### REMARKABLE SPEECH.

OWING to the ruthless condensation of the Parliamentary Reports in the daily Press, no mention was made of Mr. Alfred Dunstanley's motion last Thursday, under the ten-minutes rule, for leave to bring in his Bill for the Reform of Public Schools. That omission we are now able to make good, thanks to the enterprise of a correspondent who was present during the debate in the Strangers' Gallery.

Mr. Dunstanley remarked that he was not prompted by any animosity to our public schools and did not propose to exterminate or annihilate them. But he was convinced that in the best interests of the nation they ought to be purged of the excrescences and anomalies which militated against their utility. The Bill accordingly provided that, pending the extinction of the hereditary peerage, peers or peers' sons, if they insisted on going to public schools, should be carefully segregated and kept in a state of perpetual coventry. It was not ad-

visible that the healthy sons of our democracy should associate with these effete and tainted aristocrats. The Bill stopped short of sending them to the lethal chamber, but recommended that they should pay triple fees.

Mr. Dunstanley explained that he had no feeling against titled persons as individuals. But the facts were against them. Thus the word viscount was in Latin vice-comes, in itself a terrible admission. Again, baronets were almost invariably depicted in lurid colours by the best novelists. In short their presence at our public schools could not be safely tolerated, as even the children of good Radicals were not immune to the danger of snobbery and sycophancy. The Bill also provided for compulsory vegetarian diet and the abolition of all cadet corps, rifle-shooting and caning.

Mr. Dunstanley concluded by observing that it pained him to bring forward this motion, as he had many friends who had been born in the purple, and some had survived the demoralising influences involved in their birth, but he felt it his solemn duty to lodge a practical

protest against the fetish worship of rank and wealth and war, which, in the opinion of his great-headed colleague, Mr. JOHN WARD, was ruining the country.

From a letter to *The Accrington Gazette*:—

"I do hope that the Accrington Town Council will read, mark, learn this epistle and lay these precepts to their hearts, which in Latin I will quote: 'Quod Hoc Sibi Vult.' It means that the exposed food stuffs will not only be impregnated with the volcanic like dust representing the cremated remnant of the town's horrible organic refuse, but will also be tainted with the smell that tastes."

Our contemporary's correspondent would have pleased our old Sixth Form Master, who was always complaining that our translations did not bring out the full meaning of the passage.

"GREAT PICTURES UNDER THE HAMMER."  
*The Times.*

The Suffragettes continue to be busy.

"Who shall say howqztNj wodrmf."  
*Manchester Daily Dispatch.*

Who wants to?





"AND SO YOU ARE REALLY GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH, MY DEAR. WELL, I THINK YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND SEEMS A CHARMING MAN. BY-THE-WAY, WHAT DOES HE DO?"

"OH—ER—WELL—ER—D' YOU KNOW, I REALLY HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO ASK HIM; BUT I EXPECT PAPA COULD TELL YOU IF YOU PARTICULARLY WANT TO KNOW."

### INSPIRATION.

(A Suburban Rhapsody.)

I SAID, "Within the garden trimly bordered,  
Assisted by the merle, I mean to woo  
The Heavenly Nine, by young Apollo wardered,"  
And Araminta answered, "Yes, dear, do.  
The deck chair's in the outhouse; lunch is ordered  
For twenty-five to two."

I sat within the garden's island summer  
And heard far off the shunting of the trains,  
Noises of wheels, and speech of every comer  
Passing the entrance—heard the man of brains  
Talking of GEORGE'S Budget, heard the plumber  
Planning new leaks for drains.

These things did not disturb me. Through the fencing  
I liked to bear in mind that men less free  
Must toil and tramp, whilst I was just commencing  
To court the Muses, foolscap on my knee,  
Helped by the sweet bird in the shade-dispensing  
Something-or-other tree.

I wrote: "Ah, who would be where rough men jostle  
In dust and grime, like porkers at a trough,  
When here is May and May-time's blest apostle——"  
Just then, without preliminary cough,  
Suddenly, ere I knew, the actual throsto  
Tee'd up and started off.

It drowned the distant noise of motor-'buses,  
It drowned the shunting trains, the traffic's roar,  
The milk, the bread, the meat, the tradesmen's fusses,  
And the long secret tale told o'er and o'er  
That all day long Eliza Jane discusses  
With the new girl next door.

So sweetly the bird sang. Great thrills went through it.  
It seemed to say, "The glorious sun hath shone,  
Flooding the world like treacle wrapped round suet;  
Why should we harp of age and dull years gone?"  
Time seemed to be no sort of object to it—  
It just went on and on.

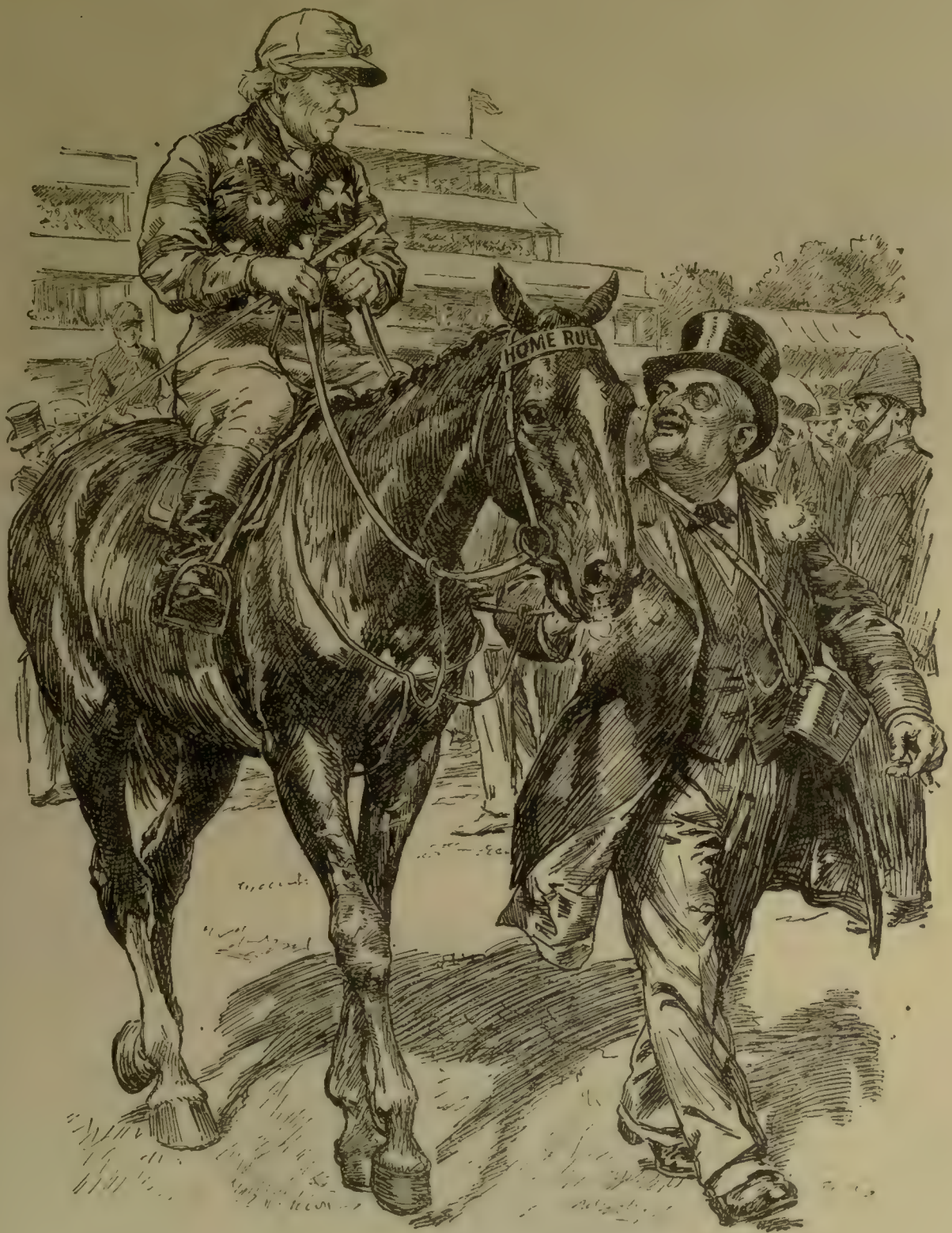
Therefore I rose, and later (o'er the trifle),  
When Araminta with her tactful gush  
Asked if the garden seemed to help or stifle  
The Muses' output, I responded, "Tush;  
When you go out, my dear, please buy a rifle;  
I want to shoot that thrush." EVOE.

Seen in a Birmingham shop window:—

"THE SMARTEST FLANNEL TROUSER IN THE CITY, 6/11."  
If he had another one, even though not quite so smart,  
we might consider it.

"The world's longest and most accurate golf ball."—*Advt.*  
Personally we prefer the short ones when it comes to  
putting them into the tin.





## THE AMENDING BILL.

MR. REDMOND. "WELL RIDDEN!"

MR. ASQUITH. "YES, I KNOW; BUT AS WE CAME ROUND THE CORNER AN 'OBJECTION' OCCURRED TO ME, AND I FEEL BOUND TO LODGE IT MYSELF. I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

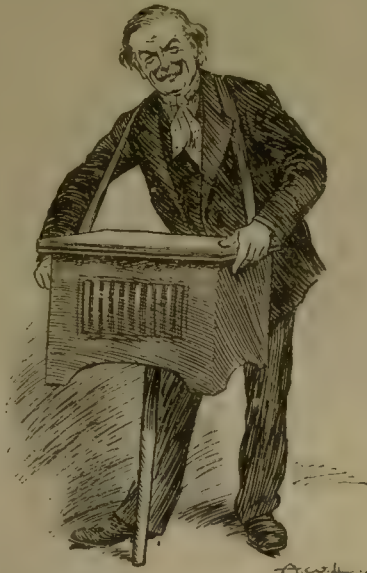
*House of Commons, Monday, May 18.*  
—Field-Marshal ASQUITH, on military duty in attendance on the KING at Aldershot. Takes opportunity to give HIS MAJESTY a few hints on the setting of a squadron in the field. In his absence depression customary on reassembling after week-end recess asserts itself with increased force. Through early portion of Question-hour benches half empty. As hands of clock approached the mark 2.45, stream of arrivals increased in volume. At conclusion of Questions House so densely crowded that side galleries were invaded, and group of Members stood at Bar.

Strangers in Gallery rubbed their eyes and asked what this might portend? Explanation simple. Within limit of Question-hour no division may take place. As soon as boundary passed danger zone for Ministerialists entered. Last week Opposition snapped a division at earliest possible moment and nearly cornered Government. To-day at least two divisions on Welsh Church Bill imminent. Ministerialists, obedient to urgent Whip, in their places in good time. When divisions were called—one on report of financial resolution of Welsh Church Bill, the other closing Committee stage—298 voted with Government against 204 for rejection of motion. By rare coincidence figures in both divisions were exactly the same, re-establishing Government majority at 94.

This done, Members trooped out in battalions, leaving HUME WILLIAMS to spend on wooden intelligence of empty benches able argument in support of motion for rejection of Bill at Third Reading stage. Lifeless debate temporarily uplifted by speech of simple eloquence from WILLIAM JONES, who, after long interval, breaks the silence imposed upon a Whip. Quickly gathering audience listened from both sides with obvious pleasure to a speech which, as STUART-WORTLEY said, was "marked by real fervour and manifest sincerity." We have not so many natural orators in present House that we can with indifference see given up to the drudgery of the Whips' room what was meant for mankind.

One passage, a sort of aside, brought tears to eyes

of case-hardened section of the audience seated in Press Gallery. They furtively dropped when Member for Carnarvon described how, a small boy visiting the Strangers' Gallery, he found seated there "a saintly Pressman,



MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE WELSH  
DISESTABLISHMENT BILL.

"For the rest it was the same grinding out of barrel-organ tunes that has been going on these three years."

a frail and fragile figure in bad health, who wrote weekly letters to the *Welsh Baner*. I saw him," he added, "at lucid intervals, writing his letters."

House loudly laughed at picture thus graphically drawn. Pressmen, not essentially saintly, know how desirable is the accessory of lucid intervals for the writing of London Letters.



A PASSIVE RESISTER.

"Let degenerate Irishmen, suborned by bargain with a Saxon Government, go forth to save it in the Division Lobby."

(MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

*Business done.*—Under Procedure Resolution agreed to last week Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill carried through Committee as quickly as Chairman could put formal motion. Debate opened on Third Reading.

*Tuesday.*—"I rejoice," said F. E. SMITH, rising at ten o'clock in half empty House to support motion for rejection of Welsh Church Bill on Third Reading stage, "that debates on this measure are approaching termination. We are all driven to make the same speeches over again and to cite old illustrations of the insane constitution under which we live."

This frank admission of the inutility of stretching debate over two sittings not agreeable to feelings of those responsible for weary waste of time. All the same, lamentably true.

Only impulse of vitality given to proceedings came from speech of GEORGE CAVE. Member for Kingston does not frequently interpose in debate. Long intervals of silence give him opportunity of garnering something worth saying, a rule of Parliamentary life that might be recommended to the attention of some who shall here be nameless. For the rest it was the same grinding out of barrel-organ tunes in varied keys that has been going on these three years. McKENNA gave touch of originality to his remarks in winding up debate by avoiding reference to the late GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS. Thus momentarily refreshed, Members gratefully went out to Division Lobby, and Third Reading was carried by majority of 77.

In two other divisions concerning Welsh Church Bill taken yesterday, what the late Mr. G. P. R. JAMES if he were starting a new novel would describe as a solitary figure—

"a solitary horseman" was, to be precise, the consecrated phrase—might have been observed sitting in corner seat below Gangway on Opposition side. It was WILLIAM O'BRIEN assuming the attitude of passive resistor to a measure which, in respect of an established Church that national feeling regards as alien, proposes to do for Wales what nearly half a century ago GLADSTONE did for Ireland. In Parliamentary parlance, "the hon. Member in possession of the House" is the gentleman on his legs addressing the SPEAKER. Whilst a crowd of Members streamed out, some into the "Aye" Lobby, others into the "No," WILLIAM O'BRIEN



remained seated, for a moment or two literally the Member in possession of the House.

Let degenerate Irishmen, suborned by bargain with a Saxon Government, go forth to save it in the Division Lobby. Sea-green (with envy of JOHN REDMOND, whose name will, after all, be imperishably connected with the final success of a National movement inaugurated forty years ago by ISAAC BUTT) incorruptible, WILLIAM O'BRIEN thus protested against a course of events he has been unable to control. To those who remember his fierce eloquence in past years dominating a hostile audience there was something pathetic in the spectacle.

*Business done.*—Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill read third time. Sent on to meet predestined fate in Lords.

*Thursday.*—Quite lively goings on. House met to open debate on Third Reading of Home Rule Bill, at special desire of Opposition to be extended over three sittings. CAMPBELL had given notice of intention to move rejection. Everything pointed to long dreary evening, the serving-up of that "thrice boiled colewort" which CARLYLE honestly believed to form the principal dish in the House of Commons shilling dinner.

Expected that PREMIER would indicate purport and scope of promised Bill amending an Act not yet added to Statute Book. Questioned on subject he announced that Bill will be introduced in the Lords. Judged by ordinary business tactics this seemed a reasonable arrangement. On return from Whitsun holidays the Lords will find Home Rule Bill at their disposal. Do not conceal intention of throwing it out on Second Reading. Whereupon, Parliament Act stepping in, it will be added to Statute Book. Meanwhile Lords, having no other business on hand, might devote their time to consideration of that settlement of Ulster question which all parties speak of as their heart's desire.

House of Commons is, however, above consideration of ordinary business ways. Announcement of Ministerial intention with respect to Amending Bill raised clamour worthy of our best traditions. Poor CAMPBELL getting up to perform appointed task was greeted by his own friends with stormy cries for adjournment. For full five minutes he stood at Table, with nervous fingers rapping a tune on lid of brass-bound box.

"What's he playing, do you think?" WINTERTON asked ROWLAND HUNT.

"As far as I can make out," said the Man for Shropshire, "it's 'The Campbells are Coming.'"

"By Jove, they shan't come," said WINTERTON, who was in his element (hot water). "Journ! Journ! Journ!" he shouted, leading again the storm of interruption that prevented a word being heard from CAMPBELL.

SPEAKER at end of five minutes asked BONNER LAW whether this refusal of the Opposition to hear one of their leaders met with his assent and approval? BONNER LAW haughtily re-

nothing more happened, except that HASLETON and another Irish Nationalist, passing empty chair of SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, lit, the one a pipe, the other a cigarette.

"Shocking!" cried an outraged Member of the old school.

"Not at all," said SARK. "When the House of Commons is enlivened by pot-house manners there is surely no harm in two customers lighting up as they pass out."

*Business.*—Outbreak of disorder. SPEAKER suspends sitting.

### BUYING A PIANO.

I HAD often thought I should like to possess a really good piano—not one of those dumpy vertical instruments, but a big flat one with a long tail. For a long time I hesitated between a Rolls-Royce, a Yost, a Veuve Cliquot, and a Thurston. At last I put the problem to a musical friend. He said:

"It's a piano you want, not a motor-typewriting-champagne-table? Very good, then. You go to Steinbech's in Wigram Street. They'll fix you up. Mention my name if you like."

"What'll happen to me if I do?"

"They'll sell you a piano. That's what you want, isn't it?"

So I went. I told the man at Steinbech's that I believed they sold pianos. He said that my belief was not without foundation, but that, in any case, they would be prepared to stretch a point in my favour and sell me one. What sort did I require?

"A big flat one with a long tail," I replied.

"Ah, you want a full concert-grand? Then kindly step into our show-room, Sir. Now, this one," he said, indicating a handsome brunette, "is a magnificent piano. Best workmanship and superior materials employed throughout. Splendid tone and light touch. Price, one hundred guineas. Examine it; try it for yourself, Sir." And he opened the keyboard as he spoke.

"Er—what order are the notes arranged in?" I asked.

"In strict alphabetical order," he answered. "A, B, C, and so on."

"You must excuse my asking the question," I went on, "but the fact is I've never seen a Steinbech before. I thought perhaps that different makers adopted different arrangements of the notes, as makers of typewriters do. Now, will this piano play BEETHOVEN?"



"MORITHURI TE SALUTHAMUS."

"In regard to the Home Rule Bill, the position of himself and his friends was, 'We who are about to die salute thee.'—Mr. TIM HEALY.

fused to answer. WINTERTON and KINLOCH COOKE more delighted than ever. Uproar growing, the SPEAKER declared sitting suspended and left the Chair.

A critical moment. So high did angry passion run that there might have been repetition of the famous fisticuffs on floor of House that marked progress of first Home Rule Bill. Ominous sign when ROYDS of Sleaford, ordinarily mildest-mannered of men, rushed between Front Opposition Bench and Table and shook a minatory forefinger at ASQUITH.

PREMIER only smiled. Happily his indifferent good-humour prevailed on his own side. There was interchange of acrid compliments as parties joined each other on the way out. But



I particularly want a piano that will play the 'Moonlight' and the 'Waldstein.'"

"You're not thinking of a *pianola*, Sir, are you?"

"No," I replied, "I am not. I have no sympathy with music that looks like a Gruyère cheese. The music I want my piano to play is the ordinary printed kind—black-currants and stalks and that sort of thing."

"Well, Sir, you will find that this piano is specially adapted for playing all kinds of printed music. Music in manuscript may also be rendered upon it."

"That's one point settled then," I said. "Now, if you will kindly prize the lid off, I should like to look at the works."

He lifted the lid and propped it up with a short billiard-cue which fitted into a notch. All danger of sudden decapitation having been removed, I put my head inside.

"Hallo!" I cried. "What's this harp doing in here? Doesn't it get in the way?"

"That is not a harp, Sir; that is part of the mechanism—the wires, you know."

I plucked a few of them, and they gave forth a pleasing sound. So I plucked some more.

"Yes," I said decidedly, "I like the rigging very much. And now perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what those two foot-clutches are for, which I noticed underneath the keyboard. I suppose they are the brake and the reversing-gear?"

I was wrong. The man expounded their true functions to me. Then I said, "I should just like to examine it underneath, if you wouldn't mind turning it on its back."

The fellow told me that it was unnecessary and unusual—that I had seen all there was to see. This made me suspicious. I was certain he was trying to conceal some radical defect from me. So I made up my mind to see for myself. I took off my coat and crawled underneath. As I suspected, I found two large round holes in the flooring. When I had finished rubbing my head, I drew the man's attention to them. He was able to give a more or less reasonable excuse for them. I forget what he said they were—ventilators, I think.

He concluded by saying that the instrument would be certain to give me the utmost satisfaction.

"You would not recommend my having a more expensive one?" I asked. "A Stradivarius, or a Benvenuto Cellini?"

He thought not; so we clinched the deal.



### THE PARAFFIN HABIT.

(Doctors generally are prescribing refined paraffin for various ailments.)

*Mistress.* "THE OIL FINISHED AGAIN, MARY? IT SEEMS TO GO VERY QUICKLY."

*Cook.* "IT'S THE MASTER, MUM. WHENEVER 'E RUNS OUT OF 'IS 'REFINED' 'E COMES A-DIPPING INTO THIS 'ERE."

"I think," I said, as I handed him my cheque, "that I should like my name-plate fixed on it somewhere—say, on one of the end notes that I shall never use."

But he advised me against this. None of the players handicapped at scratch ever thought of such a thing.

"Very well," I said. "Just wrap it up for me, and I'll—"

"Hadn't we better send it for you," he suggested, "in one of our vans, in charge of our own men?"

"Just so," I agreed. "Good morning."

The piano duly arrived, and when we had taken the drawing-room door out of its socket and demolished a large portion of two walls, they got it in—just in. With care I can squeeze into

the room. However, I am happy, though crowded, for I have achieved my heart's desire.

It has been with me a year now. I must soon think of learning to play it.

### The New Dramatist.

From "Books Received" in *The Daily Chronicle*:—

"Misalliance, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets and Fanny's First Play; with a Treatise on Parents and Children, by Bernard Constable, 6s."

"Quimet was born at Brookline. . . . As his name rather suggests, his parents were French Canadians, who moved to Brookline from Montreal."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

It seems a great deal for the name to suggest.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE GREAT GAMBLE."

A MAN who elopes with his friend's wife cannot fairly expect to command general sympathy when, sooner or later, he has to pay the claims of offended morality. Yet one could not help being a little sorry for *Colonel Herrick*, the leading delinquent in Mr. JEROME's play. For scarcely had they started for the Continent from Charing Cross (to be precise, the train was passing through Chislehurst) when the lady suddenly repented of her rash act and burst into unassuageable tears. If, on reaching Dover, he had had the happy thought of despatching her back to her home as unaccompanied baggage, he would have saved himself a vast deal of trouble. But, being a soldier, he set his teeth and went forward, and for eight days she made the hotels of Europe ring with her lamentations. Nor was this his only source of discomfort. Though, for convenience, they appeared in the visitors' books as man and wife, the lady's attitude compelled the maintenance of platonic relations, and, whereas in actual life this would merely have meant that he had to occupy a separate bedroom, in Mr. JEROME's vision of things as they might be it meant that he had to sleep in the bath-room.

It will be readily understood that, to *The Colonel*, the advent of the infuriated husband was of the nature of a relief. Thanks to the intervention of a large assortment of friends, and after assurance given of the lady's technical retention of her virtue, he agrees to take her back if she cares to rejoin him. It is true that before the happy conclusion, so satisfactory to *The Colonel*, is reached, a duel *manqué* is interposed; but this is designed for the sole benefit of the audience and does not affect the result.

Meanwhile, the lady adopts an enigmatic behaviour. On the appearance of her husband she exchanges the black dress of remorse for the gay yellow garb of a mind at ease; yet under his very nose she permits herself to exhibit a very intimate delight in *The Colonel's* more obvious attractions. So cryptic indeed is her conduct (both for us and her friends) that it is arranged that her choice between the two men shall be decided by the test of a dream. In consequence, however,

of an attack of insomnia this dream (like the duel) fails to come off and shortly after midnight her waking doubts are resolved in her husband's favour.

It will be seen that the stuff of Mr. JEROME's play is sufficiently fatuous; but Mr. EDMUND MAURICE as *The Colonel* was always amusing, and in the multitude of counsellors there was merriment. Unfortunately Mr. STANLEY COOKE, as a *Herr Professor* and leader of the chorus, did not quite succeed in executing his share of the fun.

The farce was varied by a very amateur romance as between a young American and the niece of an hotel-keeper; also by a slab of melodrama (dealing with the girl's parentage)

visitor at a moment's notice. Its Statue of Venus (fully draped) afforded an authentic incitement to the making of love. Its environs enabled Mr. JEROME to dispose of his puppets whenever their presence became undesirable. They simply said, "Let us stroll in the woods;" or "Come for a walk with me," and he was rid of them. Finally the "Ancient Grove" contained a central patch of bosage in whose cover one of the duellists, arriving on the terrain a little before the time, remained *perdu* in slumber, undisturbed by a loud conversation carried on within a few feet of him by all the other parties to the combat.

Indeed the scenery put in some good work, and I really don't know what we should have done without it.

*The Great Gamble* was, of course, the lottery of marriage. But for some of us it meant the risk we ran in attending the first night of a play by Mr. JEROME after our bitter experience of his *Rowena in Search of a Father*. To say that his present work is an improvement upon his last would be to damn it with a fainter praise than it deserves. *The Great Gamble* is a strange and inscrutable medley, but it has its exhilarating moments, and the humour of its dialogue, though it is mitigated by the Professor's contributions, is worthy of a much better design. O. S.



## HOW UNHAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!

<i>The Husband</i>	..	..	..	..	Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE.
<i>The Wife</i>	..	..	..	..	Miss SARAH BROOKE.
<i>The Colonel</i>	..	..	..	..	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.

which only escaped from pure banality by the too brief glimpse it gave us of that admirable actress, Miss RUTH MACKAY.

The scene (perhaps the best part of the whole show) was laid in "An Ancient Grove" adjacent to a German University. (The catalogue, peculiarly reticent about proper names, offers my memory no refreshment.) This "Ancient Grove," unchanged throughout the play, served a number of useful purposes. It made excuse for the intermittent apparition (otherwise inexplicable) of a little woodland figure that played upon a pipe. Its proximity to an hotel afforded occasion for meal after meal *en plein air*. Its proximity to a University Town encouraged the frequent passage of German students, vivacious and vocal; also the convenient appearance of any foreign resident or

suggested that she might alter the spelling of her name to Leach. Just to show how she stuck to it!"—*Glasgow Evening News*.

The writer should have stuck to his dictionary.

"It was officially stated yesterday that Dr. Herbert William Moxon, the son of a former prominent Unionist in West Derbyshire, had consented to address a meeting of Liberals with a view to his adaptation as Liberal candidate for West Derbyshire."

*Daily Mail*.

These adaptable politicians.

"Mr. Palmer would still deserve to be crowned with unfading laurels."—*Times*.

PALMER *qui meruit ferat*.

## Latest Cannibal News.

"Djaraboub ordinarily contains only 350 inhabitants but these are swollen by pilgrims." *Siam Observer*.





First Jack Tar Abroad (to second, very "busy riding"). "ULLOA, BILL; LOOKS LIKE YER WORKIN' YER PASSAGE."  
Bill. "YUSS; 'AD BLOOMIN' ROUGH WEATHER, TOO; BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT IF YE 'OLD ON TO THIS 'ERE FORESTAY."

## VERY MUCH GREATER LONDON.

[One result of the introduction of the Bachelet flying train should certainly be the extension of London's suburbs. We extract the following from a season-ticket holder's diary of the near future.]

**Dundee.**—Strap-hung again to-day; London train abominably crowded. That is the worst of living in these inner suburbs. Men who live on the other side of the Orkney Tunnel tell me the train only begins seriously to fill up at Caithness; before that, one has reasonable hope of a seat. Brown, for instance, says that, coming up from Kirkwall and entering train before pressure begins, he rarely has to use strap. Don't know how the poor wretches at Newcastle and Durham ever get to town at all, though, living so close to King's Cross, they can perhaps afford to stand for the few minutes they are in train. . . .

No change for better, so have been studying agents' lists; some items attractive. For example:—

**Belgian Tunnel Line.**—Antwerp and Liverpool Street in 29 minutes; low season-ticket rates; excellent mid-day service, enabling business men to take luncheon at home.

**Charming Maisonnets** in fine healthy

suburb, S.W. London (Penzance district); bath h. and c.; Company's water; two minutes Bachelet Railway-station; 25 minutes Paddington and City.

**Sunny Cairo, S.E.**—Nice self-contained flats; charming desert view; low rents; ninety-five minutes Charing Cross; five minutes Sahara golf links (inland course but real sand bunkers).

**Week-End Cottage for Harassed City Worker, Siberia (near London).**—To be let furnished; bracing air; perfect quiet.

## SYNTHETIC MUTTON.

IN view of the impending scarcity of meat, so vividly foreshadowed in a recent article in *The Times*, it is most reassuring to learn that a new comestible, palatable and nutritious, yet entirely free from the drawbacks of all flesh foods, has been invented by a German scientist and will shortly be put upon the market at a price which will bring it within the reach of the humblest household.

Professor Schafskopf, the inventor, has long been engaged on experiments with a view to the production of synthetic mutton, and his diligent efforts have now been crowned with success. The basis of the new food is compressed peat, which is so permeated with a

variety of nutritive juices, applied at high pressure by a grouting machine, as to be practically indistinguishable from the best Southdown mutton.

By way of putting his discovery to the test Professor Schafskopf entertained a number of distinguished guests at the Fitz Hotel last week, and with hardly an exception they were astonished at the succulent and sumptuous flavour of the new food, which is called by the attractive name of "Supermut."

Professor Bino Byles, interviewed at the close of the banquet, said that "Supermut" was a distinct success. It had all the digestibility of tripe with an added aroma of Harris Tweed.

Mr. Gullick, the famous motorist, said that "Supermut" reminded him of the best cormorant. He believed that it could also be used for making unpuncturable tyres.

Lord Findhorn, the eminent Scots Judge, said that "Supermut" had converted him to carnivorous food, though he was an hereditary vegetarian.

Finally we note that *The Forceps* in a laudatory article pays a handsome tribute to the new food, and says, "It must be conceded that a very reliable substitute for mutton has at length been produced. We found it hard to distinguish it from a saddle."



## A MAY PICNIC.

SOMEONE has settled (it's not my fault ;  
And, whatever we do, let's take some  
salt)—

Someone has settled, don't you see,  
Without referring the thing to me,  
That this is a day to be bright and  
hearty,

And to take our lunch as a picnic  
party—

To take our lunch with toil and care  
Away from home in the open air.

Now I maintain that it can't be right,  
When there isn't a single wasp in sight,  
To have mint-sauce and a joint of lamb,  
Some currant cake and a pot of jam,  
A gooseberry tart, with sugar and  
cream,

And some salad dressing, a bottled  
dream—

All the things that a wasp loves best  
When he buzzes away from his hidden  
nest ;

And you all shout "Wasp!" and flick  
at the fellow,

And you miss his black and you miss  
his yellow,

And only succeed in turning over  
Your glass of drink on the thirsty clover.  
A picnic? Pooh! Why, you merely  
waste it

When there isn't a wasp to come and  
taste it.

However, a picnic's got to be,  
Though they haven't referred the thing  
to me.

There's a boat and we put our parcels  
in it,

And off we push in another minute.

And our pace is certainly rather slow,  
For everybody wants to row ;

And there's any amount of laugh and  
chatter,

And crabs are caught, but it doesn't  
matter ;

For we're all afloat

In an open boat,

And the breeze is light and the sky is  
blue,

And the sun is toasting us through and  
through.

By a buttercup field we came to land  
And every passenger lent a hand  
To unload our food and spread it out,  
While the cows stood flapping their  
tails about.

And Peggy as waitress played her part,  
And John fell into the gooseberry  
tart.

I can't explain, though I wish I could,  
Why everything tasted twice as good  
As it does at home in the cheerful gloom  
Of the old familiar dining-room.  
Every picnic thing was there,  
Including the girls and the son and  
heir,

A red-cheeked frivolous knife-and-fork's  
crew,

Who hadn't forgotten, oh joy, the cork-  
screw!

And, last, we furbished our feasting-  
green,

And left no paper to spoil the scene,

Did up the remains in a tidy pack

And took to our boat and drifted back.

R. C. L.

## THE CORNCRAKE.

THE cornerake has arrived. As I  
turned in at the gate last night he  
reported himself in the usual way. So  
now we are in for it. The priceless  
boon of silence in the hours of darkness  
will be denied to us for many weeks to  
come.

I do not know how to describe his  
utterance. It could not without ex-  
travagance be called a note, still less a  
chirp, and least of all a song. It is not  
a bark—not quite. It is hardly a growl  
or a grunt or a snort ; I should be sorry  
to call it a bray or a yelp. And yet I  
am not going to admit that it is a  
quack or a bleat ; and it isn't a screech  
or a squeal or a sob. Nor is it a croak,  
though now we are getting nearer to it.  
The puzzling thing about it is that it  
was clearly meant by Nature to be an  
interjection. Uttered once, suddenly,  
from the far side of a hedge it would  
admirably convey such a sentiment as,  
"Hi!" "What ho!" or "Here we are  
again!" But in practice it is the one  
sound in the whole landscape that  
never interjects. It is a monument of  
barren reiteration.

I wonder why he does it. No doubt  
he has some end in view. He must get  
something out of it—some bodily ease  
or mental stimulus or spiritual conso-  
lation. But he must surely have been  
born with a prodigious passion for  
monotony. It may surprise you to  
learn that in the course of the season  
he will make that same remark over  
two million times. I have worked it  
out. Two million is a conservative  
estimate. It only allows for eight  
hours' work out of the twenty-four, for  
a term of six weeks: so that it is well  
within the mark.

Our cornerake—I don't know what  
the usual standard may be—does ninety-  
eight to the minute. He is as regular  
as the ticking of a clock. You can't  
hustle him and you can't wear him out.  
At times when I have thought he  
might be getting tired and thirsty I  
have imagined that he was slowing  
down ; but he never gets below ninety-  
six ; and in his most active and feverish  
moments he very rarely touches the  
hundred. At short measured intervals  
he punctuates the night with his dry

delivery, unbasting yet unresting, his  
sole idea to get his forty-seven-thousand  
up without a break before the morning.  
He just doesn't know the meaning of  
the word emphasis ; he has absolutely  
no sense of rhythm. Once I tried to  
believe that he was talking in three-four  
time, or at least that he was occasion-  
ally accentuating a note. But he never  
does. He gets no louder or softer,  
higher or lower, quicker or slower—he  
just keeps on.

You need not suppose that I have  
meekly sat down under this thing.  
This is his sixth year, and I have  
been at war with him all the time.  
But finally he holds the field, and my  
only hope now is that his powers may  
begin to fail as old age creeps on. Even  
if he dropped to eighty a minute it  
would be an intense relief. But I dare  
say he means to bequeath the pitch to  
a successor at his death—perhaps to a  
relative.

At first I used to throw things at  
him out of the bedroom window—hair-  
brushes and slippers and books and all  
sorts of odds and ends. I had to go  
round with a basket after breakfast  
collecting them. But it was no good ;  
he never dropped a beat. Then I de-  
liberately devastated the garden, with  
a view to deprive him of cover. I had  
all the bushes taken up and the flower-  
beds removed, and I laid down, just  
under my bedroom window, a wide  
expanse of tar-macadam, as bald and  
flat as a mirror—a beetle couldn't have  
hidden himself on it. (I had to call  
this a hard tennis-court for the sake of  
appearances. We do as a matter of  
fact play on it sometimes.) But it  
had no effect on the cornerake. Of  
course the truth is that I never have  
the least idea where he is ; no one has.  
No one has ever seen him or ever will.  
He is endowed with great ventriloquial  
powers. That is a provision of Nature,  
and if you will reflect a moment you  
will see that it must be so. For,  
granted that he is to go on talking like  
that, if he could not throw his voice  
about from place to place and thus  
make it impossible to get at him, the  
species would become extinct.

There is nothing more that I can do,  
and it is only fair to admit that the  
whole thing is my own fault. When I  
built my house six years ago I might  
have shown a little common foresight  
in this matter. I got everything else  
right as far as I could. My rooms are  
well placed for sunshine and they have  
the best of the view. The water-supply  
is good ; there is plenty of fall for the  
drainage system ; we are well out of  
the motor dust. But I omitted one  
precaution. I should have had the  
ground surveyed for cornerakes.





Hotel Waiter. "COME, SIR, YOU REALLY MUST GO OFF TO BED, SIR." (Yawns.) "WHY, THE DAWN 'S A-BREAKING, SIR."  
Late Reveller. "LET IT BREAK—AND PUT IT DOWN IN THE BILL, WAITER."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The World Set Free* (MACMILLAN) MR. H. G. WELLS has seen a vision—the vision of a world plunged into blazing and crumbling chaos by the ultimate logical issues of military violence. Defence, becoming always less and less effective against attack, which is always more and more a matter of the laboratory, finally succumbs before *Holsten's* discovery of "Carolinum" and its final disastrous application in the "atomic bombs." Romancing on a theme out of SODDY'S *Interpretation of Radium*, MR. WELLS, with those deft strokes of allusive and imaginative realism—so convincing is he that realism is the only apt word for his daring constructions of the future—depicts the shattering of the headquarters of the War Control in Paris, followed by a swift counterstroke against the Central European Control in Berlin by the aviation corps, the destruction of capital after capital, and the final great battle in the air, with the bombing of the Dutch sea walls. Thereafter comes the attempt at reconstruction by the Council of Brissago, a convention of the governing folk of the world—the dream and deed of the Frenchman *Leblanc*, "a little bald, spectacled man," a peacemonger whom, till that day of ruin, everyone had thought an amiable fool. One monarch, "The Slavick Fox," sees in the assembly a chance to strike for world sovereignty, and the failure of his bomb-fraught planes and his final undoing in the secret arsenal are breathless pieces of description.

A subject for wonder is the astonishing advance in the author's technique. *The World Set Free* is on an altogether

different plane from *The War of the Worlds* and those other gorgeous pot-boilers. It combines the alert philosophy and adroit criticism of the *Tono Bungay* phase with the luminous vision of *Anticipations* and the romantic interest of his eccentric books of adventure. The seer in MR. WELLS comes uppermost, and I almost think that when the history of the latter half of the twentieth century comes to be written it will be found not merely that he has prophesied surely, but that his visions have actually tended to shape the course of events. Short of *Holsten's* "atomic bombs" (which may or may not be developed) MR. WELLS makes a fair foreshadowing of the uprush of subliminal sanity which may very well be timed to appear before 1999. I can't take my hat off to MR. WELLS because I've had it in my hand out of respect for him these last few years. So I touch my forelock.

*Roding Rectory* (STANLEY PAUL) is in many respects the best novel MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has written. Those who remember *Exton Manor* and the three books dealing with the lives and deeds of the *Olinton*s will consider this to be high praise, as, indeed, it is meant to be. MR. MARSHALL preserves the ease and amenity of style which we have learnt to expect of him; he creates his characters—ordinary English men and women, animated by ordinary English motives—with all his old skill, and he sets them to work out their destinies in that pleasant atmosphere of English country life which no one since TROLLOPE'S death has reproduced with greater truth and delicacy than MR. MARSHALL. This time, however, the clash of temperaments and traditions is more severe, the story cuts deeper into

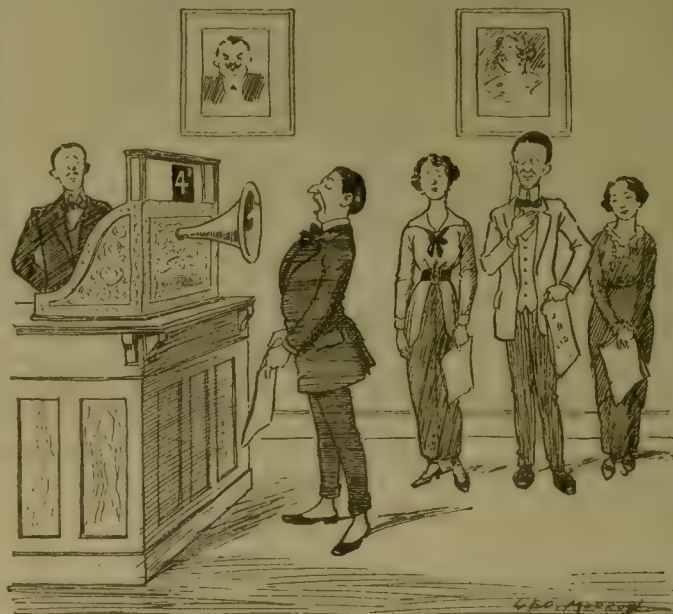


humanity, and the narration of it is, I think, more closely knit. The Rector of Roding, the *Rev. Henry French*, is a fine figure of a man honourably devoted to the duties of his parish and abounding in good works. It is sad to see him cast down from his pride of place by the sudden revelation of an ill deed done in his thoughtless youth at Oxford. In an interview managed with an admirable sense of dramatic fitness he is faced by a son, the living embodiment of his all-but-forgotten sin, and soon the whole parish knows of it. But the Rector, with the aid of his wife, fights his fight and in the end wins back his self-respect and the respect of his neighbours. He is helped, too, by *Dr. Merrow*, the Congregational minister, a beautiful character drawn with deep sympathy. Indeed, it is *Dr. Merrow* who has the *beau rôle*, and, I must add, deserves it. For the rest I must let Mr. MARSHALL'S book speak for itself. He has written a very powerful and interesting story.

Among reviewers of books there is a convention by which the matter of a first edition—whether a single story or a collection of stories—which has been reproduced from a magazine or magazines, is treated as if it were a novelty. It is a sound and benevolent convention, because the stuff of magazines only receives at best a very sketchy notice. Miss MAY SINCLAIR, however, is apparently prepared to risk the loss of any advantage to be derived from it, for her collection of short and middle-sized stories republished under the title of the first of them, *The Judgment of Eve* (HUTCHINSON), is prefaced by an article in which she replies to those critics who took notice of some of them at the time of their appearance in magazine form. By

this recognition of judgment already passed she sets me free to regard her stories as old matter, and to confine myself to a review of her introduction. In this answer to her critics I cannot feel that she has been well advised. Even in a second edition critics are best left alone, unless the author can correct them on a point of fact or interpretation of fact. Here it is on a matter of opinion that she joins issue with them. They seem (the misguided ones) to have rashly said that "*The Judgment of Eve*" was "a novel boiled down," and that "*The Wrackham Memoirs*," on the other hand, was "a short story spun out." But Miss SINCLAIR is very sure that she knew what she was about. She can "lay her hand on her heart and swear that '*The Judgment of Eve*' would have lost by any words that could conceivably have been added to it;" she is certain that "Charles Wrackham required the precise amount of room that has been given him." I dare say she is right, but I wish she could have left someone else to say so. For myself I should have thought it obvious that a story dealing with character and its development by circumstance demanded more room in which to spread itself than one that dealt with a situation, dramatic or psychologic; yet "*The Wrackham Memoirs*," which, whatever its complexity,

belongs to the latter type, takes up very nearly as much space as "*The Judgment of Eve*," which belongs to the former. Of course no critic of even moderate intelligence would propose to fix a limit of length for every type of story, but it may safely be said that, if you take MAUPASSANT for a standard, the best short stories have concerned themselves with situation rather than with character; and, though I have not had the privilege of reading the criticisms which are the subject of Miss SINCLAIR'S rebuke, I can easily believe that they were governed by this elementary reflection. It must have occurred to Miss SINCLAIR herself, even if she did not find it convenient to take cognisance of it in her reply. Perhaps she will have something to say on this subject in some future edition of her very interesting book, and I should indeed be flattered if she would consent, in a brief phrase or two, to review my review of her review of her reviewers.



THE NEW CASH REGISTER AS USED AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC FOR CALCULATING THE VALUE PER MINUTE OF VOICES IN THE VOCAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

Good costume novels are not so common nowadays that I can pass *Desmond O'Connor* (LONG) without a most hearty welcome. For it is an excellent example of its class—full of rescues, of swashbuckling and of midnight escapes; with a gallant hero (and Irish at that), a lovely heroine, two bold bad villains and a sufficiency of kings and other historical celebrities to fill the background picturesquely. In fact Mr. GEORGE H. JESSOP has seen to it that no ingredient proper to this kind of dish shall be wanting, and I have great pleasure in congratulating him upon the result. *Desmond* was a soldier of fortune, a captain in the gallant Irish Brigade that served KING LOUIS XIV. against the Allies. During the siege of Bruges the young captain

chanced to see one morning at mass the fair *Margaret, Countess of Anhalt*. She had lately fled to the town to frustrate the intentions of *Louis*, who would have given her hand to an equally unwilling suitor. There was also, hanging about, a certain *De Brissac*, who in the event of the countess's death or imprisonment would succeed to her estates. So off we go, cut and thrust, sword, cloak and rapier, all to the right jingle of tushery, till the last chapter, in which *King Louis* relents and does what kings (of France especially) always do in the last chapters of historical romances. Really it seems sometimes as though the Louvre under the Monarchy must have been run as a kind of superior matrimonial agency in a large way of business. Anyhow he rings down the curtain upon a bustling tale that should add to the reputation of its author.

#### The Conqueror of Ouimet.

As the grief of a lioness reft of her cubs,  
Or a general ragged by the rawest of subs,  
Or a rigid supporter of temperance clubs  
Accused of frequenting the lowest of pubs,  
Or a burglar defied by the skill that is CHUBB'S,  
Is America's grief at the triumph of TUBBS.



## CHARIVARIA.

"WHEN the KING and QUEEN visit Nottinghamshire as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of PORTLAND at Welbeck, three representative colliery owners and four working miners will," we read, "be presented to their Majesties at Forest Town." A most embarrassing gift, we should say, and one which cannot, without hurting susceptibilities, be passed on to the Zoological Society.

Are the French, we wonder, losing that valuable quality of tact for which they have so long enjoyed a reputation? Amongst the Ministers introduced at Paris to KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK, who enjoys his designation of "The tall King," was M. MAGINOT, who is an inch taller than His Majesty. He should surely have been told to stay at home.

In the Bow County Court, last week, a woman litigant carried with her, for luck, an ornamental horse-shoe, measuring at least a foot in length, and won her case. Magistrates trust that this idea, pretty as it is, may not spread to Suffragettes of acknowledged markmanship.

Extract from an account in *The Daily Chronicle* of the *Silver King* disturbance:—"The officers held her down, and, with the ready aid of members of the audience, managed to keep her fairly quiet, though she bit those who tried to hold their hands over her mouth. A stage hand was sent for . . ." If we are left to assume that she did not like the taste of that, we regard it as an insult to a deserving profession.

"Do people read as much as they used to?" is a question which is often asked nowadays. There are signs that they are, anyhow, getting more particular as to what they read. Even the House of Commons is becoming fastidious. It refused, the other day, to read the Weekly Rest Day Bill a second time, and the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill was regarded as a waste of time and intelligence.

The superstitions of great men are always interesting, and we hear that, after his experience at Ipswich and on the Stock Exchange, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is now firmly convinced that it is unlucky for him to have anything

to do with anyone whose name ends in "oni."

Professor METCHNIKOFF, the great authority on the prevention of senile decay, will shortly celebrate his seventieth birthday, and a project is on foot to congratulate him on his good fortune in living so long.

The Central Telephone Exchange is now prepared to wake up subscribers at any hour for threepence a call, and it is forming an "Early Risers' List." So many persons are anxious to take a rise out of the Telephone Service that the success of the innovation is assured.

By crossing the Channel in a biplane, the Princess LOEWENSTEIN-WERTHEIM



Pugilistic Veteran. "COME ERLONG, YOUNG UN—COME ERLONG; PUT SOME BEEF INTO IT. THAT AIN'T THE STUFF I DID AT YOUR AGE."

has earned the right to be addressed as "Your Altitude."

We see from an advertisement that we now have in our midst an "Institute of Hand Development." This should prove most useful to parents who own troublesome children. No doubt after a short course of instruction the spanking power of the hand may be doubled.

Reading that two houses in King Street, Cheapside, were sold last week "for a price equal to nearly £13 10s. per foot super," a correspondent asks, "What is a super foot?" If it is not a City policeman's we give it up.

There are now 168 house-boats on the Thames, states the annual report of the Conservators, and it has been suggested that a race between these craft might form an attractive item at Henley.

Shoals of mackerel entered Dover

Bay last week, and many of the fish were caught by what is described as a novel form of bait, namely a cigarette paper on a hook drawn through the water in the same way as a "spinner." As a matter of fact we believe that smoked salmon are usually caught this way.

We learn from an announcement in *The Medical Officer* that Dr. T. S. MCSWINEY, has sold his practice to Dr. HOGG—and it only remains for us to hope that Dr. HOGG has not bought a pig in a poke.

It looks as if even in America the respect for Titles is on the wane. We venture to extract the following item from the catalogue of an American dealer in autographs:—"BRYCE, JAMES, Viscount. Historian. Original MS. 33 pp. 4to of his article 'Equality.' In this he says:—'The evils of hereditary titles exceed their advantage. In Great Britain they produce snob-bishness both among those who possess them and those who do not, without (as a rule) any corresponding sense of duty to sustain the credit of the family or the caste. Their abolition would be clear gain. . . .' And now he is a Viscount. Price 30 dollars."

## More African Unrest.

From a letter in *The East African Standard*:

"We have indeed reached the stage known as the last straw on the camel's back, and I, for one, am quite prepared, as one of the least component parts of that camel, to add my iota to the endeavour to kick over the traces. Let us unite and, marching shoulder to shoulder and eye to eye, set sail for that glorious and equally well-known goal—'Who pays the piper calls the tune.'"

No man of spirit could resist so stirring an appeal.

## Embarrassing Situations.

I.

From the latest Official Report on anti-aircraft guns:—

"Another arrangement, constructed by Messrs. Lenz, is that in which the layer's seat is attached to the muzzle of the gun."

II.

"The mediators who are to intervene to bring peace in Mexico have begun their sittings at Niagara in a situation which is full of perplexity."

*The Saturday Westminster Gazette.*

If the spot alluded to is immediately under the Falls we can well understand their lack of confidence.



## THE HOLIDAY MOOD.

TO THE LIBERAL PARTY—BRITISH SECTION.

["The effect, however" (of the Nationalists' enthusiasm) "was somewhat marred by the apathy of the Liberals."—"The Times," on the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill.]

Why was the timbrel's note suppressed?

Why rang there not a rousing psalm  
When Ireland, waiting to be blest,  
Hanging about for half an æon,  
Achieved at length the heights of Heaven  
By a majority of 77?

Why was the trombone's music dumb?

Why did the tears of joy not splash on  
The vellum of the big bass drum  
To indicate your ardent passion  
For that Green Isle across the way  
Which you must really visit some fine day?

Was it the three elections (by-)

That left you for the time prostrated  
(They should have raised your spirits high,  
So INFANT SAMUEL calculated),  
Concluding with the worst of slips which  
Occurred between the cup and mouth at Ipswich?

Was it because your Home Rule Bill

(Though perfect) craves to be amended,  
And to the Lords you love so ill  
That you would gladly see 'em ended  
The delicate task has been referred  
Of patching up the places where you erred?

Was it that you were pained to find

How Ulster took your noble Charter;  
With what composure she declined  
To bear it like a Christian martyr;  
How there she stood, too firm to shake,  
With no idea of stepping to the stake?

Or did you hear a still small voice

Under your waistcoat, where your heart is:  
"We fought by contract, not by choice,  
Ay, and the spoils are not our party's;  
The Tories may be beat, but we know  
This is not ASQUITH'S, it is REDMOND'S beano?"

Or did you doubt if all was right

With Erin when you heard O'BRIEN  
Foreboding doom by second sight  
And roaring like a wounded lion,  
And saw what venomous hate convulsed her  
Apart from any little tiff with Ulster?

Or could it be, you felt, so fain

About your imminent vacation  
That the same breast could not contain  
The joy of Ireland-as-a-Nation?  
There wasn't room for both inside,  
And so the Bill gave way to Whitsuntide?

If that was why you would not hail

Your chance of bringing down the ceiling,  
But let the holiday mood prevail,  
I understand, and share your feeling;  
I find my bowl of joy o'er-bubbling  
Whenever Parliament has ceased from troubling.

O. S.

## NEWSPAPER WAR.

CUT-THROAT PARISH MAGAZINE COMPETITION.

THE amazing upheaval in provincial journalism consequent on the issue of the Little Titley Parish Magazine at one penny is the sole topic of conversation in Dampshire, to the exclusion of Ulster, Mexico, the scarcity of meat, and even golf. Perhaps the most remarkable and significant outcome of this momentous change is the sudden abandonment by the Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine of its familiar claim that its sale amounted to an average which, if tested, would show an excess of two to one over any other church periodical in Wessex. The Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine in its May number contented itself with asserting that it is the largest religious monthly in North Dampshire, also that its average sale, if tested, would show a circulation calculated to stagger humanity.

These assertions have led to a long and recriminatory correspondence in the columns of *The Tittersham Observer*. The Rev. Eldred Bolster, Vicar of Little Titley, writing in the issue of May 9th, characterises them as grotesque and preposterous fabrications. He points out, to begin with, that the Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine only contains eighteen pages, of which no fewer than sixteen are provided from London and have no reference to local matters, while the Little Titley Parish Magazine contains twenty-four pages, of which no fewer than four are entirely devoted to parish affairs. As regards circulation, Mr. Bolster sarcastically observes that humanity is sometimes staggered by the infinitely little even more than by the infinitely great, and challenges the Vicar of Nether Wambleton to publish the net figures of the sale of his periodical.

The challenge was promptly taken up, and in the issue of *The Tittersham Observer* of May 16th the Vicar of Nether Wambleton prints the following statement of the sales of his magazine since April, 1913. The figures are as follows:—

1913, May . . . .	54	1913, November . .	59
" June . . . .	57	" December . . .	57
" July . . . .	51	1914, January . .	61
" August . . . .	49	" February . . .	55
" September . . .	52	" March . . . .	59
" October . . . .	58		

The statement is signed by the Rev. Auriel Potts, Vicar of Nether Wambleton, and Andrew Jobling and Septimus Wicks, sidesmen.

This evasive reply could not be expected to satisfy Mr. Bolster, who returns to the charge in *The Tittersham Observer* of the 23rd May. Side by side with the sale figures of the Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine he prints those of his own periodical, which for the same period never fell below sixty and on the occasion of the Harvest Festival reached a total of seventy-nine. With scathing emphasis he points out that the Nether Wambleton figures cease with the month in which Little Titley came down to one penny, since which the latter has gone up by leaps and bounds, no fewer than eighty-four copies of the May number having already been sold. Moreover, these are net sales, while the Nether Wambleton figures (for all he knows) represent gross circulation, including copies gratuitously distributed at mothers' meetings, choir treats and other gatherings.

It might have been thought that Mr. Potts would have withdrawn from the controversial arena after this painful exposure, but with a persistence worthy of a better cause he rejoins in a long and irrelevant letter in *The Tittersham Observer* of the 30th May. He undoubtedly scores a point in maintaining that the Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine is the largest in Wessex on the strength of the fact that its page is half-an-inch longer and a quarter-of-an-inch wider than that of its rival, but in other respects his reply can





## THE CIRCUS OF EUROPE.

TURKEY (to Europa, ring-mistress). "INFIRM OF PURPOSE! GIVE ME BACK THE WHIP."









*Sympathetic Friend* (to gloomy batsman, disgusted at being given out for a catch at the wicket). "WOT'S WRONG, BILL? WAS IT DAFTFUL?"  
*Batsman*. "DAFTFUL! I SHOULD THINK IT WAS DAFTFUL! I COULD 'ARDLY 'EAR IT MYSELF."

hardly be considered convincing. For instance, he lays stress on the fact that the gigantic gooseberry grown in his parish and chronicled in his current issue was appreciably greater in diameter than that described in the corresponding issue of the rival publication. He also dwells on the superior artistic quality of the programme of the Penny Reading in his parish hall as compared with that of the Little Tittle Temperance Reed Band at their annual concert. And, finally, with ill-timed levity, he disclaims any intention of "bolstering up" his parish magazine by crude appeals to democratic sentiment—an allusion to the name of the Vicar of Little Tittle which has been deeply resented by the numerous admirers of that esteemed cleric.

The saddest feature about this painful controversy is the personal estrangement which it has brought about between the two vicars. Only six months ago the Rev. Mr. Bolster presided at a meeting at which the friends and parishioners of the Rev. Mr. Potts presented him with a testimonial and a set of electro-plated fish-knives to commemorate the celebration of his silver wedding. The testimonial, which was composed by Mr. Bolster, was a document couched in terms of the most affectionate admiration, and special reference was made to Mr. Potts's editorial abilities and the extraordinarily high literary standard of his parish magazine. In acknowledging the presentation Mr. Potts said that Mr. Bolster's energy and goodwill in carrying it out had given him more satisfaction than anything else, and when the two eminent divines were photographed in the act of embracing on the platform there was hardly a dry eye in the huge audience, numbering fully forty persons, who attended the proceedings.

### THE TATTIE-BOGLE.\*

A FARMER once, to scare the birds away,  
 O'er his poor seeds set up, to leer and ogle,  
 A raffish moon-face, stuffed with straw and hay,  
 A Tattie-Bogle;

And rook and daw and stare their pinions spread  
 Incontinent; for, so they judged the matter,  
 Some scowling foe stood there, and off they fled  
 With startled chatter.

A week the portent stood in sun and rain  
 And fluttered rags of dread. A sparrow, nathless,  
 Whose nestlings cried, dashed down and snatched a  
 grain,  
 And got off scathless.

Emboldened, back she flew; to such good end  
 The others followed, craning and alarmful,  
 To find the monster, if perhaps no friend,  
 At least unharmed.

To-day the bogle wags, a thing of jest  
 And open scorn; the very pipits mock it;  
 A jenny-wren, I'm told, has built her nest  
 In one torn pocket!

Heart of my heart, and so prove aught of awe  
 That darkens on your path; the buckram rogue'll  
 Stand, when you face him, but a ghost of straw—  
 A Tattie-Bogle!

\* Scarecrow. Scots.



### THE THREE-CARD TRICK.

ALTHOUGH the last race on the programme had yet to be run the railway station that adjoined the course was already packed to discomfort with the crowd of those who had left early in order to avoid each other. When the train that had been waiting drew alongside the platform there was a considerable bustle; but the individual whom (from his costume and general appearance) I will call the Complete Sportsman was nimble enough to secure a corner seat in a compartment that was immediately filled. A couple of quiet-looking elderly men, wearing hard hats and field-glasses, took the corners on the far side and began to discuss the day's events in undertones. They were followed by a stout red-faced gentleman in a suit of pronounced check, a curate (at sight of whom the Complete Sportsman elevated his eyebrows) and a hatchet-nosed individual in gaiters who looked like a vet.

As the train started, "Red-face, catching the eye of the Complete Sportsman, smiled genially. "Nice bit o' sport to-day, guv'nor," he observed.

The person thus addressed agreed, a little nervously.

"And why shouldn't we keep it up?" continued the other. He gazed round upon the company at large. "If so be as no gentleman here has any objection to winning a bit more."

Since no one offered any protest it appeared that no such prejudice existed. Red-face, diving into the pocket of his check coat, produced cards and a folding board. "Then here goes!" said he. "Who's the Lady and Find the Woman. Half-a-quad on it every time against any gent as chooses to back his fancy!"

With an air of benevolent detachment he began to shuffle three of the cards face downwards upon the board. Still no one appeared willing to tempt fortune. The two quiet men in the far corner, after a hasty and somewhat contemptuous glance at Red-face's proceedings, had resumed their talk and took no further heed of him.

The cards fell, slid, were turned up and slid again under his nimble fingers. "In the centre—and there she is!"—showing the queen. "Now on the left, quite correct. Once more, this time on the right—no, Sir, as you say, left again. Pity for you we weren't betting on that round!"

This was to the hatchet-nosed man who (as though involuntarily) had pointed out an obvious defect in the manipulations. Seeming to be encouraged by this initial success, he bent forward with sudden interest. "Don't mind if I do have half-a-quad on it just once," he said.

It certainly seemed as though the Red-faced man must be actuated by motives of philanthropy. Quite a considerable number of times did Hatchet-nose back his fancy, and almost always with success. The result was that perhaps ten or a dozen sovereigns were transferred to his pockets from those of the bank. Even the curate was spurred by the sight into taking a part—though he was only fortunate

change," he said in rather a disappointed tone.

"Perhaps," suggested the card-manipulator, "this gentleman could oblige you."

It being obvious that Hatchet-nose, the gentleman in question, was fully able to do this out of his recent winnings, he had, of course, no excuse for hesitation. The two five-pound notes changed hands; and the Sportsman pocketed twenty half-sovereigns. Then he turned towards the cards with alacrity. The quiet couple in the corner had not been wholly unmindful of these proceedings. The slightest glance of amused and derisory intelligence passed between them as the Complete Sportsman plunged into the game.

For the first two attempts he was successful. No sooner, however, did he settle to serious play, beaming with triumph at his good fortune, than it unaccountably deserted him. He lost the two half-sovereigns that he had just won, and then another and another; till in the event he found himself no less than four-pounds-ten out of pocket.

"I—I seem somehow to have lost the knack of it," he said, glancing round at the company with an air almost of apology.

Red-face was loud in his commiseration and encouragements to proceed. "Luck's bound to turn," he protested.

The Complete Sportsman, however, seemed to have had enough. No amount of persuasion could induce him to tempt fortune further, though, to do him justice, he appeared

to take his rebuff in a philosophic spirit. Desisting at length from his good-humoured attempts, the proprietor of the cards and board replaced them in his pocket and lit a cigar.

"Ah, well, somebody's got to lose, I suppose," he said tolerantly, adding, as the train slackened speed, "By Jove, Vauxhall already! I get out here. So long, all!"

He was on the platform immediately. By a coincidence as surprising as pleasant it appeared that Hatchet-nose and the curate were also alighting. The three walked away together; and the Complete Sportsman was left to share with the quiet couple a compartment in which there was now ample room to stretch his fawn-coloured limbs.

He did so with a sigh of relief, leaning back and smiling gently to himself as the train glided forward upon its



*Exasperated Subscriber (having found six different numbers engaged).  
"WELL, WHAT NUMBERS HAVE YOU GOT?"*

enough to find the queen on three occasions out of five.

It was apparently this last circumstance, and the ease with which he himself could have pointed out the errors of the reverend gentleman, that finally overcame the reluctance of the Complete Sportsman. He blushed, hesitated, then began to feel in his waistcoat pocket.

"It looks easy enough," he ventured dubiously.

"Easy as winkin'," said the red-faced man. "At least to the gents in this carriage. Begin to wish I hadn't proposed it."

However, he didn't show any signs of abandoning his amiable pursuit; not even when the Complete Sportsman, having assiduously searched all his pockets, produced a leather wallet and extracted thence a couple of notes.

"I'm afraid that I haven't got any





*Mistress.* "WHY, MARY, ISN'T THIS YOUR SUNDAY AFTERNOON OUT? AREN'T YOU GOING FOR A WALK THIS LOVELY DAY?"

*Mary.* "PLEASE, 'M, I'D RATHER STAY IN. YOU SEE, MOST OF THE PEOPLE OUT ON A SUNDAY IS COUPLES, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE CONSPICUOUS."

final stage. His recent misfortune appeared to trouble him not at all; indeed, as Waterloo was approached, the smile grew if anything more pronounced. He might have been thinking about some subject that amused him greatly.

Presently, turning towards his companions, he found the gaze of both the quiet men fixed upon him with a look of somewhat derisive compassion. It was apparent that the ease with which the Sportsman had been tempted into parting with his money had excited at once their pity and their contempt. For a time he endured this regard in uneasy silence. Then, as the preliminary jar of the brakes heralded Waterloo, he spoke.

"I perceive, gentlemen," said he, "that you are apparently labouring under a delusion with regard to my part in the transactions that you have just witnessed."

"I was wondering," returned the first of the quiet men, "how anyone could in these days be gulled by so transparent a set of rogues."

"Your wonder is, as I have said, misplaced. With regard to the persons who lately left us, the word transparent is, if anything, an understatement. The curate, the horsey stranger and the red-faced man were, of course, discredited before Noah entered the Ark."

"And yet," said the quiet man, staring, "we have this moment seen them take good money from you!"

"That," answered the Complete Sportsman as he prepared to alight, "is precisely where you make your mistake. The notes for which you saw me obtain change from one of the confederates, and of which change I lost less than half, were themselves—"

He paused, startled by the alteration that had taken place in the demeanour of the quiet men, who had risen simultaneously. The train had now stopped, and, glancing hastily over his shoulder, he saw that Red-face and his companions, who must have continued their journey in another compartment, were now surrounding the door.

For the first time the smile of the Complete Sportsman betrayed uneasi-

ness. "What—what does this mean?" he demanded.

"Merely," said the first of the quiet men blandly, "that your game is up. You uttered at least twenty of those notes on the course to-day, and we were bound to have you. My name is Inspector Pilling, of Scotland Yard, and these gentlemen are my colleagues. We are five to one, so I suggest that you come quietly."

To the curate he added, as they entered a waiting taxi, "You were quite right, George; the chance of that little score was a soft thing."

The comments of the Complete Sportsman are best omitted. We are not the author of *Pygmalion*.

From the Great North of Scotland Railway's advertisement in *The Aberdeen Daily Journal*:—

"A train will leave Aberdeen at 7.30 p.m. for Aberdeen."

Thus enabling the cautious Aberdonian to improve his mind by travel at a minimum of expense.



## THE COMPLETE DRAMATIST.

## Introductory.

I TAKE it that every able-bodied man and woman in this country wants to write a play. Since the news first got about that Orlando What's-his-name made £50,000 out of *The Crimson Sponge*, there has been a feeling that only through the medium of the stage can literary art find its true expression. The successful playwright is indeed a man to be envied. Leaving aside for the moment the question of super-tax, the prizes which fall to his lot are worth striving for. He sees his name (correctly spelt) on buses which go to such different spots as Hammersmith and West Norwood, and his name (spelt incorrectly) beneath the photograph of somebody else in *The Illustrated Butler*. He is a welcome figure at the garden-parties of the elect, who are always ready to encourage him by accepting free seats for his play; actor-managers nod to him; editors allow him to contribute without charge to a symposium on the price of golf balls. In short he becomes a "prominent figure in London Society"—and, if he is not careful, somebody will say so.

But even the unsuccessful dramatist has his moments. I knew a young man who married somebody else's mother, and was allowed by her fourteen gardeners to amuse himself sometimes by rolling the tennis-court. It was an unsatisfying life; and when rash acquaintances asked him what he did he used to say that he was reading for the Bar. Now he says he is writing a play—and we look round the spacious lawns and terraces and marvel at the run his last one must have had.

However, I assume that you who read this are actually in need of the dubs. Your play must be not merely a good play but a successful one. How shall this success be achieved?

Frankly I cannot always say. If you came to me and said, "I am on the Stock Exchange, and bulls are going down," or up, or sideways, or whatever it might be; "there's no money to be made in the City nowadays, and I want to write a play instead. How shall I do it?"—well, I couldn't help you. But suppose you said, "I'm fond of writing; my people always say my letters home are good enough for *Punch*. I've got a little idea for a play about a man and a woman and another woman, and—but perhaps I'd better keep the plot a secret for the moment. Anyhow it's jolly exciting, and I can do the dialogue all right. The only thing is, I don't know anything about technique and stagecraft and the three unities and that sort of rot. Can you give me a

few hints?" Suppose you spoke to me like this, then I could do something for you. "My dear Sir," I should reply (or Madam), "you have come to the right shop. Lend me your ear for a few weeks, and you shall learn just what stage-craft is." And I should begin with a short homily on

## I.—SOLILOQUY.

If you ever read your *Shakspeare*—and no dramatist should despise the works of another dramatist; he may always pick up something in them which may be useful for his next play—if you ever read your *Shakspeare*, it is possible that you have come across this passage:—

"Enter Hamlet.

*Ham.* To be, or not to be —"

And so on in the same vein for some thirty lines.

These few remarks are called a soliloquy, being addressed rather to the world in general than to any particular person on the stage. Now the object of this soliloquy is plain. The dramatist wished us to know the thoughts which were passing through *Hamlet's* mind, and it was the only way he could think of in which to do it. Of course a really good actor can often give a clue to the feelings of a character simply by facial expression. There are ways of shifting the eyebrows, distending the nostrils, and exploring the lower molars with the tongue by which it is possible to denote respectively Surprise, Defiance and Doubt. Indeed, irresolution being the keynote of *Hamlet's* soliloquy, a clever player could to some extent indicate the whole thirty lines by a silent working of the jaw. But at the same time it would be idle to deny that he would miss the finer shades of the poet's meaning. "The insolence of office, and the spurns"—to take only one line—would tax the most elastic face.

So the soliloquy came into being. We moderns, however, see the absurdity of it. In real life no one thinks aloud or in an empty room. The up-to-date dramatist must at all costs avoid this hall-mark of the old-fashioned play.

What, then, is to be done? If it be granted, first, that the thoughts of a certain character should be known to the audience, and, secondly, that soliloquy, or the habit of thinking aloud, is in opposition to modern stage technique, how shall a soliloquy be avoided without damage to the play?

Well, there are more ways than one; and now we come to what is meant by stage-craft. Stage-craft is the art of getting over these difficulties, and (if possible) getting over them in a showy manner, so that people will say, "How remarkable his stage-craft is for so

young a writer," when otherwise they mightn't have noticed it at all. Thus, in this play we have been talking about, an easy way of avoiding *Hamlet's* soliloquy would be for *Ophelia* to speak first.

*Oph.* What are you thinking about, my lord?

*Ham.* I am wondering whether to be or not to be, whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer—

And so on, till you get to the end, when *Ophelia* might say, "Ah, yes," or something non-committal of that sort. This would be an easy way of doing it, but it would not be the best way, for the reason that it is too easy to call attention to itself. What you want is to make it clear that you are conveying *Hamlet's* thoughts to the audience in rather a clever manner.

That this can now be done we have to thank the well-known inventor of the telephone. (I forget his name.) The telephone has revolutionised the stage; with its aid you can convey anything you like across the footlights. In the old badly-made play it was frequently necessary for one of the characters to take the audience into his confidence. "Having disposed of my uncle's body," he would say to the stout lady in the third row of the stalls, "I now have leisure in which to search for the will. But first to lock the door lest I should be interrupted by Harold Wotnott." In the modern well-constructed play he simply rings up an imaginary confederate and tells him what he is going to do. Could anything be more natural?

Let us, to give an example of how this method works, go back again to the play we have been discussing.

*Enter Hamlet. He walks quickly across the room to the telephone, and takes up the receiver impatiently.*

*Ham.* Hallo! Hallo! I want double-nine—hal-lo! I want double-nine two—hal-lo! Double-nine two three, Elsinore . . . Double-nine; yes . . . Hallo, is that you, Horatio? *Hamlet* speaking. Er—to be or not to be, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows—What? No, *Hamlet* speaking. What? Aren't you Horatio? I want double-nine two three—sorry. . . . Is that you, exchange? You gave me double-five, I want double-nine . . . Hallo, is that you, Horatio? *Hamlet* speaking. To be or not to be, that is the—What? No, I said, To be or not to be . . . No, 'be'—b-e. Yes, that's right. To be or not to be, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler—

And so on. You see how effective it is.

But there is still another way of avoiding the soliloquy, which is some-



times used with good results. It is to let *Hamlet*, if that happens to be the name of your character, enter with a small dog, pet falcon, mongoose, tame bear or whatever animal is most in keeping with the part, and confide in this animal such sorrows, hopes or secret history as the audience has got to know. This has the additional advantage of putting the audience immediately in sympathy with your hero. "How sweet of him," all the ladies say, "to tell his little bantam about it!"

If you are not yet tired (as I am) of the *Prince of Denmark*, I will explain (for the last time) how a modern author might re-write his speech.

*Enter Hamlet with his favourite boar-hound.*

*Ham. (to B.-H.)* To be or not to be—ah, Fido, Fido!

That is the question—eh, old Fido, boy? Whether 'tis nobler in—how now, a rat! Rats, Fido, fetch 'em—in the mind to suffer

The slings and—down, Sir!—arrows—put it down!

Arrows of—drop it, Fido; good old dog—

And so 'on. Which strikes me as rather sweet and natural. A. A. M.

### "SOCIETY" NEWS.

THE S.P.C.L.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Labour Agitators) has mooted a novel and, we consider, very far-seeing scheme. It is recognised now that a time must come when no State will be able to ship its undesirables to another country, for the simple reason that the available dumping grounds will gradually be exhausted or refuse to be dumping grounds any longer. That is where the S.P.C.L.A. comes in with its proposal, which is to charter or, if necessary, build a 50,000-ton liner as an ocean hotel for the unfortunate exiles. This leviathan will be coaled by lighters outside the three-miles limit and will ride the high seas for ever and a day. In the event of internal disturbances (in the hotel itself) another maritime hostelry will be chartered, until—who knows—some day we may witness the almost unthinkable anomaly of a Labour Fleet.

The kindly action of the N.I.E.S.R.O. (Navvies' League for the Encouragement of Spectators at Roadmending Operations) in providing deck chairs upon the pavement at a penny an hour is universally appreciated, and it is now no uncommon thing to see a navy taking a holiday and egging on his sturdy comrades to greater efforts from a seat marked "Deadhead."

The S.P.S.K.K. (Society for the

Promotion of Steam-heating in Kaffir Kraals) displayed a regrettable lack of judgment in choosing Christmas Day for the laying of its foundation pipe, Christmas being the South African midsummer.

The D.M.S.P.T.O.H. (Dyspeptic Millionaires' Society for the Promotion of Their Own Happiness) is in urgent need of funds.

At the unveiling of the statue to its founder by the S.I.D.R.I. (Society for Insisting on the Divine Right of Iconoclasts) it is understood that several conversions were effected through the conduct of a band of youthful enthusiasts who, faithful to their principles and unable to restrain

their zeal for the cause, rushed at the newly-revealed masterpiece and smashed it to atoms.

The S.F.S. (Society for the Formation of Societies) and the S.F.S.F.S. (Society for the Formation of Societies for the Formation of Societies) are both doing splendid work.

### The Brokers.

From a poster:—  
"NEW KING'S CAPITAL INVESTED BY REBELS."  
In something safe, we hope.

### Commercial Candour.

Notice in a gramophone shop-window:—

"JUST SUITABLE FOR THE RIVER."



*Petty Officer of Patrol.* "HULLO, YOU. WHAT'S YOUR SHIP?"

*Sailor (returning from revelry).* "'OW LONG 'AVE YOU BEEN BLIND? IT'S WROTE PLAIN ENOUGH ON MY CAP, AIN'T IT?"





New Proprietor of Public-house (that levies a fine for every swear-word). "‘ERE, BILL, THAT’S A PENNY YOU OWE TO THE PARSON’S SWEAR-BOX."

Bill. "I’D BETTER DO WHAT I DONE AFORE—PUT A ‘ARF-CROWN IN AND ‘AVE A SEASON-TICKET."

### THE SMILE OF THE SEA-KINGS.

(A reflection on the recent Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich suggested by a study of the illustrated papers.)

THEY swung with the accurate grace of the clockwork at Greenwich;  
Their brassies unswervingly held to the line of the pegs;  
Their chip-shots came down on the greens and mistook them for spinach,  
And stopped like poached eggs;  
Not theirs the desire for the sand-pit, not theirs the inadequate legs.

Or if ever they failed to lie moribund, dauntless the heroes  
Stooped down to impossible putts for a half or a win,  
Stooped down in voluminous knickers and all sorts of queer hose  
And stuffed the ball in,  
Like American packers of pig-meat, hard home to the floor of the tin.

These things I admired; but I wondered still more when the mighty,  
The mystical thumpers of pills by the marge of the spray,

Having somehow offended Poseidon or else Aphrodite,  
Got chucked from the fray,  
Passed forth till they left Mr. JENKINS sole lord of the hazardous bay.

When the ultimate putt was holed out in each notable duel  
How grandly they took it, remarking "I think (or I guess)  
That the right man has conquered," not shouting that Fortune was cruel,  
Not murmuring, "Bless!"  
What a glory illumined their features when snapped by the popular Press!

Full glad is the face of the earth when the vineyards are laden;  
Loud laughs with innumerable laughter in wreath upon wreath  
The ocean at Blackpool or Margate; most blithely the maiden  
Unfastens the sheath  
Of her mouth like the bloom of a musk rose, when Fangol has furbished her teeth;

So fair was the smile of the sea-kings; so sweet was the look on  
The faces of HEZLET and OUMET and most of their peers

When they passed from the contest, a smile with a sort of a hook on,  
Uncoloured with tears;  
It went slap through their cheeks down the fair-way and bunkered itself by their ears.

And if e’er in the future, cast down from the promise of Heaven,  
Half-stymied by William, I grumble and groan at my fate  
When he captures the hole (and the game) with a pretty bad 7,  
Whilst my score is 8,  
And I bubble with impotent anger, I seethe with tumultuous hate,

Let me think of my album of photos, whose title is "After,"  
All cut from the dailies; it gives you most wonderful tips  
For producing without any pressure the right kind of laughter;  
It gives you the grips  
And the stance of the teeth of the *plus* men, and how to get length from the lips. EVOE.

"Hobbs lbw b Bold c Pearson."—*Scotsman*.  
PEARSON ought really to be told that you cannot catch a man off his pads.





### A HOLIDAY TASK.

PRIME AND WAR MINISTER. "AFRAID I'VE LET YOU IN FOR RATHER AN AWKWARD JOB WITH THIS AMENDING BILL."

LORD CREWE. "MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU'RE SO VERSATILE—WHY NOT SPEND THE REST OF THE RECESS MAKING YOURSELF A BARON OR A BISHOP? THEN YOU COULD TAKE IT ON INSTEAD OF ME."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF  
TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 25.—“Let the curtain ring down, Mr. SPEAKER, and the sooner the better. It is a farce, and I think a contemptible farce.”

Thus BONNER LAW—the farce being the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill.

The curtain had risen on a thronged and excited House. Were it the custom at the T. R. Westminster to put out notice-boards one might have borne the legend dear to the heart of the manager, “Standing room Only.” Even late-comers among the peers were fain to stand by the doorway opening on the Gallery, where earlier birds had found twigs on which to sit. Overflow of Commoners into the side galleries gave the last touch to stirring scene presented but twice or thrice in history of a Session.

Ordered business of sitting was the stage of the measure alluded to in phrase quoted from LEADER OF OPPOSITION. But, as was testified anew last Thursday, business in House of Commons does not always run through expected courses. In strained temper of the hour anything might happen, even a bout of fisticuffs. What actually did happen was that within space of hour and a-half from SPEAKER'S taking the Chair, a period including the ordinary Question-hour, Home Rule Bill was read a third time and carried over to House of Lords through cheering crowd waiting in Central Lobby.

SPEAKER introduced soothing note by frank confession that, when on Thursday he invited LEADER of OPPOSITION to state whether he approved the outburst of disorder among his followers which prevented their authorised spokesman being heard, he “was betrayed into an expression he ought not to have used.” BONNER LAW “gratefully accepted the explanation,” and eloquently extolled the character of the SPEAKER.

SPEAKER invited PREMIER to yield to insistent demand of Opposition and give further particulars with regard to the Amending Bill. The PREMIER, always ready to oblige,



Conjurer. “Ladies and gentlemen, I will now place this scroll in the hat, and in a few weeks I shall show you something—er—something which will surprise you.”

A Voice. “You’ve got it up your sleeve.”

Conjurer. “On the contrary, gentlemen.” (Aside) “Wish to Heaven I had!”

responded in a few luminous, courteous sentences, which did not add a syllable of information beyond what had been reiterated in previous references to subject. It was then that BONNER LAW, with rare dramatic gesture, gave the command; “Ring down the curtain!” “It is the end of the Act, but not of

the play,” he added amid loud cheers from host behind him, reinforced this afternoon by arrival of recruits from North-East Derbyshire and Ipswich. “The final Act in the drama will be played not in the House of Commons, but in the country, and there, Sir, it will not be a farce.”

PRIME MINISTER, amid constant interruption from benches opposite, made short reply. Curtain about to fall as directed when WILLIAM O'BRIEN hurried to front of stage. Reasonably expected that, having through forty years made strenuous fight for Home Rule, he was now about to sing a paean suitable to eve of final victory. On the contrary what he wished to remark, and like the Heathen Chinese his language was plain, was that, “If the Bill becomes an Act it will be born with a rope round its neck.”

Home Rule for Ireland all very well. But not Home Rule *cum* JOHN REDMOND and *sine* WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

House listened with impatience to this tirade, calling again and again for the division. When it was taken it appeared that 351 voted for Third Reading and 274 against, a majority of 77. Redmondites leaped to their feet and wildly cheered. Ministerialists did not respond to enthusiastic outburst. They were dumbly glad that a measure wrangled over for three sessions was out of the way at last, leaving behind, it is true, the shadow of an Amending Bill.

Business done.—Both Houses adjourn for Whitsun recess. Commons resume 9th of June; Lords six days later.



THE HOME RULE BABY.

“If the Bill becomes an Act it will be born with a rope round its neck.”—Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

From an advertising tailor's guarantee:—

“If the smallest hole appears after six months' wear, we will make another absolutely free.”

It is a very kind offer, but we would always rather find somebody who would mend the first hole.

“It is an interesting fact that Mr. Gidney (Marlborough) went round the course in, approximately, 97, which is, we understand, a record for the Hungerford course, the bogey for which is 82.”

Marlborough Times.

Somebody must have done it in more than this. Personally we are always good for a century.



## THE MOUSE OF MYDRA.

WHEN Mr. Walford Sploshington bought Hydra House we all hoped that beyond papering and painting, dabbling on a bit of plaster where it was needed, and grubbing the groundsel in the drive, he would allow it to remain in the state of old-world picturesqueness in which he had found it. We would not have objected even if he had decided on having water laid on; although this would be getting dangerously near our limit, as there was a dear old draw-well in the garden and one in the ripping old courtyard. We were justly proud of the fact of Hydra House being the finest and purest example of Tudor architecture in our corner of England. When I say "we," I mean the Weather-spoons, the Malcomson-Pagets, Gaddingham, and one or two others, and myself. It was as near to being a mansion as it is reasonable to expect a house to be without its being actually a mansion; and there was a romance in its very name that compelled our reverence. The first owner—the ancestor in a direct line of the gentleman who, because of the increased cost of petrol combined with the Undeveloped Land Tax, was obliged to sell it to Mr. Walford Sploshington, the highest bidder—was one of those fine fellows who in the spacious days of ELIZABETH did so much towards making England

what she is to-day, or rather what she was until the General Election of 1906. On one of his voyages of adventure he visited the Hydra Islands, in the Gulf of Ægina, where he became enamoured of the daughter of a vineyard proprietor. As she heartily reciprocated his affection, he married her, and, bringing her home to England, installed her as mistress of a brand-new home presented to him by a grateful Queen and country. Given a similar set of circumstances, ninety-nine out of any hundred newly-married men would have done as he did, and called it Hydra House.

But Mr. Walford Sploshington disappointed us. He did more: he grieved us; he insulted our instincts, sentimental and artistic, and he offended our eyes. He filled in the dear old wells. He mutilated the Tudor garden out of all semblance of a Tudor garden. He enlarged the windows and made bays of them. He painted a vivid green all the exposed timbering that is the characteristic feature of Tudor

houses. In short, he did everything to outrage the decencies. He even carried his vandalisms out to the old gateway. There he erected two Corinthian columns, and spanned them with the roof of a pagoda. It was a surprise to us that he retained the ancient name of Hydra House. We had expected, even hoped, that he would change it to something ornate and vulgar, and so leave nothing to remind us of the old place of which we had all been so fond and proud. But one sunny morning a sign-painter began work on the Corinthian columns. Gaddingham and I did not, of course, stand to watch him; but, having occasion to pass the pagoda during the afternoon, I happened upon Sploshington himself, standing in the middle of the road, poising his head this way and that,

as it happens, no one but you is in a position to decide. Passing your gate the other day, we were both struck by the beauty of the gilt stencilling on the column on either side, more especially by the chaste idea followed out in the ornamentation of the initial letters—the "H's." They are, as I am convinced you are aware, suggestive of the letter "M," and this it is that has led to the little difference between my friend and myself. I hold the opinion that this suggestion is intentional, and that in giving your instructions to the decorator's artist you had in mind the celebrated Mouse of Mydra. My friend, whose strong point, I regret to say, is not history, confessed ignorance of this famous animal, and I had to enlighten him there and then by telling him how the sagacious little creature saved the life of the King of Mydra by nibbling at his ear while he slept one night, all unconscious of an outbreak of fire in the palace, thereby rousing him in time to enable him to make his escape. And how, in gratitude, the King decreed that every family in his realm should on every 1st of April—the date of the fire—receive three barley loaves, a Dutch cheese, and a stoop of ale; and every child be given a pink sugar-mouse. My friend, however, holds to the opinion that the resemblance of the "H" to an "M" is merely accidental. As we



TO BRIGHTEN UP THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

and quite obviously lost in admiration of ten six-inch gilt letters, five on each column.

The five on the left-hand column made up the mystery word "Mydra." Those on the right constituted "Mouse." Of course, I got it right almost the moment I had passed. What I had taken to be an "M" in each word was merely a highly-ornamental "H" with its horizontal bar sagging in the centre with the weight of its grandeur. There had never been a name on the gate in the whole history of Hydra House, but we agreed that Sploshington felt that after all his vandalism no one would recognise the place unless he labelled it, and, of course, he was unequal to providing a plain, unassuming label.

Then Gaddingham and I took counsel together, and we decided that I should write a nice letter to Sploshington. This is what I wrote:—

DEAR SIR,—I trust you will pardon the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but a friend of mine and I have made a small bet on a question which,

have both backed our fancy, as the saying is, to the extent of five shillings, we shall be grateful if you will settle the little dispute for us.

Yours faithfully, F. MELRUSH.

We had no fear that Sploshington would know that Mydra and its king and its mouse were as apocryphal as *Mrs. Harris*; but his reply exceeded our wildest expectations. This is it:—

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged by your letter, and am pleased to inform you that you have won your bet. The resemblance of the "H" to an "M" is not accidental, as I had the incident of the Mydra Mouse in my mind when giving my directions to the artist. It may perhaps be of further interest to you to know that on every 1st of April it is my intention to present every working-class family in this parish with three four-pound loaves, a Dutch cheese, and a gallon of six ale; and every child with a pink sugar-mouse.

Faithfully yours,

WALFORD SPOSHINGTON.





*Little Girl (in disgrace, to Mother as she enters nursery). "DO YOU LOVE ME, MUMMY?"*

*Mother. "YES, DARLING."*

*Little Girl. "DO YOU LOVE ME VERY MUCH?"*

*Mother. "OF COURSE, DARLING."*

*Little Girl. "WELL, I'VE FROWN MY PUDDEN UNDER THE TABLE."*

### NOT A LINE.

DEAR SIR, I shall not write a line to-day,  
Though many subjects merit my attention.  
To take one instance only, there is May  
(The month) at present in her last declension.  
Lord, what a dance she leads us on her May-toes,  
And spoils the beans and ruins the potatoes.

The gloomy gardener stands and counts the cost,  
His once proud thoughts to sheer depression  
turning.  
Darkly he marks the intempestive frost,  
Though the laburnum still keeps on laburning,  
And though the rose renews her ancient story  
And bursts her bonds and blazes in her glory.

No, Sir, I shall not write a single line,  
Not though the Tories storm with angry lips  
which  
Salute the serried ranks of the combine  
With shouts of "journ, 'journ, 'journ" or howls  
for Ipswich.  
These do not stir me, and I see, unheeding,  
The Home Rule Bill receive its hundredth reading.

As for my dogs, at any other time—  
One is a massive hound and three are particles—  
They might provoke a stave or two of rhyme,  
Or shine in prose and be described in articles.  
But, if I owned the swift melodious Meynell,  
To-day I would not write about my kennel.

The woes of butlers and the ways of cooks,  
The contumely of wives, the scorn of daughters;  
Golf, too, and tennis, or reviews of books;  
Breezes and bees and trees and rippling waters,  
All these are writable, but I, Sir, shun them—  
Take thirty lines: I've been and gone and done them!

R. C. L.

### ALL SQUARE.

"A BANKER'S business," the cashier explained, "is to borrow money from one customer and lend it to another."

I smiled an innocent smile.

"To me, for instance," I suggested.

"No, not to you. The general state of your account does not warrant an overdraft."

I bowed respectfully and promised to be careful.

As a matter of fact it has been extremely difficult. They keep a little book which tells them exactly how much I have got left. At the end of last year it was 2s. 6d. Until the beginning of this month I let it stand at that; then I grew restive and ordered a new cheque-book. The cashier's eyes glistened as he handed it over. "Thirty, I suppose," he said sarcastically. I thanked him and withdrew. Half-a-crown aside; balance nothing.

Yesterday I went in and wrote out a cheque. Meanwhile the cashier disappeared into the back regions. Perhaps he went to make sure how I stood, but I am certain he knew all the time. On his return the cheque was ready.

"I'm just off for a tour round the world," I said. "You might take care of this till I come back," and I handed him the cheque-book. Then I drew out two shillings and fivepence.



## ANOTHER INFORMATION BUREAU.

### TO-DAY'S PROBLEMS AND THE REPLIES TO THEM.

THE COST OF ENNOBLEMENT.—A LOVER OF ART.—A VERY NATURAL INQUIRY.—THE OAKS.—A REMARKABLE OLD MASTER.—A DELICATE TRIAL OF TACT.—OLD BOOKS.—MR. KIPLING.

#### THE COST OF ENNOBLEMENT.

*Can you tell me what I should have to pay to become a marquis? My wife has a great desire to be a marchioness before she dies. Is there the title of marchioness in any other country besides England? I mean, do you think I could get it done in, say, Turkey or some place in need of money? Not America, I suppose? Anything you can tell me about it will be useful and will earn our gratitude.—H. F. G. (Bedford Park).*

The market price of a marquise at this moment is £150,000. A few questions are asked. It is not usual to make a commoner a marquis at one step. There are no Turkish marquises, nor any yet in Albania, but as one never knows what that country may bring forth perhaps it would be wise to wait a little. America confers no titles of such importance as marquis, but a dental degree is not difficult to obtain at, say, Milwaukee. Tammany has its bosses, but that title carries with it no distinction for the wife.

#### A LOVER OF ART.

*Can you tell me where the best choppers are to be obtained and what are the most valuable pictures in the Tate Gallery?—F. W. M. (Chelsea).*

There are excellent chopper shops near Smithfield. Opinions differ as to the best pictures in the Tate Gallery, individual taste being a powerful factor in the making of a choice.

#### A VERY NATURAL ENQUIRY.

*Can you tell me where I can procure a book which instructs one how to write a successful revue? I have quite a lot of spare time just now and wish to add to my income.—K. M. (Homerton).*

We do not know that one has yet been published, but doubtless many are in preparation. We advise you to write to the Revue King, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, who is always delighted to answer letters and is the soul of courtesy; or to Mr. ALFRED BUTT, who has plenty of time on his hands.

#### THE OAKS.

*Will you kindly give me some facts about the race called the Oaks? It is to settle a bet. I have always under-*

*stood that the Oaks is a race run two days after the Derby as a kind of consolation for those horses which were unplaced in the Derby; but a friend says that he believes I am mistaken and that the Oaks is for three-year-old fillies.—M. S. (Hartlepool).*

Your friend, I am told, is right. You must have been confusing oaks with acorns.

#### A REMARKABLE OLD MASTER.

*I have a picture which my friends tell me is either by LEONARDO DA VINCI or REMBRANDT. May I send it to you for your opinion, and if so, what guarantee have I that I shall see it again?—W. F. G. (Woolwich).*

From your description of your picture we imagine it to be one of those on which these two clever artists collaborated. It would, however, be wiser to take it to one of the experts than to bring it to a noisy and restless newspaper office. We recommend either Sir SIDNEY COLVIN, Sir CHARLES HOLROYD or Sir CLAUDE PHILLIPS. As a precaution against the negligible risk mentioned in the second part of your query we advise you, when submitting the picture to these gentlemen, to have it chained to your body.

#### A DELICATE TRIAL OF TACT.

*The other day I had lunch with an uncle with whom I wish to be on the best of terms. I should say that he fancies himself as a judge of wine. We went to a restaurant and he ordered champagne, which came, already opened, in an ice-basket. When the wine was poured out he tasted it, smacked his lips and said, "That's perfect! What a bouquet! What an aroma!" I sipped and found it most vilely corked. I also noticed that the waiter was grinning, and I then realized that he knew it too, and that we had been given a bottle which someone else had rejected. What was I to do? If I told my uncle that the wine was corked he would be furious to have been detected in an error of judgment. If I did not drink it he would be furious too. If I did drink it I should be sick, and I should also be a fool in the eyes of the waiter. If nothing was said the restaurant people would profit by their low trick. Meanwhile uncle was sipping and beaming.—P. E. L. (Norbiton).*

Your problem is a very interesting one and we should find it easier to answer if you had told us what you actually did. To rise suddenly, apparently for the purpose of flinging your

arms round your uncle's neck in a spasm of affection, and at the same time to sweep from the table the bottle and both glasses seems to us the course which possesses most elements of tact. The circumstance that you were inspired by admiration and love would mitigate your uncle's wrath, and a new and sound bottle could quickly be obtained. We admit that the restaurant would remain unpunished; but then that is a restaurant's *métier*.

#### OLD BOOKS.

*I have recently turned up in a loft the following books: "Complete Farrier," LAW'S "Serious Call," "Robinson Crusoe," WESLEY'S "Hymns," "The Shipwreck," by FALCONER, two odd volumes of "The Spectator," and PRENDERGAST'S "Sermons." All are very old, dirty and worm-eaten, and I feel sure must therefore be very valuable. Can you say what I am likely to get for them from a good dealer?—E. G. (Croydon).*

Fourpence for the lot.

#### MR. KIPLING.

*Kindly tell me if the Mr. KIPLING who has been making such a splendid speech about the Cabinet and their mercenariness and the treacherous nature of the Irish is the same Mr. KIPLING who wrote "The Reccsional" and "Without Benefit of Clergy"? Some one here says that he is, but I doubt it.—A. L. D. (Swindon).*

We are making enquiries.

#### HULLO, BEDROOM SCENE!

WHEN Elizabeth presented me with my first safety razor we were both extremely hopeful about the future. She, fresh from the influence of a chemist's assistant, was convinced that breakfast would receive my attentions at more nearly its official hour; while I, reading folded eulogies that had nestled mid the dismembered parts of the razor itself, was looking forward to quite ten minutes extra in bed each morning.

Incidentally we were both disappointed.

For some time everything went well. And then the disused razor blades began to collect!

Now, one of the duties of our seventh housemaid (the seventh this year) was to light gas and things in the bedrooms when it became dark. And one evening, when she was groping about with her hands and snatching at things on the dressing-table in the hope of finding matches, she clutched a group of discarded razor-blades by mistake, strewed them and her blood over



Elizabeth's best blue carpet, and gave notice the next morning.

"Now, what is to be done?" said Elizabeth next day as she sat on the floor and massaged the blue Axminster. "No housemaid, and a bedroom carpet disguised as a third-rate murder clue."

"Either get a red carpet, or apply for your next housemaid to a Society for Destitute Aristocrats, a blue blood guaranteed," I suggested.

Elizabeth left off massaging and gazed searchingly at the murder clue.

"All because you didn't throw away those wretched razor blades," she said. "Hughie, I hate you! Throw them away at once!"

"Unhate me first," I stipulated.

Elizabeth unhated me, ruffing my newly-made hair in the process.

It took but two strides to reach the dressing-table; it was the work of hardly one minute to collect that ever-growing herd of assertive "has beens," and then . . . I began to wonder where I was going to throw them.

Where did one generally throw away things? Out of the window?

I turned my head away in horror. Who was I that I should shower razor blades on that passing archdeacon?

The waste-paper basket?

My housemaid's life was too valuable.

The dust-bin?

But there again the dustman might delve; the Employers' Liability Act is a tricky business and I am only insured against my own death—which always seems to me silly.

"Look here," I said, "it's not so easy to throw these things away as you appear to think. Where am I to throw them?"

Elizabeth opened her mouth to suggest places. Then she shut it again without speaking and became thoughtful.

"Yes," she admitted at length, "it is a little difficult. One can't even bury them in the garden in case they should damage the potatoes."

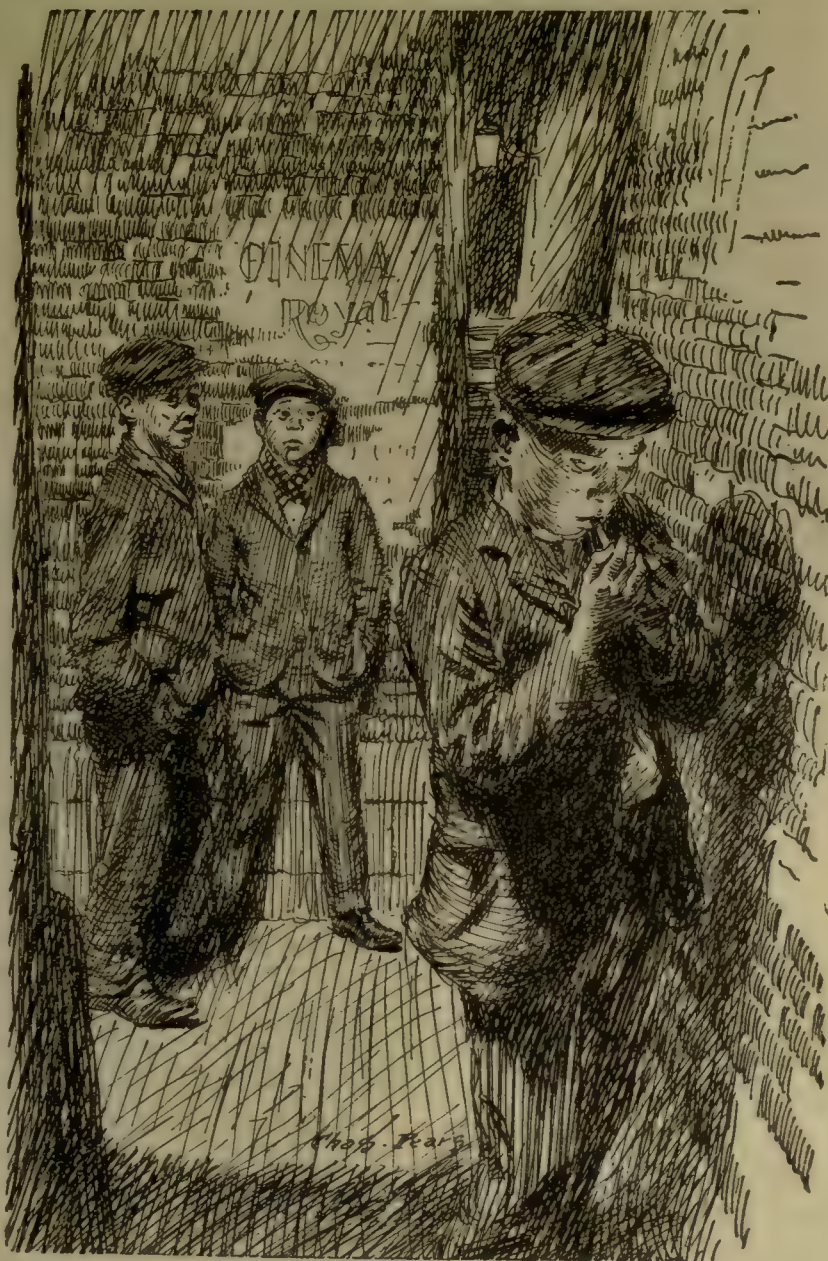
"There," I cried triumphantly—"they've floored you too!"

Elizabeth gathered together her pails and sponges and held out a hand to be helped up.

"Not at all," she said. "All you've got to do is to put them in a cardboard box and make them into a nice parcel, and I'll write a label."

"Now," she said, when she had finished attaching it, "let's take the dogs for a walk, just to the end of the road. This parcel contains things that are dangerous to the public welfare, doesn't it? Very well, then, I shall make sure that it's taken into safe custody by the nearest policeman."

"Look here, Elizabeth," I said firmly, "I'll have nothing to do with



"OLE BILL YONDER'S GOT A JOB. THINKS HE'S GOIN' TO SET THE THAMES ON FIRE."  
"NOT 'IM; 'E TAKES 'ARF A BOX O' MATCHES TO LIGHT A WOODBINE."

your silly ass tricks. If we draw blood from the police——"

"Oh, that'll be all right," she remarked cheerfully as we reached the end of the road. "We shan't wait to explain. Quick! There is a policeman coming! Here's the parcel. Put it down just at the bottom of the letter-box."

As I stooped with it, "He won't get hurt," said Elizabeth. "He'll open it too gingerly to cut himself. He'll think it's a bomb."

"Why?" said I.

And then first I saw the writing on the label. It said, VOTES FOR WOMEN.

### "IPSWICH ELECTION RESULT.

WORDS AND MUSIC OF  
DON'T YOU MIND IT, HONEY."

"Reynolds" poster.

This has cheered Mr. MASTERMAN up a good deal.

"He left to his eldest son to devolve as an heirloom his picture by Velasquez of a girl with a bird on her finger and a boy and a basket of limes and £500 to the Foundling Hospital."—Times.

No doubt the Hospital will be grateful for its three legacies.



## A GREAT OCCASION.

As was anticipated by the promoters of the tercentenary celebration of the discovery of Logarithms, to be held next July, the application for tickets has been overwhelming. The Albert Hall, Olympia, and the White City, each of which in turn was selected for the place of meeting, have been successively abandoned as inadequate, and it has now been decided to roof in the whole of Hyde Park. Even with the huge amount of accommodation thus available it is feared that many millions will have to be turned away.

Excursion trains will be run from all parts, and the advanced bookings are already said to have eclipsed the record for the Cup Final.

The whole period of the celebration will be regarded as a public holiday, and the Stock Exchange will be closed.

Some idea of the entertaining character of the festival will be gathered from the following abstracts from the preliminary programme, a copy of which we have had the privilege of inspecting.

The ceremony will open to the strains of Sir EDWIN ELGAR's *Logarithmic Symphony*, composed specially for the occasion.

Among the papers to be read in the course of the proceedings we note:—

"State-aided Logarithms," by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

"SHAKESPEARE'S indebtedness to the Logarithm," by Sir SIDNEY LEE.

"The Logarithm in relation to Federal Home Rule," by Mr. F. S. OLIVER.

"My Favourite Logarithm," by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR.

"Logs I have Rolled," by Mr. C. K. SHORTER.

"The Logarithm at the Olympic Games," by Mr. THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

"The Logarithm in the Home," by Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

"The Logarithm in the Nursery," by "Aunt Louisa" (of *Tips for Tots*).

"Logs and the Higher Criticism," by Sir OLIVER LOG.

"Logarithms and the Hire System," by Lord CATESBY OF DROLL.

"The Paradox of Logarithms," by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.

"Logarithms and the Animal World," by the Editor of *The Spectator*.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD will recite a poem, entitled "The Log of the Widow's Cruise."

An interesting contrast to the flood of eulogy will be supplied by Sir ALMROTH WRIGHT, who, taking the view that the simplicity with which

logarithms can be handled is leading the nation inevitably towards mental atrophy, will introduce the question, "The Logarithm: is it a Public Menace?"

The programme will conclude with a costume ball, at which everybody present will be disguised as a different logarithm.

## THE WAY OUT.

I CAREFULLY searched through all my pockets for the third time.

"Smithers," I said, "I have lost my railway ticket."

"Not really?" replied Smithers, scarcely looking up from his newspaper. "Have another look."

I had another look. I looked in my hat-band, in the turned-up bottoms of my trousers, and in the hole in my handkerchief. "No," I said firmly, "it's gone!"

"Extraordinary thing!"

"I have no doubt," I continued, "that the railway company are in some way to blame for it, but for the moment I cannot quite fix the responsibility. Let us view the matter bravely. We are now within a few miles of our destination; in a short time we shall be asked to produce our tickets; what are we to do?"

"I shall give mine up."

"Smithers," I said, "there is a selfish callousness about your reply which I do not like. A crisis in the life of another evidently does not move you."

"You can, I presume, pay again?"

"No," I said, "I have an absurd prejudice against paying twice for the same thing; I inherit it from a great-aunt on my mother's side."

"Then you'd better explain to the ticket-collector."

"Explanations are a sign of mental and moral weakness."

"Well, I've nothing more to suggest. You'll have to pay again."

"I shall not pay again," I replied, taking the paper gently from him. "I am a man and an Englishman; and Englishmen are not to be intimidated."

"Do you think," I continued, "that you could hold the collector in conversation while I glide imperceptibly from the precincts of the station?"

"I'm perfectly sure I couldn't."

"I was afraid not," I said sadly; "that would require imagination, tact, pluck, adroitness, in all of which commodities, my dear Smithers— Well, no doubt, it's a good thing nature doesn't mould us all alike."

"No doubt, else your handicap would not be 16, while mine is scratch."

"Golf is not life," I answered. "But

I will tax your genius a little less. Could you for a few moments look like a director of the line or a foreman shunter, or something of that sort?"

"I could try."

"Then," I said cheerfully, "we will bluff the collector—bluff him into believing we are that which we are not. Many people go through life like that. It is quite simple. All we have to do is to stroll up the station looking as much like commercial or mechanical despots as possible; give a kindly smile of condescension to the ticket-collector, make a casual remark about the working of the coupling rods, and pass out of the station."

"Yes," said Smithers.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Yes," said Smithers.

"I see how it is," I said, taking my golf clubs out of the rack as the train pulled up. "You have no stomach for it; the spice of adventure it contains does not appeal to you. Well, so much for modern civilisation. I will go through alone with it; pray, if you wish, detach yourself from me until we are out of the station."

I sprang out and hurried up the platform; a servant of the company was in waiting.

"Tickets, please," he said coldly—unnecessarily coldly, I thought.

I smiled. "I am glad to see," I observed genially, "that on my line at any rate even the commander-in-chief cannot pass the sentries unchallenged. Your sense of duty shall not go unrewarded; let me have your card."

He stared at me stonily.

"Don't you recognise me?" I asked.

"Tickets, please," he repeated.

I have never seen a face so lacking in that gracious trustfulness which is at once the pride and the adornment of the normal ticket-collector. I think in his youth he must have committed a murder or robbed an orchard, for the shadow of a crime seemed to hang over him. I felt instinctively that he was not fit to play the part I had allotted to him.

I looked back. Smithers was pluckily doing up his bootlace several yards away; a tactless grin seemed to desolate his features. The grin decided me.

"Smithers," I called, "hurry up with the tickets; the inspector is waiting for them. Good day, inspector."

And I walked briskly from the station.

"One hundred and seventy started out, the number including the best of the English players and the entire American continent."

Montreal Gazette.

If this is so America was hardly worth discovering.





Long-suffering Vegetarian Lodger. "DON'T TROUBLE TO COOK THE CATERPILLARS IN FUTURE, MRS. GEDGE. I NEVER EAT THEM."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE dry sticks, as it were, of *The Bale Fire* (HUTCHINSON) are not very cunningly laid, with the result that from a spectacular point of view the conflagration fizzles out rather tamely. But there are so many bright passages in the book and so many sympathetic sketches of characters that I cannot help wishing the FRASERS (HUGH and MRS.) had either written a longer story depending completely on the interplay of temperament, or else built more carefully on their melodramatic substructure. For though *Captain Mayhune*, the villain of the piece, is the proprietor of a gaming-hell and terrorises *Lady Trague* with a piece of blotting-paper on which may be read a portion of her letter to a young man whom she indiscreetly though innocently adores, nothing very serious comes of his machinations, and our interest in the book is mainly confined to the emotional relations between *Sir Charles*, a fussy elderly martinet, his too young wife, and *Maisie*, her seventeen-year-old step-daughter, who varies from deeper moods to those of a silly and self-willed child. Then there is *Captain Mayhune* himself, a man of good impulses and evil, in whom, somehow or other, though never without a struggle, the evil always triumphs. Other characters are rather jerkily introduced, amongst whom a family of good-natured and thoroughly "nice" Americans, who help to straighten things out and bring people to a better understanding, are most conspicuous. But that piece of blotting-paper! If I were a stationer and kept a circulating library, I think I

should try to turn an honest penny by selling sand to my customers along with their packets of linen-wove and blue-black writing-fluid. "Simple, effective, and leaves no chance to the blackmailer."

It is pleasant to receive in this age of realism a novel that is frankly romantic. Miss KAYE-SMITH in *Three against the World* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) colours up life with lavish brush. We have a returned convict who fiddles in the rain for the benefit of dancing village children; we have impresarios who stand at the doors of inns and hear him thus fiddling; an untidy heroine who speaks in gasps and gurglings; and a lover who goes to literary parties in London and therefore (the inference is implied by the author) falls in love with two ladies at once. Such a novel is refreshing after the mathematical accuracy with which clerks, barmaids and politicians are perpetually presented to us by our novelists, but I am not at all sure that Miss KAYE-SMITH is wise in trusting our credulity too far. There was a day when one would have accompanied her *Tramping Methodist* anywhere, but of late years that promise has not been fulfilled, and her last novel is, I think, distinctly her poorest. I like her affection for Sussex, her catalogue of Sussex names, the fine colour of her descriptive work; but her story is on the present occasion too obviously arranged behind the scenes. One can see the author working again and again for the romantic moment, and scenes that should have convinced and wrung the reader's heart (always eager to be wrong) have in their appearance some suspicion of the paint and paste-pot of the cheaper drama. I hope



that Miss KAYE-SMITH will get back in her next book to her earlier strength and sincerity.

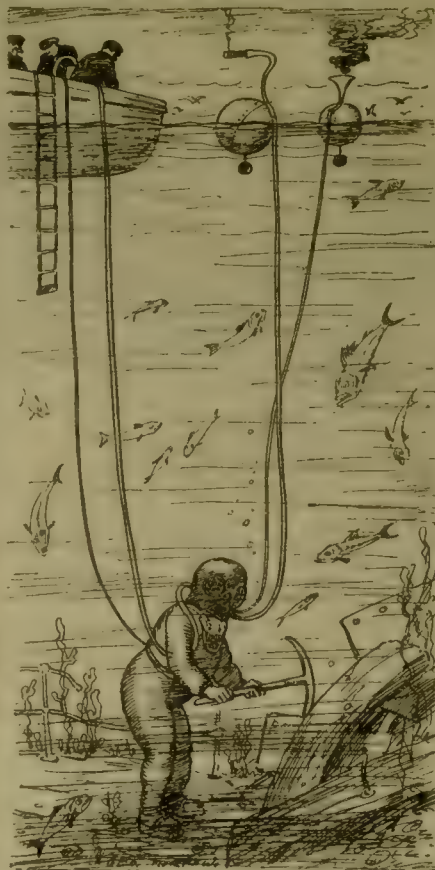
That *Second Nature* (DUCKWORTH), which JOHN TRAVERS has in mind, is the innate sense of obligation which compels a gentleman to be a gentleman, whatever else he may be, in all that he does, says, thinks, eats, drinks and wears. The family of *Westfield* went back to times past remembering, and it came a little hard to the descendant of such a stock to have to choose his wife from among women who had done time or else to lose that legacy by the help of which alone he could hope to keep up the ancestral castle as a going concern. But so it was, by reason of the testamentary caprice of a spiteful uncle; and the position was not eased by the special condition for publicity, designed to bring it about that the family records, which began proudly in *Doomsday Book*, should conclude ignominiously in *The Daily Mail*. For *Jim*, always the gentleman, there was choice only between the devil of poverty or the deep sea of the Prisoners' Aid Society. He resorted to the latter (refusing *Suffragettes*), and came by *Joan Murphy* for wife who, with all her excellent capacity, was no lady. Manslaughter, however, may be a venial crime and physical beauty is a very saving grace, and, as these things all happened in the earliest chapters, I readily foresaw an ultimate end of the happiest nature and a solution of all difficulties worked out in defiance of the probabilities. A disappointed prophet is a captious critic and, the story turning out quite otherwise, I was very much on the alert for latent faults. Of these I found none. True, I did not altogether like *Jim Westfield*, but then I doubt if I was altogether meant to. Furthermore I give many extra marks to the author (as to whose sex, by the way, I have in my ignorance had moments of doubt) for moving the scene to India and thus giving substance and colour to a very remarkable love-story, while at the same time assisting his original theme with the subtle comparison, rather hinted at than dwelt upon, of caste.

*Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two* (SMITH, ELDER) is a book to live with, but not to be read at a sitting. After spending some hours with Mrs. C. W. EARLE and Miss ETHEL CASE I found that my critical palate was unequal to the demands of so liberal and varied a banquet; and when I had finished a poem by Mr. MASEFIELD, and found that it was followed by a recipe for cucumber soup, I wanted badly to laugh out loud. My advice, therefore, to readers is to take a snack from time to time, but not to make a square meal of it. While dissenting from some of Mrs. EARLE's opinions—I do not, for instance, think that the paper she mentions is "the best of all evening papers"—there is no getting away from her sincerity or from a certain indefinable charm which prevents her from causing irritation even when she is proclaiming her very pronounced views. Miss CASE, the other mixer, supplies some really valuable hints on gardens.

These are drawn from her practical experience and are given succinctly enough. The only fault to be found with her is that in her efforts to be a pot-pourrist she occasionally finds it easier to mix than to blend. With each chapter we are furnished with various recipes which should, at any rate, gladden the heart of all vegetarians. Even I, whom Mrs. EARLE possibly would think a heretic, am prepared to take my chance with salsify scallops, walnut pie and hominy outlets.

*The Magic Tale of Harvanger and Yolande* (MILLS AND BOON) is set forth by a new scrivener, to wit, one G. P.

BAKER, in more than ordinarily flamboyant Wardour Street English. *Harvanger*, a Shepherd, hies forth on his Quest for the Best Thing in the World. It turneth out in sooth to be Love and Yolande. Perhaps Mr. BAKER, an easy prey to the magic of jolly old words, has let himself do a little too much embroidery to the square inch of happening. There are indeed some good fights, though, by reason of this excess of embroidery, they are a little vague and difficult to follow. It is very well to have orgulous messires and men of courtoisie, with cotehardie of crocus or hose of purple (showing how History repeateth herself), gearing and gaithring for battle, mounted on coal-black destriers and generally behaving right this, that and the other withal; but when *Yolande*, asking *Harvanger* what will happen to her when he is away, receiveth for answer, "Truly I fear that thou wilt be very dull"; or when *Bernlak*, the fighter, says of a dead man, "I took over such effects as he left" (very much after the manner of my solicitor), one can't help feeling a little let down. Of such indeed are the perils of the Higher Tushery. They should not, however, be allowed to prejudice the consideration of a painstaking narrative which may well delight the confirmed romantic.



ANOTHER LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED.  
A CIGAR-HOLDER FOR THE USE OF DIVERS.

Mr. LAURENCE KETTLE, as quoted by *The Irish Volunteer* and re-quoted by *The Dublin Evening Mail* (and they may share the glory between them):—

"Those gentlemen of the army could be described by the poet Milton as the Oiled and Curley Assyrian wolves."

However, it is no good going to the Zoo to look for these in the Wolf House. Stay at home quietly and read "*Maud*" and "*The Destruction of Sennacherib*," and then you will understand how MILTON would have plagiarised TENNYSON and BYRON in one line if he had only lived long enough.

"When Mr. Asquith came in he was greeted with Opposition shouts of 'Ipswich' and 'Where's Masterman?' Mr. Asquith said—The Government adhered to decision not to take part officially in Panama Exposition."—*Star*.

If Mr. ASQUITH wishes to be a success in the House he must improve his powers of repartee. At present his back-answers are entirely lacking in snap.



## CHARIVARIA.

Mr. REDMOND is said to have vigorously opposed the suggestion that British troops should be sent to Durazzo on the ground that the present is not a time when our home defences should be weakened.

The presence of some ladies on the Holyhead links disturbed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to such an extent, one day last week, that he fozzled a shot, and it is reported that the Government is at last contemplating serious steps against the Suffragettes.

"LORD STRATHCONA'S SEAT  
FOR SALE."

*Daily Mail.*

We would respectfully draw Mr. MASTERMAN'S attention to the above.

Europe's G.O.M., the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, is now so well that his doctor's visits have been discontinued, but the statement that he went for a long ride last week on a motor-bicycle is declared to be an exaggeration.

According to *The Express* there was some little unpleasantness in Paris last week owing to the CHAIRMAN of the London County Council claiming precedence over the LORD MAYOR. It is thought that this could never have happened had the LORD MAYOR taken his coachman with him.

Corsica is now claiming that COLUMBUS was born there, and not in Genoa, and there is much evidence to prove that the claim is well-founded. Still, it seems a little bit greedy of Corsica, which already has some reputation as the birth-place of another distinguished man. It is possible, however, that Genoa may give way if somebody will reimburse her for the very heavy expense of her statue of COLUMBUS.

Owing to a strike the demand for patent-leather boots for Ascot cannot be met, and many visitors to this race meeting will have to spend the day in comfort.

The announcement that the Mappin Terraces at the Zoo have now been opened has, we hear, caused considerable discontent among the animals in

the old-fashioned dens and cages. They consider that these too ought to be opened.

By the way these new quarters are proving so popular among the animals that there is some talk of advertising them extensively in Central Africa and other haunts of big game with a view to attracting new tenants to the Regent's Park Garden City.

Regulations for the killing of flies have been issued to the troops at Aldershot. Curiously enough, artillery

but we are not told what particulars will be asked for. Probably merely name and address, not religion.

"Pygmalion for Threepence" attracted a large number of the working classes to His Majesty's Theatre in spite of the price being higher than "A Twopenny Damn."

Among the workers' organisations which booked seats was the London Glass Blowers' Society. Hitherto, we understand, the favourite expression of the members of this Society has been the innocuous "You be blowed," and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. SHAW'S play will not have given these gentle souls a taste for anything stronger.

After holding up an elderly man in broad daylight in an arcade off Ludgate Hill last week two highwaymen ran away and were captured in the Old Bailey. It is thought that the homing instinct took them there.

## A TOAST.

HAIL to the Bard, the simple  
Bard,  
Who wrote the little song,  
And to his Muse, who laboured hard  
To help the work along.  
Health to the Candid Friend  
also  
Who had his word to say,  
And to the kindly G.P.O.  
That sped it on its way.

A blessing on the Editor  
Who let it see the light;  
Likewise the patient Printer,  
for

He got the colons right;

Here's to the "sub," whose special  
line

Was spacing it to fit,  
And to the cheery Philistine  
Who lit his pipe with it.

## An Empire Day Essay.

"DEAR TEACHER,—On Empire day we had a holiday. I had a flag on Friday. On Friday I was very happy, was you Teacher when we had a holiday."

"The King has conferred the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order on M. Doumergue, the Premier of France."

And *The Sydney Sun* heads this "Horrors in France." The Victorian Order, however, is not really so dangerous as that.



THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

(Just after feeding-time—Inner Temple.)

"COME ON, 'TILDA, BRING 'IM ALONG AND LET 'IM LOOK AT THE  
LAWYERS."

is not to be employed. One would have supposed that this sport might have afforded invaluable training for bringing down hostile aeroplanes.

From a statement just issued we learn that Mr. A. LOCK, of Edenbridge, has slaughtered more than 18,000 queen wasps, and that for eighteen successive years he has secured premier honours for wasp-killing at a local horticultural show. Orders, we learn from an exceptionally well-informed insect, have now been issued to the W. (Wasps) S.P.U. to sting Mr. LOCK on sight.

"A census," we read, "is to be taken of all the birds of the United States by the American Board of Agriculture,"



## ULSTER FOR SCOTLAND.

"*Nil mortalibus ardui est.*"—Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

WHEN HORACE made those sound remarks  
Showing—in spite of Jove's decree—  
How mortals rode in impious arks  
Transilient o'er the sacred sea,  
How there was not beneath the sun  
A task so tough but what he'd back us  
Somehow to go and see it done  
(Such was the *flair* of FLACCUS);

Little he guessed how wind and tide  
Should be the sport of human skill;  
How steel and steam should mock their pride  
And get the deep reduced to *nil*;  
How we should come in course of years,  
Either by cable or Marconi,  
To hold across the hemispheres  
A *conversazione*.

He'd learn with even more surprise  
That, after working all this while  
On ways and means to minimise  
The severance of isle and isle,  
Erin we find as far away,  
As rudely severed by a windy sea,  
As Athens seemed in HORACE' day  
From old Brundisium (Brindisi).

Strange, too, in yonder hybrid land  
This myth about a racial knot  
Binding the gay Hibernian and  
The dourly earnest Ulster-Scot—  
Neighbours whose one and only link  
(A foil to their profound disparity)  
Is—thanks to some volcanic kink—  
A common insularity.

Come, let us down this myth in dust;  
Let statesmen's time no more be spent  
To fake a "race" from what is just  
A geologic accident;  
Let a great brig across the strait,  
Where Scot to Scot may freely pass, go,  
And Ulster find her natural mate  
In consanguineous Glasgow. O. S.

## A HAZARD ON THE HOME GREEN.

STANDING on our front door-step you can see our garden running down at a moderate speed to our front gate. Or, conversely, standing at the front gate, you can see it mounting in a leisurely fashion to the front door. In either case it consists of two narrow strips of lawn bisected by a well-kept perambulator drive. Beyond the grass on either side blooms a profusion of bless-my-soul-if-I-haven't-forgotten-agains and other quaintly named old-world English flowers. On the left-hand strip of lawn, looking gatewards, is the metal pin to which the captive golf-ball is tied. On the right is the pear-tree, to which later on we have to affix a captive pear.

"What I like about the garden," I said to Araminta when we first moved in, "is the fact that it is in front, so that visitors, instead of saying in a perfunctory way, 'Have you got a garden, too? How delightful!' will be forced to murmur, 'How sweet the clover smelt on your lawn as we came up the drive. What a perfectly entrancing golf-ball.' If I must go to the trouble and expense of

keeping up a private pleasure I want everybody to see the pleasantry of it at once."

"Swank," replied Araminta. She is absurdly early-Georgian in the matter of repartee.

Last Saturday I determined to mow the lawn. I put on my oldest suit of clothes with the now fashionable slit-trouser leg, fastened the green bonnet to the front of the car, and wheeled it out of the tool garage. Araminta went out, saying airily that she would be back to tea. After a little trouble I induced the instrument to graze the left-hand pasture as far as the hobbled Colonel. Then, feeling that my shoulders wanted opening a bit, I went indoors and fetched a brassie-spoon. I suppose I must have been striking with unusual vehemence, but anyway, in playing a good second to the fourteenth green, I sent the pin flying out of the ground. The Colonel broke his parole and dashed rapidly to the topmost boughs of the pear-tree on the right, carrying the rest of the apparatus with him. There was nothing to do but to follow him, spoon in hand.

It was soon evident that the pear-tree had been overlooked during spring-cleaning, for the foliage, though very luxuriant, was in an extremely soiled condition.

I had just located the deserter when I heard feminine voices of unknown proprietorship. It is the habit of quick masterful decisions in important crises that has given to Englishmen an empire on which the sun never holes out, and I decided instantly to remain where I was. If it had been a mashie I might have faced them, but a brassie-spoon out of a lie like that—no.

The callers came slowly up the path, rang the bell, chattered to the servant, left cards, and retired. Without much trouble I could have brained them with the brassie-spoon as they passed beneath me. But some odd impulse of chivalry restrained me. It is blunders like these that have wrecked the plans of the greatest generals. Just as they opened the gate who should appear but—of course—Araminta? "Oh, I'm so glad I've caught you!" she cried. "You *must* stay and have tea now. We'll have it in the garden. My husband's somewhere about. He said he was going to mow the lawn, but I suppose he was too lazy." Lazy, indeed! Ha, ha! So like a woman.

Peering angrily with one eye out of my leafy ambush, I tried hard to attract Araminta's attention, but all in vain. Chairs were brought out and tea came with some particularly cool-looking sandwiches; cups were filled; spoons clinked; steadily the afternoon wore on. Flecks of fleecy white cloud chased each other in the blue-domed heaven above me. From far away rose the hum of the mighty city. In the next-door garden but two I could see a happy family circle partaking of light sustenance. I think it was nearly an hour-and-a-half before those infernal women left. Araminta conducted them to the gate, said a lingering good-bye, and wafted them down the road with wavings and smiles. When they were safely off the premises I slithered down and confronted her, looking dignified and stern, still holding the ball in one hand and the wooden club in the other.

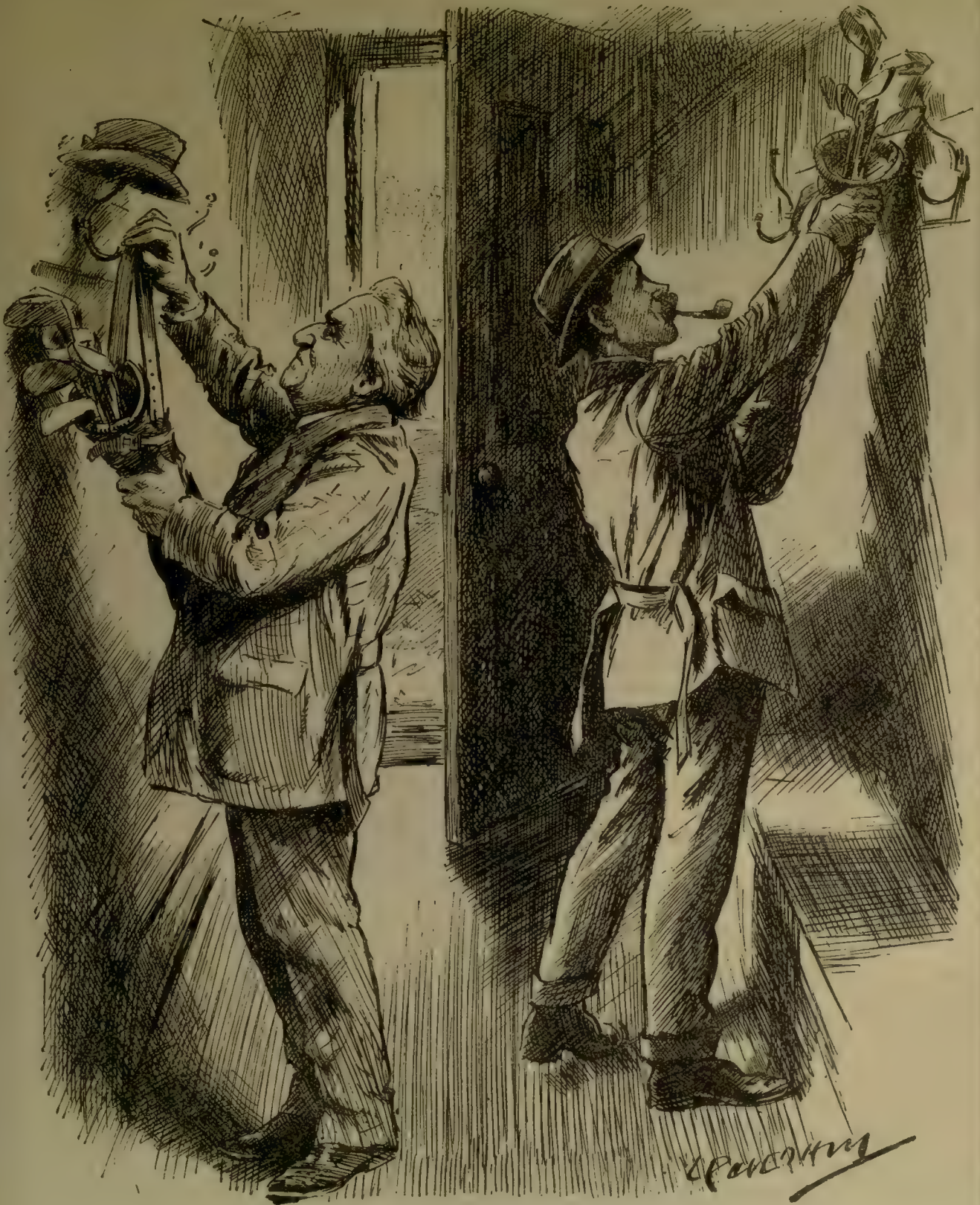
Instead of bursting into tears, as I had expected, she went off into a fit of idiotic giggles. "You—you don't mean to say you've been up in that tree all tea-time! You are too funny. And you've got a great black splotch over one eye. Do go and wash."

With an effort I controlled my rage. "In future," I said coldly, "when I am—or mowing the lawn, visitors will be served with tea in the second drawing-room."

"All right, dear," said Araminta; "and in future, when you are mowing the lawn, you shall have yours taken up into the pear-tree."

Women have no sense of humour.





## GIANTS REFRESHED.

OUR LEADERS. "ENOUGH OF DEEDS! LET'S GET TO WORDS!"









Son (lately returned from big game shooting in Africa). "THERE I STOOD, THE FEROCIOUS BEAST FACING ME, NOT A YARD AWAY—A SITUATION NEEDING SUCH CALMNESS AND COURAGE AS IN THIS QUIET LITTLE SUBURB, MY DEAR MOTHER, YOU WOULD NEVER BE CALLED UPON TO DISPLAY."



Parlourmaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, THERE'S ANOTHER BISON IN THE KITCHEN. WHAT WOULD YOU WISH DONE WITH IT?"

Mother (accustomed to Cockney accent). "PUT IT IN MR. JACK'S ROOM, BEATRICE, AND TAKE AWAY THE ONE THAT'S CHIPPED."

## TO BE OVERHEARD DAILY.

SCENE—A Restaurant.

First Luncher. Waiter, bring me the bill, please.

Waiter. Yes, Sir.

Second Luncher. No, I say, old man, this is mine. Waiter, bring the bill to me.

W. Yes, Sir.

F. L. No, waiter, it's mine.

S. L. My dear old chap—

F. L. Yes, it's mine. Get it, waiter.

W. Yes, Sir.

S. L. But I asked you.

F. L. No, I asked you.

S. L. Yes, but I asked you first.

F. L. That doesn't matter.

S. L. Of course it does. And I've been doing all the ordering too.

F. L. That's all right. I'm glad you have. You do it very well.

S. L. Well, I want to pay.

F. L. Oh, no, my dear fellow. It's my lunch. I've been feeling like the host all the time.

S. L. So have I. I haven't felt like a guest at all. It's my bill.

F. L. I couldn't hear of it. You came here to lunch with me.

S. L. Upon my soul, I thought you were lunching with me. I asked you, you know.

F. L. You can't deny I asked you; I said, "We'll lunch together next Thursday," didn't I?

S. L. That's all right, but I swear I asked you first. It was because I

had asked you that you said what you said.

F. L. Well, I look on it as my lunch, anyway.

S. L. Then why did you let me order the things and send back that wine?

F. L. That's all right, old man. You've been lunching with me to-day. Next time I'll lunch with you.

S. L. I'm not satisfied with it. I consider this my lunch.

F. L. No, no. It's mine. Here's the waiter.

S. L. Waiter, let me have that.

F. L. No, waiter, give it to me.

S. L. (snatching the bill, glancing at it, and hastily slamming down a sovereign). That's all right, waiter. Keep the change.

W. Yes, Sir; thank you, Sir.

F. L. Waiter, don't take that money. This is my affair.

W. Yes, Sir.

S. L. It's all over now, old chap. It's paid. Come along. (Gets up.)

F. L. (producing a sovereign). That's for the bill, waiter. I don't know anything about that other money.

S. L. But it's paid. It's done with.

F. L. Oh, no. You mustn't do that. It's my lunch. I asked you, you know. Why, I told my wife this morning that you were lunching with me to-day.

S. L. I asked you first, you know.

F. L. I don't think so, old chap; I don't indeed.

S. L. I assure you I never had a

shadow of doubt about it. I took it for granted that you knew you were lunching with me and I was the host. Otherwise should I have made that fuss about the omelette? Should I now?

F. L. I was very glad you did. I felt that you felt at home.

S. L. It puts me in such an awkward position. Really, I should take it as a personal favour if you'd let me pay.

F. L. No, no, no, no. This is my affair. I asked you.

S. L. I asked you first.

F. L. No, no. No, no. Come along. Here's your sovereign.

S. L. Well, I consent, but under protest. Next time you really lunch with me.

F. L. Right-o. I'd love to.

"Lines of an alliterative character will occur to anyone who has read much poetry. There is a notable example in Shelley's 'Skylark.'"

'Singing still dost roar, and roaring ever singest.'

Dublin Sunday Independent.

A man we know does this much better than any skylark.

The Daily Chronicle (of Kingston, Jamaica) informs its readers that "According to Theopompus, a waiter of the fourth century B.C., the Epirots were divided into fourteen independent tubes." The waiters of Epirus must have found this a great convenience when ordering meals from the kitchen.



# BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

VAGARIES OF THE MOMENT.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—This is completely a *jewel* season. People may be just as glittery as they like. Heads, necks and arms don't monopolise the pretty-pretties now, and, what with jewelled tunics, girdles, shoes, stockings and "*Honi soits*," as well as gems on what little corsage and skirt one may be wearing, one's jewel-box may be quite *quite* emptied every evening. Indeed, if we hadn't plenty of jewels I sometimes wonder, my dear, what our *grande toilette* would consist of!

And this has led to the launching of "Olga's," latest triumph, the lock-up evening wrap—a charming affair, thickly plated with sequins and fastened with the dearest little *real* locks all down the front from the throat to the toes!

*A propos*, Beryl Clarges had such a darling adventure the other night. She came out of the opera, meaning to go on to the Flummerys' and one or two more places, with all her pretty-pretties on, and fastened securely into her lock-up wrap. She got into her car suspecting nothing. But it wasn't her own chauffeur and footman at all, Daphne! It was two delicious robbers who'd managed to get possession of her car; and they drove her out to

Hampstead Heath and held a pistol to her head and said, "Now, my lady, you've got on about thirty-thousand pound worth of sparklers. Hand 'em over quietly and we won't hurt you." And Beryl didn't turn a hair (she says) but answered, "You silly boys! I'm locked into 'Olga's' new thief-proof wrap and you can't get anything but my shoes. My maid always locks me in and lets me out, and she's got the keys and you've left her behind!" And they tried to wrench the wrap open, but it resisted, and Beryl put in some piercing g's in alt., and help came and the robbers fled. And now she's the woman of the moment, and her picture, standing on Hampstead Heath in her lock-up wrap, defying ten robbers, is in all the weeklies.

Some people say it was all managed by her publicity agent, and others declare it was a put-up thing between

Beryl and "Olga." Anyhow, the new "*manteau de sûreté*" is absolutely booming, and *entre nous*, *chérie*, people who never wear anything more valuable than sequins and paste are quite falling over each other to get thief-proof wraps!

There's quite a little rage among girls just now for *boxing*. Juno Harrington, the Southlands' girl, is responsible for it. She's been the acknowledged leader of the *jeunes filles* since she first came out and has set the fashion among them in everything, from inventing a new cocktail to chaperoning her chaperon. (It was Juno who first started the custom at parties of doing all the after-supper

last visit the Southlands had from the dowager. The latter was doing her everlasting knitting one day when she called out, "Here, Juno, child, come and help me. I've dropped a stitch." And Juno went to her and looked about on the floor and said, "Where did you drop it, Gran? I don't see it anywhere!"

I'd a little dinner-dance on Thursday and Juno was one of several girls who brought their mothers. "Oh, my hat and feathers!" she called out as she looked over the menu; "none of your *à la* dishes for this child! Sorry, old girl, but I'm in training. Will you order broiled steak and pale ale for me? I'm going to box

Tricky Sal, the coloured girl-boxer from the Other Side. Wonder how she'll like my upper-cut and left-hand jab! Isn't it glorious, people? I've got my ambition! I'm a White Hope! See if we don't fill the Colidrome at our Grand Boxing Matinée!"

"Girlie," pleaded *la mère*, "you're joking! You wouldn't dream of boxing except before just relations and intimate friends!" "Relations and intimate friends be *somethinged*!" cried Juno. "I'm going to box in front of the good old public! And the gate shall go to your Holiday Home for Melancholy Manicurists, mother dear." "My only one, my Melancholy Manicurists are quite *quite* in funds,"

urged the duchess; "we want nothing for them." "Don't worry your little head, dear," said Juno; "they've got to be helped and that's all about it!"

So the *matinée* at the Colidrome is to come off. The *pièce de résistance* will, of course, be Juno Harrington and Tricky Sal. Then the Dunstables' two girls, Franky and Freckles, have promised a sparring match if their mother doesn't get to hear of it down at Dunstable Castle (they're going out with their aunt this season). Beryl and Babs will wrestle. And they want me to give a show with the Indian clubs (no one does them quite as I do, but I'm not a bit vain about it). Every seat is sold already!

I believe people never had such a horror of bores and banality as they have now—owing chiefly to the influence of our Anti-Banalite Club. Silent dinners, at which one communi-



## SOUR GOATS!

(An Imaginary Idyll of the Mappin Terraces at the Zoo.)

dances in the street and finishing up the night at an early coffee-stall.) The Duchess of Southlands was making her little moan to me the other day, and I told her she ought to be so proud of dear Juno having *temperament* and *personality*. "Temperament and personality are all very well, Blanche," said the dear little invertebrate woman, "but worried mothers wish they didn't develop till after marriage! If Juno's grandmamma knew how *modern* she is she'd leave everything she has to charity." Indeed it's a constant effort for her parents to hide their girl's modernity from the dowager—a dear old disapproving piece of antiquity whose youth dates from remote ages of blushing, fainting, accomplishments and downcast eyes. She's an immense fortune to leave, and Juno (so far) is her heiress; but the girl seriously imperilled her prospects during the very



cates only by wire'ess, are a good deal done and are quite nice and restful, the general atmosphere (if someone tainted with banalism seems inclined to speak) being, "I know what you're going to say. Please—please—*please* don't say it!" On a little dinner of this kind at Bosh and Wee-Wee's last week there descended a terrible man, a far-away cousin of Wee-Wee's, who hardly ever leaves his *terres* in some remote part of the country—the sort of creature, you know, dearest, who always has a colour and a smile and an appetite and who writes to the papers to say he's seen a bush growing upside down or has heard the cuckoo singing in the night or has plucked and eaten something in his garden in December! He began by *mentioning the weather!* People quite jumped in their chairs, and Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, gave a little scream. He followed this up by saying *town seemed full*; and then, *à propos* of having run up against a college friend in town, informed us that *the world was a small place after all!* When this last enormity was let loose upon us Norty said solemnly, "Where's the nearest point policeman?" And, instead of taking the hint, the creature began to hold forth about "that fine body of men, the London police!" Wee-Wee was in sackcloth and ashes about it afterwards. She says that sort of thing is in his family.

I had a serious talk with Norty about the Irish problem yesterday, and he tells me there's a whisper in the Lobbies that *certain persons* have already sold the kinema rights of the first Irish Parliament to a film company for a *colossal* sum and, as the money is spent and the company is *incessantly* jogging them to deliver the goods, they're bound to put the thing through! It's said that someone asked a Member of the Government point-blank whether there was any truth in the rumour, and was told, "The answer is in the negative-affirmative, Sir!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

#### DISCLAIMERS.

[Sir ALFRED MOND states that there is absolutely no foundation for the announcement made in some newspapers that a peerage is to be conferred upon him and that his name is to be included in the list of this year's birthday honours.—*Daily Chronicle*.]

"No bally fear!

I *won't* be a peer;

I've given my bond,"

Says Sir ALFRED MOND;

"But it *won't* make me scunner  
If they elevate BRUNNER."

"A belted earldom's far beyond  
My poor deserts: it *must* be MOND.



Voice from Above (to individuals entering house with burglarious intent). "I SAY, YOU'D BETTER COME AGAIN AFTER A WHILE; WE AREN'T ALL IN BED YET."

He's so distinguished, such a stunner  
In every sort of way," says BRUNNER.

"As a thorough-going democrat  
I always travel steerage;  
I'd sooner eat my Sunday hat  
Than take a nasty Peerage;  
Such sops the snobbish crowd may  
soothe,  
But not yours truly, HANDEL BOOTH."

"As a simple Knight  
I'm quite all right,  
But to make me a peer  
Would be rather queer;  
It might also disturb  
Sir GEORGE," says Sir HERB.

"This time you've backed the winning  
horse,  
I'm bound to be a Duke, of course;  
But wait and see—the slightest hitch

Might altogether queer my pitch;  
So mum's the word," says LITTLE-  
TICH.

"The rumours of Our elevation  
Are totally without foundation.  
On peerages We turn Our backs,  
Signed with Our seal,  
Revue-King MAX."

"He that on frippery sets his heart  
May purchase titles such as Bart.;  
These garish gauds my spirit spurns,  
I'm greater as I am," says BURNS.

"Yon tale aboot ma Coronet  
Is comin' off, but not juist yet;  
Aw'm haudin' oot for somethin'  
smarter,  
For choice the Thistle or the Garter;  
Whichever ribbon is the broader  
A'll tak wi' joy," says HARRY LAUDER.



## THE COMPLETE DRAMATIST.

## II.—EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

To the young playwright, the difficulty of getting his characters on to the stage would seem much less than the difficulty of finding them something to say when they are there. He writes gaily and without hesitation "*Enter Lord Arthur Fluffinose*," and only then begins to bite the end of his penholder and gaze round his library for inspiration. Yet it is on that one word "*Enter*" that his reputation for dramatic technique will hang. Why did *Lord Arthur Fluffinose* enter? The obvious answer, that the firm which is mentioned in the programme as supplying his trousers would be annoyed if he didn't, is not enough; nor is it enough to say that the whole plot of the piece hinges on him, and that without him the drama would languish. What the critic wants to know is why *Lord Arthur* chose that very moment to come in—the very moment when *Lady Larkspur* was left alone in the oak-beamed hall of *Larkspur Towers*. Was it only a coincidence? And if the young dramatist answers callously, "Yes," it simply shows that he has no feeling for the stage whatever. In that case I needn't go on with these articles.

However, it will be more convenient to assume, dear reader, that in your play *Lord Arthur* had a good reason for coming in. If that be so, he must explain it. It won't do to write like this:—

*Enter Lord Arthur. Lady Larkspur starts suddenly and turns towards him.*

*Lady Larkspur. Arthur! You here? (He gives a nod of confirmation. She pauses a moment, and then with a sudden passionate movement flings herself into his arms.) Take me away, Arthur. I can't bear this life any longer. Larkspur bit me again this morning for the third time. I want to get away from it all. [Swoons.]*

The subsequent scene may be so pathetic that on the hundredth night it is still bringing tears to the eyes of the fireman, but you must not expect to be treated as a serious dramatist. You will see this for yourself if you consider the passage as it should properly have been written:—

*Enter Lord Arthur Fluffinose. Lady Larkspur looks at him with amazement.*

*Lady Larkspur. Arthur, what are you doing here?*

*Lord Arthur. I caught the 2.3 from town. It gets in at 3.37, and I walked over from the station. It's only a mile. (At this point he looks at the*

*grandfather clock in the corner, and the audience, following his eyes, sees that it is seven minutes to four, which appears delightfully natural.) I came to tell Larkspur to sell Bungoes. They are going down.*

*Lady Larkspur (folding her hands over her chest and gazing broodingly at the footlights). Larkspur!*

*Lord Arthur (anxiously). What is it? (Suddenly) Has he been ill-treating you again?*

*Lady Larkspur (flinging herself into his arms). Oh, Arthur, Arthur, he bit me this morning—*

*And so on.*

But it may well be that *Lord Larkspur* has an intrigue of his own with his secretary, *Miss Devereux*, and, if their big scene is to take place on the stage too, the hall has got to be cleared for them in some way. Your natural instinct will be to say, "*Exeunt Fluffinose and Lady Larkspur, R. Enter Lord Larkspur and Miss Devereux, L.*" This is very immature, even if you are quite clear as to which side of the stage is L. and which is R. You must make the evolutions seem natural. Thus:—

*Enter from the left Miss Devereux. She stops in surprise at seeing Lord Arthur and holds out her hand.*

*Miss D. Why, Lord Arthur! What-ever—*

*Lord A. How d'you do? I've just run down to tell Lord Larkspur to—*

*Miss D. He's in the library. At least he—*

*Lord A. (taking out his watch). Ah, then perhaps I'd better—*

*[Exit by door on left.]*

*Miss D. (to Lady L.). Have you seen The Times about here? There is a set of verses in the Financial Supplement which Lord Larkspur wanted to— (She wanders vaguely round the room. Enter Lord Larkspur by door at back). Why, here you are! I've just sent Lord Arthur into the library to—*

*Lord L. I went out to speak to the gardener about—*

*Lady L. Ah, then I'll go and tell Lord—*

*[Exit to library, leaving Miss Devereux and Lord Larkspur alone.]*

And there you are. You will, of course, appreciate that the unfinished sentences not only save time, but also make the manœuvring very much more natural.

So far I have been writing as if you were already in the thick of your play; but it may well be that the enormous difficulty of getting the first character on has been too much for you. How, you may be wondering, are you to begin your masterpiece?

The answer to this will depend upon the length of the play, for upon the

length depends the hour at which the curtain rises. If yours is an 8.15 play you may be sure that the stalls will not fill up till 8.30, and you should therefore let loose the lesser-paid members of the cast on the opening scene, keeping your fifty-pounders in reserve. In a 9 o'clock play the audience may be plunged into the drama at once. But this is much the more difficult thing to do, and for the beginner I should certainly recommend the 8.15 play, for which the recipe is simple.

As soon as the lights go down, and while the bald stout gentleman is kicking our top-hat out of his way, treading heavily on our toes and wheezing, "Sorry, sorry," as he struggles to his seat, a buzz begins behind the curtain. What the players are saying is not distinguishable, but a merry girlish laugh rings out now and then, followed by the short sardonic chuckle of an obvious man of the world. Then the curtain rises, and it is apparent that we are assisting at an At Home of considerable splendour. Most of the characters seem to be on the stage, and for once we do not ask how they got there. We presume they have all been invited. Thus you have had no difficulty with your entrances.

*As the chatter dies down a chord is struck on the piano.*

*The Bishop of Splashington (£2 10s. a week). Charming. Quite one of my favourites. Do play it again. [Relapses into silence for the rest of the evening.]*

*The Duchess of Southbridge (35s. per week, to Lord Reggie). Oh, Reggie, what did you say?*

*Lord Reggie (putting up his eyeglass—they get five shillings a week extra if they can manage an eyeglass properly). Said I'd bally well—top-hole—what?—don'cherknow.*

*Lady Evangeline (to Lady Violet, as they walk across the stage). Oh, I must tell you what that funny Mr. Danby said. [Doesn't. Lady Violet, none the less, trills with happy laughter.]*

*Prince von Ichdien, the well-known Ambassador (loudly, to an unnamed gentleman). What your country ought to do— [He finishes his remarks in the lip-language, which the unnamed gentleman seems to understand. At any rate he nods several times.]*

*There is more girlish laughter, more buzz and more deaf-and-dumb language. Then*

*Lord Tuppenny. Well, what about auction?*

*Amid murmurs of "You'll play, Field-Marshal?" and "Auction, Archbishop?" the crowd drifts off, leaving the hero and heroine alone in the middle of the stage.*

And then you can begin. A. A. M.





### A THEATRICAL REVIVAL.

AT THE LITTLE THEATRE MR. BERTRAM FORSYTH PROPOSES TO REPRODUCE SCENES FROM PLAYS AS THEY WERE PRESENTED 100 OR 150 YEARS AGO. HE WILL TRY, WE ARE TOLD, TO RESTORE THE OLD-TIME ATMOSPHERE. AN ORANGE-WOMAN WILL NIGHTLY CARRY HER BASKET THROUGH THE THEATRE.

#### THE NAKED TRUTH.

[A correspondent, having failed to let his property through the ordinary channels of advertisement, falls back upon "Mr. Punch's" help, having noticed in his pages several examples of the charm of Commercial Candour.]

HOUSE to be SOLD, with Garage—or can be let alone; detached (owing to subsidence of soil); standing on its own ground (except for a small portion which is lying in neighbour's yard). There are three stories: (1) that it is haunted, (2) that it is unfit for human habitation, (3) that it is mortgaged up to the hilt. The title is undisputed.

The house faces N. and S.—or *did* when last inspected. It commands a magnificent view of the back gardens of the next street, where a weekly regatta is held every Monday. For lovers of music there is a piano next door and five gramophones within audible distance; an organ plays every Saturday at the house opposite.

The sky-light affords an unobstructed

view of the firmament—not surpassed in the wilds of Scotland.

The garden is small, but cannot possibly be overlooked even by the most short-sighted and unobservant. The soil is very fertile, grass growing readily under the feet. The presence of the early bird indicates an abundance of ground game. There is some fine ancient timber in a corner, possibly the remains of a bicycle shed.

On the ground floor are three sitting-rooms, each with standing room also; every one of them is a study. There is no actual smoking-room, but one can be improvised in a moment by lighting any of the fires. There is a large attic suitable for a billiard-room for short men. The wine-cellar contains fifty cubic feet of water, thus ensuring a uniform temperature; there is a large collection of empty bottles, which could be left. The water supply is constant, so also are the applications for rates. The drains on the property are immense. There is gas all over the house. Summonses are served at the door, and

the tradesmen call many times daily and wait if you are out.

The owner is obliged to go abroad for private reasons and must dispose of the property at once. The house, being concrete, can be seen at any time, or an abstract can be had on application to the Caretaker who is within—or should be. If not within will be found at the "King's Arms" next door. For particulars apply to Phibbs and Gammon, Jerry Buildings, Wapping.

"Dr. A. M. Low, of Shepherd's Bush, states that he has discovered a process by which photographs can be sent four miles."  
*Daily Express.*

To show him that the discovery is an old one we are sending him ours. By special messenger-boy process.

"On the concluding day Major Orman and the officers of the battalion were At Home to the station. The ladies of the latter assembled in their smallest frocks."—*Bangoon Gazette.*  
And in these days they can be very small indeed.





### ART AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.

Art Dealer. "'ERE Y'ARE—OLD MASTERS A TANNER A TIME."

Collector. "I'LL TAKE THIS ONE."

Dealer. "THAT UN'S EIGHT'NPENCE, GUVNOR—IT'S VERY NEAR NEW!"

### A SPORTING OFFER.

(Written after a contemplation of one of our outer suburbs, and on hearing of the threatened lock-out in the building trade.)

CAN this be true? that hodmen strike?  
The very thought my soul bewilders.  
Has Art, has beauty got no spike  
To perforate the breasts of builders?

Her brickly teeth flung far and wide,  
On virgin fields my London browses,  
The amaranthine plains are pied  
With nutty little bijou houses.

Here Daphne makes the junket set  
Or squeezes from the curd the pale whey,

And drone of bees belies the Metropolitan and District Railway.

Here Amaryllis tends the hearth  
Till, home returning from the City,  
Her Damon comes to weed the garth  
(Which makes his hands most awful gritty).

Here in the golden sunset's haze  
Is love, I ween, no whit less hearty  
Than when it walked in soot-grimed ways,  
But, oh how chic and oh how arty!

The cots themselves are spick and span,  
Filling with awe the gross intruder;  
Their style is early Georgian,  
Which looks like measles mixed with Tudor.

Through little panes be-diamonded  
Thescented dusk comes softly stealing;  
When you get up you strike your head  
Severely on the timbered ceiling.

And some break out in sudden wings  
And bloom with unsuspected gables;  
The-cubic area of the things  
Prevents one getting round the tables.

To weave such nests, so fair, so coy,  
Should be the workman's *bonum sumum*,  
To me it were all mirth, all joy  
To paint, to whitewash, or to plumb 'em.

Far other was the task of thralls  
Who had to roar these inner suburbs,  
Piling the sad Victorian walls  
Where each wan window laced its tub-herbs.

Small wonder had they cried, I wis,  
Shedding large tears amongst their mortar,  
"We cannot build such streets as this  
Without two extra pints of porter!"

But now—ah well! Here is a bard  
Long versed in wild extravaganza,  
Knowing the foot-rule, and to lard  
With purplebits the pounding stanza;

A little weary of the harp,  
Metres and rhymes that fail to dower,  
Willing to turn from pains so sharp  
To some soft labour with the trowel.

Sooner than let our love-birds pine  
For post-impressionistic dwellings,  
With all the windows out of line  
And curious humps and antic swellings,

The motley Muse's maundering nous  
Cares nothing what the union rate is,  
If any young things want a house  
I'll build the kickshaw for them gratis. EVOE.

### Another Impending Apology.

"We are glad to hear that Canon N. S. Jeffrey has latterly made such good progress that he is now able to bet downstairs each day."—*Gazette-News for Blackpool.*

"She was slightly troubled with sore chins, and went to the post in scratchy fashion." *Sporting Chronicle.*  
No wonder.





## “THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.”

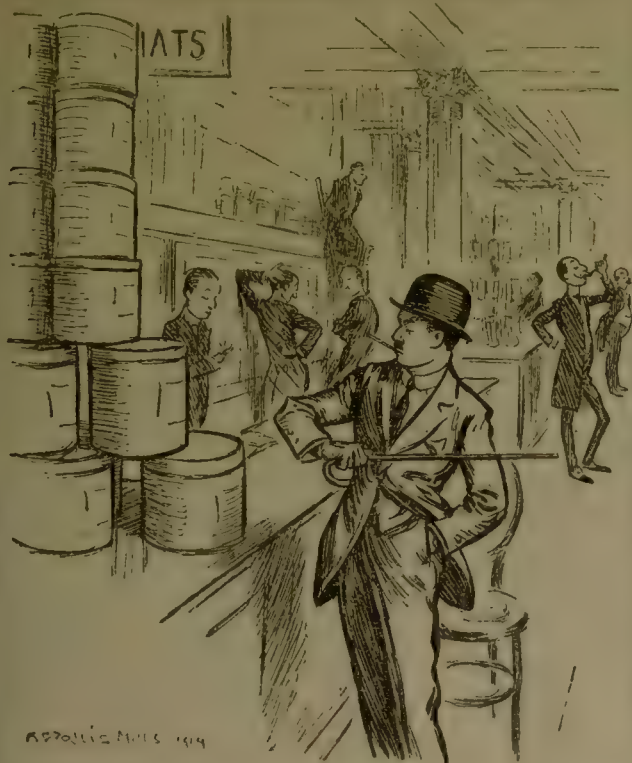
GENERAL JOHN REDMOND. “ULSTER KING-AT-ARMS, IS UT? WE’LL BE AFTHER SHOWIN’ ‘EM WHAT THE OTHER THREE PROVINCES CAN DO!”

[See *Punch*, May 6, 1914.]









OUR LARGE STORES PRIDE THEMSELVES ON NEVER BOTHERING A CUSTOMER TO PURCHASE. SOME OF THEM GO EVEN FURTHER AND SEEM TO SHOW POSITIVE INDIFFERENCE. ABOVE WE SEE A CUSTOMER RESORTING TO EXTREME MEASURES TO SECURE ATTENTION.

### AN ADVANCE FINALE.

THERE is an idea already fermenting in the brains of many publishers that their present method of printing personal assurances as to the merits of their new productions is unsatisfactory. It is felt that these eulogies are open to the suspicion of prejudice and should be replaced, or supplemented, by the advance publication of the final chapter of the author's work. Mr. Punch, anxious to promote this excellent change by the publication of a specimen finale, has pleasure in anticipating the fifty-first, and concluding, chapter of Mrs. H-MPHRY W-RD's projected romance, *The Winning of Aurora*; and he is convinced that his readers will not rest till they have secured the remaining fifty chapters.

Aurora let fall the book she was reading, a celebrated pamphlet on the Oxford Tractarian movement, in a cover which was a miracle of Italo-Moroccan tooling, and gazed thoughtfully at the scene before her. Viewed thus in outline, her head in repose had something of the delicacy of a Tanagra figure, while to the eye of a connoisseur the magnificent yet girlish torso might have recalled a Bacchante by SKOPAS. To her right rose the rugged sides of Garthfell, purple and scarlet in the

subdued light; to the left was Felsbeck, and from her feet the ground fell away abruptly till it met the immemorial woods of Supwell. Among them Aurora could distinguish the massive Boadicean keep of Supwell Castle, strangely yet harmoniously blended with the neo-Byzantine portico of white marble designed by INIGO JONES for the thirty-first Earl. She remembered vaguely that she was attending a reception there to-night; but her gaze soon left the noble pile—so typical of all that is best in English architecture—to rest upon the humbler neighbouring group of Lowmere cottages. In one she knew old Ralph, the shepherd, was dying of a painful form of spinal catarrh, directly attributable to the cesspool at his front door; in another the mother of fifteen children was nursing the only remaining one through an attack of mumps, and in a third the breadwinner was lying in the malignant grip of abdominal influenza. Aurora mentally reviewed the chief points of Socialism, Individualism, Syndicalism and Socinianism, as represented by the select group of thinkers to which Cecil belonged.

Following a noiseless footman in the gorgeous Supwell liveries, Mrs. Lovelord and Aurora took up their position under a rare palm at the head of the

great ebony staircase, which a royal personage was said to have coveted, and watched the Earl and Countess receive their guests. Mrs. Lovelord's keen eye noted that the Earl was standing on the Countess's train, a priceless piece of Venetian point which had once belonged to the EMPRESS THEODORA. Aurora's attention was attracted by a tall grey-haired man wearing the Ribbon of the Garter half-hidden under a variety of lesser decorations; he was talking eagerly, vivaciously to the notorious Duchess of Almondsbury. Cecil, who had joined Aurora at once, whispered that the man was Professor Villeray.

"They say he knows every crowned head in Europe," he said. The great scientist was relating anecdote after anecdote of the people he had known—CHARLEMAGNE, MACHIAVELLI, NEWMAN, DICKENS, the SHAKESPEARES, father and son. There followed a racy story, inimitably told, of Miss MITFORD in her less regenerate days. Aurora turned away.

"Would you care to take a turn through the rooms?" Cecil asked. "The Rembrandts are in tremendous form to-night—what?"

The house was one of historic interest and importance, with that blend of magnificence and domesticity so typical of all that is best in English life.



Aurora's eyes wandered from the massive emerald chandeliers, the envy of every connoisseur in Europe, to RAPHAEL'S masterly "Madonna," which, with a daring harmony by SARGENT, filled the niches on either side of the great mantelpiece, itself a triumph of the art of NICCOLA of Pisa.

"There's Sir John. I didn't think he'd be here with all this rumpus over the Bill," said Cecil. The Prime Minister was deep in conversation with the Marquis of Falutin, P.T.O., Q.T., R.S.V.P., the famous diplomat, whose recent intervention in the Nice imbroglio had saved the European situation. Aurora could see the flashes of his wit illuminating Sir John's saturnine countenance. Her further progress was barred by Lady Highflyer, who nodded to her, and said to Cecil, whose *petite intimité* with all this great world struck Aurora anew:

"You heard Philip's got Jericho?" He nodded. "Such a relief. The Duke's delighted, of course, especially after poor Erskine's fiasco, or perhaps I should say *fiancée*. He's infatuated, I hear. Only £20,000 a year between them! Ah, there's Madeline Duchess. Well, a *rieveret*."

She passed on, her dress, which had taxed the resources of the first modistes of the day, Rue de la Paix, trailing heedlessly over the priceless Aubusson. Aurora turned, to find the Home Secretary at her elbow. Instantly she was all eagerness and vivacity.

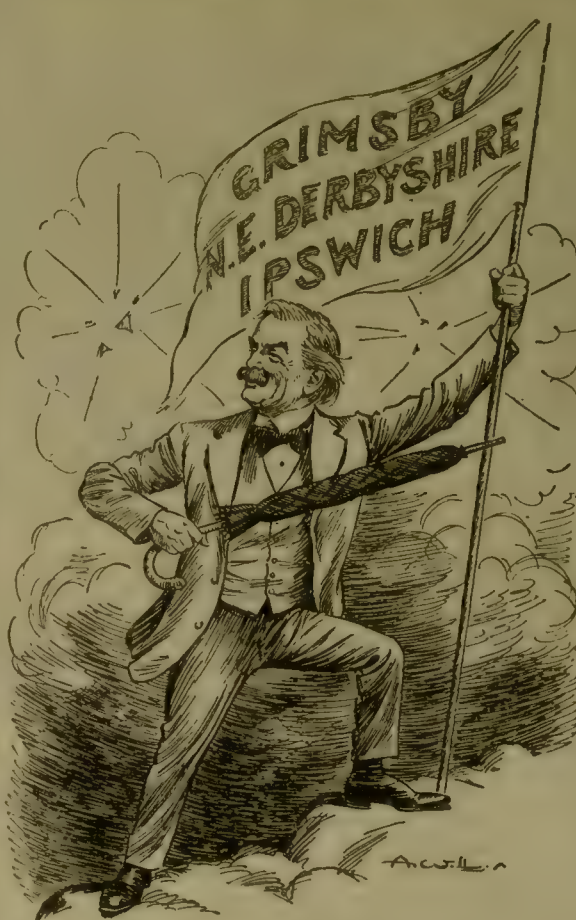
"Will there be a division?" she asked.

"Dear lady," he replied, "*qui vivra verra*. The Anabaptists are up in arms, but—" He screwed his glass into his eye. "Had anything to eat?" he asked, as three of the footmen passed with a jewelled tray of Pêches Melba. "A Benvenuto Cellini," if I am not mistaken," he continued, tapping the tray with his ring, a unique Pompeian intaglio of Venus Anadyomene with the iynx. "The plates are fourteenth-century Venetian. The only other set is in the Vatican, you remember." He removed a drop of the Earl's champagne from his moustache. "Ah, I see Cantoforte's going to sing. Marvellous man! I remember him in Paris in the 'forties—the roaring 'forties, as poor Dizzy called them."

"He only plays when Royalty's

present," a woman behind Aurora whispered, as the great artist broke into PALESTRINA'S *Andante Furioso*. "They say he charges a thousand a minute."

A memory of the Lowmere cottages assailed Aurora. At last she saw her way clearly. Never had she so realised the possibilities of life.



Men of Criccieth, on to glory!  
See, this banner, fam'd in story,  
Waves these burning words before ye—  
"David scorns to yield!"

(With acknowledgments to the author of "The March of the Men of Harlech.")

["If there was any movement in the Liberal party . . . it was a movement forward. The message of the by-elections to Liberals was . . . to press on."—MR. LLOYD GEORGE at Criccieth.]

"I will marry Cecil," she said to herself. "With his brains, a million a year, and the breeding to which only the highest circles can attain, we will regenerate England."

#### Little-known Heroes.

##### I.

"On Saturday last, an up-country woman attempted to commit suicide by laying herself across the rails. At that time the second up Passenger train was passing but slowly and the cow-catcher of the train almost touched the woman. The Driver stopped the train with great pluck."—*Times of Assam*.

#### THE CAN-CAN.

I HAVE four milk-boys as pets. They don't know it, but I cultivate an intimate knowledge of their habits and study them as, once, years ago, I was wont to study white mice and goldfish. I have watched their development, listened to their song, and have made several interesting discoveries about them.

When, after a hard evening's reading, perhaps, I jotted down a few notes and tumble into bed at 1 A.M., I do so with the delightful certainty that at 6.30 the first of my pets will rouse me with his mellow warbling. He (Number One) looks always on the bright side of things and probably belongs to a club for incurable optimists, for he intersperses his roudades with cheery spells of whistling. Should Number Two, who is a pal of his, loom through the early morning mist with the lark and the first motor-bus at the other end of the Terrace; no false modesty deters him from making himself known; he gives a view-halloo that startles every drooping cat in the district. He informs Number Two, while that person is yet nebulous, a mere blur on the cosmos, that he went to the local Empire last night, and that it was a bit of all right. With an intermittent rumble he elicits the information that Geor-r-rge (that's Number Two's name) went to his local Palace and had a treat of a beano. And when they meet—exactly opposite my dwelling is the favoured spot—the Can-can is performed with variations. Jolly fellows are One and Two.

As for Number Three, I could tell you a little story about him. He has had a love-affair. There was a time when he too joined in the dance and song, as one might say; but all that is over for him. One morning he turned up late, his usual merry call changed to a croak like that of a bull-frog virtuoso. I peered between the curtains to make sure that it was not Number Five (as yet hypothetical); but no—it was Three, with a look on his face that could only bear one interpretation. Belinda had been perverse, unkind, icy—had, in fact, thrown him over. You could read it in the angle of his cap, in the broken lace dragging from his boots, in his shuffling progress, and in the dulled gleam of his brass-mounted cans. From that date





THE BROWNS HAVE TAKEN THE ADVICE OF THE RAILWAYS AND NEWSPAPERS TO "GO EARLY" FOR THEIR SEASIDE HOLIDAYS.

he became a frowning pessimist, perpetrating wheezes and squeaks and mumblings, quaverings and hoarse murmurs, instead of the customary sportive yelp. 'Tis an unkind world, according to Number Three.

Number Four generally arrives as the lingering chatter of his predecessors dies away. He is rotund, judging by his voice (I have not yet seen him); also I should say that he goes in for physical culture. For, by the sounds that ascend to my window, his procedure is as follows: he unhooks the empty can from the railings of the opposite house and dashes it violently upward against the wall, catching it on the rebound. This action he repeats a few times just to get into form; it is, as it were, a muscular prelude. Then, taking seven or eight empty tins from his trolley, he juggles with them, not very expertly, for some of them break away into neighbouring areas and have to be retrieved; or he will set the whole lot in the road and kick them round for five minutes, brilliantly and wonderfully. This warms him. Picking them up, he spends a relatively quiet interlude in sorting out the one he wants, then fills it, bangs the lid down, and rehangs it in position. Having repeated the process with the remainder, he glows with a sense of

duty done, and bursts into his farewell song; I often wish that it was his swan-song. He produces in this vocal valediction noises which to the ears of a Futurist composer might seem as Olympian music, but which to my insufficiently educated taste are merely excruciating.

These, then are my four pets. I value them, for they teach me self-denial and self-restraint; they rouse me at an hour when I might otherwise be lost in slothful sleep; and they assure me that there is a sphere in which taxes and politics really do not matter in the slightest. Some day, I suppose, they will grow up. What will become of their talents in the world of men it is beyond me to imagine. But Number Four seems to have the makings of a politician.

### TWO EYES OF GRAY.

[Sprat should be cooked very fresh. Their condition can be ascertained by their eyes, which should be bright.]

*Cookery Book.*]

How cold the culinary mind  
That household care absorbs!  
Can the observer really find  
Within yon sparkling orbs  
No message, nothing further than  
A fitness for the frying-pan?

For oh, in that pathetic gaze

What crowded memories dwell!  
What wistful dreams of briny days

Beneath the surging swell,  
Ere fate had seized this little fish  
And plumped him on an earthen dish!

Methinks I see him even now,

As late he sailed along  
With smiling and unruffled brow  
Amid the finny throng,  
No gladder, gayer sprat than he  
In all the caverns of the sea.

With what a rapture would he tweak

The casual kipper's tail,  
Or nimbly sport at hide-and-seek  
Around the whiskered whale!  
(Do whales that haunt the ocean wave  
Wear whiskers? Some do, others  
shave.)

And, when by hunger overcome

He felt a trifle limp,  
What joy within his vacuum  
To stow the passing shrimp,  
And afterwards to sink and snooze,  
Soft-cradled on the nether ooze!

Ah, yes, as I behold those eyes

So bright, so crystal-clear,  
I feel within my own uprise  
A sympathetic tear;  
But supper's call one must obey,  
And so I dash the drops away.



### ANOTHER INFORMATION BUREAU.

A PRETTY THOUGHT—TIPSTERS—OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS—A GUIDE TO MANNERS—AIDING HIS SUIT.

#### A PRETTY THOUGHT.

*After reading that a number of letters have been written to the KING on his birthday by school children, my wife and I have decided that our little girl, Clara, who is just six, shall write one for next year—or possibly for Christmas—and we should be glad of your counsel in the matter: as to how his Majesty is addressed, how to make sure that the letter reaches him and receives proper attention, and so forth. Is there any intermediary with whom one should get upon good terms?*—J. U. T. (Haggerston).

Your question is a very natural one, and we are glad to be able to reply to it. The habit of writing to HIS MAJESTY is growing. He should be addressed on the envelope as—

HIS MAJESTY,  
Buckingham Palace,  
near Victoria Station,  
S.W.,

and the envelope should be marked "Private" or "Personal," to ensure his getting it. By a piece of great good fortune for you one of the papers has very considerably published specimens of letters just sent to HIS MAJESTY, and you can make those your model. The most suitable is perhaps this—

"DEAR KING GEORGE,—I wish you many happy returns of the day. If I had one pound I would buy a suit of clothes with ten shillings and a watch for the other ten shillings. I hope you will have a long and fruitful reign."

Is not that charming in its naïveté and whole-hearted delight in the opportunity of congratulations and good wishes? We wish your little Clara all success.

#### TIPSTERS.

*I receive every day circulars from gentlemen who assure me that they know for certain the winners of forthcoming races and asking me to let them send me this information for a consideration. Do you think I should be wise in doing so? Naturally I want to make my fortune.*—H. M. (Epping).

We reply to your question by asking another. How is it that these gentlemen, with all their advantages of foreknowledge, are still so anxiously in business?

#### OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

*Can you tell me how I can obtain information as to the means of identifying the songs of birds? I hear a great many near our house in the*

*country, but I cannot put names to them. I am told that when Colonel ROOSEVELT was last in England Sir EDWARD GREY took him for a long walk in the New Forest to instruct him in English ornithology. Do you think he would take me? I am a strong Free Trader and have traces of American blood.*—B. B. L. (Dorking).

Sir EDWARD GREY, we fancy, has other things to do. You had better write to "W. B. T." of *The Daily Mail*, or in his regrettable absence to "P. W. D. I."

#### A GUIDE TO MANNERS.

*I have a son for whom I desire a political future. What I should like to get for him is a Member of Parliament who would converse with him on statecraft, the British constitution and so forth, but it would have to be one who was jealous for the honour and dignity of the House, and I need hardly say that I should not care for a Liberal. Can you give me any hints?*—J. K. (Henley).

We strongly recommend Mr. RONALD McNEILL, Mr. AMERY, Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE, or Lord WINTERTON.

#### AIDING HIS SUIT.

*Although an utterly unathletic man I am paying court to a lady who dotes upon male proficiency in games. How would you advise me to forward my cause?*—M. L. G. (Harrow).

We should advise you to put yourself into knickerbockers and a golfing attitude and be photographed. Judging by their present contents, there is not a paper in the country that would not be glad to print the picture, and then you could show it to the lady and win.

#### A WELCOME FLAW.

"You look worried," said Diana, "very worried, dear."

I smiled sadly. "It can't be helped," I said.

"Did you like my cake?"

"Very much; it wasn't that. I am a little worried, Diana."

"What a pity. Will you have some more, dear?"

"No, thank you."

Diana leant forward and cut a very large slice.

"No, really, thank you," I insisted.

"Right; this is for me."

"Diana," I said, "I've something on my chest." She looked surprised. "Yes, there's something on my chest. I speak in a spiritual sense."

"Well, hadn't you better tell me what it is, dear?"

"I will," I said stoutly. "Diana,

this—this engagement can't go on." There was no fire in the room, so I gazed blankly into the radiator.

"What on earth do you mean, Dick?"

"It can't go on," I repeated.

"Why? Dick, you're joking."

"Joking!" I laughed a hollow mocking laugh. "Don't make it hard for me, Diana."

She crossed over and sat on the arm of my chair.

"Are you feeling ill, dear?" she inquired ever so sweetly.

For a moment I nearly gave way; then, with a tremendous effort, I braced back my shoulders. . . . Diana fell heavily to the floor.

"Darling," I said as I picked her up, "I'm so sorry; I didn't see you were sitting so near the edge. I'm—"

"All right," she replied. "And now what is it? You haven't changed towards me?"

"Diana—I—oh, it's difficult."

"Yes, dear. Go on."

I gazed into the carpet. "I must begin at the beginning. I—it's difficult."

"Yes, dear; we've agreed about that."

"In the first place," I began, "I am a man of the utmost integrity."

"That doesn't matter, and, anyway, you're quite a dear."

I bowed gravely. "I try to look at things from a high standpoint," I continued. "Now, Diana, I consider you are perfect. I love you intensely because you are so perfect."

"Don't be silly, dear."

"I mean it. On the other hand, I know myself very well indeed."

"You think so."

"I do. And I have come to the conclusion, after many racking hours, that I am not worthy of you. The proper course, the only course, is for me to release you." And I sighed heavily.

"Well," said Diana, "of course it's a very pretty idea, and I'm glad you're so fond of me, but the whole thing's absurd. I've accepted you and there's an end of it."

"Diana, you're making it very hard."

"I'm making it impossible."

"No," I declared, "because—I release you now."

Diana fingered her handkerchief. "D—Dick, I refuse to be released. It's too silly for w—words. Come over here."

With a great effort I didn't get up; instead I gazed at the ceiling.

"Diana," I said, "I'm disappointed in you. I'm trying to do the right thing, the noble thing, and you mustn't stand in my way. You've no right to stand in my—"





Chairman (at Friendly Lead, proposing toast of the performers). "ALL THE ARTISTS HAVE GIVEN THEIR SERVICES FREE, AND I THINK YOU 'LL AGREE WITH ME, GENTLEMEN, THAT THE LABOURERS ARE WORTHY OF THEIR HIRE."

"Anyhow, I'm going to."

"You know," I said, "this puts me in a very awkward position—very awkward. Diana, you must see my point of view."

"I can't."

"You mean you won't. I had expected more of you."

Diana smiled. "I thought you considered me perfect."

"I did."

"Well, you see, dear, I'm not."

I sighed. "I'm afraid not," I said. "I fear not."

Suddenly I sat up. "Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Hooray!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you see? This puts matters on an entirely different footing. Darling, you don't want me to do the right thing, therefore you're not perfect."

"No; that's settled."

"Well then, you don't deserve a perfect husband."

"I don't want one."

"That's not the point. You don't deserve one."

"No," said Diana.

"Then that's all right," I said; "because you won't get one." And I cut myself a large slice of cake.

### THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

["It is impossible for me to dine out either in private or in public without having those confounded telephones mentioned to me."

Mr. HOBHOUSE.]

She was so young but fair to see;

Her eye conveyed the glad regard;

She murmured to the P.M.G.

That life was very, very hard

(It never crossed his mind that she

Was double seven five Gerrard).

She spoke of love, as ladies will;

He thought it no affair of his;

"I cannot say," he said, "until

You tell me what your trouble is;"

So while he ate and drank his fill

She told him all about it, viz.:—

"Augustus, handsome, tall and lean,

Excels in every kind of sport;

Such perfect men have rarely been,

And cash with him is never short;

His words are few and far between;

He is the strong and silent sort.

"His courage is sublime, and yet

His manly shyness is absurd;

Of all the girls he ever met

It was myself he most preferred;

He'd try and try, but couldn't get

His wretched tongue to say the word.

"Speech was to him a foreign art.

He hired a poet of repute,

Learnt yards of eloquence by heart,

Came, full of it, to press his suit;

At sight of me forgot his part. . .

What could I say when he was mute?

"But there are ways and means for those

Who like to sit and blush alone,

And, undetected, to propose

In phrases other than their own. . ."

(The P.M.G.'s suspicions rose;

This sounded like the telephone).

"And this, on second thoughts, was what

Augustus hit upon, and he

Affirmed a passion, strong and hot,

Where one might hear but none

might see,

And was accepted on the spot,

But not, confound you, Sir, by me.

"Yours was the fault, you monster, who,

Unmoved, unblushing, dare to dine!"

Her victim turned a little blue

And cleared his throat and muttered,

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours!" she cried. "You put

him through

(For good) to double seven nine!"



## THE ABANDONER.

"I AM afraid," I said, "that I shall have to withdraw my permission."

"Withdraw your what?" said the lady of the house, emphasising every word scornfully.

"Yes," I said, "I shall have to forbid you to go."

She laughed.

"It's not a bit of good," I said, "laughing like that. Laughter only adds fuel to the fire that is raging in my breast. I am going to forbid you to go."

"Don't waste your forbiddings," she said, "I'm not banns, and I won't be treated as such. Besides, even banns are never forbidden in these days."

"Yes, they are," I said. "A bann was forbidden last week. A father of eighty years, infuriated by the imminent desertion of a daughter of fifty-five, got up in church at the third time of asking and said, 'I object. Who's going to look after me?' The clergyman nearly swooned."

"And the unfortunate objecter was carefully removed by his friends. I don't see that that's much of a help to you."

"Anyhow," I said, "I won't have it."

"It's too late to talk like that. In half-an-hour I start for Sandy Bay to stay with Violet. My luggage is already at the station."

"Yes," I said, "and you leave me here alone to look after everything."

"Well, what of that?" she said. "Don't you often leave me alone here to look after everything?"

"Ah, but that's different. When I go away *rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'un Anglais de moins.*"

"My own Parisian one!" she murmured.

"The mistress-mind remains and things go on being controlled. Lord love you, *my* absence makes no difference."

"What you mean is," she said, "that you simply can't get on without me. Isn't that it?"

"If you put it in that way," I said, "you can't expect me to admit it."

"Well, it comes to that, doesn't it?"

"What I mean to say is that it's your fault."

"Aha," she said triumphantly, "I knew you'd mean to say that sooner or later. Everything's my fault, of course."

"It is," I said, "an arguable proposition."

"And how do you prove it in this particular case?"

"Easily," I said. "You have neglected to train me for the daily work of a household and a family."

"You never asked to be trained," she said.

"No," I said, "I was too proud and too sensitive. I did not come to you and say, 'Let me beard the cook in her fastness. Let me order the sirloin of beef for the mid-day meal. Let me rebuke the housemaid, or raise her wages, or give her notice,' or whatever it is that one does in the case of a housemaid. I did not ask that I too might be allowed to talk bulbs or Alpine plants to the gardener. I did not plead that I might order dresses or medicine for the girls, or watch over John's putting to bed. All these things, because you were haughty about them, I left to you; and you—what did you do?"

"I generally went and did them."

"And that," I said, "is just what I complain of."

"You wouldn't have liked it," she said, "if I hadn't."

"You ought," I said, "to have taken me into your counsels, instead of leaving me to eat out my heart in total ignorance of all the things that make the world a happier and a better place. Votes for women, indeed! First let there be homes for men."

"Shall I ring for a glass of water?" she said.

"There must be no sarcasm," I said. "This is too serious for sarcasm. Besides, think what will happen."

"Well, what?"

"John," I said, "will fall into the fishpond."

"You can have his clothes dried."

"No," I said, "I shall spank him. It is my only remedy."

"Anything else?"

"Peggy will tumble off her bicycle and cut her knee."

"Anyhow, you can't spank her for that."

"And there will be a message from the kitchen to say that there are no mutton outlets in England."

"You can eat beef or chicken."

"And Rosie will have to see the dentist, and Helen will want to go out to tea, and there will be holes in all their boots; and ladies whom I have never seen will call on you and will be shown in on me. Oh, it is a terrible prospect!"

"It does sound rather blood-curdling," she said.

"And, after all, why do you want to go to Violet's?"

"She asked me, you know. That's one reason. And I shall be able to look round for lodgings in August."

"Are we going to Sandy Bay in August?"

"Yes; didn't you know? And I shall have four days of perfect peace."

"You won't. You and Violet will disagree about hats, or the colour of a dress, or the education of children, or the true way of putting men in their proper place. It isn't everybody who agrees with you as I do."

"Yes, I know I shall miss you every minute of the time—that's what you wanted me to say, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that was it. You really do know how to lead me by a silken thread."

"And I shall probably get my breakfast in bed. You'll think of me, won't you, when you're breakfasting with the children? And don't let John have jam every day."

"I shall give him," I said, "a pot for himself."

"Good-bye," she said, pressing a paper into my hand. "I've written down some things that *must* be attended to."

"I shan't attend to them," I shouted, as she walked off.

"Breakfast in bed," she called back.

R. C. L.

## THE EARTHLY HADES.

["I could reel out such a list of notorious Yorkshire criminals . . . as would put every other county utterly out of the running."—*Extract from recent letter to "The Pall Mall Gazette."*]

BAH! to your boasts of the blackguards of Lancashire;

Tush! to your talk of the rascals of Staffs;

Come, let me openly mention as rank a shire

(Yorks) as you'll find for the riffest of raffs;

Choose all the pick of your Cheese-shire or Pork-shire men,

Men who have sunk in the deepest of mud;

Deuce of a one can come near to us Yorkshiremen

Born with Beelzebub's blue in our blood.

"Nuts" who have long left the strait way or narrow gate

Swarm on each side of the Swale or the Ouse;

Huddersfield vies in its villains with Harrogate;

Satan in Sheffield would shake in his shoes;

Hull?—though you might not be driven to drat it, you'd

Certainly substitute "e" for its "u,"

And, from a purely unprejudiced attitude,

We should pronounce it the worse of the two.

Yorks has a side, you see, surely more sinister

Far than the shires that would snatch at her fame;

So, when you curse at our present PRIME MINISTER,

Calling him every conceivable name,

We shall accept 'em with sangfroid and phlegm, as he

Gives you this practical proof of his powers,

Setting his seal to our sinful supremacy,

Seeing he comes from this county of ours.





### A FRUGAL MIND.

Doctor. "WELL, MR. MCPHEARSON, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN. YOU'VE HAD A LONG ILLNESS."

McPhearson. "AY, DOCTOR, AND VARRA EXPENSIVE. I WAS WUNNERIN' IF IT WAS WORTH WHILE AT MA TIME O' LIFE."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE reason to believe that Scotland Yard has on occasion displayed considerable intelligence, and I regret that novelists will never allow it to be as cunning even as myself in guessing the identity of the villains of their criminal plots. Mrs. CHARLES BRYCE, for instance, might, without unduly taxing the imagination, have credited the Force with the coup of bringing to justice the murderer of Mrs. Vanderstein, but she went out of her way to employ that marvellous amateur, Mr. Gimblet, for the purpose. I must believe that he was marvellous, because she says so; but in this case he did nothing and had little opportunity of justifying his references. He merely believed what he had the luck to be told and caused the miscreant to be arrested when of his own motion he practically offered himself for arrest. There are, after all, two phases of crime—the first, its commission, and the second, its detection. Mrs. BRYCE would have done better to confine herself to the former, since she has an exciting tale to tell of Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels (LANE) and shows herself well able to curdle the blood in the telling of it. But, lacking that gift of logic which is essential to the stating and the solving of detective problems, she endeavours to achieve her ends by keeping back what are admitted, and not discovered, facts. She is reduced to telling the same story twice, and I cannot say that I was nearly as excited the second time as I was the first.

Once upon a time KING JAMES, being annoyed with the

City because it wouldn't lend him money, summoned the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen to his presence and, "being somewhat transported," threatened to remove his Court to some other place. To this the LORD MAYOR very politely but readily retorted, "Your Majesty hath power to do what you please and your City of London will obey accordingly: but she humbly desires that when your Majesty shall remove your Court you would please to leave the Thames behind you." I think this single instance from the history of the City goes far to explain that peculiar pride in it which the Londoner instinctively feels without exactly knowing why. I have not space to argue with Sir LAURENCE GOMME upon his main point, its continuity of policy and purpose from the Roman Empire till to-day, shown by the records of London's past. I leave it to the scholar and antiquary. It is my purpose to persuade the man in the street, to whom the names of PALGRAVE, FREEMAN and STUBBS are not household words, to buy a copy of *London* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE) for inclusion in his permanent library. If I should insist upon his reading it then and there he would reply, as one ignorant fellow to another, that he had not the necessary understanding of the remote past and was too preoccupied with the affairs of the present. Be it so, but none the less let him buy it and at any rate glance at its many curious and admirable illustrations. Later he will dip into it in search of further episodes after the manner of that I quote, and lastly he will do the thing thoroughly, to find that he is much more concerned with the past than ever he supposed; that now he understands that "greatness which is London," and that he is infinitely



obliged for the recommendation of a not-too-learned clerk who shared his own diffidence, even reluctance, in approaching so learned and weighty a treatise.

I am sure that Miss CONSTANCE HOLME has, in *The Lonely Plough* (MILLS AND BOON), written a clever and amusing novel. What she has not done is to make herself intelligible. Some of the mist that enwraps the background of her frontispiece has obscured her story and her characters. I know that she is writing about lively and entertaining people because there emerges, now and then, a page of dialogue that is witty and alive; and I know that her story is dramatic because she tells us now that someone "let out a screech," and now that he "uttered sharp little sounds remarkably like oaths." I know, too, that the sea is encroaching upon somebody's dwelling-place, and that someone else tries to keep the waves in their place, but is no more successful than was the great King KNOT of blessed memory. Then there is a fine figure of a land-agent and several ladies who talk the snappiest of slang. But the mist and the sea have swopt across Miss HOLME'S pages and blotted out the rest of the affair. Not MEREDITH nor ROBERT BROWNING at their most complex have been more baffling. I must admit, however, that the description of a game of mixed hockey, somewhere in the middle of the book, was delightfully fresh and vivid. Here, for a page or two, I could rest from my grapplings with the story and join in all the excitement and peril that mixed hockey provides. Then there is *Harriet*, who says, "Stow all that piffle." I should like to know more about *Harriet*, who from that brief glimpse of her seems a lively vigorous person, but the encroaching sea swallows her with the others, and there is an end. I repeat that Miss HOLME has written a clever dramatic story, but the title is certainly the clearest thing about it.

When Mr. CALTHROP'S at his best  
He weaves you tales of fauns and elves,  
And ancient gods come back to test  
Their humour on our modern selves;  
He finds romance in common clay;  
He lifts the veil from fairy rings,  
And points the unfamiliar way  
Of looking at familiar things.

And at his second best, or less,  
His graceful manner still redeems  
With easy charm and cheerfulness  
More hackneyed, less seductive themes;  
Each page has something witty, wise,  
Well-turned, fantastic or jocose--  
Each page of *Breadandbutterflies*,  
From MILLS AND BOON, six shillings (gross).

Even though it has been seared by the tragic end of a youthful *liaison* ("It was in France, you know," and that seems to explain all to *Minella Drake*, daughter of the Vicar of Goldringham) the heart of a Sussex taxidermist appears to be exceptionally tender. Seldom can *Tom Murrow*, through whose eyes we view the scenes and incidents of Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' *Tansy* (HUTCHINSON), have sealed up badger or squirrel in its glass *morque* without shedding on the fur some glistening tribute of tears over a village sorrow. So much of his time in fact is occupied by conversations of a sentimental nature with the two *Wilverleys* (whose aged father, *Mark*, by the way, having retired from active life on his farm, habitually talks in rhymed couplets) that he can have had as little leisure for stuffing specimens as he had to discern the love gradually growing up for him in the bosom of *Minella*, his guileless *confidante*. The background of *Tansy* consists in the shepherd's seasons of the Sussex downs (for *Tansy*, a splendid type of advanced

though rustic womanhood, is a shepherdess), and the plot of the story is that of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, with the convenient variation that the villain of the piece, having his pockets stuffed with cartridges, disappears (as villains should) in a cloud of malodorous smoke. Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' knowledge of rural life and scenes is as thorough as his description of them is charming, and, if the general impression conveyed by *Tansy* is a little too idyllic for those who have been brought up in the rough school of Wessex agriculture, it is pleasant for a moment to lend ourselves to the illusion of his sunny romance.



GOLF AND THE DRAMA.

ACT III.—THE FINAL PUTT ON THE LAST GREEN WHICH IS TO DECIDE THE FATE OF THE HOUSE OF DEVEREUX.

Unattractive as *Sophia Ree* was in many ways, I frankly admit that she was a lady of mettle. A stockbroker's typist, with a fortune of £2,000 and a salary of a few shillings a week, she no sooner obtained inside information about the floating of *The South Seas Coastal Rubber Development Company* than she decided to apply for 2000 shares. They were allotted to her, and in consequence she became a most important person. In fact, she had only to say "*Gugenheim*" to her employers and she had them at her feet. Why this was so you must discover for yourselves; all that I, who am no expert in financial matters, can tell you is that somehow her 2000 shares seem to have given her a position of enormous power in the company, and that the *Gugenheim* man wanted to buy her out. Her sister *Judith* kept bees and was an extremely good woman. I never got really to understand her; and her wonderful power of seeing into the future, which does not often go with apiculture, left me unimpressed. The trouble with this book of Mr. E. R. PUNSHON'S is that the parts of it do not seem to fit into a symmetrical whole, but, at any rate, a study of *The Crowning Glory* (HODDER AND STROUT) has greatly improved my knowledge of the behaviour of bears and bulls and bees.



## CHARIVARIA.

"The Pocket Asquith" is announced, and we are asked to say that the pocket in question is not Mr. REDMOND'S.

The discovery of gold particles in a duck's gizzard has, we are told, caused a rush of mining prospectors to Liberty Township, Ohio. It is expected that the duck will shortly be floated as a limited liability company.

The Valuation Department has discovered at Llangammarch Wells, Brecknockshire, 50 acres of land for which no owner can be found. Anyone, therefore, who has lost any land is recommended to communicate at once with the Department.

The ASTRONOMER-ROYAL, in reading his annual report at the Royal Observatory last week, said that the mean temperature of the year 1913 was 50·5 degrees. Seeing that this temperature was one degree above the average for the 70 years ended 1910, we consider that the epithet was undeserved.

We hesitate to suggest that *The Times* is catering for cannibals, but it is certainly curious that a recent issue should have contained the following headlines:—

"PREPARED FOODS.  
INFANTS, CHILDREN & INVALIDS."

By the way, the little essay on "Foods of Antiquity" omitted to mention that these may still be picked up by curio-hunters at certain railway buffets.

What has become of all the cabs which have been displaced by the taxis? is a question which is often asked. It has now been partially answered. According to a cable published last week, "The steamer *Rapahannock* reports the presence of numerous icebergs and 'growlers' on the North Atlantic steamship routes."

At last there are signs of a reaction against under-dressing on the stage. The producers of a new revue advertise:—  
50 REAL LIVE PERFORMERS.  
OVER 250 PARISIAN MODEL FROCKS AND HATS.

Mr. H. CSCINSKY, the author of the standard work, *English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century*, says that 999 out of every 1,000 pieces of old oak furniture in the present day are forgeries. The

only way, therefore, to ensure that you get a genuine specimen is to order 1,000 pieces, and the furniture trade trusts that all collectors will take this elementary precaution when purchasing.

The abandonment of the scheme for the rebuilding of the Lambeth Police Court has caused some disappointment among local criminals, some of whom, we are glad to hear, are ashamed to be seen in the present structure.

Being convinced that Germany possesses too many Leagues and Associations the town of Seesen, in the Harz, has established an "Association for

postal order. When he turned to pick up the bag it had disappeared. The local police incline to the view that someone must have taken it.

A muddle-headed correspondent writes to express surprise on learning that the day devoted to collections for the charities connected with the Variety Stage should be known as "Tag Day." The old fellow had always imagined that "Tag Day" was a toast on German war vessels.

## A TIME EXPOSURE.

I TURNED the family album's page

And noted with a smile  
The efforts of a bygone age  
At photographic style;  
There, pegtopped; grandpa could  
be seen,  
While grandma beamed, contented  
To know her brand-new crinoline  
The latest thing invented.

And there Aunt Mary's looks  
belied  
Her gravity of dress;  
That great poke-bonnet could  
not hide  
Her youthful comeliness;  
There, too, was father when a  
boy,  
And elsewhere in the series  
A youthful cousin (Fauntleroy),  
An uncle in Dundrearies.

And then before my scornful eye  
A smirking youth appeared,  
Flaunting a loose æsthetic tie  
And embryonic beard;  
With laughter I began to shake,  
Noting the watch-chain  
(weighty)

And all the things that went to make  
A "nut" in 1880.

I looked upon the other side,  
Still tittering, to see  
What branch the fellow occupied  
Upon our family tree;  
A name was scrawled across the card  
With flourishes in plenty,  
And lo! it was the present bard  
Himself at five-and-twenty.

## The Sprinter.

From a testimonial to a system of health culture:—

"I think I have never felt so glorious as I do this morning. At 4.30 I woke up after a wet waist pack, got hot water, cleaned myself, took a glass of lemon juice, exercised, and for the last three-quarters of an hour I have been running through your notes." He mustn't take too much exercise.



Combating the Mania for the Formation of Leagues and Associations"—not realising until too late that they have thereby formed one more.

"Keep your arms" is Sir EDWARD CARSON'S latest advice to the Ulster volunteers—and they have kept their heads so well that they should have no difficulty in this respect.

An American clergyman got into trouble last week for holding up his hand and trying to stop the traffic in the Strand. The sky-pilot found out pretty soon that he was out of his element.

A man placed a bank paper bag containing £63 10s. on the counter at the chief post-office in Swansea, one day last week, while he changed a



## THE COMPLETE DRAMATIST.

## III. MEALS AND THINGS.

IN spite of all you can do in the way of avoiding soliloquies and getting your characters on and off the stage in a dramatic manner, a time will come when you realise sadly that your play is not a bit like life after all. Then is the time to introduce a meal on the stage. A stage meal is popular, because it proves to the audience that the actors, even when called GEORGE ALEXANDER or ARTHUR BOURCHIER, are real people just like you and me. "Look at Sir HERBERT eating," we say excitedly to each other in the pit, having had a vague idea up till then that an actor lived like a god on praise and grease-paint and his photograph in the papers. "Another cup, won't you?" says Miss GLADYS COOPER; "No, thank you," says Mr. DENNIS EADIE—dash it, it's exactly what we do at Twickenham ourselves. And when, to clinch matters, the dramatist makes Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER light a real cigarette in the Third Act, then he can flatter himself that he has indeed achieved the ambition of every stage writer, and "brought the actual scent of the hay across the footlights."

But there is a technique to be acquired in this matter as in everything else within the theatre. The great art of the stage-craftsman, as I have already shown, is to seem natural rather than to be natural. Let your actors have tea by all means, but see that it is a properly histrionic tea. This is how it should go:

*Hostess.* You'll have some tea, won't you? [*Rings bell.*]

*Guest.* Thank you.

*Enter Butler.*

*Hostess.* Tea, please, Matthews.

*Butler (impassively).* Yes, m' lady. (*This is all he says during the play, so he must try and get a little character into it, in order that "The Era" may remark, "Mr. Thompson was excellent as Matthews." However, his part is not over yet, for he returns immediately, followed by three footmen—just as it happened when you last called on the Duchess—and sets out the tea.*)

*Hostess (holding up the property lump of sugar in the tongs).* Sugar?

*Guest (luckily).* No, thanks.

*Hostess replaces lump and inclines empty teapot over tray for a moment, then hands him a cup painted brown inside—thus deceiving the gentleman with the telescope in the upper circle.*

*Guest (touching his lips with the cup and then returning it to its saucer).* Well, I must be going.

*Re-enter Butler and three Footmen, who remove the tea-things.*

*Hostess (to Guest).* Good-bye; so glad you could come. [*Exit Guest.*]

His visit has been short, but it has been very thrilling while it lasted.

Tea is the most usual meal on the stage, for the reason that it is the least expensive, the property lump of sugar being dusted and used again on the next night. For a stage dinner a certain amount of genuine sponge-cake has to be made up to look like fish, chicken or cutlet. In novels the hero has often "pushed his meals away untasted," but no stage hero would do anything so unnatural as this. The etiquette is to have two bites before the butler and the three footmen whisk away the plate. The two bites are made, and the bread is crumbled, with an air of great eagerness; indeed, one feels that in real life the guest would clutch hold of the footman and say, "Half a mo', old chap, I haven't *nearly* finished;" but the actor is better schooled than this. Besides, the thing is coming back again as chicken directly.

But it is the cigarette which chiefly has brought the modern drama to its present state of perfection. Without the stage cigarette many an epigram would pass unnoticed, many an actor's hands would be much more noticeable; and the man who works the fireproof safety curtain would lose even the small amount of excitement which at present attaches to his job.

Now although it is possible, in the case of a few men at the top of the profession, to leave the conduct of the cigarette entirely to the actor, you will find it much more satisfactory to insert in the stage directions the particular movements (with match and so forth) that you wish carried out. Let us assume that Lord Arthur asks Lord John what a cynic is—the question of what a cynic is having arisen quite naturally in the course of the plot. Let us assume further that you wish Lord John to reply, "A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." It has been said before; but you may feel that it is quite time it was said again; besides, for all the audience knows, Lord John may simply be quoting. Now this answer, even if it comes quite fresh to the stalls, will lose much of its effect if it is said without the assistance of a cigarette. Try it for yourself.

*Lord John.* A cynic is a man who, etc. . . .

*Rotten.* Now try again.

*Lord John.* A cynic is a man who, etc. . . . (*Lights cigarette.*)

No, even that is not good. Once more:—

*Lord John (lighting cigarette).* A cynic is a man who, etc.

Better, but leaves much too much to the actor.

Well, I see I must tell you.

*Lord John (taking out gold cigarette case from his left-hand upper waistcoat pocket).* A cynic, my dear Arthur (*he opens case deliberately, puts cigarette in mouth, and extracts gold match-box from right-hand trouser*) is a man who (*strikes match*) knows the price of (*lights cigarette*)—everything, and (*standing with match in one hand and cigarette in the other*) the value of—piff (*blows out match*) of (*inhales deeply from cigarette and blows out a cloud of smoke*)—nothing.

It makes a different thing of it altogether. Of course on the actual night the match may refuse to strike, and Lord John may have to go on saying "a man who—a man who—a man who" until the ignition occurs, but even so it will still seem delightfully natural to the audience (as if he were making up the epigram as he went along); while as for blowing the match out he can hardly fail to do *that* in one.

The cigarette, of course, will be smoked at other moments than epigrammatic ones, but on these other occasions you will not need to deal so fully with it in the stage directions. "*Duke (lighting cigarette).*" I trust, Perkins, that . . . is enough. You do not want to say, "*Duke (dropping ash on trousers).*" It seems to me, my love . . . or, "*Duke (removing stray piece of tobacco from tongue).*" What Ireland needs is . . .; still less "*Duke (throwing away end of cigarette).*" Show him in." For this must remain one of the mysteries of the stage—What happens to the stage cigarette when it has been puffed four times? The stage tea, of which a second cup is always refused; the stage cutlet, which is removed with the connivance of the guest after two mouthfuls; the stage cigarette, which nobody ever seems to want to smoke to the end—thinking of these as they make their appearances in the houses of the titled, one would say that the hospitality of the peerage was not a thing to make any great rush for. . . .

But that would be to forget the butler and the three footmen. Even a Duke cannot have everything. And what his *chef* may lack in skill his butler more than makes up for in impassivity. A. A. M.

From a column headed "Crimes and Tragedies" in *The Western Weekly Mercury*:—

"Sir J. W. Spear, M.P., has consented to become patron of the newly-formed High-ampton Rifle Club."

And we are left wondering which it is.





## REFRESHING THE FRUIT.

MR. JOHN BURNS. "PERFECT! PERFECT! BUT JUST WANTS THE MASTER'S TOUCH."  
[Gives it.]









*Cheery Passenger (in non-stop express). "WELL, I MUST SAY IT'S QUITE A RELIEF TO ME TO 'AVE A GENTLEMAN IN THE CARRIAGE. IT'S TWICE NOW I'VE 'AD A FIT IN A TUNNEL."*

### ROOSEVELT RESURGIT.

ONCE more the tireless putter-right of men,  
Our roaring ROOSEVELT, swims into our ken.  
With clash of cymbals and with roll of drums,  
Reduced in weight, from far Brazil he comes.  
What risks were his! The rapids caught his form,  
Upset his bark and tossed him in the storm.  
Clutching his trumpet in a fearless hand,  
The damp explorer struggled to the land;  
Then set the trumpet to his lips and blew  
A blast that echoed all the wide world through,  
And in a tone that made the nations quiver  
Proclaimed himself the finder of a river.  
Maps, he declared, were made by doddering fools  
Who knew no better or defied the rules,  
While he, the great Progressive, traced the course  
Of waters mostly flowing to their source.  
Emerg'd at last and buoyed up with the sure hope  
Of geographic fame, he made for Europe;  
Flew to Madrid, and there awhile he tarried  
Till KERMIT went (good luck to K!) and married.  
Next London sees him, and with loud good will  
Yields to the mighty tamer of Brazil,  
And hears and cheers the while by his own fiat he  
Lectures our Geographical Society.  
Soon to his native land behold him go  
To take a hand in quelling Mexico.  
Does WILSON want him? Well, I hardly know.

### IN THE NAME OF PEACE.

SIR,—I read with intense satisfaction that at the Peace Ball at the Albert Hall last week the lady representing Britannia carried a palm branch in place of the customary trident. This, I venture to think, is a step in the right direction. For many years, from the pulpits and platforms not only of our own land but of America, I have advocated a substitution of peaceful objects for the weapons of bloodshed with which so many of our allegorical figures are encumbered. I still wait for some artist to depict the patron saint of this fair land of ours, not attacking the dragon with a cruel sword, but offering it in all brotherliness an orange, let us say, or a bath bun.

But, Sir, one feature of this ball (putting aside for a moment the many reprehensible characteristics of all such entertainments) I must and do protest against. What do I read in the daily press? When it was desired to clear the floor, "a brigade of Guards, by subtle movements, drove the masqueraders, who were to form the audience, behind the barricades." Now, were I a member of the House of Commons—as some day I may be—I would make it my business to stand up in my place and fearlessly demand of the Minister for War an explanation as to how these men of blood came to be admitted to a Peace festival. Was it with his knowledge that they were present? and, if so, was it with his consent? I should also desire to know whether the cost of the expedition would fall upon the British tax-payer.

I am, Sir, Yours, etc., (Rev.) AMOS BLICK.



## AMENDING A BILL.

As the drought wore on to its third day I began to perceive that siphoning the pinks with soda-water out of the dining-room window was insufficient to meet the crisis. I rang up the nearest fire-station and told them in my most staccato tones that the garden was being burnt to a cinder and would they please—but they rang off suddenly without making a reply. It was then that I had a bright idea—so bright that the thermometer which was hanging near my head went up two degrees higher still.

"Araminta," I cried (she was out on the lawn tantalising a rose-bush with a kind of doll's-house watering-can),—"Araminta, where does one go to get hose?"

Araminta bridled.

"I didn't mean that," I said, hastily coming out of the French-window to explain. "I meant the kind of long wiggly thing you fix on to a tap at one end and it squirts at the other."

She unbridled prettily. "Oh, that!" she said. "Altruage's have them, I suppose. Altruage's have everything. But I shouldn't get one if I were you. I believe they're fearfully expensive, and I'm going to buy a proper watering-can this morning."

My mind, however, was made up. "Expense," I thought, "be irrigated!" I said nothing about it to Araminta, but I decided to act.

The sun was still blazing with abominable ferocity at half-past twelve when I crossed the threshold of the Taj Mahal Stores and button-holed the first peripatetic marquis I could find.

"I want," I said, mopping my brows with the disengaged hand, "to see some hose."

"Certainly, Sir," he replied with a beaming smile. "For wear on the feet, I presume?"

"Not at all," I replied as coolly as possible. "For shampooing the head."

He looked puzzled.

"I want it to water my pinks with," I explained.

A look of divine condescension overspread his features. "Ah, you require our horticultural department for that, Sir," he said. "Fourth to the left, fifth to the right, and ask again." And with an infinitely horticultural gesture of the hand he motioned me on.

After a long and adventurous Odyssey

and fifteen fruitless appeals I sighted a kind of green island shore, where a young man stood in an attitude of *hauteur*, surrounded by a number of pink and grey snakes and brightly coloured agricultural machines.

Making my way to him I sank exhausted into a wheel-barrow and murmured my request again.

"About what size is your garden?" he asked me when I had partially recovered.

"Slim," I said, "slim and graceful, but not really tall. *Petite* I believe is the technical term. What sizes have you got in stock?"

"Perhaps about forty yards would do, Sir," he suggested, uncoiling a portion of one of the reptiles at his feet. "I can recommend this as a strong and thoroughly reliable article. Then you

ill-concealed delight. As I walked up the garden I noticed that the majority of the pinks were lying in a drunken stupor upon their beds.

Araminta met me at the door. "Why, you must be wet through," she said. "Go up and change instantly. And aren't you glad now you haven't got a silly old hose after all?"

"I am indeed," I replied.

Whilst I changed I thought deeply, and after dinner I sat down and wrote politely to Messrs. Altruage as follows:

"Mr. Hopkinson regrets that through inadvertence he ordered a quantity of hose this afternoon in Messrs. Altruage's horticultural department instead of their foot-robing studio. If Messrs. Altruage will kindly cancel this order Mr. Hopkinson will call in the morning and select six pairs of woollen socks."

In a climate like ours, I reflected as I posted the letter, there is a good deal to be said for these mammoth stores.

## IN THE PARK.

(*Souvent femme varie.*)

LITTLE girls in June attire,  
Grumbling to your gover-  
nesses,

What is it that you desire—  
Chocolates or satin dresses,  
Jewels, or a tiny hound,  
All your own, to drag around?

Governesses who betray  
Little love for your employ-  
ment,

—If a fairy bade you say

What would give you most enjoy-  
ment,

Would your fancy not pursue  
Unsubstantial shadows too?

"Fleeting joys have little use"—

So, as teachers, you endeavour  
In your charges to induce

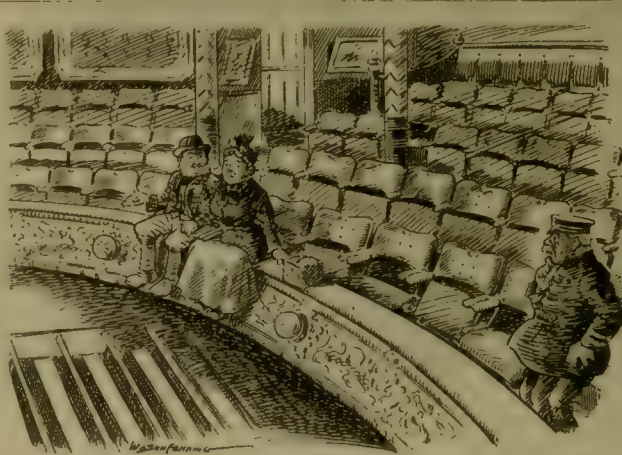
Virtues which will last for ever;  
But, as women, you resent  
Anything so permanent!

"A half followed, which made Vardon dorny 3, and another half at the 16th, where he made a brilliant recovery after he had hit a spectator, gave him the match by 3 and 2." *Times.*

The recovery of the spectator wouldn't matter so much.

"A man who gave the name of James Dew-TJnamedhiskmhmhr mhafr awdih acsh frdw hurst was remanded at Doncaster to-day charged with attempting to pass a worthless cheque for 30s."—*Liverpool Express.*

As soon as the cashier saw the first eighteen inches of the name at the bottom of the cheque he had his suspicions.



Hodge. "THAT'S THE BEST OF COMIN' EARLY, MARIA. WE'VE GOT THE BEST SEATS IN THE 'OUSE!"

will want a union, I suppose, and a brass nozzle and a drum."

"We all want union nowadays so much in everything, don't we?" I agreed pleasantly, "but I'm not so sure about the drum. You see the baby makes a most infernal noise as it is with a—"

He interrupted me to explain the uses of these things. The union, it seemed, was a kind of garter to attach the hose to the tap, and the drum was where the snake wound itself to sleep at night. "And the little pepper-caster, of course," I said, "is what one puts at the end to make it sneeze. I understand completely. If you will have them all sent round to me to-morrow I will pay on delivery."

When I got out into the street I found that a great change had taken place. The sky overhead was black with imminent rain. A sharp shower pattered at my heels as I sprinted for the 'bus, and when I disembarked from it the gutters were gurgling with





### THE LAW OF THE AIR.

"Suburbia" writes: "My neighbour says the air is free and nobody can claim it. Granted. But what I say is—ought my neighbour, considering the narrowness of his garden, to be allowed to erect what is called a giant-stride for the amusement of his sons and their young friends? When will this dilatory Government take such matters in hand?"

### THE YOUNG EVERYTHING.

UNDER this comprehensive title Messrs. Byett and Prusit have arranged for a new series of books for the youth of both sexes, the aim of which is to provide instruction in a number of the most desirable and profitable walks of life. The principle of the work is that it is never too soon to end. The General Editor will be that profound and encyclopædic scholar and publicist, Mr. ANTHONY ASQUITH, who will be assisted by some of the ablest pens in the country.

#### THE YOUNG BANKRUPT, by Sampson Waterstock.

An exhaustive treatise on the right mismanagement of one's affairs, with hints on the best method of bringing about a meeting of creditors. Among the chapters are the following: "The Way to Carey Street;" "How to settle things on one's Wife;" "Eccentric Bankrupts who have subsequently paid in full, with Interest."

#### THE YOUNG BOOKMAKER, by Sharkey Hawker.

A complete guide to the Turf, than which few professions offer a more exciting opening to a boy. How to calculate odds; how to cultivate the voice; how to concentrate public atten-

tion on the wrong horse—these and other topics are dealt with by competent hands.

#### THE YOUNG FILBERT, by Gilbert Hallam.

In this entertaining volume the complete art of youthful boredom and ornamental and expensive sloth is exploited. Where to get clothes; how much to owe for them; how soon to discard them and get others; what adjectives to use; and where the best nut food may be obtained—all is told here.

#### THE YOUNG CENTENARIAN, by S. W. Caleeby.

Hints on regimen by one of the most lucid and distinguished salubrists of the day. Everything that can assist a boy or girl quickly to attain to the status of honourable and decrepit old age is here carefully set forth. The author guarantees that if his instructions are carried out the conditions of centenarianism can be reached in ten years. "Lobster salad for new-born babes" is one of his more original ideas.

#### THE YOUNG AUTHOR, by Brompton MacGregor.

This illuminating treatise contains the fullest directions yet given for the securing of a mammoth circulation and a corresponding revenue. How to

exasperate Mrs. Grundy; how to secure testimonials from Bishops and Archdeacons; how to get banned by the libraries—these and other passports to fame and fortune are set forth with the utmost particularity in this marvellous manual.

#### THE YOUNG COMPOSER, by Eric Kornstein.

This fascinating brochure gives in a succinct and animated form absolutely infallible instructions for storming the citadel of musical fame. The enormous importance of capillary attraction, sartorial extravagance and controversial invective are duly dwelt on, while the charming tone and temper of the work may be gathered from the headings of some of the chapters: "The Curse of Conservatoriums;" "The Tyranny of Tune;" "The Dethronement of Wagner;" "A bas BEETHOVEN."

#### THE YOUNG AMERICAN, by Dixie Q. Peach.

In this priceless work everything that is most characteristic of the great American nation is invitingly spread before the English youth, so that in a few weeks he will be so well equipped with Transatlantic details as (if he wishes) to be mistaken for a real inhabitant either of a big London hotel or a Bloomsbury boarding-house.



## MR. B.

To the list of signally good men must now be added Mr. B. I do not say that he should be included in any extension of *The Golden Legend*, but no catalogue of irreproachables, beyond the wiles of temptation, can henceforth be complete without him, and as a model of rectitude in business his portrait should be on the walls of every commercial school. I can see him as the hero of this tract and that, and in course of time his early life may be written and circulated: *The Childhood of Mr. B., or, The Boy Who Took the Right Turning.*

And who is Mr. B.? All that I know of him I find in an Eastern sheet which I owe to the kindness of a friend—*The Bangkok Times Weekly Mail*. Glancing through this minute and compact little paper, which is as big as any paper ought to be, my eye alighted upon an extract from *The North China Daily News*, and it is here that Mr. B. shines forth.

A certain dealer, it seems, had received an order for a machine, but, being unable to deliver it, and wishing to avoid the penalties attending a breach of the contract, he had to resort to guile. The following letter to a confederate at once displays him as a Machiavellian and introduces us to that inconvenient thing, a Far Eastern incorruptible:—

"Regarding the matter of escaping the penalty for non-delivery of the Bar Machine, there is only one way, to creep round same by diplomat, and we must make a statement of strike occur our factory (of course big untrue) and please address person on enclosed form of letter, and believe this will avoid the trouble of penalties of same.

"Mr. B. is most religious and competent man, also heavily upright and godly, it fears me useless apply for his signature. Please attach same by Yokohama Office, making forge, but no cause for fear of prison happenings as this is often operated by other merchants of highest integrity.

"It is the highest unfortunate Mr. B. is so godlike and excessive awkward for business purposes."

So there you have Mr. B. Some day, perhaps, he may read this letter and realise how extremely awkward an inflexible standard of morality can make things for one's neighbours. The last sentence of all has a pathetic ring, as of a Utopian throwing up the sponge: "I think much better to add little serpent-like wisdom to upright manhood and thus found good business edifice."

"£1 down secures a — bicycle for you in time for Whitsuntide."

Advt. in "Yorkshire Observer, June 9."

So if you are in a hurry and want it by next Christmas you had better go somewhere else.

## THE MAN OF THE EVENING.

To be perfectly fair, it was not that Dorice gave me too few instructions, but rather too many.

"I'm over at Naughton," she said through the telephone; "I'm staying with some people named Perry."

"How ripping of you to ring me up!" I said, flattered; "it's heavenly to hear your voice, even if I can't see you."

It was a pretty little speech, but Dorice ignored it.

"There is a dance on here, to-night," she continued hastily, "and at the last minute they are short of men, so I've promised to get them someone."

I gripped the receiver firmly and groaned. I knew what was coming.

Dorice proposed that I should leave the office *instantly* and catch the next train to Naughton.

She adopted rushing tactics with which it was practically impossible to cope.

All the time I was explaining to her how busy I was, and how I found it out of the question even to think of leaving the office, she kept on giving me varied and hurried directions.

I was to be sure to remember the steps she had taught me last time.

I was not to take any notice of a dark girl in a red dress, because she wasn't the slightest bit nice when you really got to know her.

I was to drive straight to the hall, where Dorice would be looking out for me.

"And now I can't stay any longer, and you must fly and catch the train, and so 'good-bye,' and I'll keep some dances for you!"

"Half a minute," I protested. "Where do I —? What is the name of —?"

But Dorice, with that delightful suddenness which is one of her most charming characteristics, had rung off, leaving my destination a mystery.

However, there was no time to worry about details. I told a dreadful lie to a man with whom I had an appointment, left the office and did wonderful things in the way of changing my clothes, packing my bag, and boarding a moving train.

At Naughton station I engaged a cab.

"Where to?" asked the driver, as he reached down for my bag.

It was the question I had been asking myself all the way in the train.

"That's just it," I said miserably, "I don't know."

He was a sympathetic-looking cabman—not one of the modern type, but the aged director of a thin horse and a genuinely antique four-wheeler.

"It's rather an awkward situation,"

I explained doubtfully; "you see, Dorice forgot—I mean I'm supposed to be going to a dance somewhere round here. I was told to drive straight to the hall—I don't know *what* hall."

"That's all right, Sir," answered the sympathetic cabman encouragingly; "you were told to drive straight to the 'all; that'll be Naughton 'All."

He proceeded to awaken the thin horse.

"There is a big do on there to-night, Sir. It's a fair way out, but I'll 'ave yer there in no time."

"My dear good man," I remonstrated nervously, "for heaven's sake don't rush at things like that. Is this particular dance you wish to take me to given by some people named Perry?"

"Perry? Lord! no! Sir John Oakham lives at Naughton 'All. It's 'is party."

The sympathetic cabman was a little pained at my ignorance.

Dorice had not said who was actually giving the dance.

With vague misgivings I climbed into the cab.

"Go ahead," I said, with my heart in my boots; "drive away and let's get it over."

It was a long drive, and more than once I was nearly killed through hanging my body from the cab window in a vain attempt to catch a glimpse of Dorice in one or other of the motors that passed us on the road.

At Naughton Hall I looked out for her expectantly.

There was not a soul in the room that I knew. In a fit of dreadful panic I began to search desperately. Dorice was nowhere to be found, and the band started upon the first waltz.

To me it was like a nightmare.

One thing I remember was finding myself dancing with a Miss Giggleswick.

I don't pretend to explain how it happened. As far as I can make out, some hospitably disposed person decided that he was expected to know me and find me a partner.

Anyhow, I danced with a Miss Giggleswick, and also I talked to her.

I asked her very seriously if she knew anything of Dorice.

Miss Giggleswick thought I was referring to some new authoress.

"Yes—yes," she said thoughtfully, "I must have read some of them, but I can't remember which ones—I'm so silly about names."

After a time I pulled myself together, and somehow escaped from Miss Giggleswick. I made my way to the cloak-room, grabbed my coat and bag, and rushed for the front door.

Once outside I ran for my life.





### WHAT LANCASHIRE THINKS.

*Old Lancashire Lady (to young lady friend who has expressed her intention of going by an excursion to the Metropolis). "DOAN'T THER GOA TO LONDON; THER STOP IN OWD ENGLAND."*

I ran down the drive and along the road towards Naughton.

I floundered on blindly through thick mud and pools of water.

"A fine night!" shouted a cheerful ass as I struggled past him.

I pulled up sharply and peered at him through the darkness.

"A fine night? Oh, yes, it's a fine night," I laughed wildly; "but just tell me one other thing. Is there any other hall in this district except Naughton Hall?"

"Noa—unless of course yer mean Naughton Parish 'All," he added after deep consideration.

"Has anybody ever been known to give a dance there?"

"Ay, I dare say."

With grim determination I clutched my bag and trudged on.

It was late when I crawled up the steps of Naughton Parish Hall.

I threw my things in a corner, scraped some of the mud off my trousers, removed my bow from the back of my neck, and staggered in the direction of the music. A one-step was just over, and the dancers were crowding the foyer.

Dorice appeared with her partner.

I went and stood before her.

"Dorice," I stammered brokenly, "I—I've come."

Dorice excused herself from her partner and took me into a corner.

"Hear me first," I pleaded, utterly crushed. "Hear me first, Dorice. I've done my best. I went to the wrong place. You rang off without giving me the proper address. A blundering villain of a cabman took me to—Naughton Hall. They made me dance with somebody named Giggleswick. I escaped as soon as I could and came here. I ran a lot of the way."

I looked up at her beseechingly.

Then I discovered that my life was not blighted for ever.

Dorice was smiling upon me—yes, smiling! She leant forward eagerly and touched my hand.

"You've been to Naughton Hall!" she whispered delightedly; "but, my dear old boy, it's simply the dance of the season round here! All these people would do anything to get invited. The Perrys only gave this dance so that they could use it as a sort of excuse for not being seen at the Naughton Hall one!"

"Anybody could have gone in my place," I murmured; "I didn't enjoy it at all."

Dorice got up and took hold of my arm.

"Come on," she said with suppressed excitement, "this is splendid!"

She took me through a crowd of people and introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Perry.

Then she raised her voice.

"He's sorry to be so late," she apologised as loudly as possible, "but you see he was forced to look in at the Naughton Hall ball. However, he got away as soon as he could and came on to us."

Mrs. Perry received me almost with open arms.

"We must try and find you some really good partners," she announced enthusiastically.

"Rather!" echoed Mr. Perry.

It was then close upon midnight. For the two hours of the dance that remained I was the man of the evening.

### Rumoured Mutiny in the Navy.

"The destroyers patrolling the Irish coast are being boarded and searched for rifles by order of the Admiralty."—*Daily Express*.





*Little Maid (to new owner of country cottage). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LITTLE CHIPPINGHAM AND WEST HAMBLETON STREET LIGHTING COMMITTEE." (Confidentially) "IT'S REALLY ONLY MR. BINKS, THE BUTCHER."*

### THE CALL OF THE BLOOD.

HAPPY the man who brushes up his topper  
And sallies forth to call upon a maid,  
Knowing his converse and his coat are proper,  
That, come what may, he will not be afraid,  
Not lose his nerve, and yawn, or tell a whopper,  
Or drop the marmalade.

Not such the bard; not thus—but Clotho (drat her)  
Was wakeful still, and plied a hostile loom—  
I sought Miss Pritt. She mooted some grave matter  
And looked for light; my lips were like the tomb,  
Sealed, though they say they heard my molars chatter  
Up in the smoking-room.

Cold eyes regarded me. My front-stud fretted;  
A stiff slow smirk belied my deep unrest;  
My tea-cup trembled and my cake was wetted;  
My beauteous tie worked round toward the West;  
My brow—forgive me, but it really sweated;  
I did not look my best.

To Zeus, that oft would make a mist and smother  
Some swain beset, and screen him from the crowd,  
I prayed for vapours; but his mind was other:  
Yet was I answered, though the god was proud,  
For, anyhow, I trod on Miss Pritt's mother  
And left beneath a cloud.

Not to return. O'er fair free hills and valleys  
I can converse and carry on *ad lib.*;  
On active tennis-courts (between the rallies)  
I can be confident, and none more glib;  
But not in drawing-rooms my bright star dallies—  
I'm not that sort of nib.

We'll meet no more; but I shall send some token  
Of what I'm worth outside the world of teas—  
A handsome photograph, some smart things spoken,  
A few sweet verses (not so bad as these),  
And hockey-groups that show me stern and oaken  
And nude about the knees.

It may be, though she deemed me dunder-headed,  
She'll sometimes take them from her chamber-wall,  
Or where they lie in lavender embedded,  
And tell her family about them all—  
About the gentleman she might have wedded,  
Only he could not call.

"John William Burrow, of Overton, who is about 16 years old, caught six salmon in the heave net last week, their respective weights being 9 lbs., 28 lbs., 5½ lbs., 12 lbs., 22 lbs., 13 lbs., a total of 89½ lbs. Last season, when between 13 and 14 years old, he caught three salmon. His record is probably unique for inshore fisher boys."—*Lancaster Guardian*.

Anyhow the rate at which he grows up is.





## THE TRIUMPH OF THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

LORD HALDANE. "GROSSLY ILLEGAL AND UTTERLY UNCONSTITUTIONAL!—AS I SAID THE OTHER DAY AT OXFORD; BUT TO THE HEART OF AN EX-WAR-LORD, HOW BEAUTIFUL!"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Tuesday, June 9.*—Recorded in Parliamentary history how in debate on Budget of the day a great statesman began his speech by utterance of the word "Sugar." Contrast of imposing personality of the Minister and sonorousness of his voice with commonplace character of utterance tickled fancy of House, then as now almost childishly eager to be amused. The great man looked round with stern glance that cowed the tittering audience. "Sugar," he repeated amid awed silence, and triumphantly continued his remarks.

It wasn't sugar that occupied attention of House on resuming sittings after Whitsun recess. It was Milk. Naturally Bill dealing with subject was in hands of the INFANT SAMUEL. Debate on Second Reading presented House in best form. Impossible for most ingenious and enterprising Member to mix up with milk the Ulster question or hand round bottles accommodated with india-rubber tubes and labelled Welsh Church Disestablishment. Consequence was that, in Second Reading debate on Bill promoted by Local Government Board, Members on both sides devoted themselves to single purpose of framing useful measure.

Animated debate on another Bill in charge of JOHN BURNS amending Insurance Act in direction of removing administrative difficulties and diminishing working costs. Nothing to complain of in way of acerbity. Second Reading stages of both measures passed without division, and House adjourned before half-past ten.

At Question time peaceful prospect momentarily ruffled. The SAHIB REES, taking advantage of absence of SPEAKER, prolonging his holiday amid balmy odours of Harrogate Pump Room, was in great form. With extensive view he surveyed mankind from British Columbia to the Persian Gulf, just looking in at Australasia to



THE INFANT SAMUEL.

see what IAN HAMILTON has lately been up to in matter of compulsory military service.

It was in Persian Gulf that squall suddenly threatened. SAHIB wanted to know whether HIS MAJESTY'S ships in that quarter of the world "had been engaged with gun-runners."

BYLES OF BRADFORD, seated on Front

Volunteers or the National Volunteers, or both."

*Business done.*—National Insurance Act Amendment Bill, and Milk and Dairies Bill read a second time.

*Wednesday.*—Attendance still small, especially on Opposition Benches. Hapless Ministerialists, warned by urgent summons hinting at surprises in store in the Division Lobby, loyally muster. Nothing happened; perhaps in other circumstances something might.

Whilst the Benches are half empty Order Book is crowded. To-day's list catalogues no fewer than 142 Bills standing at various stages awaiting progress. Thirty-five are Government measures. The rest proofs of the energy and legislative capacity of private Members.

Of course at this stage of Session only small proportion of Government Bills are likely to reach the Statute Book; those in hands of private Members have no chance whatever. Still, imposing display looks well on paper. In its various developments adds considerably to amount of stationery bill.

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply on Post Office Vote, a trifle of £26,151,830, the Holt Report on postmen's demand for higher wages discussed.

*Thursday.*—Walking down Victoria Street on way to



"Who said 'gun-running'?"

(With acknowledgments to a popular picture.)

[BYLES OF BRADFORD pricked up his baronial ears.]



House of Commons, as is my custom of an afternoon, I come upon my old friend the sandwich-board man. He stands in the shadow of Westminster Abbey panoplied back and front with boards making the latest announcement of newcomers to Madame Tussaud's. Morning and afternoon, all day long, he stands there, the life of London surging past. We generally have a little chat, and occasionally he gets a cigar.

One mystery that long piqued me he solved. If you chance upon sandwich-board men marching to head-quarters, like old *Kaspar* at his garden gate their day's work done, you will notice they always carry their boards upside down. The passer-by, consumed by desire to know what truth these proclaim, must needs assume inverted attitude in order to profit by announcement. Why do they so scrupulously observe that custom?

"Point of honour," says my sandwich-board man. "What you call class interests. We are paid little enough for so many hours' tramp. When the hour of deliverance strikes we turn the board upside down. So we do when we sit down by crowded thoroughfare to eat our mid-day bread-and-cheese, or bread without cheese as may happen. Not going to give the master more than he pays for."

What specially attracted me to-day was communication received from MEMBER FOR SARK. Says he hears that WINTERTON is about to be added to Madame Tussaud's!

Suppose this, next of course to Westminster Abbey, is highest compliment possible for public man. On reflection I say not quite. LULU stands on triple pinnacle of fame. On one or other the New Zealander, bored with the monotony of the ruins of London Bridge, sure to hap upon his name writ large.

There is the Harcourt Room in House of Commons, a spacious dining-hall cunningly contrived with lack of acoustical properties that make it difficult to hear what a conversational neighbour is saying. In time of political stress this useful, as preventing lapse into controversy at the table. Homeward bound from his last Antarctic trip, ERNEST SHACKLETON discovered three towering peaks of snow and ice. One he named Mount Asquith; another Mount Henry Lucy; a third Mount Harcourt.

Now a great shipping company, having business on the West Coast of Africa, making welcome discovery of a deep water port in the estuary of the Bonny River, have named it Port Harcourt.

This concatenation of circumstance

more striking than the lonely eminence of a pitch in the hall of Madame Tussaud, and a name flaunting on her sandwich-board. Moreover than which, as grammarians say, SARK has evidently been misinformed. My sandwich-board man has heard nothing of reported addition to our Valhalla. Certainly his boards do not confirm the pleasing rumour.

*Business done.*—HOME SECRETARY announces intention of Government to go to fountain-head of trouble with Militant Suffragists. Will proceed by civil or criminal action directed against the persons who subscribe sinews of war. Loud cheers from both sides approved the plan. Followed at short



THE WINTERTON WAX-WORK.

interval by sharp report distinctly heard in Lobby. Was it echo of the strident cheer? No. It was the ladies demonstrating afresh their eligibility for exercise of the suffrage by attempting to blow up the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey.

"Candidates for divinity degrees at Cambridge should, it is proposed, be required to give evidence of a competent general knowledge of Christian theology."—*Times*.

Every now and then the authorities get these bright ideas, and thus our old Universities keep up to date.

From a list of entries for the golf championship:—

"Geo. Oke (Honor Oke)."—*Dundee Courier*. We will if he wins.

"How can you have precisely the same cottage on the north and the south side of a road? In the one case the larder is to the south, and the butler is melting."

*Manchester Guardian*.

He should return to the wine-cellar.

## RED HEAD AND WHITE PAWS.

[*Why should the popular magazines monopolise all the tragic animal sketches? Mr. PUNCH's menagerie is just as ferocious.*]

SILENCE reigned in the woods! Silence! Deep silence! Save for the chortle of the night-jar, the tap of the snipe's beak against the tree-trunks, the snores of a weary game-keeper, the chirp of the burying-beetle, the croak of the bat, the wild laughter of the owl and the boom, boom of the frog, deep silence reigned. The crescent moon stole silently above the horizon. Wonderful, significant is that silent, stealthy approach of the moon. Red Head lumbered from his lair and crouched beside the shimmering fire of the furze. A startled grass-snake strove to leap out of the way of the monarch of the woods—a hurried crunch and a string of thirty white eggs was left motherless, forlorn.

A careless cock-pheasant gurgled on a bough. In a moment Red Head had silently scaled the tree. Two tail feathers alone remained to show an awed game-keeper that Red Head had passed that way. A woodcock floated silently on the bosom of the tiny lake. He did not note the ripple which showed that a powerful animal was swimming towards him. A scream, and the woodcock, trumpeting shrilly, is drawn into the depths.

[*Editor*. But what is Red Head?

*The Expert*. I am not quite sure whether he is a tree-climbing fox or a swimming badger. Anyhow he might have escaped from a menagerie.]

Peace reigned in the hole of the humble-bee. Weary with culling sweets from the lime-trees, the heather-bloom, the apple-blossom and the ivy-flower he had sought his humble couch. Suddenly great claws tear away his roof-tree. Red Head is at work. Bees and honey make his nightly meal.

White Paws had listened from his burrow. All seemed well. He darted forth and bathed in the bright light of the full moon.

[*Editor*. Wasn't it a crescent moon?

*The Expert*. You must make allowances for development in the course of a story. Suppose we say it was a full-sized crescent.]

Then White Paws, standing on his hind-legs, danced for sheer joy of life.

A leaf bitten from a bough by a sturdy green caterpillar fell suddenly to the ground. Like lightning White Paws darted to the top of an immemorial elm. In a moment he was reassured and returned to his graceful dance in the bosky dell.

But what is this? A hideous red





(Lady Bountiful is entertaining some slum children at her lovely place in the country.)

Sister (to small brother who has just picked a daisy). "NAR YEN, 'ERB! THE LIDY WON'T ARST YER AGINE IF YER GOW A-PICKIN' 'ER FLOWERS LIKE THET!"

head emanates slowly from a bush. A protruding tongue vibrates in the pale moonlight. Weak, curious White Paws wonders what this strange thing is. Beware, White Paws! Think of thy tender mate and innocent cubs.

Drawn by a fatal curiosity he advances towards it. The awful glimmer of Red Head's eye fascinates him. He must see. Nearer he draws and nearer. A sudden plunge from the bush—a sickening crunch. Red Head has dined for the fifth time in one evening.

Death and Silence reign in the woods. Save for the chortling of the night-jar, the chirp of the burying-beetle, the snores of the gamekeeper, etc., etc. (see above) one might imagine oneself in the solemn stillness of Piccadilly Circus at midnight.

Death and Silence.

[Editor. "Yes, but the identity of the protagonists in this Sophoclean tragedy is still a little in doubt."

The Expert. "Any nature sketch ends satisfactorily with a meal."

All this time the crescent moon has been swelling silently under the watchful stars. It is now at the full. So is Red Head. He has dined five times. He sleeps.

### THE ROCK GARDENESS IN LONDON.

(A Ballad of Labels.)

DAME FASHION, when she calls the tune,  
Must surely crave my pardon  
For prisoning me in leafy June  
Far from my Alpine garden.

So that in crowded square or street  
My Fancy's playful mockery  
Plants all the pavement at my feet  
With favourites from the rockery.

And so that, heedless to the claims  
Of passing conversation,  
I murmur to myself their names  
By way of consolation.

The thread of compliment may run  
Through many ball-room Babels—  
I have one language, only one,  
The language of the labels.

In Kedar's tents are festive hours,  
The noctes and the canes;  
My heart is where [RETUSA] flowers,  
And crimson-starred [SILENE].

I see the grey stones overhung  
With lilac and laburnum;  
I hear the drone of bees among  
Blue depths of [LITHOSPERNUM].

And in the box on opera nights  
Between each thrilling scene I  
Recall the miniature delights  
Of [MENTHA REQUIENT];

Admirers find me deaf and dumb  
To all their honeyed wheedlings,  
I muse on [LONGIFOLIUM]  
And dream of [STORM-THRESHOLD SEEDLINGS];

And, when they come to hint their loves  
Through all the usual stages,  
I wish I were in gardening gloves  
Among my Saxifrages.

### More Russian Methods.

["EAST-END DEPUTATION RECEIVED BY WHIP."  
Daily News and Leader.

The Daily News, in describing an adventure between the CROWN PRINCE of Germany (in a motor) and a peasant of Saarbrücken, ventures (with a knowledge of the Saarbrücken dialect which we ourselves cannot claim) to give the peasant's actual words:—

"'Ain't 'eard nowt,' said the peasant; 'the lane be narrow like. You must just wait till I be druv ahead.'"

Its likeness to the Loamshire dialect of England will interest the philologist.



## AT THE PLAY.

"AN INDIAN SUMMER."

We plunged into the action quickly enough. A breakfast-gong—a sip of coffee—a bite of toast—and *Nigel Parry* locks up his morning's love-correspondence; *Helen*, his wife, breaks open the drawer and peruses the damning letter; *Nigel* returns and catches her red-handed. After this we took a long breath and lingered over the moral aspect of the situation. Indeed, during the next ten years nothing occurred except the separation of the couple; the reported decease of the other woman (whom we never saw, dead or alive), and the marriage of the boy *Parry* with an actress bearing the ascetic name of *Ursula*. We now left the old trail in pursuit of this red herring; and for the rest of the play, up to the last moment, our attention was concentrated on the attitude of the elder heroine to her daughter-in-law, to whom she had taken a profound dislike at sight.

But something had to happen if the author was to bring about a reconciliation of the original pair and so justify the symbolic title of her play. Thinking it out, she seems to have recalled that it is customary in these cases to let an accident occur to some junior member of the family, over whose prostrate body the old ones may kiss again with tears. Accordingly, no sooner had mention been made, quite arbitrarily, of an automatic pistol, alleged to be unloaded, than old stagers knew by instinct that *Ursula* would shoot herself inadvertently. This occurred with such promptitude that even the author recognised that we should not be satisfied with so ingenuous an episode. Complications had therefore to be devised at all costs. Young *Parry* must be kept in ignorance of the fact that the episode was due to his stupidity in leaving the weapon loaded. So *Ursula* invents a story to show that the wound in her thigh was due to a fall downstairs. It is true that blood-poisoning—not amongst the more familiar sequelæ of a fall downstairs—supervened. But the legend served well enough on the stage. Among other effects it increased the irritation of the mother-in-law, who felt that the accident indicated a criminal carelessness in one who was about to make her a grandmother, a condition of things that had been brought home to us in the course of some female conversation flavoured with the most pungent candour. When the truth came out, the proved devotion of the young wife causes an *entente* between her and her mother-in-law, accompanied—for reasons which I cannot at the moment recall—by a parallel recon-

ciliation between the senior couple. Personally, I felt that the threatened "Indian Summer" was not likely to be much warmer than the ordinary English kind.

Perhaps the most intriguing feature of the play was the author's attitude toward her own sex. Mrs. HORLICK frankly took the man's point of view. Never for one moment did she attempt to encourage our sympathy for *Helen* as a wronged wife. Commonly in plays it is the woman, married to a man she never loved, who claims the liberty of going her own way and getting something out of life. Here it is the man who is the victim of a marriage not of his own making (as far as love was



CHILLY FORECAST FOR AN "INDIAN SUMMER."

*Nigel Parry* .. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.  
*Helen Parry* .. Miss EDYTH GOODALL.

concerned), and the author, through the mouthpiece of the woman's confidante, makes ample excuse for his desire to snatch some happiness from fate.

Unhappily Mrs. HORLICK has much to learn in stage mechanism. The motive of her exits when, as constantly, she wanted to leave any given couple alone together, was insufficiently opaque: She began very well and held our interest closely for some time; but long before the end we should have been worn out but for the childlike charm and attractive *gamineries* of Miss DOROTHY MINTO as *Ursula*. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH, who acted easily in the rather ambiguous part of *Nigel Parry*, seemed to share our doubts as to the chances of Mrs. HORLICK's achieving popularity at her first attempt, for he confided to us, in a brief first-night oration, that she was engaged on another play which he hoped to secure.

But no one will question the serious promise of her present comedy, and I trust that in any future production she may be assisted by as excellent a cast. For they all played their parts, however trivial in detail, with great sincerity. Miss GOODALL was the only disappointment, though the fault was not altogether her own. At first she was very effective, but later her entries came to be a signal for gloom, like those of a skeleton emergent from the family cupboard.

## "PRINCE IGOR."

All is fair in Love and War, and the only ethical difficulty arises when they clash. This was the trouble with *Vladimir Igorievich*, heir of *Prince Igor*. Father and son had been taken in battle, and were held captive in the camp of the Tartars; but, while *Prince Igor* felt very keenly his position (though treated as a guest rather than a prisoner and supplied every evening with spectacular entertainments), *Vladimir* beguiled his enforced leisure by falling in love (heartily reciprocated) with the daughter of his captor, *Khan Konchak*. An opportunity of escape being offered, *Prince Igor* seizes it, but *Vladimir's* dear heart is divided between passion and patriotism, and before he can make up his mind the chance of freedom is gone. A study of the so-called "libretto" showed that this was the only thing in the opera that bore any resemblance to a dramatic situation. Figure, therefore, my chagrin when I discovered that the character of *Vladimir Igorievich* had been cut clean out of the text of the actual opera. I could much more easily have dispensed with the buffooneries of a couple of obscure players upon the *goudok* (or prehistoric hurdy-gurdy), who wasted more than enough of such time as could be spared from the intervals.

There was no part of adequate importance for M. CHALIAPINE, so he doubled the rôles of *Galitsky*, the swaggering and dissolute brother-in-law that *Prince Igor* left behind when he went to the wars, and *Khan Konchak*, most magnanimous of barbarians. Neither character gave scope for the particular subtlety of which (as he proves in *Boris Godounov*) M. CHALIAPINE is the sole master among male operatic singers. But to each he brought that gift of the great manner, that ease and splendour of bearing, and those superb qualities of voice which, found together, give him a place apart from his kind.

Of the rest, M. PAUL ANDREEV, as *Prince Igor*, gave his plaint of captivity with a noble pathos. As for the chorus, it sang with the singleness and intensity



of spirit which are only possible to a national chorus in national opera, and which (I hope) are the envy of the cosmopolitans of Covent Garden.

The *c'ou* of the evening was the ballet, already well-known, of the Polovtsy warriors, executed with the extreme of fanatic fervour and frenzy. The art of M. MICHEL FOKINE can turn his Russians into Tartars without a scratch of the skin. BORODINE's music, taking on a more barbaric quality as the action travelled further East, here touched its climax, and the final scene, where *Prince Igor* returns home and resumes the embraces of his queen (a model of fidelity), was of the character of a sedative.

#### "DAPHNIS ET CHLOË."

Those who complained—I speak of the few whose critical faculties had not been paralysed by M. NIJINSKY—that in *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* the limitations of plastic Art (necessarily confined to stationary forms) were forced upon an art that primarily deals with motion, will have little of the same fault, to find in *Daphnis et Chloë*. Here there is no fixed or formal posing, if we except the attitude adopted (after a preliminary and irrelevant twiddle) by certain Nymphs to indicate, appropriately enough, their grief over the inanimate form of *Daphnis*. The dances in which, to the mutual suspicion of the lovers, *Chloë* was circled by the men and *Daphnis* by the maidens, were a pure delight. There was one movement, when heads were tossed back and then brought swiftly forward over hollowed breasts and lifted knees that had in it an exquisite fleeting beauty. But memory holds best the grace of the simpler and more elemental movements, the airy swing and poise of feet and limbs in straight flight, linked hands outstretched.

In the *pas seul* competition M. ADOLPH BJÖRM as *Darkon* did some astonishing feats which made the performance of M. FOKINE as *Daphnis* seem relatively tame and conventional; and if I, instead of *Chloë*, had been the judge I should have awarded the palm to the former. I am sure that *Chloë* was prejudiced, though certainly *Darkon* was a very rude and hirsute shepherd, and had none of *Daphnis*' pretty ways.

The dancing of the brigands was in excellent contrast with the methods of the pastoral Greeks. I will not, like the programme, distinguish them as "Brigands with Lances," "Brigands with Bows" and "Young Brigands." To me they were all alike very perfect examples of the profession; though I admit that the flight of their spears was not always as deadly as it should



"CAN YOU LEND ME A COUPLE O' BOB, GEORGE? I'VE JUST HAD MY POCKET PICKED."

have been, and that one of the arrows refused to go off the string and had to be thrown by hand into the wings.

It is not easy at a first performance to take in everything with both eye and ear, and I shall excuse myself from attempting to do justice to M. RAVEL's music. But I was free (the curtain being down) to listen to one long orchestral passage which followed the capture of *Chloë*. It was of the nature of a dirge, and it seemed to me to suggest very cleverly the sorrows of a poultry-yard. I suppose *Chloë* must have been in the habit of feeding them and they missed her.

I hate to say one word of disparagement about a performance for which I

could never be sufficiently grateful. But I agree with a friend of mine who complained to me of the way in which *Pan* was presented. It was this beneficent god who caused a panic among the brigands and so enabled *Chloë* to return to her friends, though I don't know why he ever let her be captured, for he was there at the time. Well, I agree that he ought to have been represented by something more satisfactory than a half-length portrait painted on a huge travelling plank of pasteboard, which was pushed about from Arcadia to Scythia (if this was the brigands' address) and back again, appearing in the limelight, when required, like a whisky sky-sign.

O. S.



## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

[Suggested by recent correspondence in a leading journal.]

### WHY USE SPECS?

*A Centenarian's Testimony to the Editor of "The Chimes."*

SIR,—I was 117 on the 1st of April and have never used any artificial aid to eyesight, yet I can read the articles for ladies on the Court Circular page of your splendid publication without turning a hair. It is true that I am, and have always been, of an iron constitution, having practically dispensed with sleep for the last sixty years. For some considerable time I have been able to do without physical sustenance as well, owing to the extraordinarily nutritious nature of the contents of your superb South American Encyclopædias.

Yours faithfully,

NESTOR PARR.

### A PERFECT CURE.

*To the Editor of "The Chimes."*

SIR,—Is my experience worth recording? Until two or three years ago I was entirely dependent on spectacles, and suffered unspeakable inconvenience if I happened to mislay them. But since I became a subscriber to your unique and unparalleled organ I have found my eyesight so marvellously improved that I am now able to discard glasses entirely. The extraordinary part of the business is this, that if I take up any other paper I am utterly unable to decipher a word. As my wife cleverly put it the other day, of all the wonderful spectacles in the world the new *Chimes* is the most amazing.

Yours gratefully, VERAX.

### FROM AN ARTIFICIAL EYE-MAKER.

*To the Editor of "The Chimes."*

SIR,—An extraordinary case of recovery of sight was brought to my knowledge yesterday by an esteemed customer. About thirty years ago I supplied him with an artificial eye to replace one which he lost while duck-shooting in the Canary Islands. About six months ago he lost the remaining sound eye through a blow from a golf-ball. I accordingly fitted him with a second artificial eye, and you may imagine my surprise when he came round to my place of business a few days later by himself and read aloud to me the whole of your admirable leading article on "Braces v. Belts." The therapeutic effect of high-class journalism on myopic patients has, I believe, been noted by Professor Hagenstreich, the famous German oculist, but this is, I believe, the first instance on record of a patient recover-

ing his sight after both eyes had been removed.

I am, Sir, etc., ANNAN EYAS.

### CATARACT ARRESTED.

*To the Editor of "The Chimes."*

SIR,—Yesterday, which happened to be my ninety-seventh birthday, I spent in reading your wonderful Potted Meat Supplement from cover to cover. As there is more printed matter in it than in Mr. DE MORGAN's latest novel you might expect to hear that I am suffering to-day from eye-strain. On the contrary the symptoms of incipient cataract, which declared themselves a few months ago, have entirely disappeared, and I was able to see the French coast distinctly this morning from my house on the sea-front.

Yours truthfully,

Folkestone. JUDITH FITZSIMONS.

### FROM OUR OLDEST SUBSCRIBER.

*To the Editor of "The Chimes."*

SIR,—I was 165 last birthday. I was in the merchant marine for upwards of eighty years, and then became a Swedenborgian, but never had occasion to consult an oculist. I was born in the reign of George II., or was it Queen Anne?—I really forget which. My wife is 163, and we walk out, when weather permits, and seldom omit church on Sundays. We both still read your "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," and consider that they are the best.

Yours venerably, W. A. G.

### Another Suffragette Outrage.

"Among the elementary and fundamental rights and duties are (sic) the security of the person. But it is violated as much by he (sic) or she (sic) who challenges assault as by he (sic) or she (sic) who assaults."

The five "sics" are ours. The rest belongs to the leader-writer of *The Morning Post*, on whom militancy seems to have had a painful effect.

"A Central News telegram from Montreal states that Miss Edith Shaughnessy, daughter of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, was married at St. James's Roman Catholic Cathedral yesterday to Mr. W. H."—*Morning Post*.

From the wedding presents, which were both numerous and costly: "Mr. W. Shakespeare to Bridegroom—Sonnets."

A correspondent in *The Exchange and Mart* writes:—

"At night Tree-Frogs are active and utter various sounds, some a pleasing chirrup (like mine), others a loud shriek."

We shall hope to hear the writer's pleasing chirrup in Bouverie Street some day.

## ADVENTURERS.

It must have been off a pirate trip,

In a life forgot 'o me,  
That I saw the Barbary pirate ship  
Come close-hauled out of the sea;  
She crawled in under a goat-cropped  
scour

Beneath the fisher-huts,  
And she sent a dozen o' men ashore  
To fill her water-butts.

I clambered up where the cliff sprung  
sheer

Till I looked upon her decks  
And saw the plunder of half-a-year  
And the loot of her scuttled wrecks;  
There were gems and ivory, plate and  
pearl,

And Tyrian rugs a-pile,  
And, set in the midst, was a milk-white  
girl,  
The loot of a Grecian isle.

As white as the breasted terns that flit  
Was the smooth arm's rounded shape  
As she idly played with a pomegranate  
To anger a chained grey ape;  
And her Sun-God's self for diadem  
Had kissed her curls to gold;  
But blue—sea-blue as the sapphire gem,  
Her eyes were cold, sea-cold.

And, gleam of shoulder and glint of  
tress,

They sailed ere the sun went down  
And sold her, same as a black negress,  
For the marts o' Carthage town,  
Where she lived, mayhap, of her indo-  
lent grace,

Content with her silks and rings,  
Or rose, by way of her wits, to place  
Her foot on the necks of kings.

The deuce can tell you how this  
may be,

'Tis far as I take the tale;  
For it's lives upon lives ago, you see,  
That the Barbary men set sail;  
So I only know she was ivory white,  
As white as a sea-bird lone;  
And her eyes were wonderful blue and  
bright  
And hard as a sapphire stone.

### The New Rowing.

"Give a last pull at the oar with clenched  
teeth and knit muscles."—*The Young Man*.

*The Cork Examiner* on Sir PERCY  
SCOTT's letter:—

"If a battleships is not safe either on the  
high seas or in harbour," he asks, "what is the  
use of a battleship?"

To be more accurate, this is how one  
puts it to one's neighbour after dinner,  
when—the ladies having removed  
themselves, and the necessity for mere  
social chit-chat being over—we men  
are at last able to devote ourselves to  
the affairs of empire.





### LIGHT CAR TRIALS.

Spectator (to exhausted competitor reduced to running on trial hill). "WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF THAT CAR RAN AWAY FROM YOU?"  
 Competitor. "THANK HEAVEN!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE title of a book should be a guide to its contents, a simple enough rule which some authors overlook in their anxiety to start being clever and eccentric on the very outside cover. The book-buying public will appreciate Miss M. BETHAM-EDWARDS' title, *From an Islington Window, Pages of Reminiscent Romance* (SMITH, ELDER), and will gather from it that this is a book for those who prefer a long life and a quiet one to the short and thrilling. Incidentally I am relieved from divulging any of the plots in order to demonstrate the nature of the twelve short pieces embodied; enough to quote two typical sub-titles, "Mr. Lovejoy's Love-story" and "Miss Prime," and to put upon the whole the label of the author's own choice, "Early Victorian." Everybody knows where and what Islington is and the sort of minor tragedy and comedy that would be likely to occur in the lives of its inhabitants in the last reign but one. No one would look there for epoch-making crises, but many will find a longed-for relief from the speeding-up tendencies of modern romance. Lastly, but for a tendency at times to affectation, the style of the writer is as graceful and elegant as her themes are homely and serene, and that, I think, is all about it.

Mr. W. E. NORRIS is subtle; at least if my idea of the genesis of *Barbara and Company* (CONSTABLE) is the right one. I believe, then, that Mr. NORRIS found himself possessed of plots sufficient for a number of agreeable short stories, but that, knowing short stories to be more or less a drug in the market, he very skilfully united them into

one by the simple process of making all their characters friends of *Barbara*. Nothing could be more effective. For example, Mr. NORRIS thinks what fun it would be to describe a race ridden by two unwilling suitors, the prize to be the lady's heart, which neither in the least wishes to win. Promptly *Miss Ormesby*, the heroine, is asked down on a visit to *Barbara*, and the story is told, most amusingly and well, in a couple of chapters. Again, the pathetic and moving tale of *Miss Nellie Mercer*, the nameless companion, who blossomed into fierce renown as *Señorita Mercedes*, the dancer, and died of it. Why should not this same *Barbara* have adopted the parentless girl in childhood? It is all simplicity itself. Perhaps you may object that the useful *Barbara* shows some signs of being a little overworked, and that few women are likely to have had quite so adventurous a company of friends. In this case I shall have nothing to urge, except that, so far as I am personally concerned, Mr. NORRIS has such a way with him that if he chose to people *Barbara's* drawing-room with the persons of the *Arabian Nights* he could probably convince me that there was nothing very much out of the ordinary in that assembly. And, after all, pianists and writers and actors, all the kind of folk with whom *Barbara* surrounded herself, are precisely those to whom short stories should, and do, happen. Next time, however, I hope Mr. NORRIS's inspiration will be less fragmentary but equally happy.

*Johnnie Maddison* (SMITH, ELDER) was nice. And here and now I wish to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. JOHN HASLETTE for having the uncommon pluck to create a hero neither handsome nor strong. Brave of course he had to be, or how should that which is written in the proverbs



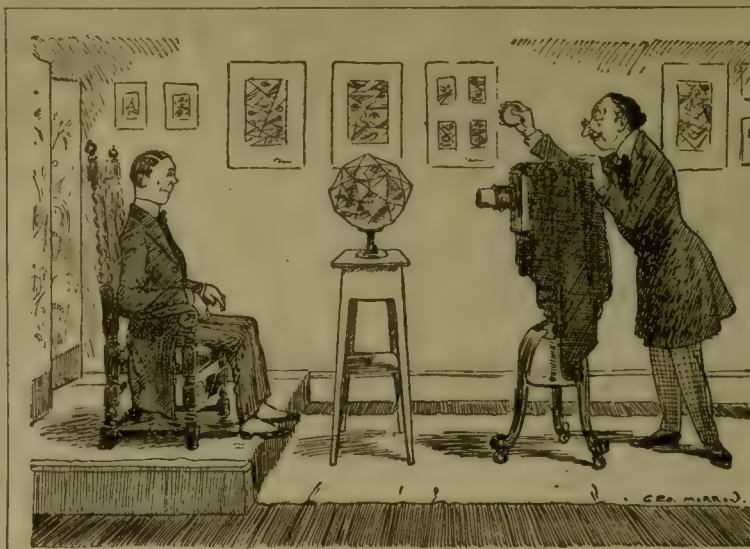
have been fulfilled, but "he was slight," "he stooped a little," "he had an ordinary face." (What hopes that brings to the hearts of some of us!) For the rest, he lived in Sta. Malua, to which tropical port came *Molly Hatherell*, intending to be married to a handsome scamp who spent all his salary as a mining engineer and all the money he could borrow from friends in losing games of poker to a man who made a profession of winning them. Why he should have wanted to do this (for it seemed to be his solitary serious vice) in a place like Sta. Malua I cannot imagine. But there it is. For one reason or another the marriage was delayed, and after a long mental struggle *Jno. Maddison*, who had fallen in love with *Molly*, decided to tell her what kind of man her idol of romantic chivalry really was. It raises, you see, a nice point of ethics, since *Edmund Serge* was popular at the club and, except for the brand of the poker on his forehead, a pretty good fellow. Unfortunately Mr. HASLETTE rudely slices the knot of his difficulty by making *Edmund* embezzle money and abscond at the critical point of the story. The telling of the yarn is a little humdrum, but gains from a comparative leniency in the matter of local colour—for I feel that Sta. Malua is the sort of place which might have been rather ruthless about this—and the suspended banns keep the interest fairly warm. But I am not sure that *Johnnie Maddison* might not have been nicer if he had escaped a suspicion of priggishness and lost a trifle now and then at progressive whist.

In Miss ELEANOR MORDAUNT's new volume called *The Island* (HEINEMANN) all the tales have a common interest through their association with a corner of Empire easily recognisable by those who have ever seen it. I remember how greatly I have already admired Miss MORDAUNT's power of vivid and picturesque scene-painting; there are several stories in this book that show it at its best. I wish I could avoid adding that there are others that seem to me entirely unworthy of their author, at least for any other purpose than that of boiling the pot. One of the best of the tales, "A Reversion," is both dramatic and realistic; it bears a strong resemblance to a sketch that recently made a successful appearance at the Hippodrome; indeed the good qualities of Miss MORDAUNT's stories are precisely those that would help their development into excellent little plays. One thing that I cannot help wishing is that the writer had trusted a little more to my imaginative intelligence. There is a certain kind of detail that is best confided to this sanctuary, and Miss MORDAUNT's difficulty seems to have been in realising when all the sayable things had been said. At least one of the stories plunges considerably beyond the limit of discretion and even good taste. But the heat and the colour, the thrills and the devastating *ennui* of life for the English in the island, are as well rendered as anything I remember in the fiction of Empire. For this alone there should be a warm welcome for the collection, with all its faults, both from those

who know the original and those who need help in imagining it.

*The Purple Frogs* (HEATH, CRANTON AND OUSELEY) I can only describe as the most exasperating, not to say maddening, product of modern fiction. What on earth Messrs. H. W. WESTBROOK and LAWRENCE GROSSMITH, the joint authors, mean by it I have not the ghost of an idea. Occasionally signs are detectable that the whole thing is a practical joke; still more occasionally it even promises to become mildly amusing; and then again one is confronted with an incident (such as the visit of the armed maniac to the house of *Isambard Flanders*) serious to the point of melodrama. Not for pages and chapters did I discover any excuse for the title; and even then not much. But it appeared eventually that *Isambard Flanders* was jealous of the friendship between his wife, *Cicely*, and *Stephen*, a young man who produced film-dramas; and that in order to score off them he wrote a novel called *The Purple Frogs*, in which he embodied his

suspicions. The last half of the volume is occupied with this tale within a tale. Here possibly we have a key to the purpose of the collaboration. Anyhow, I permitted myself to form a theory that Mr. WESTBROOK (or Mr. GROSSMITH) had written a novel too exiguous for separate publication, and in this dilemma had appealed to Mr. GROSSMITH (or Mr. WESTBROOK) to provide a setting. But which wrote which, and why—these are problems that remain inscrutable. Yet another is furnished by the fact that Miss ELLA KING HALL has com-



THE CUBIST PHOTOGRAPHER.

posed for the main story six "illustrations in music," duly reproduced. You may with luck be able to smile a little at the quaintness of these. But on the title-page they are said to be "arranged from the MS. notes of *Botolf Glenfield*." And *Glenfield*, being only a character in the novel written by *Flanders*, couldn't possibly . . . Help!

### SERENITY.

A SINGULAR accident happened to-day,  
Distressing to witness (I chanced to be there).  
A motor-'bus entered a tea-shop, and lay  
In some need of repair.

It was loaded with passengers, outside and in,  
Who straightway indulged in much turbulent talk;  
The latter declared that for less than a pin  
They would get out and walk.

But the customers who, with deplorable zest,  
Of tea and hot crumpets were taking their fill,  
Regarding the scene as an innocent jest,  
Simply laughed themselves ill.

Though I'm dreadfully nervous and suffer a shock  
At the slightest alarm, through that terrible fuss  
I was strangely composed and, as still as a rock,—  
I lay under the 'bus.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE Cambridge University Boat Club has decided to spend £8,000 in improving the Cam. There is talk of making it into a river.

Says a writer in a contemporary, "Don't live in a houseboat during a flood." And yet NOAH always declared that he owed his life to having done so.

The gentlemen who formed M. RIBOT'S Cabinet are objecting to being described as "The One-Day Ministry." They were, they assert, in office for some hours more than that.

The attack on M. RIBOT'S Ministry in the matter of the Three Years' Service was led in the Chamber by three quite undistinguished Socialists; and the contest was described succinctly by an unsympathetic onlooker as "Trois ânes v. Trois ans."

By the way, M. VIVIANI'S Finance Minister is, we see, M. NOULENS. Is he, we wonder, any relation of M. Noulens-Voulens?

THE KAISER has commanded that the Colonial War Memorial to be erected in Berlin shall take the form of an elephant. Presumably it is to be of Parian marble in order to signify that some of the German colonies are a bit like a white elephant.

A French squadron of eighteen vessels has lately been visiting Portland. It was perhaps a little unfortunate that Admiral CALLAGHAN'S ship should have been *The Iron Duke*—but no doubt our tactful officers explained to their visitors that the vessel had been so named after a wealthy ironmaster who had been ennobled.

The report that an airship expedition is being prepared against the MAD MULLAH is said to have caused keen delight to the old gentleman, as he has never seen an aeronautical display of any kind.

It is now suggested that when Mr. HOBHOUSE took possession of H.M.S. *Monarch*, he was labouring under the

delusion that he was Postmaster-Admiral as well as Postmaster-General.

The publication of *The Best of Lamb*, by Messrs. METHUEN, reminds one that a literary butcher once complained that LAMB had not been issued in *The Canterbury Poets*.

Although Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR is severing his connection with *T.P.'s Weekly* the name of the paper will not be changed. This sort of thing is well

vided with a dowry, the matrimonial enthusiasm of young men would probably be stimulated." We cannot imagine how people think of these clever things.

Members of the Women's Social and Political Union are, says *The Daily Mail*, boycotting West-End shopkeepers and stores not advertising in the Militant organs. However, if the rest of the public will agree to boycott such firms as do advertise in these organs the matter should come all right.

A warning has been issued to picnic parties as to the danger from adders, which are exceptionally numerous this year. They are apt to bite if suddenly sat upon, and prudent persons are taking the precaution of sitting on their plates.

"I shall never," writes a journalist in *The Express*, "forget the shudder with which I saw a very well-known dramatist at a garden party eating strawberries with his gloves on." We ourselves sometimes have these sudden sensations, but, unlike the writer, are very prone to let them slip out of our memory.

A dress-designer, we read, went mad one day last week in Paris and fired a number of revolver shots at the police. To judge by many of the creations one sees there must be quite an epidemic of mental deficiency just now among designers of modes.

"Bags," we read in a lady's paper, "are going out of fashion." Men will, however, continue to wear them.

From a list of awards at the Horse Show:—

"Riding Jonies . . . Shetland Jones . . . Pairs of Ponies . . ."—*Morning Post*.  
You see the animal they mean.

"Cutler wanted for ladies' and gentlemen's trade; city house; state experience, salary." An ordinary enough advertisement, but *The Irish Times* imparts a certain melancholy humour to it by inserting it in the section headed "Yachts, Boats, etc."



Examining Admiral (to naval candidate). "NOW MENTION THREE GREAT ADMIRALS."

Candidate. "DRAKE, NELSON AND—I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH YOUR NAME."

calculated to confuse and unsettle the public. "T. P. or not T. P.? that'll be the question."

It is denied that the title of our newest magazine—*Blast*—was suggested by Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

"Old Spot Pigs," we are informed, are now being bred successfully once more. It surprises us to hear this announced as a triumph. One would have thought that in these days of beauty culture a clear complexion would have been the desideratum.

"If," says a contemporary, "the middle-class girl were regularly pro-



### "GRAND NIGHTS."

O BENCHERS of the various ancient Inns

At whose so generous tables I have battered,  
Where potions of the best and fruitiest bins  
And fare on which LUCULLUS might have fattened  
Tend to reduce the awe  
Proper to laymen shadowed by the Law;

How good I find it, full of meat, to sit  
(The while Oporto's juice of '87,  
Served on the polished board with silver lit,  
Heartens me to postpone the joys of Heaven)  
And hear, *remotis curis*,  
The legal jest, the apt *scintilla juris*.

But most I compliment, with thanks profuse,  
The touch that gives your feasts their crowning  
savour,

Whose absence must have marred the duckling *mousse*,  
Ruined the *neige au Kirsch*, and soured the flavour  
Of Madame MELBA's peaches -  
I mean the pledge upon my card, "No Speeches."

There's only one I like, and that's "The KING!"  
(I give the text in full--no superfluities);  
Why should I have to hear some dodderer sing  
Praise of the Government (whichever crew it is),  
While some one else endorses  
The obvious merits of our fighting forces?

If I have dined too well, to-morrow's cure  
Shall be the fine for my excessive feasting;  
But, at the night's tail-end, I can't endure  
A punishment that bores me like a bee-sting,  
Poisoning all the mirth  
That should companion my distended girth.

For this relief from those who spoil the vine  
(How oft have I refused, O learned Benchers,  
For fear of speeches, other men's and mine,  
The chance of feeding off the choicest trenchers)—  
For this relief I rank you  
High up among my benefactors. Thankyou.

O. S.

### HOW THE CHAMPIONSHIP WAS WON.

(A Story of 1918.)

THE last match of the season was between Kent and Somerset. Kent and Surrey were at the top of the Championship table, with the following percentages:—

Kent . . . . .	87.51
Surrey . . . . .	87.23

Surrey had completed its programme. Thus all depended on the result of this Kent-Somerset match. To become champions Kent had either to win outright or to keep their percentage intact by the circumstance of both sides not completing an innings.

Play was impossible on the first day owing to rain. On the second day Somerset scored 157. Rain fell again and Kent were unable to commence their innings till the afternoon of the third day. Obviously they had to strain every nerve to accomplish two things: (1) to avoid getting out and (2) to avoid scoring more than 157. At all hazards they must neither win nor lose on the first innings. They could not win the match. There was no time. And either a win or a loss on the first innings would lower their percentage sufficiently to enable Surrey to go to the top.

For in the matter of averages it is better under certain conditions not to have fought at all than to secure only a portion of the honours.

It was an extraordinary afternoon's cricket. The Kent batsmen were very careful, but two minutes before time there were 156 runs on the board and the last two batsmen were at the wicket. If a wicket fell or a couple of runs were scored Kent would lose the Championship. Strong men shivered like leaves as ball after ball was steadily blocked by the batsmen. Red-faced farmers wore their pencils to stumps in explaining the appalling alternatives. Somerset, in the most sporting spirit, were trying their hardest. A couple of deliberately-bowled wides would, of course, have given Surrey the championship, but Somerset were playing for the honour and glory of defeating Kent on the first innings.

The last two Kent men displayed wonderful nerve. The straight ones were carefully stopped and every ball off the wicket was left alone. Needless to say the softest long hop to leg would not have tempted them to hit.

When the bowler prepared to deliver the last ball of the day the very trees round the ground seemed to stop whispering. It was a good length ball, very fast and pitched slightly to the off. The batsman raised his bat, expecting it to fly past the wicket. To his horror it nipped in. Down came the bat in frantic haste. Heaven be praised! Just in time! The bat just snicked the ball off. It missed the wicket by an eighth of an inch and shot away to leg.

Then occurred one of those incidents that men boast of having witnessed, one of those strange happenings in sport that are recounted to generation after generation.

The ball had shot away to leg where there was no fieldsmen. One of the slips immediately made after it. The batsmen naturally did not run as they did not wish to score. But suddenly it occurred to the striker that it might reach the boundary, that the slip field might not be fast enough to catch it up, and that, therefore, Kent would win on the first innings and in so doing lose the championship. The idea flashed across his mind almost immediately after he had hit the ball, and with a promptness of action that was really beyond all admiration he dropped his bat and ran like a madman in pursuit of the ball.

He easily outstripped the Somerset slip, who was rather a stout man, and fled like a hare after the little red devil that was scorching fast in search of the fatal four.

Men groaned in the agony of their excitement and women shrieked hysterically.

On flew the gallant Kent batsman. Nearer and nearer he got to the ball. He overtook it. He stopped it. Three inches from the boundary he fell on it and hugged it to his chest. The match was a draw, a glorious draw! Neither side had won or lost a point. It did not count in the Championship table. Kent were Champions!

In the mad excitement of the moment no one thought of appealing on the question of handling the ball or interfering with the field. Moreover both the umpires had swooned and were being removed on shutters. The result stood. The hero of the game was carried into the pavilion by two music-hall agents and a reporter.

### Editorial Amenities.

"I have no fault to find with 'Tower,' except that it is very much like scores of other dog stories; that is probably why you have failed to place it. Have you tried the 'Manchester Guardian'?"  
T.P.'s Weekly.

"What comes after Home Rule?—Mormons in Germany."  
Vancouver Daily Province.  
Fortunately we shan't mind that.





“CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.”



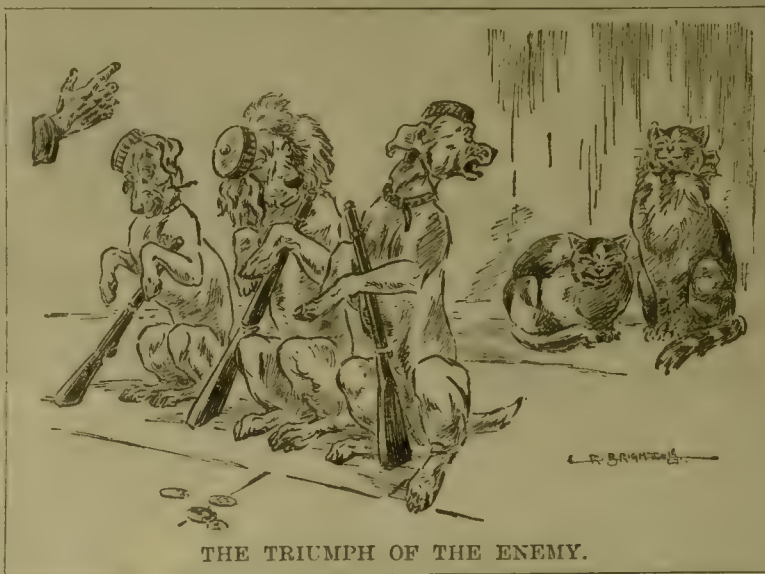
## MUSICAL NOTES.

THE remarkable and altogether epoch-making article in *The Times* of the 16th inst., on the stimulating effect of the bath on unmusical people, has already borne notable fruit. Meetings of the Governing Bodies of all the principal Musical Colleges and Academies were held on the following day, at which it was unanimously determined, as one of the speakers put it, to effect a closer synthesis of harmony and ablutation. Sir HUBERT PARRY, himself celebrated in his youth for his prowess in natation, has offered to present the Royal College of Music with a magnificent swimming bath; Mr. LANDON RONALD has drafted a scheme for the erection of a floating bath in the Thames for the convenience of the Guildhall School, and Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE has offered the students of the R.A.M. an annual prize for the best vocal composition in praise of saponaceous abstergents.

Outside our musical academies the impetus given to musicians and composers has been equally remarkable. Professor Banville de Quantock, whose Oriental proclivities are well known, has at once embarked on a gigantic choral symphony, to words of his own composition, in which the whole process and procedure of the Turkish Bath is treated historically, dramatically and realistically in seventeen movements. The title has not yet been definitely fixed, but it will probably be known as the *Symphonie Bathétique*, to differentiate it from TSCHAIKOVSKY'S hackneyed work.

STRAUSS is reported by Mr. KALISCH to be engaged on a series of *Spritzbadlieder* of extraordinary beauty and complexity, in which a wonderful effect is produced by the employment in the orchestral accompaniment of a new instrument called the Loofaphone, which produces a curious hissing noise like that emitted by a groom when using the currycomb. Another instrument to which prominence is assigned in the score is called the Saponola and bears a resemblance to the spalacoid sub-family of mandrills, which have the mandibular angles in close proximity to the sockets of the lower cephalopods. The motto of the work is "*Das ewig Seifige*."

We may further note, as one of the most valuable by-products of *The Times* article, the announcement that an international Balneo-Musical Congress will be shortly held in the Albert Hall, with a view to discussing the best methods of promoting harmonic hygiene. The arena, we understand, is to be converted into a vast demonstration-tank, in which prominent composers, conductors and singers will appear. Miss CARRIE TUBB has kindly promised to preside. Amongst other items in the programme we may mention an exhibition of under-water violin-playing by Mr. Bamberger, and a game of symphonic water-polo between two teams of Rhine maidens, captained by Herr NIKISCH and Sir HENRY WOOD respectively.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE ENEMY.

## IDEAL HOLIDAYS.

## SOME FURTHER OPINIONS.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT.—There is no doubt whatever that the best holiday ground is Brazil. There one can have excitement day and night. When one is not escaping from a man-eating trout one is eluding a vampire bat. If the time is slow one can always seek the Rapids. Next to Brazil I should suggest the offices of the New River Company.

MR. HOBHOUSE (P.M.G.).—I know very little of holidays, having to keep my nose to St. Martin's-le-Grand-stone day and night, but I have thought that, if I did take a week or so off, I should choose to spend it on the Post Office yacht, roughing it.

SIR EDWARD CARSON.—Such time as I can spare from Ulster and my daily journey to and from London I should like to spend in explaining to REDMOND the duties of a War-lord.

MR. FRANK TINNEY (the famous American tragedian).—Ordinary holidays is just so much junk. Me and ERNEST don't hold with them. Our idea of a holiday is to go down town and hear jokes. The more jokes we hear the bigger stock we have not to tell.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.—I have often wondered if a busy administrator might not get a very restful time by steadily refusing to fly.

MR. ASQUITH.—This talk about the constant need for holidays seems to me to be, if I may say so, one of the great illusions of the day. The wise man surely is he who, seated in his chair of office, welcomes every new complication and perplexity that the moments bring, and in labour finds the true repose.

MR. MASTERMAN.—I am spending my own holiday just now very agreeably in composing conundrums. This is my latest: "Why do I differ from my trousers?" The answer is, "Because they don't want re-seating."

LORD WINBORNE.—There is no place for a holiday like Meadowbrook.

A set of 12 Elizabethan "Apostle" spoons were recently offered for sale at Mossrs. CHRISTIE'S. Only one

actual Apostle (Saint PETER) was available, but excellent substitutes were provided in the persons of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, CHARLEMAGNE, JULIUS CÆSAR, King ARTHUR, GUY OF WARWICK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, JUDAS MACCABEUS and others.

"The fielding was particularly smart and the batsmen could not get the ball away, the only hit worth mention for several hours being a 4 by Tarrant off Bullough."

Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

A few more efforts like this and we shall suspect TARRANT of having read the "Brighter Cricket" articles.

"A wireless message has been received here from the liner, New York, reporting that while in a dense fog she was struck a glancing blow abaft the bow by the steamer Pretoria. The New York was stooping at the time, and the shock was only slight."

Glasgow Evening News.

Showing the advantage of being caught bending.





Sergeant (to new recruit who is grooming his horse very gingerly). "NOW THEN, CULLY, JUST YOU BE CAREFUL 'OW YOU DUST THAT THERE 'ORSE; 'E'S A DELICATE PIECE, 'E IS, AND 'E SHOWS THE SLIGHTEST SCRATCH."

### "WHEN OTHER LIPS . . ."

THE most original feature of the Opera-Ballet, *Le Coq d'Or*, given last week for the first time in England, was the arrangement by which the actors were excused from singing, and the singers from acting. Chorus and soloists, dressed uniformly, without distinction of sex, in a nondescript maroon attire, were disposed on each side of the stage in a couple of grand stands, from which they saw little or nothing of the entertainment but enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the conductor. This left the actors free to attend to the primary business of miming, which, when it came to the distribution of applause, they clearly regarded as the most important element in the show.

I look for great things from this new departure. It is rare enough for an operatic performer to be capable of both singing and acting, or to be alike beautiful to look on and to listen to. Once we have accepted the convention by which an actor's lips are allowed to move in one part of the stage while the sound comes from a totally different

quarter, we may go further and arrange for the singers to be put out of sight altogether. He (and more particularly, she) might be posted behind some sort of screen, diaphanous in respect of the vocalists' view of the conductor, but opaque to the audience. When I think of some of the rather antique and amorphous *prime donne* of German, Italian and French opera, I know that any scheme which would render them invisible and permit their acting parts to be played by young and gracious figures would meet with my unqualified approval. It would be necessary, of course, to consult them first (a task which I would not care to undertake), and this division of labour would no doubt entail additional expense, but I am convinced that the pure love of art for art's sake which is inherent in the nature of all operatic stars and syndicates would ultimately rise superior to considerations whether of pelf or *amour propre*.

O. S.

From a catalogue:—

"WELLS (H. G.) Ann Veronica, a Modern Love Story, cr. 8vo, cloth (rather dull)."

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

[Another Husband Housekeeper, supplementing the information already published in *The Daily Mail*, reveals the system of house-keeping by enforcing which he saves pounds and pounds and pounds a year.]

WHEN Sunday's heavy meal is done  
Our joint's career is but begun.

*Imprimis*, undismayed and bold,  
It reappears on Monday, cold.

And lo! the same on Tuesday will  
Appear again, and colder still.

The odds and ends we keep in store,  
Divided neatly into four.

A portion (No. 1) will do  
For Wednesday's so-to-speak "ragout";

A portion (No. 2) will be  
The gist of Thursday's "fricasse";

A portion (No. 3) supply  
The pith of Friday's "cottage pie";

A portion (No. 4) will play  
The leading rôle on Saturday,  
Entitled, may be, "*à la russe*,"  
Or, better still, "anonymous."

Thus is economy attained,  
For thus is appetite constrained.



# "DRIVEN."

(With a slight hook to it.)

I.

SCENE—The drawing-room of John Staffurth, M.P. Enter Staffurth and Barbara Cullen.

Staffurth. Barbara, the doctors have given their verdict. My wife has only two years to live.

Barbara. John, but she looks so well! What's the matter with her?

Staffurth. Well, it's a little difficult to explain. But without being technical I may say that it is er—not exactly appendicitis and yet er—not exactly mumps. Anyhow, it's always very fatal on the stage.

Barbara. Two years! John, I'm not quite clear whether I'm your relation or Diana's, or, in fact, what I'm doing in the house at all, but as an old friend of somebody's may I give you a word of advice?

Staffurth (looking at his watch). Certainly, but you must be quick. I have to be back at the House in five seconds.

Barbara. Then, John, give Diana a good time for those two years. Ask her to recite sometimes, tell her about Welsh Disestablishment, at all costs keep her amused.

Staffurth (amazed). My dear girl, do you realise I'm an Opposition Member? The Government may spring a snap division on us at any moment. (Taking out his engagement book.) Still, let me see what I can do. On July 15th, 1916—Oh no, that will be too late. November 25th, 1915—how's that? We might have an afternoon at Kew then if the Whips don't want me. (Looking at his watch.) Well, I must be off. Don't let Diana know she's ill. [Exit hastily.]

Enter Diana Staffurth.

Diana. I listened outside the door! Two years, and he won't even ask me to recite to him! He doesn't love me.

Barbara. He does, he does! But he's one of those men who never show it till the Last Act.

Diana. Well, I know somebody who doesn't mind showing it in the First Act. (Goes to telephone.) Is that you, Captain Furness? I've just learnt a new little piece. . . . Yes, don't be long. [She sits down to play the piano till he comes.]

CURTAIN.

II.

Six months later.

Captain Furness's rooms, 11.30 p.m.

Enter Furness and Diana.

Furness. There, dear, now we can have a nice little supper together. You do love me, don't you?

Diana. I suppose so. I love talking

to you on the telephone, anyway. I can't think what we should have done in this play without the telephone.

Furness. And you will come away with me to-morrow?

Diana. Yes. (To the audience) Oh, I've only got eighteen months— (To Furness) Excuse me, Philip, this is a soliloquy; would you mind not listening for a moment? (He turns away and prepares the supper.) Oh, I've only got eighteen months more, and I want to live! I want to talk on the telephone to people, and keep on changing my clothes, and recite—and—and— Philip! You don't mean to say those are marrons glacés you've got there?

Furness. Rather. Don't you like 'em?

Diana. How dare you? You know the doctors won't let me touch them.

Furness. My dear, you never told me



A THREATENED STRIKE.

John Staffurth . . . Mr. C. AUBREY SMITH.  
Captain Furness . . . Mr. OWEN NARES.

what the doctors said to you. What did they say?

Diana. Well, anyhow, they said, "No more marrons glacés."

Furness. Really, Diana, how could I know?

Diana. You ought to have guessed. You've insulted me and I'm going home. And I shan't run away with you now. (Picks up her cloak and goes to the door.) Er—if I should change my mind in the morning I'll—er—telephone.

Next morning.

Furness (at the telephone). Yes—yes—no, Lorenzo—both ways. What? Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought it was—is it you, Diana? . . . You will come? Good.

Enter John Staffurth.

Staffurth. Good morning. (Looking at his watch.) I want a little talk with you if you aren't busy.

Furness. Certainly. (Handing box.) Won't you begin a cigarette?

Staffurth (taking out case). Thanks, I'll begin one of my own. (Does so.) Now then. My sister-in-law—or cousin or—anyhow, my friend Miss—or Mrs. —Cullen, Barbara Cullen, who—er—is still with us, told me some days ago that you were about to elope with my wife. Is that so?

Furness. Yes.

Staffurth. Yes. I ought to have spoken to you about it before, but I have been very busy lately at the House. The Government is bringing in its Bill for the Abolition of Telephones on the Stage, and it is necessary for the full strength of the Opposition to be there. As I said in my speech, any such Bill would, to take a case, ruin Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON'S new play at the Haymarket, and recent by-elections have shown that the country was— However, I need not bother you with that. The point is that I have at last managed to get away to see you, and I want to know what it is you propose to do.

Furness. I'm going to send in my papers and take your wife away with me.

Staffurth. Ah! Then perhaps before you ruin your career I'd better tell you what the doctors say about her. She is not—

Furness (impatiently). My dear chap, I know. She told me last night. But it's all right, I don't much care for them myself.

Staffurth. —not likely to live for more than eighteen months.

Furness. My God!

Staffurth. That's what we all said several times when we heard it. Well?

Furness. Well, I mean, this wants thinking about. I had no— My career—only eighteen months—

Staffurth (breaking out at last). You beastly egotist! You think of nothing but your rotten career. You cur, you hound, you dog! You—

Furness (annoyed). Now I warn you, Staffurth, I may only be about half your size, but I shall have to thrash you severely if you talk like that.

Staffurth. You dog.

Furness (with dignity). For the sake of your wife, go before I climb up you and strike you. [Exit Staffurth.]

CURTAIN.

III.

The Drawing-room again.

Barbara (joyfully). Diana, I've got some exciting news for you. Guess!

Diana. You're going away?

Barbara. No!

Diana. Oh, well, after all you've only stayed with us six months. Er—you've got a new dress?





Arthur Novus.

First Visitor from the country (to second ditto). "AY, FRED, LONDON'S THE PLACE TO SEE THE SWELLS ENJOYING THEMSELVES THIS TIME O' YEAR. NOTHING BUT LIFE AND GAIETY ON ALL SIDES."

Barbara. No.

Diana. No; that was a silly one. Er—John's got a half-holiday?

Barbara. No. Well, I must tell you! Diana, you're not going to die after all! The doctors made a mistake!

[Exit.

Diana. Not going to die? But then I don't want to run away with Philip. (Rushes to desk and seizes the telephone.) I must let him know. (With a shriek) Help! the telephone's broken! Then I have nothing to live for. (She takes out poison from poison drawer.) I shall count three before I drink. One—two— Why doesn't John come? One—two— If he isn't quick he'll be too late. One—

Enter John quickly.

John (looking at his watch). My darling, I have just time to forgive you. Let us be happy together again.

Diana. But the telephone's broken!

John (embracing her tenderly). My darling, I've sent for a man to mend it.

Diana (much moved). My husband!

A. A. M.

"Miss Gluck only arrived in London from New York after a tour in America earlier in the morning, and proceeded to Richmond to rest."—Times.

Which she must have wanted after her busy morning.

### THE BIG TROUT.

PULL up the rypecks! Push her home!

It's roses all the way!

Let garlands lie on Thames's foam—

A trout has died to-day!

Room for the victor—ho, there, room!—

Who calls the gods to scan

No halfling of the lilled gloom,

But that leviathan.

Anew (with jostling words unstayed)

We fight it, inch by inch,

From that first moment when he made

The line scream off the winch;

'Twas so we struck, we held him so

Lest weed had triumph wrecked;

Thus to his leap the point dropped low,

And thus a rush was checked.

O sought-for prize! Full many a day

The old black punt has swung

Beyond his stance, in twilight's grey,

Or when the dawn was young;

What hopes were ours, what heart-beats high

Have thrilled us, when he rolled

Up from the jade-green deep, a-nigh,

Dull-gleaming as of gold!

Glide on, ye stately swans, with grace—

Ye ne'er again shall see

His headlong dash among the dace

Beneath the willow-tree;

Ye little bleak, lift up your heads,

Ye gudgeon, skip at score,

The run between the lily beds

Shall know its lord no more!

Yet, while th' exalted pulses stir,

Regret takes hands with Pride,

Regret for that most splendid spur—

The Wish Ungratified;

With hammering heart that bulk I con,

That spread of tail and fin,

And sigh, like him of Macedon,

With no more worlds to win.

Pull up the rypecks, can't you, Jim!

It's roses all the way!

But ne'er another fish like him

For any other day!

Room for the victor—lock, there, room!—

Who calls the gods to scan

No halfling of the amber gloom,

But that leviathan.

### Commercial Candour.

"Avoid Income-Tax and Death Duties by investing in selected Canadian Securities." Advt. in "Times Financial Supplement."

Motto for golfer who has fozzled his approach:—

"I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, Nor look upon the iron angrily."

King John, iv., 1.



## A LEGAL DOCUMENT.

"THERE is," I said, "a guilty look about you. You are hanging round. At this time of the morning you have usually retreated to your fastnesses. Why has not the telephone claimed you? There is something on your mind."

"No," said the lady of the house airily; "I have a vacant mind."

"Where, then," I said, "is your loud laugh? I have not heard you shout 'Ha-ha,' or anything remotely resembling 'Ha-ha.' Something is weighing upon you."

"Not at all."

"Yes at all," I said decisively. "You have something to confess."

"Confess!" she said scornfully. "What nonsense is this about confession? We are not early-Victorians."

"Yes, we are. I insist upon it. I shall be busy with my writing. You will come and kneel unperceived at my feet under an imploring look upon your tear-stained face. I shall give a sudden start——"

"And," she went on enthusiastically, "I shall stretch out my hands to you, and you will raise me tenderly from the floor, and I shall then explain——"

"That appearances were against you, but that Eugene is really your brother by a first marriage——"

"And I shall then call for the smelling salts and swoon like this"—she collapsed in an inanimate heap on the sofa—"and you will rise to your full height——"

"Yes," I said, "I shall forgive you freely."

"No," she said, "you will blame yourself for not having appreciated my angelic nature, for having treated me as a mere toy, for having——"

"Yes," I said, "for having married you at all. But I shall forgive you all the same, and I shall present you with the locket containing my grandmother's miniature. Come on; let us start at once. I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"All right," she said, "I accept your forgiveness. And now that we've cleared the ground, you'll perhaps allow me——"

"Aha," I said, "then there is something after all?"

"There always is something," she said, "so perhaps you'll allow me to ask you a question?"

"A question?" I said. "Ask me fifty. I don't promise to answer them. I'm only human, you know, but——"

"Surely," she said, "this humility is exaggerated."

"Anyhow," I said, "I'll do my best, so fire away."

"What," she said, "does one do with a legal document?"

"Isn't this rather sudden?" I said. "What does one do with a legal document?" My dear, one does a thousand things. One buys land, or sells it—which is much better. One gets separated, or, rather, two get separated; one gets a legacy, generally quite inadequate; one executes a mortgage, but you mustn't ask me who is the mortgagor and who is the mortgagee, for, upon my sacred word of honour, I never can remember which is which or who does what. One leaves one's money to one's beloved wife by a legal document, or one cuts her off with a shilling and one's second best bed, like SHAKESPEARE, you know. Really, there's nothing you can't do with a legal document."

"How on earth," she said admiringly, "did you get to know all these things?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "One learns as one goes along. Men have to know more or less about the law."

"Tell me," she said; "do you feel paralysed when you see a legal document?"

"No, not now. They used to make me tremble, but I'm up to them now. I understand their jargon."

"And frankly," she said, "I don't."

"But that doesn't matter," I said. "You've got a man——"

"Lucky me," she said.

"You've got a man to help you. That's what he's there for—to help you with legal documents and to have his work interrupted and all his ideas scattered. But, bless you, he doesn't mind. He knows his place."

"Well," she said, "it's this way. A very dear friend of mine has taken a house at the seaside, and they've sent her a document."

"A letting agreement," I said.

"I suppose so," she said; "and they want her to sign it; and they say something about a counterpart which somebody else is to sign."

"That," I said, "is the usual way."

"What I want to know is, ought she to sign her document?"

"Is it the sort of house she wants?"

"The very house," she said. "She's been over it. Lots of rooms; nice garden with tennis-lawn; splendid view of the sea; drainage in perfect order; weekly rent a mere nothing. There's to be an inventory."

"Of course there is. It's always done. Does the document embody everything she requires?"

"Yes," she said, "everything; and they've thrown in two extra days for nothing."

"In that case," I said, "her duty is clear. She must sign it."

"Do you advise that?"

"I do," I said, "most strongly."

"Thank you so much," she said, "I'll do it at once," and before I could interfere she had sat down at the writing-table, produced a document, unfolded it and signed it.

"It is," she explained, "the agreement for letting Sandstone House, Sandy Bay. They made it out in my name."

"But this," I said, seizing the paper, "is madness. It is not worth the paper on which it is written."

"I did nothing," she said, "without your advice."

"I shall repudiate it," I said, "as having been obtained by fraud."

"Right-o," she said; "we leave for Sandy Bay on July 28th."

R. C. L.

## A SECOND-HAND SERENADE.

(The modern youth, we are told, is content to hymn his Lady in the amorous diction of other bards.)

It is not mine, Aminta, to commend you  
According to your merits. Miles above  
My puny lyre were this; I therefore send you,  
For reference, "The Classic Gems of Love."

Would I approve your tresses? See p. 7,  
L. 2, for what I frankly think of them;  
Your lips? p. 8; your dimples, p. 11;  
Your teeth and ears and ankles? *ibidem*.

Your kisses? *vide* JONSON, B., "To Celia;"  
See "Annie Laurie" for the way I greet  
Your neck and voice and eyes (the song has really a  
Trustworthy picture also of your feet).

But nay! It ill behoves the ardent lover  
To turn your gaze to any single spot;  
In every line, from cover unto cover,  
My passion finds an echo. Read the lot.



### "SIR BAT-EARS."

SIR Bat-ears was a dog of birth  
And bred in Aberdeen,  
But he favoured not his noble kin  
And so his lot is mean,  
And Sir Bat-ears sits by the alms-  
houses

On the stones with grass between.

Under the ancient archway  
His pleasure is to wait  
Between the two stone pineapples  
That flank the weathered gate;

And old, old alms-persons go by,  
All rusty, bent and black,  
"Good day, good day, Sir Bat-ears!"  
They say and stroke his back.

And old, old alms-persons go by,  
Shaking and well-nigh dead,  
"Good night, good night, Sir Bat-  
ears!"  
They say and pat his head.

So courted and considered  
He sits out hour by hour,  
Benignant in the sunshine  
And prudent in the shower.

(Nay, stoutly can he stand a storm  
And stiffly breast the rain,  
That rising when the cloud is gone  
He leaves a circle of dry stone  
Whereon to sit again.)

A dozen little door-steps  
Under the arch are seen,  
A dozen aged alms-persons  
To keep them bright and clean;

Two wrinkled hands to secur each step  
With a square of yellow stone—  
But print-marks of Sir Bat-ears' paws  
Bespeckle every one.

And little eats an alms-person,  
But, though his board be bare,  
There never lacks a bone of the best  
To be Sir Bat-ears' share.

Mendicant muzzle and shrewd nose,  
He quests from door to door;  
Their grace they say—his shadow gray  
Is instant on the floor,  
Humblest of all the dogs there be,  
A pensioner of the poor.

### OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

(The New Indigence.)

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, double Blue and double First at Oxford, weary of gerund-grinding at a fashionable preparatory school for £500 a year, charming conversationalist, expert auction-bridge player, is open to accept partnership in well-established financial house on the basis of four months' holiday a year and genuine week-ends—Friday till Tuesday.



Harold (who has had the worst of an argument with his father). "ALL RIGHT, THEN, YOU DON'T GET THOSE SIX STROKES I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS AFTERNOON."

NONCONFORMIST, with open mind on the subject of gambling, but modest means and conscientious objection to hard work, is desirous of meeting liberal-minded philanthropist who will advance him £750 to operate infallible system at Monte Carlo.

VIGOROUS YOUNG MAN of titled family, who is sick to death of England, is prepared to undertake any duties of a sporting kind for unmarried heiress in America or elsewhere.

A LADY, whose income is only £4,000 a year, is greatly in need of a month's yachting, but cannot afford a yacht of her own and dislikes the mixed company to be met with on the ordinary advertised cruises. Will some kind friend be so good as to lend her a yacht and endow it?

UNIVERSITY MAN, strong, healthy, in early forties, who has never done a day's work in his life, but has suddenly fallen on comparative poverty, wishes to communicate with some person of means willing to save him from the pain and indignity of having to do without luxuries which have become second nature to him.

£2,000 WANTED, at once, for speculation by Undergraduate. A safe two per cent. offered; advertiser cannot afford more. No professional money-lenders need apply.

CHRISTIAN and Teetotaler, who has not yet been to Japan, would be quite grateful to any wealthy travel-enthusiast who would make it possible for him to see this fascinating country. 'Excellent references.





"NOW THEN, COUSIN EMMA, LET ME GIVE YOU A BIT OFF THE BREAST."

"YES, PLEASE, I SHOULD LIKE TO TASTE THAT, FOR IN MY YOUNG DAYS THEY ALWAYS GAVE IT TO THE GROWN-UPS, AND NOW THEY KEEP IT FOR THE CHILDREN, SO I'VE ALWAYS MISSED IT."

### REVELATION REVISED.

[A portion of "The Photodrama of Creation," a cinematograph enterprise hailing from the United States, has recently been exhibited.]

Oh, would I were a preacher or a prophet  
Of some wild pagan creed, I know not where—  
One of whom people said, "This man is off it"  
(But still I had a following sparse and rare),

That so, if cynics urged, "How hard to prove is  
The faith ye cling to fondly and so fast!"  
By favour of the men who work the "movies,"  
I might expound the future and the past.

Hiring a lot of lads with mobile faces,  
And all the world to tap for filmed scenes,  
Would I not set backsliders in their places  
And give my errant congregation beans?

Uprising in the darkened tabernacle,  
A canvas sheet across the stage unfurled,  
"To-night, dear brethren, we propose to tackle,"  
I should commence, "the Making of the World.

"Doubts have arisen lately if the cosmos  
Sprang as I stated; an egregious don  
Has published pamphlets asking if it was moss,  
Or something else, that formed the primal On.

"Well, to confute at once this creeping scandal,  
You shall behold the facts before your eyes,  
(If Mr. Potts will kindly turn that handle—  
Thankyou) and note, the camera never lies."

Yes, I would teach them; and if any scoffers  
Still weltered in the quagmire of their sin,

If when I overhauled the monthly coffers  
I found the business part a trifle thin,

Choosing a model for the worst offender  
I should unroll a still more lively lot  
Of films depicting him in pomp and splendour,  
"Swift glories," I should say, "and doomed to rot;"

And then turn on "The Day of Retribution,"  
Shades of avengers in the world below  
Prodding my man with verve and resolution,  
And broiling him on spits exceeding slow,

And flaying him, and squeezing him with pincers;  
And whilst I pointed to his shrivelled shape  
(These moving picture-men are rare convincers),  
How I should thunder to the stalls agape!

"Look at yon sinner perishing *in toto*,  
Take warning lest the same occurs to you;  
Each fraction of each wriggle is a photo,  
And therefore must be absolutely true." EVOE.

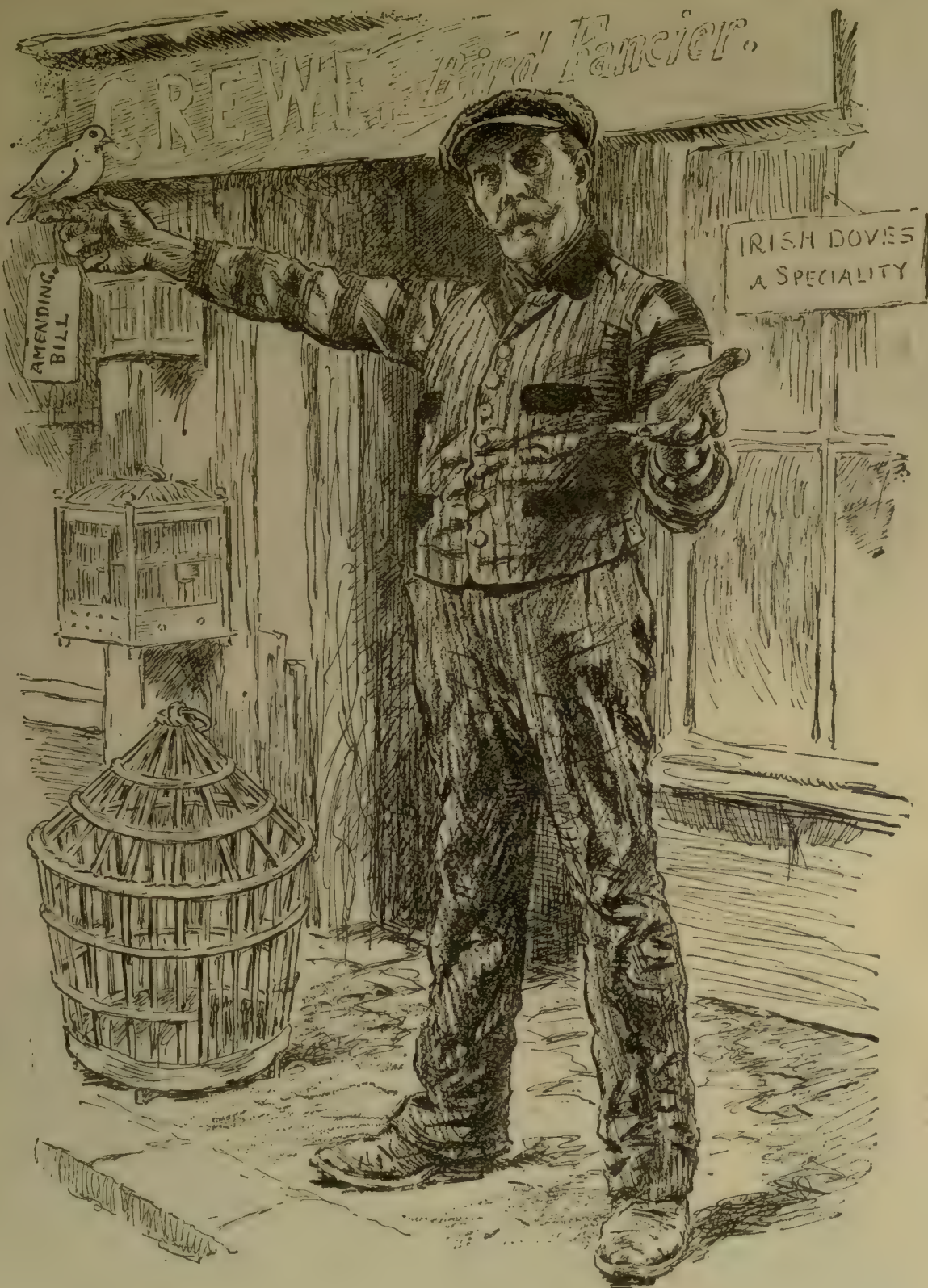
"At the short fourteenth Vardon was bunkered, and took an hour."—*Exeter Express*.

He should have read our book, "How to get out of a Bunker in Forty-five Minutes. By One who often Does."

"This move of the Powers, sending a rural gentleman from the Rhine to do the big stick stunt in Albania with a lot of blood-thirsty savages, is about as much use as putting a boy sprout in the room of Sir John French."—*London Mail*.

Personally we put an elderly artichoke in Sir JOHN's room when he comes to stay with us. This, of course, in addition to the usual tin of biscuits.





### THE DOVE OF PEACE.

LORD CREWE. "I DON'T SAY HE'S A PERFECT BIRD, MY LORDS, BUT HE'S THE BEST WE COULD MANAGE, AND A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT MIGHT DO WONDERS FOR HIM."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, June 15.*

—In the mid seventies, when dear JOHNNY TOOLE was at height of well-earned fame, he for a while played three several parts on the same night.

Bold advertisement announced "Toole in Three Pieces." Being just the kind of joke that has the widest run over the low level of mediocrity, it filled the gallery and upper boxes.

To-night it was recalled with fresh application. House privileged to see PREMIER in Three Pieces. For some weeks he has appeared at Question time in dual character as Prime Minister and Secretary of State for War. To-night takes on duties of absent CHANCELLOR OF DUCHY OF LANCASTER. His versatility as marvellous as his industry. In response to group of five questions addressed to him "as representing the CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER," bristles with minute information respecting number of livings in gift of the Duchy in West Riding of Yorkshire, together with amount of income of each benefice and nature of the security. Equally master of intricate case of the calamity overshadowing the Pontefract Cricket Club whose playing pitch has been damaged through subsidence caused by underground workings.



A GENEROUS RESTRAINT.

"I believe the Almighty has endowed us all with a certain amount of brains; but we don't all use them." (Cheers).—Mr. TICKLER in the debate on the Plural Voting Bill.

Situation raised nice questions as to responsibility of the underground leaseholder and the prospect of compensation from coal royalties. PREMIER as fully informed on these subjects as later he proved himself when by way of Supplementary Question AMERY, with pretty air of one really in search of



"The one thing borne home to me was what a genius the Irish people have for admiring each other."—Mr. BIRRELL.

elementary information, inquired "In whose hands is the government of Ireland at the present moment?" "In the hands of HIS MAJESTY'S Ministers," said ASQUITH.

All very well for Duchy of Lancaster. Its affairs in strong capable hands. But that does little to assuage grief of WORTHINGTON-EVANS. For months before the day when MASTERMAN, greatly daring, exchanged safe position of Secretary of Treasury for dizzy heights of Duchy of Lancaster, WORTHINGTON-EVANS was daily accustomed to pose him with questions as to working of Insurance Act. In MASTERMAN'S enforced absence from House WEDGWOOD BENN placed in charge of Insurance Act Department. Does a difficult business exceedingly well. Has earned approval from both sides of House. But WORTHINGTON-EVANS is inconsolable. His feelings find expression in couple of lines, learned at his mother's knee, descriptive of anguish of blind boy parted from his brother by ruthless hand of death:—

Oh, give my brother back to me;  
I cannot play alone.

Visibly brightened up on eve of Ipswich election, which seemed to promise return of the wanderer. As to-night he sits forlorn in corner seat below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, gazing sadly at corner of Treasury bench opposite (once amply filled by figure of former Secretary of Treasury), STEPHEN GWYNNE, seated next to him, gently

nudges BUTCHER, and with softened memories of *Peggotty* contemplating Mrs. Gummidge in exceptionally low spirits, whispers, "He's thinking of the old 'un."

*Business done.*—After brief unsparking debate Plural Voters Bill read a third time. Hostile amendment moved from Front Opposition Bench negatived by 320 votes against 242. Bill passed final stage without division.

*Tuesday.*—Home Rule fills the bill in both Houses. The Lords, back from brief holiday, protest against delay in introducing Amending Bill. In vigorous speech LANDSOWNE insists on early day being named. CREWE, wringing his hands over unreasonable ways of some people, promises Tuesday next. Adds that, if upon consideration of proposed amendments noble lords should require longer interval before Second Reading of parent measure than is provided by original fixture for 30th June, there will be no objection to postponement.

In the Commons ROBERT CECIL, interposing in ordered business of Supply, moves adjournment with view of calling attention to "growing danger created in Ireland by existence of volunteer forces and failure of Government to deal with situation." It is plurality of situation that disturbs philosophical mind. As long as there was but one volunteer force, its locality confined to Ulster, its purpose to defeat Home



"I don't know whether the hon. Member regards me as a particularly frivolous person." Lord ROBERT CECIL.



Rule Bill, its commander-in-chief CARSON, it was well. Nay more, it was patriotic. But when Ulster's challenge, uttered by one hundred thousand armed men, is answered by the South and West of Ireland with creation of an army exceeding that number, whole aspect is altered. Now, as in the time when "Measure for Measure" was written—

That in the captain's but a choleric word  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,

Opposition, to a man, stand up to support LORD BOB's demand that matter shall be discussed as one of urgent public importance.

In course of animated speech LORD BOB delighted House by equalling, if not going one better than, the late Lord CROSS's historic *jeu d'esprit*.

"I hear an hon. member smile," said GRAND CROSS on a memorable occasion.

"I wish," said LORD BOB to-night, sternly regarding hilarious Ministerialists, "those laughs could be photographed and shown throughout the country."

Suggestion will doubtless not be lost on enterprising purveyors of cinematograph shows.

There was another opportunity for the snapshotter when, LORD BOB lamenting the "ingrained frivolity of the Radicals in this grave crisis," ARTHUR MARKHAM interposed with Supplemental Question.

"What about Satan rebuking sin?" he asked.

Turning upon Member for Mansfield more in sorrow than in anger, LORD BOB remarked: "I don't know whether the hon. Member regards me as a particularly frivolous person." General and generous cheering approved this implied disclaimer, and LORD BOB returned to consideration of "the characteristic vice of the Radical Government—fear of losing their places."

Tendency to introduce personal observations cropped up from time to time through debate, which occupied greater part of sitting. CARSON having genially alluded to main body of Ministerialists as "lunatics," NEIL PRIMROSE, turning upon the WISTFUL WINSTON, who hadn't been saying anything, denounced him as "a human palimpsest."

Perhaps most touching case was that of BYLES of Bradford. Having

long remained silent under undeserved contumely, he suddenly rose at half-past ten and irrelevantly remarked, "I cannot understand how the myth has grown up in this House that I am a blood-thirsty ruffian. Why, Mr. SPEAKER, I would not kill a fly."

In view of proved inconvenience, not to say danger, of unrestrained plague of flies, this protestation was received with mixed feelings.

*Business done*—On division motion for adjournment of House negatived by majority of 65. After this, the House, nothing if not logical, forthwith adjourned.

*Thursday*.—The Irish Members, long quiescent, suddenly resumed former

to HIS MAJESTY, have on more than one occasion, when inspecting Ulster Volunteers, urged them to stand indomitable in resistance to establishment of Home Rule in their Northern Province. Irish Members want to know whether these noble and gallant gentlemen have been called upon to make explanation of their conduct similar to that peremptorily exacted from Captain BELLINGHAM.

PREMIER not to be drawn into delicate controversy. Pleaded lack of notice of questions put to him. Irish Members will be delighted to provide it. Shall hear more on the subject next week.

*Business done*.—The INFANT SAMUEL, appearing in new calling as President of Local Government Board, carries vote for his Department by rattling majority of 127.



POURING COLD WATER ON THE TROUBLED OIL.

(LORD CHARLES BERESFORD and Mr. DILLON.)

habit of activity. House owes to AMERY the pleasing variation. He cited newspaper report of remarks recently made by Captain BELLINGHAM, aide-de-camp to the LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND. Inspecting and addressing body of National Volunteers, he exhorted them to ensure triumph of Home Rule.

Was this a proper thing to do? Certainly not. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, answering AMERY's question founded on incident, stated that when Lord ABERDEEN heard of matter he immediately called for explanation, and Captain BELLINGHAM frankly acknowledged error of judgment.

Irish Members recognised that in measure the error of judgment was slight compared with AMERY's in stirring up this dangerously attractive pool. As everyone knows, and as House was promptly reminded, Colonel the Marquis of LONDONDERRY and Colonel Lord KILMOREY, aides-de-camp

to HIS MAJESTY, have on more than one occasion, when inspecting Ulster Volunteers, urged them to stand indomitable in resistance to establishment of Home Rule in their Northern Province. Irish Members want to know whether these noble and gallant gentlemen have been called upon to make explanation of their conduct similar to that peremptorily exacted from Captain BELLINGHAM.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Oblate Spheroid."

SIR,—I congratulate you on your new departure. The time is ripe for Politics without Partisanship. I look to you for scathing denunciations of the arch humbugs who now wear the mantle of the once great Liberal Party.

Yours, etc.,  
"PATRIOT."

SIR,—I hail with joy your abandonment of Party Shibboleths, and await your exposure of

ASQUITH, LLOYD GEORGE and all such traitors. Yours, etc., "IMPARTIAL."

SIR,—You will find it hard to live up to your professions, but the thinking Public will support you.

We need a judicial paper that will set truth above Party considerations, revealing, incidentally, the devilish character of the REDMOND-cum-Cabinet compact. Yours, etc.,  
"DULCE ET DECORUM."

"Pink Chestnut.—When ices are given at a dinner it is usual to have them, but not otherwise."

From "Etiquette" in "The Lady."

It is therefore incorrect, "Pink Chestnut," to produce a private Bombe Vanille from your handkerchief bag.

"The death of an infant from 'convulsions,' without further explanation, can never be wholly satisfactory."

Australian Medical Journal.

It takes a lot to satisfy some people.





Short-sighted Old Lady (to gentleman taking his morning exercise in the park). "GO AWAY, GO AWAY; YOU SHAN'T PUT A FINGER ON MY LUGGAGE!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALL the world recognises Sir MARTIN CONWAY as a paramount peak-compeller and explorer of resource, while superior persons, like this learned clerk, know him as an effective *dilettante* in the realms of art. In *The Sport of Collecting* (FISHER UNWIN), with a general candour, but a specific, canny (and of course rather tiresome and disappointing) reticence as to prices, he gives us, in effect, a treatise on the craft of curio-hunting, gaily illustrated by anecdotes of the bagging of bronze cats in Egypt, Foppas and Giorgiones in Italian byways, Inca jewellery in Peru, and heaven knows what and where beside. The authentic method, apparently, is to mark down your quarry as you enter the dealer's stockade, to pay no visible attention to it but bargain furiously over some pretentious treasure which you don't in the least want; later, admitting with regret your inability to afford the price, to suggest that as a memento of your pleasant visit you might be disposed to carry off that odd trifle in the corner over there; then, bursting with hardly controlled excitement to see your priceless primitive wrapped in brown paper and thrown into your cab, to drive to your quarters, hug yourself ecstatically and boast to your friends and fellow-conspirators about it. Shooting the driven tiger from the howdah is quite evidently nothing to this royal sport of dealer-spoofing, especially when the dealer knows a thing or two; as Sir MARTIN bravely confesses he sometimes does. I wonder if this arch-collector, when he discovered his best piece, Allington Castle (of which he discourses with such pleasant and knowledgeable enthusiasm), turned a contemptuous back on the battlements and made a casual offer for the moat. A most diverting book.

The name of MADAME YOI PAWLOWSKA is new to me; but if her previous books were anything like so good as *A Child Went Forth* (DUCKWORTH) I am heartily sorry to have missed them. There have been many books written about childhood, and the end of them is not yet in sight; but I have known none that so successfully attains the simplicity that should belong to the subject. You probably identify the title as a quotation from WALT WHITMAN, about the child that went forth every day, "and the first object that he looked upon, that object he became." The child in the present instance was one *Anna*, who went forth in the Hungarian village where she was born, and saw and became a number of picturesque and amusing things, all of which her narrator has quite obviously herself recalled, and set down in excellent fashion. I don't want you to run away with the idea that *Anna* was a good or even a pleasant child. Anything but that. The things she did and said furnished a more than sufficient reason for her father to threaten again and again to send her to school in England. The book ends with the realisation of this, which had always been to *Anna* as a kind of shadowy horror in the background of life. We are not told which particular English school was favoured with her patronage, nor how she got on there. I was too interested in her career not to be sorry for this omission; and that shall be my personal tribute to her attractions.

There are few persons who can write love stories with a surer and more tender touch than KATHARINE TYNAN. So I expect that many gentle souls will share my pleasure in the fact that she has just put together a volume of studies in this kind under the amiable title of *Lovers' Meetings* (WERNER LAURIE). Personally my only complaint about them is that in a short story lovers' meetings



mean the journey's end, and I wished to spend a longer time in the society of many of the agreeable characters of Mrs. HINKSON'S studies. Take for example the first—and my own favourite—of the series. There really isn't anything special in it—and yet there is everything. What happened was that *Challoner*, a confirmed bachelor, went to the Dublin quay to see off a friend on the boat to Holyhead. The friend didn't turn up; but a young governess, with whom *Challoner* had only the slightest previous acquaintance, was going by the boat—so *Challoner* went with her, and they were married, and lived happy ever after. You may think that this doesn't sound very probable, and perhaps it doesn't; but it is so charmingly told—*Challoner's* growing delight in the initial mistake that confuses the pair as man and wife is so alluringly developed, and the whole little episode of twenty pages has such a way with it as to take your credulity a willing captive. This was my individual choice; but there are fifteen others of various styles; some mild detective studies, and a pathetic little ghost story that recalls to me one of KIPPLING'S best. Altogether an attractive collection, very far above many such that have appeared lately.

Mr. WILKINSON SHERREN, in his new novel, *The Marriage Tie* (GRANT RICHARDS), is very serious about the hypocrisies of the virtuous and the injustice of our moral conventions. Other writers before him have been serious about these things, and I do not know that Mr. SHERREN has anything very new to say. I must also confess to thinking that a sense of humour would have assisted him greatly in his task. Nevertheless his readers are certain to sympathise with his beautiful heroine in her dismay at her unfortunate illegitimacy, and she is a good girl with a great regard for the feelings of all her friends, even though she expresses this regard a little stiffly. Mr. SHERREN uses his background well, and many of his scenes would be effective if only his characters were debarred from dialogue. It would be, I am sure, beyond *Johanna's* powers, were she limited to the deaf and dumb alphabet, to convey such a speech as this: "I wish you to consent to your father's suggestions, dear. By doing so you do not injure me, and you cheer his declining days. I am sure your dear mother wishes it." Her methods would become something much brusquer and more direct. I doubt if Mr. SHERREN is at his best in a novel. An essay on the confused issues of illegitimacy and the punishment of the children for the sins of their fathers would show him, I am convinced, at his ease; but dialogue and a beautiful heroine are an embarrassment to him.

In a volume of tales and sketches entitled *The Mercy of the Lord* (HEINEMANN) Mrs. FLORA ANNIE STEEL revives pleasant memories of her Indian romances once beloved by me. In these new stories everybody dies—if Europeans, with the latest slang upon their lips; if natives, with a lusty invocation to Allah. Mrs. STEEL does not believe in

letting the reader know what she is about, and there is generally something up her sleeve. Each story has its own little puzzle, and, if the puzzles are not always solved by the end of the tale, one can make all kinds of pleasant conjectures as to what really did happen, and Mrs. STEEL'S mysterious hints and shrugs and fingers on the lip do beyond question assist her atmosphere. I like best of the stories "Salt of the Earth," a most moving tale, beautifully told. Always Mrs. STEEL is interesting, and I hope these sketches are only little preludes to another of her thrilling romances.

If Mr. BERTRAM SMITH'S *Caravan Days* (NISBET) has not made me eager to take to the road at once, the reason is that he seems to delight in things that I most cordially detest. For instance, he likes cooking and he is "very fond of rain." With such tastes he has more facilities for enjoying himself than are offered to most of us, and I find

myself wondering whether life in a caravan, always supposing that he was not there to do the cooking and admire the rain, would be quite as much fun as he would have us believe. I am confident that when next he goes upon his travels the majority of his friends will be anxious to share the attractions of his *Sieglinde*, that caravan of caravans, but I doubt if they will be ordering *Sieglinde*s for themselves. Meanwhile, so human has Mr. BERTRAM SMITH made his *Sieglinde* that I can well imagine her sulking in her retirement because she wants to see Argyll, the only county in Scotland she has not yet sampled.

If you are a musical genius yourself and want to do a young composer a good turn, I implore you not to get his

opera produced under the pretence that it is yours and wait until it has been received enthusiastically before you announce whose work it is. For that is what *Jess Levellier* did, and "Miss LOUISE MACK" tells us what a deal of trouble was brought about by this impulsive action. There are several love stories in *The Music Makers* (MILLS AND BOON). There is the affair of *Jess* and there is the affair of *Jess's* father; and in regard to the second of these I would say that I am a little tired of adventurous women who are first attracted by dollars and then find that they are head over ears in love with the man himself. But in case you are not adequately intrigued by either of these romances, I can also tell you that *Sir William* (big and burly) and *Tricie Harrison*, though married, gave considerable cause for anxiety before with "outstretched hands she went tottering towards him." Even the most jaded novel-readers will suffer thrills and surprises from *The Music Makers*, and occasionally, perhaps, they will wonder whether coincidence's long arm has not been stretched to the point of dislocation. However that may be, the book is breezy and its author is lavish of her material. Parsimonious writers would have made half-a-dozen novels out of the stuff of Mrs. CREED'S book.



THE ART OF WINDOW-DRESSING.

Shop-Manager (sternly, to assistant). "SURELY, MR. JENKINS, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO PUT THE KITCHEN COBBLES IN THE CENTRE VASE. REMEMBER IN FUTURE THAT IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY YOU SHOULD ALWAYS STRIKE THE KEY-NOTE WITH THE SELECTED NUTS."





### MORE MUNITIONS OF PEACE.

*(An Episode in the Camp of the Nationalist Volunteers.)*

SEVERAL further months had elapsed in the history of the scheme for the "better government of Ireland." The Home Rule Bill had been read for the third time in the Inferior Chamber, but, apart from this conciliatory action, no effective attempt had been made to avert the horrors of Civil War.

Meanwhile two coups had been planned, of which the one failed and the other succeeded. And during the arrangements for the first coup (for it got no further than the preparatory stage—and even this was denied) it was revealed that British officers were not very greatly inclined to shoot down their fellow-countrymen for the sake of the *beaux-joux* of a political party. And for this the politicians of that party, selecting the worst name they could think of, described these officers as politicians. And the cry of "The Army *v.* the People," started by a Labour Member (who wore a large hat), and supported by the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (who wore a small one), was raised very high and then dropped, as likely to prove inexpedient.

But the other coup (which succeeded) was a very clever feat of gun-running on the part of the Ulster Volunteers. And, the law having been broken, the Government, as its guardian, determined to take no punitive measures—an attitude that was repellent both to Sir WILLIAM BYLES and to Mr. NEIL PRIMROSE.

And now there grew up in each political party a body of rebellion. For on the Liberal side there were those, notorious at other seasons for their advocacy of peace at whatever charges, who gave out that there were worse things than Civil War, and one of the worse things was the stultification of their own projects, or, as they put it, of the Will of the People; though they showed no strong anxiety to discover, by the usual tests, what the Will of the People might actually be in the matter.

And on the Unionist side there were those who said that they would do nothing to provoke Civil War, but that, since it took two sides to conduct a Civil or any other kind of War, and the British Army was apparently not available, there was no fear of Civil War, and they (the Unionist Party) could well afford to stiffen themselves about the lips.

And all this tended to embarrass the labours (if any) of those leaders who were still supposed to be holding communion together for the furtherance of a compromise.

Now, among the Ulster Volunteers, though perfect sobriety was exhorted and maintained, it was excusably felt that it would be a pity if so fine a force should have been raised and armed at such expense and sacrifice and



then have no chance of showing what it could do. And this feeling evoked sympathy in the breasts of the Irish of the South and West; and they said to them of Ulster, "Rather than see your army wasted we will ourselves raise one for you to shoot at." And this they did, in part for sheer joy of the chance of a fight, and in part for admiration of the sportsmanship of a people that had defied a British Government. And though some joined the new Volunteers for love of Home Rule, and with the object of offering themselves as substitutes for the British Army, yet the promoters were content to allege, vaguely and inoffensively, that their object was just the protection of Irish liberty, whatever that might be taken to mean. And, being Irish, no exact logic was asked of them.

But at first Mr. REDMOND, as a supporter of the law, and scandalised by its breach in Ulster, declined to approve this illegal development, which for the rest he regarded as negligible. But later, when it had grown too large to be ignored, he generously consented to overlook its illegality and to place it under official patronage. But his offer was received in a spirit of very regrettable independence. On reflection, however, this attitude was exchanged for one of sullen submission.

Now a private army is a dangerous thing when you know what it is for; but it is a very dangerous thing when you don't. And there were cynics—not too frivolous—who held that the best course for the Government would be to withdraw from Ireland for the time being and leave Ulster and the Rest to come to an agreement of their own, either with or without a bloody prelude. And there were other critics—not much more frivolous—who replied that, if we walked out of Ireland and left Ulster and the Rest to come to terms, they might get to understand one another to such good purpose that we should never have the opportunity of walking in again.

And the Government's only consolation lay in the thought that the Rest of Ireland lacked the munitions of war owing to the vigilant precautions taken to prevent the importation of arms into Ulster.

A thrill of emotion rippled over the tented plain. Into the camp of the Nationalist Volunteers had dashed a motor-car which was taken to be the forerunner of a great consignment of smuggled arms, for it contained a bulky wooden case with the label "Munitions of Peace" pasted upon its façade—a superscription that might well have been designed to mislead the wariest of coastguards and patrols. Its sole convoy was an old gentleman—evidently selected for the part, for by his air of simple benevolence you would have judged him the last man in the world to be suspected of nefarious practices.

A cry of bitter disappointment broke out on the discovery that the "munitions" consisted of nothing but books. But the uproar died down as the old gentleman was seen to assume the attitude of an orator. His words were at first received in courteous silence; then with sympathetic approval; finally with deafening applause.

"Nationalist Volunteers!" he said: "I come from performing a similar mission of camaraderie among the hosts of Ulster. I am no partisan. I am like a certain philanthropist of whom I have heard who purveyed sherbet to the rival camps of the Sultan of Morocco and the Pretender. I trust that my fate may not be his, for he was the sole person killed in one of the noisiest battles ever fought in the environs of Fez.

"This tome, identical with the rest of my munitions of peace, embodies (for I made the contents myself, and so ought to know) the highest wisdom mingled with the purest material for mirth. Its contemporaneous perusal in both camps should encourage a common ideal of humour and so promote mutual respect and affection.

"I would go even further and express the hope that here may be found a spirit of genial tolerance which, if assimilated by all parties, will infallibly lead to a solution of the Irish Question without the inconvenience of bloodshed. Gentlemen, permit me!" And thereupon he presented to the admiring gaze of his audience Mr. Punch's

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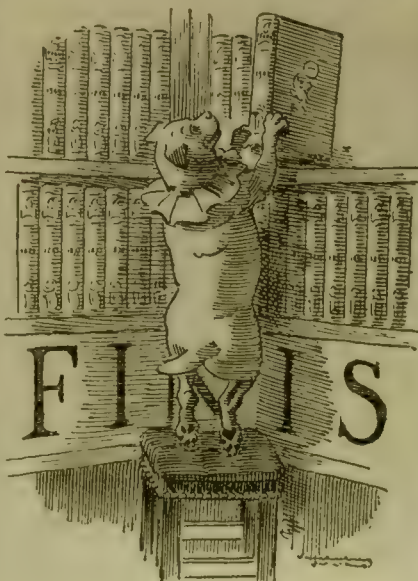


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# PUNCH

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## PROGRESS.

["Giving evidence recently before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, Miss C. E. Collet, of the Home Office, said the commercial laundry was killing the small hand laundry."—*Evening News.*]

The little crafts! How soon they die!  
In cottage doors no shuttle clicks;  
The hand-loom has been ousted by  
A large concern with lots more sticks.

The throb of pistons beats around;  
Great chimneys rise on Thames's  
banks;

The same phenomena are found  
In Sheffield (Yorks) and Oldham  
(Lancs).

No longer now the housewife makes  
Her rare preserves, for what's the  
good?

The factory round the corner fakes  
Raspberry jam with chips of wood.

'Tis so with what we eat and wear,  
Our bread, the boots wherein we splash;  
'Tis so with what I deemed most fair,  
Most virginal of all—the Wash.

'Tis this that chiefly, when I chant,  
Fulfills my breast with sighs of ruth,  
To think that engines can supplant  
The Amazons I loved in youth.

That not with tender care, as erst  
By spinster females fancy-free,  
These button-holes of mine get burst  
Before the shift comes back to me;

That mere machines, and not a maid  
With fingers fatuously plied,  
The collars and the cuffs have frayed  
That still excoriate my hide;

That steam reduces to such states  
What once was marred by human skill;  
That socks are sundered from their mates  
By means of an electric mill;

That not by Cupid's coy advance  
(Some crone conniving at the fraud),  
But simply by mechanic chance,  
I get this handkerchief marked  
"Maud."

This is, indeed, a striking change;  
I sometimes wonder if the world  
Gets better as the skies grow strange  
With coils of smoke about them  
curled.

If the old days were not the best  
Ere printed formulas conveyed  
Sorrow about that silken vest  
For all eternity mislaid;

Ere yet the unwieldy motor-van  
Came clattering round the kerbstone's  
brink,  
Its driver dreaming some new plan  
To make my mauve pyjamas shrink.

EVOC.



## THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

THERE are warm days in London when even a window-box fails to charm, and one longs for the more open spaces of the country. Besides, one wants to see how the other flowers are getting on. It is on these days that we travel to our Castle of Stopes; as the crow flies, fifteen miles away. Indeed, that is the way we get to it, for it is a castle in the air. And when we are come to it Celia is always in a pink sun-bonnet gathering roses lovingly, and I, not very far off, am speaking strongly to somebody or other about something I want done. By-and-by I shall go into the library and work . . . with an occasional glance through the open window at Celia.

To think that a month ago we were quite happy with a few pink geraniums!

Sunday, a month ago, was hot. "Let's take train somewhere," said Celia, "and have lunch under a hedge."

"I know a lovely place for hedges," I said.

"I know a lovely tin of potted grouse," said Celia, and she went off to cut some sandwiches. By twelve o'clock we were getting out of the train.

The first thing we came to was a golf course, and Celia had to drag me past it. Then we came to a wood, and I had to drag her through it. Another mile along a lane, and then we both stopped together.

"Oh!" we said.

It was a cottage, the cottage of a dream. And by a cottage I mean, not four plain rooms and a kitchen, but one surprising room opening into another; rooms all on different levels and of different shapes, with delightful places to bump your head on; open fireplaces; a large square hall, oak-beamed, where your guests can hang about after breakfast, while deciding whether to play golf or sit in the garden. Yet all so cunningly disposed that from outside it looks only a cottage or, at most, two cottages persuaded into one.

And, of course, we only saw it from outside. The little drive, determined to get there as soon as possible, pushed its way straight through an old barn, and arrived at the door simultaneously with the flagged lavender walk for the humble who came on foot. The rhododendrons were ablaze beneath the south windows; a little orchard was running wild on the west; there was a hint at the back of a clean-cut lawn. Also, you remember, there was a golf course, less than two miles away.

"Oh," said Celia with a deep sigh, "but we must live here."

An Irish terrier ran out to inspect

us. I bent down and patted it. "With a dog," I added.

"Isn't it all lovely? I wonder who it belongs to, and if——"

"If he'd like to give it to us."

"Perhaps he would if he saw us and admired us very much," said Celia hopefully.

"I don't think Mr. Barlow is that sort of man," I said. "An excellent fellow, but not one to take these sudden fancies."

"Mr. Barlow? How do you know his name?"

"I have these surprising intuitions," I said modestly. "The way the chimneys stand up——"

"I know," cried Celia. "The dog's collar."

"Right, Watson. And the name of the house is Stopes."

She repeated it to herself with a frown.

"What a disappointing name," she said. "Just Stopes."

"Stopes," I said. "Stopes, Stopes. If you keep on saying it, a certain old-world charm seems to gather round it. Stopes."

"Stopes," said Celia. "It is rather jolly."

We said it ten more times each, and it seemed the only possible name for it. Stopes—of course.

"Well?" I asked.

"We must write to Mr. Barlow," said Celia decisively. "Dear Mr. Barlow, er—Dear Mr. Barlow,——we—— Yes, it will be rather difficult. What do we want to say exactly?"

"Dear Mr. Barlow,—May we have your house?"

"Yes," smiled Celia, "but I'm afraid we can hardly ask for it. But we might rent it when—when he doesn't want it any more."

"Dear Mr. Barlow," I amended, "have you any idea when you're going to die?" No, that wouldn't do either. And there's another thing—we don't know his initials, or even if he's a 'Mr.' Perhaps he's a knight or a duke. Think how offended Duke Barlow would be if we put '—— Barlow, Esq.' on the envelope."

"We could telegraph. 'Barlow. After you with Stopes.'"

"Perhaps there's a young Barlow, a Barlowette or two with expectations. It may have been in the family for years."

"Then we—— Oh, let's have lunch." She sat down and began to undo the sandwiches. "Dear o' Stopes," she said with her mouth full.

We lunched outside Stopes. Surely if Earl Barlow had seen us he would have asked us in. But no doubt his dining-room looked the other way;

towards the east and north, as I pointed out to Celia, thus being pleasantly cool at lunch-time.

"Ha, Barlow," I said dramatically, "a time will come when we shall be lunching in there, and you——bah!" And I tossed a potted-grouse sandwich to his dog.

However, that didn't get us any nearer.

"Will you promise," said Celia, "that we shall have lunch in there one day?"

"I promise," I said readily. That gave me about sixty years to do something in.

"I'm like—who was it who saw something of another man's and wouldn't be happy till he got it?"

"The baby in the soap advertisement."

"No, no, some king in history."

"I believe you are thinking of AHAB, but you aren't a bit like him, really. Besides, we're not coveting Stopes. All we want to know is, does Barlow ever let it in the summer?"

"That's it," said Celia eagerly.

"And, if so," I went on, "will he lend us the money to pay the rent with?"

"Er—yes," said Celia. "That's it."

So for a month we have lived in our Castle of Stopes. I see Celia there in her pink sun-bonnet, gathering the flowers lovingly, bringing an armful of them into the hall, disturbing me sometimes in the library with "Aren't they beauties? No, I only just looked in—good luck to you." And she sees me ordering a man about importantly, or waving my hand to her as I ride through the old barn on my road to the golf-course.

But this morning she had an idea.

"Suppose," she said timidly, "you wrote about Stopes, and Mr. Barlow happened to see it, and knew how much we wanted it, and——"

"Well?"

"Then," said Celia firmly, "if he were a gentleman he would give it to us."

Very well. Now we shall see if Mr. Barlow is a gentleman. A. A. M.

### Correspondence.

"Equal Rights" writes:—

"Dear Sir,—Why are descriptive names confined to boxers, such as Bombardier Wells and Gunboat Smith? Why not Rifleman Redmond, Airman Churchill, Solicitor George, Golfer Asquith, Bushman Wilding, Trundler Hitch, Dude Alexander, Bandsman Beecham, Hunger—Striker Paukhurst? Or, to take Editors——"

[The rest of this communication is omitted owing to considerations of space.—Ed.]





### WHEN THE SHIPS COME HOME.

GREECE. "ISN'T IT TIME WE STARTED FIGHTING AGAIN?"

TURKEY. "YES, I DARESAY. HOW SOON COULD YOU BEGIN?"

GREECE. "OH, IN A FEW WEEKS."

TURKEY. "NO GOOD FOR ME. SHAN'T BE READY TILL THE AUTUMN."









"WE'RE GIVING OUR PASTOR A NEW DRAWING-ROOM CARPET ON THE OCCASION OF HIS JUBILEE. SHOW ME SOMETHING THAT LOOKS NICE BUT ISN'T TOO EXPENSIVE."

"HERE IS THE VERY THING, MADAME—REAL KIDDERMINSTER."

## EGYPT IN VENICE.

### "LA LÉGENDE DE JOSEPH."

THOSE who know the kind of attractions that the Russian ballet offers in so many of its themes could have easily guessed, without previous enlightenment, what episode in the life of JOSEPH had been selected for illustration last week at Drury Lane. But they could never have guessed that Herr TIessen, author of a shilling guide to the intentions of the composer, would attach a transcendental significance to the conduct of *Potiphar's Wife*. "Through the unknown divine," he informs us, "which is still new and mysterious to her, an imperious desire awakens in her to fathom, to possess this world"—the world, that is to say, which *Joseph's* imagination creates in the course of an exhibition dance. If this is so, I can only say that her behaviour is strangely misleading.

The scene opens at a party given by *Potiphar* in Venice. Venice, of course, was not *Potiphar's* home address; and I marvel a little at the change of venue when I think how much more harmony

could have been got out of an Egyptian setting. But then I remind myself that the Russian ballet is nothing if not *bizarre*. The long banqueting-table recalls the canvases of VERONESE, but with discordant notes of the Orient and elsewhere. *Potiphar* himself, seated on a *dais*, has the air of an Assyrian bull. By his side *Mme. Potiphar* wears breeches ending above the knee, with white stockings and high clogs.

For the entertainment of the guests there was a dance of nuptial unveiling and a bout between half-a-dozen Turkish boxers. But it was a decadent and *blazé* company, and something more piquant was needed for their titillation. This was supplied in the shape of an original dance by the fifteen-year-old *Joseph*, whom my guide describes as "graceful, wild and pungent." He was introduced in a recumbent posture, and asleep, on a covered stretcher, and at first I had the clever idea that he was the customary corpse that appeared at Egyptian feasts to remind the company of their liability to die. But when he woke up and began to dance I saw at once that I was wrong.

I now know all about the interpretation of *Joseph's* dance; but I defy anyone to say at sight and without a showman's assistance what precisely he was after. In the Third Figure (according to my guide-book) "there is in his leaps a feeling of heaviness, as if he were bound to earth, and he stumbles once or twice as one who has missed his goal;" but how was I to guess that this signified that his "searching after God" was still ineffectual? or that when in the Fourth Figure he "leaps with light feet" this meant that "*Joseph* has found God"? I don't blame the boy for not knowing the rule that forbids one art to trespass on the domain of another; but there is no excuse for Herr STRAUSS, who must have been well aware that, for the conveyance of any but the most obvious emotions, mute dancing can never be a satisfactory substitute for articulate poetry.

However, *Potiphar's* guests seemed better instructed than I was, for they threw off their apathy and took quite an intelligent interest in *Joseph's pas seul*. Indeed, one young man (the episode escaped me at the dress rehearsal, but I



have it in the guide-book)—one young man, "sobbing, buries his head in his hands, upsetting thereby a dish of fruit." As for *Potiphar*, it failed to stir the sombre depths of his abysmal boredom, but his wife, whose ennui had hitherto been of the most profound, began to sit up and take notice, and at the end of the dance she sent for *Joseph* and supplemented his rather exiguous costume with a gross necklace of jewels, letting her hand linger awhile on his bare neck. Already, it will be seen, she was intrigued with the "unknown divine."

*Joseph*, on the contrary, received her attentions without *empressement*.

In the next scene—after a rather woolly and unintelligible interlude—we see *Joseph* retiring to his couch in an alcove behind the place where the banqueting-table had been. You will judge how urgent was the lady's keenness to probe the mysteries of his divine nature when I tell you that she could not wait till the morning to pursue her enquiries, but must needs visit him in his chamber at dead of night, and wearing the one garment of the hour. At first, still half dreaming, he mistakes her for an angel (he had already seen one in his sleep), but subsequently, growing suspicious, he repels her with a dignified disdain. For I must tell you that, whatever the guide-book may allege about the loftiness of her designs, the music gave her away. It reverted, in fact, to the motive of those passages which had already accompanied and illustrated the nuptial dance, the dance (as Herr *TIESSEN* calls it) of "burning Love-longing."

At this juncture, *Potiphar* and his minions break upon the scene. His wife, after denouncing *Joseph*, is distracted between passion of hatred and passion of love, and there is some play (reminding one of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*) with the purple cloak which *Joseph* had discarded. Presently she eludes her dilemma by fainting.

Meanwhile it has been the work of a moment to order up a brazier, a pair of pincers, a poker, a headsman and an axe. The instruments of torture waste no time in getting red-hot; and we anticipate the worst. *Joseph*, however, who has ignored these preparations and maintained an attitude of superbly indifferent aloofness, suddenly

becomes luminous under great pressure of limelight; and most of the cast, including a ballet of female dervishes, are abashed to the ground.

Now appears, on the open-work entresol at the back of the stage, an archangel. The guide-book is in error where it says that he glides downwards on a shaft of light radiating from a star. As a matter of fact he walks down the main staircase to the ground floor. Approaching *Joseph* he takes him by the hand and "leads him

a spiritual significance in what is mere vulgar animalism.

I ought, by the way, to have said that, in a spasm of chagrin, she chokes herself with the pearl necklace which lent the only touch of superfluity to her night attire, and was carried out—but not up the main staircase. Thus ends this sordid tragedy that so well illustrates that quality in Herr *STRAUSS* to which my guide refers when he speaks of his realization of a "poignant longing for divine cheerfulness." O. S.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A NICE LITTLE DAWG?"

"NO, THANKS VERY MUCH. HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WOULD BITE."

"'E WON'T BITE YER IF YOU BUY 'IM, GUV'NER."

### ENIGMA.

My love to me is cold,  
And no more seeks my gaze,  
I wonder why!  
The smile of welcome that I  
loved of old  
No longer lights her eye.

One little week ago  
I asked no surer guide than  
Cupid's chart;  
I said, "Your eyes reveal the  
depths below,  
And I can read your heart."

She let her shy gaze fall,  
And smiling asked, "Is then  
my face a screed,  
My brow an open love-letter,  
where all  
The world my thoughts  
may read?"

Said I, "The world, I'll  
vow,  
Is blind! Myself alone may  
see the signs,  
And know the message writ-  
ten on your brow:  
I read between the lines."

My dear to me is cold;  
Gone somewhere is the love-  
light from her eye;  
And, when our ways meet,  
stately she doth hold  
Her course. I wonder why.

"Curiously, the Australian Minister of Defence in the last Parliament bore the same name as the Prime Minister in that which has just been dissolved."

*Westminster Gazette.*

A similar curious coincidence happened in England, the War Minister in the last Parliament bearing the same name as the present Lord Chancellor.

### "MEN FOR THE ANTARCTIC.

105 CANADIAN DOGS TO GO WITH

SIR E. SHACKLETON."

*Daily Express.*

A gay lot, these Canadians.



## A SCANDALMONGRIAN ROMANCE.

(By Francis Scribble.)

[The following article, specially written for us by the Author of "Ten Frail Beauties of the Restoration," "Tales Told by a Royal Washerwoman," etc., is another important contribution to the literature of the Royal Dirty-Linen Bag.]

A DAY or two ago a short notice in the papers told of the death of Mrs. Maria Tubbs at Cannes; but few, if any, of those who read that brief announcement will have recognised in it the close of one of the most amazing careers of the nineteenth century. Yet little surprise need be expressed at this general ignorance, for who would think to find under that somewhat commonplace name the ravishingly beautiful Maria Cotherstone, who, forty years ago, was swept by Fate into the track of the late King of Scandal mongria, and well-nigh caused that singularly unstable bark to founder? It is with the kindly object of rescuing her romance from oblivion that this brief chronicle is written.

In 1873 the Scandal mongrian Minister in London was requested to find an English lady to take charge of the two children of his Royal master, and, after searching enquiries, he was successful, and Miss Maria Cotherstone turned her back on England never more to return. She was just twenty-two, fresh and blooming, possessed of the gayest of spirits, delightful manners and the highest accomplishments. Quietly she assumed control of the Royal schoolroom, and by her charm no less than by her firmness she quickly won the respect and love of her charges. Well had it been for her memory if her influence had never spread beyond the walls of her schoolroom; this article had then been unwritten. But alas for human nature! One day His Majesty's eyes fell upon the person of his children's governess, and then began one of the most sordid intrigues it has ever been my pleasure to recall. [A large statement, as readers of our author's *Gleanings from a Royal Dustbin* will readily acknowledge. However, the succeeding three-quarter of a column of details, here omitted, prove that there is at least some foundation for the remark.]

... And so their romance ended, and His Majesty returned to the bosom of his family and became once more the righteous upholder of the sanctity of the marriage tie. At first his easy-going Court smiled somewhat at the claim; but, when one or two highly-placed officials presumed to follow in the footsteps of their Sovereign, and



## THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Mistress. "THAT'S A NICELY-MADE DRESS YOU HAVE ON, JANE. IT'S LIKE THE NEW PARLOURMAID'S, ISN'T IT?"

Jane (a close student of the fashion catalogues). "OH NO, MA'AM, THIS IS QUITE A DIFFERENT CREATION."

were in consequence banished irrevocably from his presence, Scandal mongrian Society realised with a pained surprise that what is venial in a monarch may, in a subject, be a damnable offence.

And what of Maria, the charming, fascinating, much injured Maria? For several years she is lost, and then we hear of her marriage at Rome to "John Tubbs, Esq., of London," and once again she vanishes, only to turn up many years later at Cannes. She is a widow now, and a model of all the virtues. Who so staid and respectable

as Madam? Who so charitable to the poor? Few, it is to be feared, will have recognised in that handsome old lady, so regular in her attendance at the services of the English Church, the beautiful Maria Cotherstone whose name was once on the lips of everybody from one end of Europe to the other. It nearly happened, indeed, that she went down to her grave with all her scandalous, feverish past forgotten, leaving behind her only the fragrant memory of her later life. But I have saved her. It is a queer story, quite interesting enough to recall.



## CHARIVARIA.

It is not only misfortune that makes strange bedfellows. Both Earl BEAUCHAMP and Sir JOSEPH BEECHAM appear in the recent Honours List.

By-the-by, it is denied that Sir JOSEPH BEECHAM was in any way responsible for the Government's "Pills for Earthquakes," by which it was hoped to avert the Irish crisis.

A New York cable announces that the Duke of MANCHESTER is interesting himself in a cinematograph proposition of a philanthropic nature, and that the company will be known as the "Church and School Social Service Corporation for the Advancement of Moral and Religious Education and Social Uplift Work through the medium of the Higher Art of the Moving Picture." It will of course be possible for the man in a hurry to call it, *tout court*, the "C. & S.S.S.C.F.T.A.O.M. & R.E. & S.U. W.T.T.M.O.T.H.A.O.T.M.P."

The penny off the income tax came just in time. It enabled several Liberal plutocrats to buy a rose on Alexandra Day.

The balance sheet of the German Company which has been running a Zeppelin airship passenger service has just been issued, and shows a loss of £10,000 on the year's working. This is not surprising. The difficulty which all aircraft experience is to keep their balance.

At the launch of the liner *Bismarck* last week, the bottle of wine which was thrown by the Countess HANNAH VON BISMARCK missed the vessel, whereupon the KAISER hauled back the bottle, and with his proverbial good luck hit the target.

Five shots were fired last week at Baron HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD. At first it was thought that this was done to stop the author of *Cræsus* from writing more plays, but, when it transpired that the assailant was a man who objected to the "Rothschild Cheap Milk Supply," public sympathy veered round in favour of the Baron.

Messrs. SELFRIDGE AND Co. were last week defrauded by a well-dressed man, who obtained two dressing-bags with silver fittings by means of a trick without paying for them. This is really abominable. It is bad enough when merely commercial firms are victimised: to best a philanthropic institution in this way is peculiarly base.

## "MEXICAN REBEL SPLIT."

*Morning Post.*

Now perhaps the other civilised Powers will intervene. We have heard of many inhumanities marking the war in Mexico, but this treatment of a rebel is surely the limit.

It is not often, we imagine, that the British Navy is used to enforce a change of diet. H.M.S. *Torch* has just been ordered on a punitive expedition to Malekula Island, where certain of the natives have been eating some of their compatriots.

An American woman, according to *The Express*, has a serious complaint about the London policeman. She declares that she walked all the way from Queen's Hall to Piccadilly Circus with three buttons of her blouse undone at the back, and "not a single policeman" offered to do it up for her. No doubt the Force was reluctant to interfere with what might turn out to be the latest fashion. A Boy Scout who offered, the other day, to sew up a split skirt got his ears soundly boxed.

Meanwhile the glad tidings reach us that women's skirts and bodices are to fasten in front instead of at the back. Husbands all over the world who have on occasions been pressed into their wives' service as maids, only to learn that they were clumsy boobies, would like to have the name of the arbiter of fashion who is responsible for this innovation, as there is some thought of erecting a statue to him.

Some distinguished German professors have been discussing the question of the best place in which to keep a baby in summer. It is characteristic, however, of these unpractical persons that not one of them suggests the obvious ice-safe.

"One of the first things the rich should learn," says Dean INGE, "is that money is not put to the best use when it is merely spent on enjoyment." It is hoped that this pronouncement may lead wealthy people to patronise our concert-halls more than they do.

"£1,600," a newspaper tells us, "were found hidden in the cork leg of HARRY C. WISE while he was undergoing treatment in a hospital at Denver." And now, we suspect, HARRY's friends will always be pulling his leg.

"Have you seen *Pelleas and Mélisande*?"

"No. Is it as funny as *Potash and Perlmutter*?"

## THE COLLECTORS.

My dinner partner was a self-made man and not ashamed of it.

"Do you take an interest in china, ma'am?" he asked me.

I felt that if I said "Yes" I should have to buy some. So I said "No," but he didn't wait to hear what I said.

"I think I may say," he continued, "that I have the finest collection of old Dresden china in London."

He went into the figures, explaining the cost price and the difficulty of storage.

"Oh," said I, "if you find it a nuisance, I've a parlour-maid I could recommend to you; just the girl to help you to get rid of it."

At this point I think he had some idea of having the finest collection of parlourmaids in Middlesex, but he made it small dogs instead. Was I interested in these? No, but I supposed I'd have to be if he insisted.

"I don't think I should be far wrong," he began, but I hustled him through to the end of his sentence.

"Finest collection in—" I asked.

"England," he said.

He went over their points, and in an expansive moment I marvelled. This was imprudent, as it caused him to search his mind for some further spectacular triumph wherewith to amaze and delight.

"That," he said, looking up the table, "is my wife."

"Marvellous," said I.

He took this in the best part. "You refer to her diamonds?" he said.

"Did I?" said I.

"The finest collection in Great Britain," he declared, and spread himself over the subject.

Later, in a mood of concession, he inquired as to my specialities. I had none, at least none that I could think of. Determined to extract something noteworthy, he questioned me on every possibility. Was I not married? That was so, I agreed, but then so many women are.

"You have sons, ma'am?" he persisted, with that implacable optimism to which, among other things, he no doubt owed his success in the world.

I thought of Baby. "Ah yes, of course," I said. "The finest collection in Europe."

"In Norway," she says, "we do not eat one-third the quantity that the English eat; our meals are simpler and shorter. I believe that this is the cause of the enormous amount of indigestion that is suffered by the English."

*Daily News and Leader.*

So our doctor, who attributed our indigestion to lobster mayonnaise, was wrong again.



## KINDNESS TO SUBJECTS.

[One of our illustrated papers recently published a picture of the King of SPAIN in a motor-car which had broken down. The car was being pushed along by some helpful people, and the comment on the picture was, "It is these thoughtful little acts that make royalty so popular nowadays." Lest it should be thought that the other potentates of Europe take less trouble to make themselves beloved by their subjects, we hasten to give a few instances which have come to our notice.]

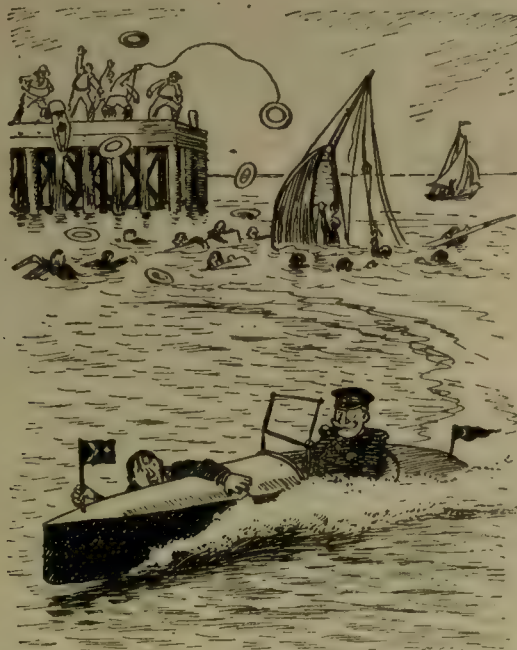


LAST WEEK THE KING OF CADONIA HAD HIS HAT BLOWN OFF IN THE BLUMENGARTEN (THE BEAUTIFUL PARK NEAR THE ROYAL PALACE). THIS KINDLY ACT SHOULD DEEPEN THE AFFECTION IN WHICH THE MONARCH IS HELD BY HIS PEOPLE.



A FEW DAYS AGO THE CROWN PRINCE OF SCHLOSSRAT-TENHEIM HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH HIS AEROPLANE, WHICH OVERTURNED NEAR SCHUTZMEER. FORTUNATELY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FELL ON A RETIRED WUERST-HAENDLER WHO WAS WALKING ON THE BEACH.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S DEVOTION TO HIS BELOVED SUBJECTS IS WELL KNOWN, AND THIS TACTFUL DEED WAS ONLY ANOTHER INSTANCE OF IT.



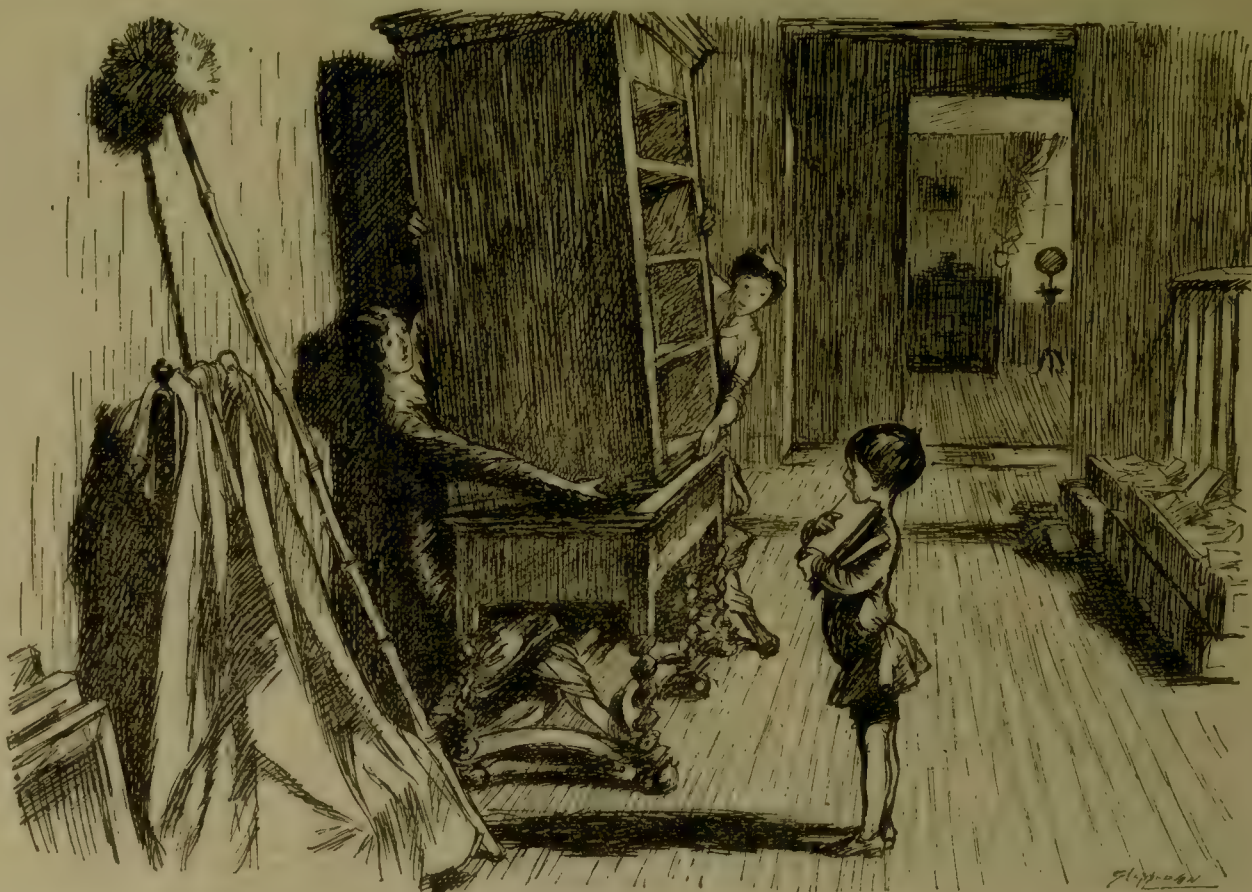
YESTERDAY PRINCE JOHN OF PUMPENHOSEN INADVERTENTLY COLLIDED WITH A PLEASURE-YACHT AT THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOUR OF KREBS WHILE TRYING A NEW MOTOR BOAT. ALL THE PASSENGERS WERE SAVED AND THE PRINCE SHOWED NO SIGNS OF FEAR.

THIS SHOULD ENHANCE HIS GREAT POPULARITY, IF SUCH A THING WERE POSSIBLE.



KING STEPHAN III. OF SERVILIA, WHILE PLAYING ON THE LINKS AT NIBLIERSK LAST WEEK, INITIATED ONE OF HIS EQUESTRIAN INTO THE HUMOUR OF THE GAME. BY THIS THOUGHTFUL ACT HIS MAJESTY ADDS TO THE DESERVED LOVE AND REVERENCE IN WHICH HE IS HELD BY THE SERVILIANS OF ALL CLASSES.





Alan (to his mother, who is busy with a heavy house-cleaning). "PLEASE, MOTHER, READ ME A STORY."

### THE WALKERS.

THERE were eight pretty walkers who went up a hill;  
They were Jessamine, Joseph and Japhet and Jill,  
And Allie and Sally and Tumbledown Bill,  
And Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They were all in good training and all of them keen,  
And their chief wore a coat and a waistcoat of green;  
He was always a proud man and kept himself clean,  
Did Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They intended to lunch when they got to the top  
On a sandwich apiece and a biscuit and chop.  
The provisions were carefully bought in a shop  
By Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They were jesters of merit—the sort who can poke  
Funny tales in your ribs till you splutter and choke;  
But the best of the lot at a jibe or a joke  
Was Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

It was ten of the clock when the walking began,  
And they started with Tumbledown Bill in the van;  
And the rear was brought up by that excellent man,  
By Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They went off at a pace I am bound to deplore,  
For they did twenty yards in a minute or more  
And a yard or two over, a capital score  
For Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

They had all that pedestrians fairly can ask:  
Smooth roads, sunny weather and beer in a cask,  
And a friend who could teach them to stick to their task,  
Viz.: Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

Yet I somehow suppose that they hadn't the knack,  
For in spite of it all they have never come back,  
And I own that the future looks dimly black  
For Farnaby Fullerton Rigby.

Now the walkers who seem to be stuck on the hill,  
They are Jessamine, Joseph and Japhet and Jill,  
And Allie and Sally and Tumbledown Bill,  
And Farnaby Fullerton Rigby. R. C. L.

### King Peter of Servia.

(From *The Daily Mirror*.)

"The proclamation, however, as given in a later message, reads thus:—To My Beloved People: As I shall be prevented by illness from exercising my royal power for some time, I order, by Article 69 of the Constitution, that so long as my cure lasts the Crown Prince Alexander shall govern in my name. On this occasion I recommend my dear fatherland to the care of the Almighty.  
(Signed) PETER."

"On this occasion" is perhaps a little invidious.

Two consecutive books in *The Western Daily Press* list of publications received:—

"RING STRATEGY AND TACTICS.  
CHARLES DICKENS IN CHANCERY."

The boxing boom continues.





## THE EMERGENCY EXIT.

SCENE—A Tight Place.

CHILD HERBERT (to "Wicked Baron"). "MY LORD, I HAVE EVER REGARDED YOU AS A PESTILENT VILLAIN—NAY WORSE, AN HEREDITARY IMBECILE. I THEREFORE RELY ON YOUR BENEFICENT WISDOM TO FIND ME A WAY OUT OF THIS SINISTER WOOD."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, June 22.*

—Great muster of forces on both sides. Not wholly explained by second reading of Budget Bill standing as first Order. A section of Ministerialists, purists in finance, took exception to proposed procedure. HOLT, spokesman at mouth of new Cave, put down amendment challenging CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER's proposals. Here was chance for watchful Opposition. If some thirty Ministerialists would go with them into Lobby it would not quite suffice to turn out Ministry; but it would be better than a Snap Division, with its personal inconvenience of preliminary hiding in bath-rooms and underground cellars.

CASSEL, adding to Parliamentary reputation studiously attained, raised subject on point of order. Underlying suggestion was that Budget Bill should be withdrawn and reintroduced under amended form of procedure. SPEAKER, whilst admitting irregularity, stopped short of approving extreme course. Pointed out that the matter might be put right by moving fresh resolutions.

This disappointing. Worse to follow. The INFANT SAMUEL, making fresh appearance in new part of understudy of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, conceded point of procedure made by Radical Cave. Promised objection should be fully met. HOLT, amid ironical cheers from Opposition, said in these circumstances would not move amendment. Incident reminded WALTER LONG of story of the Colonel and the opossum up a tree.

"Don't shoot!" said the opossum; "I'll come down."

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had come down. No need for Colonel HOLT to discharge his gun.

Thus threatened crisis blew over. Members, cheered by promise of reduction by one half of proposed increase in Income Tax, got away early to attend various functions in honour of KING's birthday.

*Business done.*—Second reading of Budget Bill moved.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—London season in full fling. May be said to reach dizziest height in this birthday week. Social engagements numerous and clashing. To-day House of Lords magnet of attraction of surpassing force. The thing for *grandes dames* to do is to go down to the House and be present at opening of fresh tourney round Home Rule Bill. Accordingly, the peeresses, alive to their responsibility as leaders of high thinking and simple living, flock down



Wicket-keeper (Mr. CASSEL). "How's that?"

Umpire (Mr. SPEAKER). "Out!"

Batsman (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE). "Rotten antiquated rule!"

["I did not expect . . . that hon. members would go rummaging in the dustbins of ancient precedent to find obstacles to place in the way of these proposals."—Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on his Budget.]

to Westminster, filling side-galleries with grace, beauty, and some finely feathered hats.

Seats on floor also crowded. Patriotic peers arriving late, finding no room on the benches where the Union Jack is kept flying, cross over. Temporarily seat themselves among the comparatively scanty flock of discredited Ministerialists. Bishops muster in exceptional number. Their rochets form wedge of spotless white thrust in centre of black-coated laity seated below Gangway on right of Woolsack. Space before Throne thronged with

Privy Councillors availing themselves of the privilege their rank confers to come thus closely into contact with what is still an hereditary chamber.

In centre of first row CARSON uplifts his tall figure and surveys a scene he has done much to make possible.

Perhaps in matter of dramatic interest the play did not quite come up to its superb setting. Principal parts taken by CREWE and LANSDOWNE. Neither accustomed to move House to spasms of enthusiasm. LEADER OF HOUSE, introducing what is officially known as Government of Ireland Amending Bill, made it clear in such sentences as were fully audible that scheme does not go a step beyond overture towards settlement proffered by PREMIER last March.

LANSDOWNE expressed profound disappointment at this lack of enterprise. "Rather a shabby and undignified proceeding on the part of a strong Government," he said, "to come down with proposal they know to be wholly inadequate, and to hint that we ought to assist them in converting it into a practical and workable measure."

Actual condition of things could not with equal brevity be more clearly stated. Bill presented to Lords as sort of lay figure, which they may, in accordance with taste and conviction, suitably clothe. No assurance forthcoming that style and fit will be approved when submitted to House of Commons, final arbiters.

Meanwhile Bill read a first time, and ordered to be printed.



"Bill presented to Lords as a sort of lay figure, which they may, in accordance with taste and conviction, suitably clothe."



*Business done.*—The Commons still harping on the Budget. TIM HEALY enlivened proceedings by vigorous personal attack on "the most reckless and incapable CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that ever sat on the Treasury Bench." LLOYD GEORGE's retort courteous looked forward to with interest.

*House of Commons, Wednesday.*—When, shortly after half-past five, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER rose to take part in debate on new development of Budget Bill, House nearly empty. Interests at stake enormous. Situation enlivened for Opposition by quandary of Government. But afternoon is hot, and from the silver Thames cool air blows over Terrace. Accordingly thither Members repair, leaving House to solitude and CHIOZZA MONEY.

Benches rapidly filled when news went round that CHANCELLOR was on his legs. Soon there was crowded audience. Sound of cheering and counter-cheering, applause and derisive, frequently broke forth. CHANCELLOR in fine fighting form. Malcontents in his own camp are reconciled. Hereditary foe in front. Went for him accordingly. WALTER LONG seated immediately opposite conveniently served as suitable target for whirling lance. Effectively quoted from speeches made by him at other times, insisting upon relief of the rates so heavily burdened as to make it impossible to carry out social reforms of imperative necessity.

"After these lavish professions of anxiety to help local authorities, I did not," said the CHANCELLOR, "expect the right hon. gentleman and his friends would go rummaging in the dustbins of ancient precedent, to find obstacles to place in the way of proposals of reform."

Carried away by his own eloquence, the CHANCELLOR, whilst sarcastically complimentary to WALTER LONG, went so far as to call him "The Father of Form IV." The putative parent blushed. There were cries of "Order!" and "Withdraw!" SPEAKER did not interpose, and CHANCELLOR hurried on to another point of his argument.

Quite a long time since our old friend Form IV., at one time a familiar impulse to party vituperation, was mentioned in debate. This unexpected disclosure of its paternity made quite a stir.

SON AUSTEN followed CHANCELLOR

in brisk speech that led to one or two interludes of angry interruption across the Table. When he made an end of speaking, debate relapsed into former condition of languor. Talk dully kept up till half-past eleven.

*Business done.*—Further debate on Budget.

*Thursday.*—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER admittedly allured by what he describes as "attractive features" of proposal to raise fresh revenue. It is simply the levying of a special tax on all persons using titles.

Idea not absolutely new. Principle established in case of citizens displaying crest or coat-of-arms. What is novel is suggested method of taxation. Differing from the dog-tax, levied at a common rate, it is proposed that our old nobility shall, in this fresh recognition of their lofty estate, be dealt with on a



GARDEN CITY WASHING-DAY.

OUR SENSITIVE ARTIST INSISTS ON A HARMONIOUS COLOUR-SCHEME.

sliding scale. A duke will have his pre-eminence recognised by an exceptionally high rate of taxation. Marquises, earls and a' that will be mulct on a descending scale, till the lowly knight is reached. He will be compensated for comparative obscurity in the glittering throng by being let off for a nominal sum.

CHANCELLOR fears it is too late to adopt proposal this year, a way of putting it which seems to suggest that we may hear more of it in next year's Budget.

*Business done.*—HAYES FISHER'S Amendment to Budget Bill negatived by 303 votes to 265. Reduction of Ministerial majority to 38 hailed with boisterous burst of cheers and counter-cheers.

The LORD MAYOR (on hearing a certain PEEL): "Turn again (in your grave), WHITTINGTON."

New song for old Cantabs:—

"O. B., what can the maté be?"

## RUS IN URBE.

No, this is not the Russian ballet. It is the English Folk Dance Society, and their performances at the Royal Horticultural Hall at Westminster the other day showed that the Russian ballet is not to have things all its own way. I am not going to moralise upon the salacious quality of some of the themes of our exotic visitors, but certainly it would be difficult to find a stronger contrast to their ruling passion than is presented by the purity and simplicity of these country dances.

"Sellinger's Round," danced to an air that lulled *Titania* to sleep all through the winter at the Savoy, was the most popular, with its ring of a dozen dancers, hands joined, running together into the centre of their circle, as if to honour some imaginary deity—possibly Mr. CECIL SHARP, director of the Society, who has collected and revived the airs to which they dance.

Then there were the Morris-dances, "Shepherd's Hey" (with nothing about a "nonny-nony" in it), and "Haste to the Wedding." There might perhaps be a greater propriety in the latter if it were confined to men; but at least it raised no apprehension that anybody was going to "repent at leisure." In the "Flamborough Sword" dance, the men

(with no Amazon assistance) raced through the figure and out again, eight of them, armed with bloodless wooden swords—a finely ordered riot.

"Lady's Pleasure," a Morris-jig for two men, lays hold of you at the first bar, and again with a fresh grip and a tighter as the music slows up for the dancers to do their "capers"—all to the music of Mr. CECIL SHARP at the piano and Miss AVRIL at the fiddle.

The object of The English Folk Dance Society is to teach rather than to perform in public. Hence the rarity of their displays, and the better reason why we should seize, when they come, our chances of assisting at these delightful exhibitions of an art whose revival has done so much to restore to the countryside the unpretentious joys that gave its name to Merrie England.

"It was the time when Henry III. was battling with Simon de Montfort and his Barons."—*Straits Times*.

But not at Lord's, which has only just celebrated its centenary.





ARE YOU LIKE  
THIS?  
THEN ONE MONTH'S  
TREATMENT WITH JONES'  
**ANTITUM**  
WILL MAKE YOU  
LIKE THIS

ARE YOU LIKE  
THIS?  
THEN THREE LARGE  
BOTTLES OF SMITH'S  
**GARGOL**  
WILL MAKE YOU  
LIKE THIS



GREAT ECONOMY EFFECTED BY CO-OPERATION IN ADVERTISEMENT.

### THE MILITANTS' TARIFF.

*Etna Lodge, W.*

Mrs. Bangham Smasher, having entered into partnership with the Misses Burnham Blazer, as General Agents of Destruction, begs to inform the public that the firm will be prepared to execute commissions of all kinds, at the shortest notice, on the very moderate terms given below:—

	£	s.	d.
For breaking windows, per window . . . . .	0	7	6
For howling, kicking, or biting during service in church, per howl, kick, or bite . . . . .	0	10	6
For sitting on doorsteps of obnoxious persons, per hour, if fine . . . . .	0	15	0
For sitting on doorsteps of obnoxious persons, per hour, if wet . . . . .	1	1	0
For damaging golf greens, per green . . . . .	1	11	6
For throwing shoes at magistrates in court, according to size and weight of shoe, from . . . . .	2	2	0
For beating officials connected with gaols . . . . .	3	3	0
For slashing and hacking valuable pictures, from . . . . .	7	7	0
For bombs not intended to explode . . . . .	8	8	0
For burning down a house, according to value and social position of owner, from . . . . .	10	0	0
For insulting exalted Personages, per insult . . . . .	10	10	0
For burning down a modern red-brick church . . . . .	15	15	0
For burning down a specially valuable and interesting ancient one (eleventh and twelfth centuries extra) . . . . .	21	0	0
For bombs warranted to destroy an ordinary church . . . . .	30	0	0
For bombs suited to wreck really superior buildings, such as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's . . . . .	50	0	0

For disturbing public meetings and the general harassing and annoyance of all peaceable and decent people . . . . . No charge.

Bangham Smasher, Burnham Blazer & Co. beg to assure their patrons that all the choppers, hammers, bombs, stones, etc., employed in their business are of the very best quality, and only refined paraffin and wax matches will be used in burning down any building.

Being in a position to offer such exceptional advantages they trust to receive a large measure of support in their elevating and enlightening work.

If none of the above is found suitable to the needs of intending clients, a further list of assorted outrages will be supplied on application.

### LOVE'S LOGIC.

My happiness is in another's keeping,  
My heart delivered to a maiden's care,  
And she can cast it down or set it leaping  
(The latter process is extremely rare);  
Ah, would that love indeed had made me blind,  
That I might put her image out of mind!

Yet if I looked at her with eyes unseeing  
Her voice and laughter would not pass unheard;  
I should not be a reasonable being,  
I still should tremble at her lightest word;  
How could I then gain freedom from the spell  
Unless I turned completely deaf as well?

So, blind and deaf, I might perhaps recover  
A partial peace of mind, but all in vain,  
For memories pursue the luckless lover,  
And only death can ease him of his pain.  
Thus, having proved that I were better dead,  
I think I'll go and talk to her instead.



## BALM FOR THE BRAINGLESS.

["If one man has more brains than another, which enable him to outstrip his fellows, is not that good fortune? What had he got to do with it? If your brain is a bad one, it is not your responsibility. If your brain is a good one it is not your merit. Some men have greater physical, mental, moral strength than others that enables them to win in the race. That is their good fortune and they ought to be grateful for it; and the one way they can best show their gratitude is by helping those who are less fortunate than themselves. Men endowed with any, or most, or all of these fortunate conditions ought not to be stingy in helping others who have not been so fortunate as themselves."—*Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Denmark Hill, June 20.*]

As a result of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S vivid and convincing pronouncement on the responsibilities of the fortunate, we have been deluged with appeals from all sorts and conditions of unlucky correspondents. We select the following from among the most deserving cases in the hope that our opulent readers may avail themselves of the chances thus offered of redressing the partiality of fortune.

## THE CRY OF THE CRACKSMAN.

*The Sanctuary, Crookhaven.*

SIR,—Endowed by nature with an imperfect moral sense and a complete inability to discriminate between *meum* and *tuum*, I was irresistibly impelled at an early age to adopt the precarious profession of housebreaker. I have just served a sentence of three years, and was on the point of resuming my career when I read Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S epoch-making speech at Denmark Hill, in which he clearly defines the duty of the State to redress the inequalities of moral as well as material endowment by which so large a proportion of the community is penalised. I am the master of a fine literary style and admirably suited to discharge any secretarial duties, but it is only right that I should clearly explain at the outset that it is no use offering me any post unless it is so well salaried that I should never feel it was worth while to explore or appropriate the contents of my employer's safe.

Respectfully yours,  
RAPHAEL BUNNY.

## THE LUCK OF THE LAW.

*Railway Carriage Bungalow,  
Shoreham, Sussex.*

SIR,—It is precisely thirty years since I was called to the Bar, and several of my contemporaries have already been elevated to the Bench, while Sir JOHN SIMON, who is considerably my junior, is in the receipt of a salary probably double that drawn by an ordinary Judge. My earnings for the last ten years have exempted me

from income-tax, but this is but a poor consolation when I consider that were it not for the caprice of fortune I should probably be returning £400 or £500 a year to the Exchequer in super-tax. But not only have I been badly treated in regard to mental equipment; I have been further handicapped by hereditary conscientious objection to pay any bills. An annuity of £500 a year, or only one-tenth of the salary of a Judge, is the minimum that my self-respect will allow me to accept in payment of the State's long-standing debt to

Yours faithfully, WILLIAM WEIR.

## THE CRUELTY OF COMPETITION.

SIR,—I confidently appeal for your support in the application for a grant which I am forwarding to the PRIME MINISTER. My son, aged 14, has failed to win an entrance scholarship at Winchester and Charterhouse, not from any fault of his own, but simply owing to the unfair competition of other candidates more liberally endowed with brains. At a modest estimate I calculate that the extra drain on my resources for the next eight years in consequence of this undeserved hardship will amount to at least £600, which I can ill afford owing to unfortunate speculations in Patagonian ruby mines—another example of that bad luck which, in the noble words of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it is the privilege of the prosperous to remedy.

I am, Sir, yours expectantly,  
(Rev.) J. STONOR BROOKE.

## VIS INERTIE.

*Lotus Lodge, Limpsfield.*

SIR,—A victim since birth to congenital lassitude, which has rendered all labour, whether manual or mental, distasteful, nay, intolerable to me, I find myself at the age of 41 so out of touch with the spirit of strenuous effort which has invaded every corner of our national life that I am anxious to confer on the State or, failing that, some meritorious millionaire the privilege of providing for my modest needs. A snug sinecure with a commodious residence and a good car—cheap American motors are of course barred—represent the indispensable minimum.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
EVERLEIGH SLACK.

Some day, says the President of the Aero Club, we shall be able to go into a shop and buy a pair of wings. But we can do that already; the only difficulty is to fly with them.

"Gentleman, middle aged, would be glad of a few correspondents (40 to 60)."

*T. P.'s Weekly.*

Too many.

## THE SILENT CHARMER.

[Speaking of flowers a contemporary recently remarked:—"These careless-looking creatures filling the air with delight, robbing tired brains of tiredness, are a delicate texture of coloured effort that has prevailed out of a thousand chances, aided in all that effort by man. Without man they would be but weeds—a profusion of Nature's quantity."]

My dearest Thomas, I would not  
Deny the fact that you are clever;  
You've taught Dame Nature what is  
what  
At horticultural endeavour  
(She has not got that useful thing,  
The shilling book of gardening).

She has her merits, but, of course,  
Her wild attempts won't stand comparing  
With such a floral *tour de force*  
As that geranium you are wearing;  
Yon chosen emblem of your skill  
Must surely make her wilder still.

But give me Nature; when we meet  
She does not prattle of her posies,  
Dull facts of what begonias eat,  
The dietetic fads of roses,  
And how she strove with spade and  
spud,  
Or nipped the green fly on the bud.

'Tis she that really soothes the brain,  
Spreading her weeds in bright profusion,  
And never troubling to explain  
How much they owe to her collusion,  
While, Thomas, your achievements seem  
To be your one and only theme.

Mr. J. C. PARKE, writing in *The Strand Magazine* on the best way to beat WILDING, says:—

"Personally, after close observation and from playing against him, I would suggest a determined attack on the champion's forehead from the base-line."

That ought to learn him.

"His Majesty has been pleased to confer the dignity of an Earldom of the United Kingdom upon Field-Marshal the Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, P.G.C., B.O.M.G.C., S.I.G.C.M., G.G.C.I.E."

*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

The old orders change, yielding place to new.

From a magazine cover:—

"This magazine has been the turning point in many a man's career. Spend twopence and half-an-hour on it.... Price Threepence." We would rather pay the threepence.

"In our report of the wedding of Mr. Lee Kwee Law to Miss Chan Siew Cheen we inadvertently left out the following, who also sent presents:—"*Straits Echo.*

And then they inadvertently left them out again.



## THE CURE FOR CRICKET.

THERE is no longer any doubt that golf is threatening the supremacy of our national game. Judged by the only true standard—the amount of space allotted to it in the daily press—it is manifest that the encroachments of this insidious pastime have now reached a point where the cricket reformer must bestir himself before it is too late. We are convinced that so far we have been taking much too narrow a view. The time has come to look for light and leading outside the confines of our own Book of Rules. There are other games besides cricket. Let us call them to our councils.

In the first place a valuable hint may surely be found in the development of Rugby football. It is common knowledge what immense results have followed the introduction, some twenty years ago, of the Four Three-quarter System. No spectator (and we cannot exist without the spectator) would ever dream now of returning to the old formation. Very well. The same principle can be easily adapted to our requirements in the form of the Three Batsmen System. The pitch would become an equilateral triangle, and we should suggest that the bowler have the option of bowling (from his own corner) at either of the two outlying batsmen (at theirs). Lots of interesting developments would follow, as, for instance, the institution of a sort of silly-point-short-mid-on in the centre of the triangle. (Should he be allowed to wear gloves?)

Golf has also a lesson to teach us. We are all familiar with the huge strides that have been made by the introduction of the rubber-cored ball. We don't want to plagiarize, although a rubber-cored cricket ball is a nice idea. Why not aim at the opposite extreme and try a ball "reinforced" with concrete? The tingling of the batsman's fingers which might result could be neutralised by the use of a rubber-faced bat. This reform would, we believe, have one happy consequence. People wouldn't be so keen to play with their legs.

As to lawn tennis—another dangerous rival—we hear a good deal in these days about "foot-faults." That seems to show the trend of modern thought. If we are to be in the swim we shall have to reconsider our no-ball rule. Why not make it a no-ball every time unless the bowler has both feet in the air at the moment when the ball leaves his hand? One might put up a little hurdle—nothing obtrusive—only a matter of a few inches high.

We believe that something might



"ARE YOU MRS. PILKINGTON-HAYCOCK?"

"NO."

"WELL, I AM, AND THIS IS HER DEW."

even be done by borrowing from hockey the principle of the semi-circle, outside of which a goal may not be shot. The whole pitch might be enclosed in a circular crease—which would look uncommonly well in Press photographs. (We cannot exist without the Press.) No fielder inside the magic circle would be allowed to stop the ball with his feet.

Finally there is the case of billiards, not a game that is very closely allied to cricket, but one from which much may be learned. How has billiards brightened itself? By adopting the great principle of "barring" certain strokes. Here we have got on to something really valuable. We propose to go one better, and draw up a schedule of the different conditions of barring under which matches may be played. It will only remain for secretaries, when fixtures are made, to arrange the terms

by negotiation. In time to come, should we be able to carry our point, we shall all be familiar with such announcements as the following:—

Notts. v. Surrey. (Cut-barred.)  
Gentlemen v. Players. (L.b.w.-barred.)  
England v. Australia. (Googly-and-yorker-barred.)

We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject, but we have made a start. We must look about us. Something may be learned, we firmly believe, even from skittles and ping-pong. Our national game cannot afford to exclude special features. It should have the best of everything.

### Professional Candour.

"The sermon over, a collection was taken, and hardly a person present did not contribute. Mgr. Benson's sermon went to the hardest heart there. Even the journalists contributed."

*The Universe.*



## THE HERE, THERE AND LONDON LETTER.

*With apologies to "The Westminster Gazette."*

### THE HOME OF THE SOUTH SAXONS.

Sussex, the county for which Mr. C. B. FRY (who hurt his leg in the Lord's centenary match) used to play before he moved to Hampshire, is an attractive division of the country to the south of London with a long sea border. Mr. KIPLING has praised it in some memorable verses, and among frequent visitors to its principal town, Brighton, is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The word Sussex is a contraction of South Saxon. All will wish the old Oxonian a speedy recovery from his strain.

### A MONETARY PROVERB.

The origin of the old saying, "Penny wise, pound foolish," which has come into vogue again in connection with the revised income tax—for who can deny that the saving of the penny is wise?—is lost in obscurity; but there is no doubt that it is very ancient. Many nations have the same proverb in different terms as applied to their own currency. In France the coins to which the saying best applies would be the sou and the louis; in America, the cent and the dollar; and so forth.

### CORDIALITY BEFORE PARTY.

The circumstance of Mr. LULU HARCOURT's unveiling a memorial to Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN at the Albert Dock Hospital is not without precedent. On more than one occasion party differences have been similarly forgotten. Thus several golf players contributed to *The Daily Telegraph* shilling fund in honour of the great W. G. GRACE some few years ago. Such sinking of private shibboleths is a very excellent thing and goes far to show how thoroughly sound and healthy English public life really is *au fond*.

### THE NAMES OF COLLEGES.

Exeter College, Oxford, which has just celebrated its six hundredth anniversary, is not the only college which bears the same name as that of a city. Pembroke is another. Keble is, of course, named after the hymn-writer and divine; and Balliol, where C. S. C. played the wag so divertingly, after Balliol. *A propos* of Oxford, it is a question whether that extremely amusing book, *Verdant Green*, is still much read by freshmen.

### THE AUTHOR OF *THE LITTLE MINISTER*.

Sir JAMES BARRIE, who is said to

have written a revue for production this autumn at a West-End Theatre, must not be confounded with the French sculptor, BARYE, in spite of the similarity of name. BARYE is famous chiefly for his bronzes of lions, and fortunately, in making his studies of these dangerous animals, he escaped the fate which so often befalls the trainer of wild beasts whose animals suddenly turn upon him.

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

### THE ALIEN.

ONCE upon a time a poet was sitting at his desk in his cottage near the woods, trying to write.

It was a hot summer day and great fat white clouds were sailing across the sky. He knew that he ought to be out, but still he sat on, pen in hand, trying to write.

Suddenly, among all the other sounds of busy urgent life that were filling the warm sweet air, he heard the new and unaccustomed song of a bird. At least not new and not unaccustomed, but new and unaccustomed there, in this sylvan retreat. The notes poured out, now shrill, now mellow, now bubbling like musical water, but always rich with the joy of life, the fulness of happiness. Where had he heard it before? What bird could it be?

Suddenly the poet's housekeeper hurried in. "Oh, Sir," she exclaimed, "isn't it a pity? Someone's canary has got free, and it's singing out here something beautiful."

"Of course," said the poet—"a canary;" and he hastened out to see it. But before he could get there the bird had flown to a clump of elms a little way off, from which proceeded sweeter and more tumultuously exultant song than they had ever known.

The poet walked to the elms with his field-glasses, and after a while he discerned among the million leaves the little yellow bird, with its throat trembling with rapture.

But the poet and his housekeeper were not the only creatures who had heard the strange melody.

"I say," said one sparrow to another, "did you hear that?"

"What?" inquired the other sparrow, who was busy collecting food for a very greedy family.

"Why, listen," said the first sparrow.

"Bless my soul," said the second.

"I never heard that before."

"That's a strange bird," said the first sparrow; "I've seen it. It's all yellow."

"All yellow?" said the other. "What awful cheek!"

"Yes, isn't it?" replied the first

sparrow. "Can you understand what it says?"

"Not a note," said the second. "Another of those foreigners, I suppose. We shan't have a tree to call our own soon."

"That's so," said the first. "There's no end to them. Nightingales are bad enough, grumbling all night, and swallows, although there's not so many of them this year as usual; but when it comes to yellow birds—well."

"Hullo," said a passing tit, "what's the trouble now?"

"Listen," said the sparrows.

The tit was all attention for a minute while the gay triumphant song went on.

"Well," he said, "that's a rum go. That's new, that is. Novel, I call it. What is it?"

"It's a yellow foreigner," said the sparrows.

"What's to be done with it?" the tit asked.

"There's only one thing for self-respecting British birds to do," said the first sparrow. "Stop it. Teach it a lesson."

"Absolutely," said the tit. "I'll go and find some others."

"Yes, so will we," said the sparrows; and off they all flew, full of righteous purpose.

Meanwhile the canary sang on and on, and the poet at the foot of the tree listened with delight.

Suddenly, however, he was conscious of a new sound—a noisy chirping and harsh squeaking which seemed to fill the air, and a great cloud of small angry birds assailed the tree. For a while the uproar was immense, and the song ceased; and then, out of the heart of the tumult, pursued almost to the ground where the poet stood, fell the body of a little yellow bird, pecked to death by a thousand avenging furies.

Seeing the poet they made off in a pack, still shrilling and squawking, but conscious of the highest rectitude.

The poet picked up the poor mutilated body. It was still warm and it twitched a little, but never could its life and music return.

While he stood thoughtfully there an old woman, holding an open cage and followed by half-a-dozen children, hobbled along the path.

"My canary got away," she said. "Have you seen it? It flew in this direction."

"I'm afraid I have seen it," said the poet, and he opened his hand.

"My little pet!" said the old woman. "It sang so beautifully, and it used to feed from my fingers. My little pet."

The poet returned to his work. "In tooth and claw," he muttered to himself, "In tooth and claw."





### HOW TO UTILISE THE ART OF "SUGGESTION."

THE DOCTOR, SIX DOWN AT THE TURN, "SUGGESTS" TO HIS OPPONENT THAT THEY ARE PLAYING CROQUET, AND WINS BY TWO AND ONE.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Tents of a Night* (SMITH, ELDER) is a quite ordinary story, about entirely commonplace persons, which has however an original twist in it. I never met a story that conveyed so vividly the nastiness of a summer holiday that isn't nice. The holiday was in Brittany, just the common round, Cherbourg, Coutances, Mont St. Michel, and the rest of it; and the holiday-makers were Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn, their niece Anne, and a rather pleasant flapper named Barbara whom they had taken in charge. Anne is the heroine and central character of the holiday; and certainly whatever discomforts it contained she seems to have done her successful best to add to. "This is a beastly place!" was her written comment upon St. Michel; and it was typical of her attitude throughout. Of course the real trouble with Anne was something deeper than drains or crowded hotels or the smell of too many omelettes: she was in love. Apparently she was more or less in love with two men, *Dragotin Voinovich* (whose name was a constant worry to Anne's aunt, and I am bound to say that I share her feelings about it) and *Jimmy Fordyce*, a pleasant young Englishman who pulls the girls out of quicksands and makes himself generally agreeable. In the end, however—but on second thoughts the end, emotionally speaking; of Anne is just what I shall not tell you, as it is precisely the thing that redeems the book from being commonplace. This you will enjoy; and also those remarkably real descriptions of

various plage-hotels in August, the noise, the crowds, the long hot meals, the sunshine and constant wind, the sand on the staircase, and the general atmosphere of wet bathing-gowns—all these are a luxurious delight to read about in a comfortable English room. Miss MARY FINDLATER evidently knows them.

Dippers who have given a new meaning to the classical motto, *Respice finem*, are so common amongst novel readers that PATRICIA WENTWORTH will only have herself to thank if many who are unfamiliar with her work fail to do justice to a book nine-tenths of which is thoroughly interesting and excellently well-written. As a boy, the hero of *Simon Heriot* (MELROSE) is misunderstood, and although Mr. Martin, his step-father, is a somewhat stagey specimen of the heavy and vulgar papa, the child's emotions (as, for instance, when he pretends that the storm of his parent's wrath is the ordeal of the Inquisition or some far-away battle of paladins in which he is contending) are finely conceived, and many of the later passages in *Simon's* life—his unhappy love affair with *Maud Courtney*, his relations with his grandmother and with *William Forster*, the school-master—are quite engrossing and give occasion for memorable sketches of character. It is when the natural end of the story is reached, and *Simon* has come into his own and has just been wedded to his proper affinity, that the structure seems to me to fall with a crash. I might perhaps, though not without reluctance, have pardoned an impertinent railway accident which leaves the young man apparently



crippled for life, but the last chapters, in which he finds spiritual comfort and (after the doctors have given up hope) complete anatomical readjustment through the ministrations of faith healing, alienated me entirely. From the outset the obvious scheme of the novel is to bring the hero back happily to the home and, if you will, the rustic church of his ancestors; and, though the science of Christian healing may do all that its adherents claim for it, it has about as much to do with the case of *Simon Heriot* as the dancing dervishes or the rites of Voodoo.

DEMETRA VAKA has melted my literary heart. By way of homage to her I eat the dust and recant all the hard and bitter things I said and thought in my youth concerning Ancient Greece; especially I apologise, on behalf of myself and my pedagogues, for ever regarding its language as a dead one. *A Child of the Orient* (LANE) has taught me better, though the last object the author appears to have in view is to educate. This "Greek girl brought up in a Turkish household" writes to amuse, entertain and charm, and her success is abundant. Whether it is attributable to the romantic particulars of the Turkish household or to the ingenuous personality of the Greek girl, I hesitate to say, since both are so captivating; but this I know, that, considered as descriptive sketches or personal episodes, each of the twenty-two chapters is a separate delight. For the ready writer material is not wanting in the Near East; a fine theme is provided in the national ambition of the Greek, who cannot forget his glorious past and be content with his less conspicuous present. As for the love interest, who should supply this better than the Turk? In these days of cosmopolitanism there are bound to be romantic complications in the lives of a polygamous people situated in a monogamous continent. By way of postscript the authoress travels abroad and deals with alien matters; her impression, I gather, is that if her ancestors of classical times could see our world of to-day and express an opinion upon it the best of their praise would be reserved for the fact of the British Empire, and the worst of their abuse be spent upon what is known as American humour. I am so constituted that I cannot but be prejudiced in favour of a writer gifted with so profound a judgment.

The creatrix of *Pam* must look to her laurels. Slovenliness is the aptest word to apply to the workmanship of *Maria* (HUTCHINSON), the latest heroine of the Baroness VON HUTTEN. *Maria* has the air of having been contracted for, while that fastidious overseer who lurks at the elbow of every honest craftsman, condemning this or that phrase, readjusting the other faulty piece of construction, has frankly abandoned the contractor. *Maria* was the daughter of an artist cadger (name of *Drello*), friend of the great and seller of their autograph letters, whereby he was astute enough to make a comfortable living. *Maria* had a dull brother named *Laertes*, who accidentally met a highness, who fell very abruptly in love with *Maria* and made

her strictly dishonourable proposals. *Maria* drew herself up, compelled him to apologise and go away, until the nineteenth chapter, when she made similar proposals to the highness, now a duly and unhappily married *King of Sarmania*. But she is saved by the chivalrous love-lorn dwarf, *Tomsk*, who, with the irascible singing-master *Sulzer*, is responsible for the chief elements of vitality in this rather suburban romance. And I found myself never believing in *Maria's* wondrous beauty and quite sharing *Sulzer's* poor opinion of her singing. But this of course was mere prejudice.

In *Grizel Married* (MILLS AND BOON) Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY exhibits the highest-handed method of treating Romance that ever I met. For consider the situation to be resolved. *Dane Peignton* was engaged to *Teresa*, but in love with *Lady Cassandra Raynor*, whose husband, I regret to add, was still alive. *Dane* and *Cassandra* had never told their love, and concealment might have continued to prey on their damask cheeks, if Mrs.



BARGAIN: Two-seater, with most of the accessories; only done fifty miles; water-cooled engine; owner giving up driving.

VAIZEY had not (very naturally) wished to give us a big emotional scene of avowal. It is the way in which this is done that compels my homage. Off go the characters on a picnic, obviously big with fate. *Teresa* goes, and *Dane* and *Cassandra*, the fourth being *Grizel*, whom you may recall pleasantly from an earlier book; but, though she fills the title rôle in this one, she has little to do with its development. Of course I saw that something tragic was going to happen to somebody on that picnic—cliffs or tides or mad bulls or something. But I don't suppose that in twenty guesses you could get at the actual instrument of destiny.

*Cassandra* chokes over a fish-bone! That's what I meant about Mrs. VAIZEY's courage. And the reward of it is that, after your first moment of incredulity, the fish-bone isn't in the least bit absurd. Poor *Cassandra* comes quite near to expiring of it; and *Dane*, having thumped and battered her into safety, sobs out his wild and whirling passion, while *Grizel* and poor *Teresa* have just to sit about and listen. It really is rather a striking and original climax; incidentally it is far the best scene in an otherwise not very brilliant tale. But, having attended that picnic, I shall be astonished if you don't want to go on to the end and see how it all straightens out.

"At 9.30 o'clock, as the fog lifted somewhat, the rescuing steamer *Lyonnesse* had sighted the *Gothland*, fast on the rocks, with a bad list to starboard, and apparently partly filled with water."

*Daily Chronicle.*

"Our Special Correspondent's" father seems to be a big man.

"While the class watches, the teacher pronounces all the words. Then the whole class pronounces them while the teacher points, skipping around."—*Hawaii Educational Review.*

A pretty scene, if the teacher is a man of graceful movements.



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## CHARIVARIA.

LORD BRASSEY is said to be annoyed at the way in which his recent adventure at Kiel was exaggerated. He landed, it seems, on the mole of the Kaiser Dockyard, not noticing a warning to trespassers—and certain of our newspapers proceeded at once to make a mountain out of the mole.

Mr. ROOSEVELT'S American physician, Dr. ALEXANDER LAMBERT, has confirmed the advice of his European physicians that the EX-PRESIDENT must have four months' rest and must keep out of politics absolutely for that period; and it is said that President WILSON is also of the opinion that the distinguished invalid owes it to his country to keep quiet for a time.

At the farewell banquet to Lord GLADSTONE members of the Labour Unions surrounded the hotel and booed loudly with a view to making the speeches inaudible. As the first serious attempt to protect diners from an orgy of oratory this incident deserves recording.

There appear to have been some amusing misfits in the distribution of prizes at the recent Midnight Ball. For example a young lady of pronounced sobriety, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, secured a case of whisky and went about asking if she could get it changed for perfume. Whisky is, of course, essentially a man's perfume.

There are One Woman Shows as well as One Man Shows in these days. An invitation to be present at a certain function in connection with a certain charitable institution announces:—

"ATHLETIC SPORTS AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES by LADY ———."

Some surprise is being expressed in non-legal circles that the actress who lost the case which she brought against SANDOW, LIMITED, for depicting her as wearing one of their corsets, did not apply for stays of execution.

Quite a number of our picture galleries are now closed, and it has been suggested that, with the idea of reconciling the public to this state of affairs,

there shall be displayed conspicuously at the entrance to the buildings the reminder, "*Ars est celare artem.*"

*The Gentlewoman*, by the way, which is publishing a series of articles entitled "Woman's Work at the 1914 Academy," omits to show us photos of Mr. SARGENT'S and Mr. CLAUSEN'S paintings after certain women had worked upon them.

The Admiralty dismisses as "a silly rumour" the report that one of our new first-class destroyers is to be named *The Suffragette*.



## A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Romantic Tripper. "TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER PICKED UP ANY BOTTLES ON THE BEACH?"

Boatman. "WERRY OFTEN, MISS!"

Romantic Tripper. "AND HAVE YOU FOUND ANYTHING IN THEM?"

Boatman. "NOT A BLESSED DROP, MISS!"

In Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' play, *The Sin of David*, we are to see Cavaliers and Roundheads. This will be a welcome change, for in most of the theatres nowadays one sees a preponderance of Deadheads.

The intrepid photographer again! *The Illustrated London News* advertises:—

PHOTOGRAPHURE PRESENTATION PLATE OF  
GENERAL BOOTH AND  
MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH  
LIONS PHOTOGRAPHED AT 5 YARDS'  
DISTANCE.

Once upon a time Red Indians used to kidnap Whites. Last week, Mrs. W. BOWMAN CUTTER, a wealthy widow of

seventy, living at Boston, Massachusetts, eloped with her 21-year-old Red-skin chauffeur.

A memorial to a prize-fighter who was beaten by TOM SAYERS was unveiled at Nottingham last week. Should this idea of doing honour to defeated British heroes spread to those of to-day our sculptors should have a busy time.

A visitor to Scarborough nearly lost his motor-car in the sands at Filey last week: it sank up to the bonnet and was washed by the sea before it was hauled to safety by four horses.

Neptune is said to have been not a little annoyed at the car's escape, as he realises that his old chariot drawn by sea-horses is now sadly *démodé*.

A new organisation, called "The League of Wayfarers," has been formed. Its members apparently consist of "child policemen," who undertake to protect wild flowers. How it is going to be done we do not quite understand. Presumably, small boys will hide behind, say, dandelions, and emit a loud roar when anyone tries to pluck the tender plant.

When *The Yorkshire Post* and *The Hull Daily Mail* differ, who shall decide between them? *The Hull Daily Mail* asserts positively that A. PAPAZONGLON won the long jump at the Bridlington Grammar School sports and that C. PAPAZONGLON was second in the 100 yards and High Jump. Its contemporary, however, unhesitatingly

awards these positions to C. PAPAZONGLOU, C. PAPAZONGA and C. PAPAZAGLOU respectively. But it gives the "Victor Ludorum" cup to a new competitor, C. PAPAZOUGLOU, and again differs from *The Hull Daily Mail*, which knows for a fact that it was won by C. PPAZONGLON. Whom shall we believe?

## "ASQUITH DENIES MILITANT PLEA.

Receives Working Women but Won't Introduce Bill."—*New York Evening Sun*.

We are left with the uneasy impression that William is a snob.

"On a divan the motion for rejection was carried by 178 to 186."—*Daily Chronicle*.  
Our politicians are right to take it easy this hot weather.



## A PATRIOT UNDER FIRE.

*(Observed during the recent heat wave.)*

PHILIP, I note with unaffected awe  
 How, with the glass at 90 in the cool,  
 You still obey inflexibly the law  
 That governs manners of the British school;  
 How, in a climate where the sweltering air  
 Seems to be wafted from a kitchen copper,  
 You still refuse to lay aside your wear  
 Of sable (proper).  
 The Civil Service which you so adorn  
 Would lose its prestige, visibly grown slack,  
 And all its lofty pledges be forsworn  
 Were you to deviate from your boots of black;  
 Were you to shed that coat of sombre dye,  
 That ebon brain-box (imitation beaver)  
 Whose torrid aspect strikes the passer-by  
 With tertian fever.

As something far beyond me I respect  
 The virtue, equal to the stiffest crux,  
 Which thus forbids your costume to deflect  
 Into the primrose path of straw and ducks;  
 I praise that fine regard for red-hot tape  
 Which calmly and without an eyelid's flutter  
 Suffers the maddening noon to melt your nape  
 As it were butter.

"His clothes are not the man," I freely own,  
 Yet often they express the stuff they hide,  
 As yours, I like to fancy, take their tone  
 From stern, ascetic qualities inside;  
 Just as the soldier's heavy marching-gear  
 Conceals a heart of high determination,  
 Too big, in any temperature, to fear  
 Nervous prostration.

I cite the warrior's case who goes through fire;  
 For you, no less a patriot, face your risk  
 When in your country's service you perspire  
 In blacks that snort at Phœbus' flaming disc;  
 So, till a medal (justly made of jet)  
 Records your grit and pluck for all to know 'em,  
 I on your chest with safety-pins will set  
 This inky poem.

O. S.

## "THE PURPLE LIE."

"ARABELLA," I said, examining the fuzzy part of her which projected above the dome of the coffee-pot, "I perceive that you mope. That being so, I am glad to be able to tell you that I have been presented with two tickets for *The Purple Lie* to-morrow evening."

"Sorry," she replied, "but it's off."

"Off!" I exclaimed indignantly, "when the box-office is being besieged all day by a howling mob, and armoured commissionaires are constantly being put into commission to defend it. Off!"

"What I mean to say is," said Arabella, "that we're dining with the Messington-Smiths to-morrow evening."

I bowed my head above the marmalade and wept. "Arabella," I groaned, looking up at last, "what have we done that these people should continue to supply us with food? We do not love them, and they do not love us. The woman is a bromide. Her husband is even worse. He is a phenacetin. I shall fall asleep in the middle of the asparagus and butter myself badly. Think,

moreover, of the distance to Morpheus Avenue. Remember that I have been palpitating to see *The Purple Lie* for weeks."

"So have I," said Arabella. "It's sickening, but I am afraid we must pass those tickets on."

I happened that day to be lunching with my friend Charles. "The last thing in the world I want to do," I said to him, "is to oblige you in any way, but I chance to have—ahem!—purchased two stalls for *The Purple Lie* which I cannot make use of. I had forgotten that I am dining with some very important and—influential people to-morrow night. When a man moves as I do amid a constant whirl of gilt-edged engagements——"

"Ass!" said Charles, and pocketed the tickets.

On the following morning I perceived a large crinkly frown at the opposite end of the breakfast table, and, rightly divining that Arabella was behind it, asked her what the trouble was.

"It's the Messington-Smiths," she complained. "They can't have us to dinner after all. It seems that Mrs. Messington-Smith has a bad sore throat."

"Any throat would be sore," I replied, "that had Mrs. Messington-Smith talking through it. I wonder whether Charles is using those tickets."

"You might ring up and see."

To step lightly to the telephone, ask for Charles's number, get the wrong one, ask again, find that he had gone to his office, ring him up there and get through to him, was the work of scarcely fifteen minutes. "Charles," I said, "are you using those two stalls of mine to-day?"

"Awfully sorry," he replied, "but I can't go myself. I gave them away yesterday evening."

"Wurzel!" I said. "Who to?"

"To whom," he corrected gently. "To a dull man I met in the City named Messington-Smith."

"Named *what*?" I shrieked.

"Messington - Smith." M for Mpret, E for Eider-down——"

"Where does he live?"

"21, Morpheus Avenue."

For a moment the room seemed to spin round me. I put down the transmitter and pressed my hand to my forehead. Then in a shaking voice I continued—"Of all the double-barrelled, unmitigated, blue-faced——"

"What number, please?" sang a sweet soprano voice. I rang off, and went to break the news to Arabella.

She was silent for a few moments, and then asked me suddenly, "Whereabouts in the stalls were those seats of ours?"

"Almost in the middle of the third row," I replied mournfully.

Arabella said no more, but with a rather disdainful smile on her face walked firmly to her little escritoire, sat down, wrote a note, and addressed it to Mrs. Messington-Smith.

"What have you said?" I asked, as she stamped her letter with a rather vicious jab on KING GEORGE'S left eye.

"Just that I am sorry about her old sore throat," she replied. "And then I went on, that wasn't it funny by the same post we had been given two stalls for *The Purple Lie* to-night in a very good place in the middle of the third row? She will get the letter by lunch-time," she added pensively, "and it will be so nice for her to know that we shall be sitting almost next to them."

"But we aren't going to *The Purple Lie* at all," I protested.

"No," she said, "and as a matter of fact I don't suppose the Messington-Smiths are either—now."

I left Arabella smiling triumphantly through her tears,





## BEATEN ON POINTS.

L.C.C. TRAM. "HARD LINES ON ME!"

MOTOR-BUS. "YES, IT'S ALWAYS HARD LINES WITH YOU, MY BOY. THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER; YOU CAN'T SIDE-STEP."









"WHO'S THE LITTLE MAN HOLDING HIS RACKET THAT FUNNY WAY?"

"OH, THAT'S MR. BINKS. HE TAKES THE PLATE ROUND IN CHURCH, YOU KNOW."

but when I returned in the evening the breakfast-time frown had reappeared with even crinklier ramifications.

"Why," I asked, "are you looking like a tube map?"

"Mrs. Messington-Smith," she answered with a slight catch in her voice, "has just been telephoning."

"I thought the receiver looked a bit played out," I said.

"What does she want with us now?"

"Well, she has got a sore throat after all. You could tell that from her voice. And she isn't going to *The Purple Lie* either. She never even meant to."

"But the tickets," I gasped.

"She and her husband quite forgot about them till to-day," said Arabella. "And now they have given them away to some friends. But they weren't given away at all till this afternoon, and——"

She broke off and gave a lachrymose little sniff.

"And what?"

"And she knew, of course, that we're disengaged to-night, and when she got my letter she was just going to send them round to us."

#### Commercial Candour.

From a testimonial:—

"I have had this cover on the rear wheel of my 3½ h.p. Humber Motor Cycle and have ridden same 7,000 miles, six of these without a puncture."—Advt. in "*Motor Cycle*."

"MRD. CPL., temporary."—Advt. in "*Daily Mail*."

When we tell you that the mystic letters mean "married couple," you will share our horror.

#### WOMAN AT THE FIGHT.

In ancient unsophisticated days

Women were valued for their cloistered ways,

And won at Rome encouragement from man

Only because they stayed at home and span;

While PERICLES in Attic Greek expressed

The view that those least talked about were best.

There were exceptions, but the normal Greek

Regarded SAPPHO as a dangerous freak,

And CLYTEMNESTRA for three thousand years

Was pelted with unmitigated sneers,

Till RICHARD STRAUSS and HOFMANNSTHAL combined

To prove that she was very much maligned.

But now at last these cloistered days are o'er

And woman, breaking down her prison door,  
Is free to take the middle of the floor.

No more for her indomitable soul

The meekly ministering angel rôle;

No more the darning of her husband's socks,

She takes delight in watching champions box,

Finds respite from the carking cares that vex us

In cheering blows that reach the solar plexus,

Joins in the loud and patriotic shout

While beaten BELL is being counted out,

And—joy that makes all other joys seem nil—

Writes her impressions for *The Daily Thrill*.



## ONCE UPON A TIME. THE SUSCEPTIBLE AMERICAN.

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful singer named Miss Iris Bewlay. Every now and then she gave a recital, and it was always crowded. She was chosen to sing "God save the King" at bazaars and Primrose League meetings; her rendering of "Home, Sweet Home" moistened every eye. Hostesses wishing to be really in the swim engaged her to sing during after-dinner conversation for enormous fees.

When Miss Iris Bewlay was approaching the forties and adding every day to her wealth, another Miss Bewlay—not Iris; but Gladys, and no relation whatever—was gradually improving her gift of song with a well-known teacher, for it was Miss Gladys Bewlay's intention, with her parents' strong approval, to become a professional. She had not, it is true, her illustrious namesake's commanding presence or powerful register, but her voice was sweet and refined and she might easily have a future.

It happened that a susceptible music-loving American staying in London for a short time was taken by some English friends to a concert at which Miss Iris Bewlay was singing, and he fell at once a victim to her tones. Never before had he heard a voice which so thrilled and moved him. He returned to his hotel enraptured, and awoke with but one desire and that was to hear Miss Bewlay again.

"Say, where is a Miss Bewlay singing to-night?" he asked the hotel porter.

The porter searched all the concert announcements, but found no mention of the great name. In the end he advised a visit to one of the ticket libraries, and off the enthusiast hurried.

Now it happened that this very evening was the one chosen for the *début*, before a number of invited friends, of Miss Gladys Bewlay, and one of the guests chanced to be at the ticket library at the moment the susceptible American entered and fired his question at the clerk.

"Say, can you tell me where Miss Bewlay is singing to-night?" he said.

The clerk having no information, the susceptible American was turning away when the guest of the other Bewlay family ventured to address him with the information that Miss Bewlay was singing that evening at a private gathering at one of the halls.

"Couldn't I get in?" the American asked.

"It's private," said the lady. "It's only for the friends of the family."

"Let me take down the address, anyway," said he, and took it down.

That evening, just before Miss Gladys Bewlay's first song, a visiting card was handed to one of her brothers, with the statement that a gentleman desired the pleasure of a moment's interview on a matter of great importance.

"See here," said the gentleman, and it was none other than the susceptible American, "I'm just crazy about Miss Bewlay's singing. They tell me she's here to-night. Now I know it's a strange thing to ask, but I want to know if you can't just let me lean against a pillar somewhere at the back while she's singing, and then I'll go right away. It's my last chance for

may have suffered it would have been obvious to close observers that his eyes were contented enough. They rested on the fair young singer with delight and admiration, and when she had finished there was no applause like the susceptible American's.

When Miss Bewlay's brother had gradually worked his way to the back of the room, he found the American in an ecstasy.

"She's great," he said. "Say, would it be too much to ask you to introduce me?"

"Not at all," said the brother, who was as pleased at his sister's success as though it were his own.

The American did not return to his own country the next day, nor for many days after; and when he did he was engaged to Miss Gladys Bewlay.

Isn't that a pretty fairy story? and almost every word of it is true.

## A SEASIDE "SONG SCENA."

YESTERDAY I celebrated the beginning of my holidays by patronising *The Melodities* on the beach. *The Melodities* are a band of entertainers who draw enormous salaries for giving a couple of performances daily in a kind of luxurious open-air theatre.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," announced the Manager soon after I had taken my seat, "our first item will be a Song Scena entitled *The Moon*, by Bertie Weston, assisted by six members of the company." A quiver of expectation ran through the crowded audience.

Bertie Weston, wearing a uniform resembling (I imagine) that of a Patagonian Vice-Admiral, advanced mincingly to the footlights, and the six others, similarly attired, ranged themselves in a row behind him. Behind these again dropped a backcloth representing a stone balustrade, blue hills and fleecy clouds.

There was a burst of warm applause, in response to which Bertie politely bowed his thanks. Without further preliminary he commenced—

The crescent moon on high  
Is shining in the sky.

Here the six turned up their faces and gazed pensively at the heavens (it was still broad daylight, by the way), at the same time resting their chins on



"MY DEAR OLD FELLOW! WHAT'S THE MATTER? THE SEA'S LIKE A DUCK-POND!"

"I KNOW, OLD BOY—BUT I'VE TAKEN SIX—DIFFERENT—REMEDIES."

some time, you see. I go back to America to-morrow."

The brother, not a little impressed by his sister's magnetism, all unsuspected in a *débutante*, and imagining the American to have heard her at a lesson, said he saw no reason why this little scheme should not be carried out; and so the American entered and took up an obscure position; and in a short while Miss Bewlay ascended the platform and began to sing.

When she had finished the American approached one of the guests and begged to be told the name of the singer.

"Miss Bewlay," said the guest. "It's her first appearance to-night."

"Miss Bewlay," gasped the American. "Then there are two of them. You say this is her first appearance?"

"Yes."

"Then she's very young?"

"Only about twenty."

The American returned to his corner, and the second song began.

Whatever disappointment his ears





She. "HERBERT, I CAN'T FIND MY BATHING-DRESS ANYWHERE!"

He. "SEE IF YOU'VE GOT IT ON."

their right hands and their right elbows on their left hands.

The sun is gone,  
The stars are wan,

Oh come, my love, we'll wander, you and I.

Here the six ceased to regard the sky, split into pairs and by pantomimic gesture invited one another to wander.

Across the hills we'll go,  
While birds sing soft and low,

The singer paused for an instant, while the six, now formed into a semi-circle, hummed together softly a suggestion of distant nightingales. Not an imitation—that would be too banal—but a suggestion. In point of fact I thought I detected the air of "The Little Grey Home in the West."

While the silver moon adorns the summer sky.

After a brief pause, brightened by what are vulgarly termed twiddly bits on the piano, the soloist sang the chorus softly and appealingly, with a sort of treacly intonation:—

Moon, moon, moon,  
We'll come soon, soon,  
Across the hills while all the world is dreaming.  
Moon, moon, moon,  
I'd like to swoon, swoon,

The heads of the six drooped listlessly and their hands fell languidly to their sides; their eyes closed.

When I see your white rays beaming, gleaming, streaming.

The six awoke briskly and commenced to glide around the stage, describing circles, figures of eight, and other more intricate patterns, while Bertie swayed his body rhythmically from side to side, his arms and hands outstretched and palms turned downwards. In this formation they all repeated the chorus together.

Bertie now cleared his throat and started on the second verse without delay. The six stood sideways, their hands in their trousers pockets and their faces turned to the audience.

Oh, moon of dainty grace,  
Shine on my loved one's face.

The footlights were suddenly switched off and each of the six produced a small electric torch and illuminated his neighbour's features. The effect was startling. Presently the footlights reappeared as abruptly as they had vanished and the torches were extinguished.

Upon the hill  
The night is still.

Again there was a short pause, during which the six breathed lightly through their teeth, producing a faint and long-drawn sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh.

Oh come, my love, together let us haste.

The six ceased sh-sh-ing and gracefully invited one another to haste.

Away, away, we'll roam  
To seek our fairy home,  
While the silver moon illuminates the place.

The six placed both hands on their breasts and stood with bowed heads, motionless except for a continuous and rhythmic bending of the knees, while Bertie sang the chorus softly, lingeringly. Then, stretching out their arms, they swayed their bodies from side to side as their leader had previously done, while Bertie himself drifted in and out between them, and all rendered the chorus for the second time.

Moon, moon, moon,  
We'll come soon, soon,  
Across the hills while all the world is dreaming.  
Moon, moon, moon,  
I want to swoon, swoon,  
When I see your white rays beaming, gleaming, streaming.

There was a moment's emotional silence, broken by a thunder of rapturous applause. The Song Scena, all too short, was finished.

Anxious not to risk spoiling the impression, I arose and left hastily before the next turn.

"Young M'Pherson, the Blackford jumper, is anxious to fix up a match for a long jump with anybody in Scotland. A week ago he did 5½ ft., but he asserts he can beat this hollow if called upon."

Edinburgh Evening News.

If M'PHERSON will say just how young he is, we will find a suitable nephew to take him on. Tommy (aged eight) did 6 ft. 1 in. yesterday, but asserts that he slipped.



## A MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

THE girl who shared Herbert's meringue at dinner (a brittle one, which exploded just as he was getting into it) was kind and tactful.

"It doesn't matter a bit," she said, removing fragments of shell from her lap; and, to put him at his ease again, went on, "Are you interested in little problems at all?"

Herbert, who would have been interested even in a photograph album just then, emerged from his apologies and swore that he was.

"We're all worrying about one which Father saw in a paper. I do wish you could solve it for us. It goes like this." And she proceeded to explain it. Herbert decided that the small piece of meringue still in her hair was not worth mentioning and listened to her with interest.

On the next morning I happened to drop in at Herbert's office. . . . And that, in short, is how I was mixed up in the business.

"Look here," said Herbert, "you used to be mathematical; here's something for you."

"Let the dead past bury its dead," I implored. "I am now quite respectable."

"It goes like this," he said, ignoring my appeal.

He then gave me the problem, which I hand on to you.

"A subaltern riding at the rear of a column of soldiers trotted up to the captain in front and challenged him to a game of billiards for half-a-crown a side, the loser to pay for the table. Having lost, he played another hundred, double or quits, and then rode back, the column by this time having travelled twice its own length, and a distance equal to the distance it would have travelled if it had been going in the other direction. What was the captain's name?"

Perhaps I have not got it quite right, for I have had an eventful week since then; or perhaps Herbert didn't get it quite right; or perhaps the girl with the meringue in her hair didn't get it quite right; but anyhow, that was the idea of it.

"And the answer," said Herbert, "ought to be 'four cows,' but I keep on making it 'eight and tuppence.' Just have a shot at it, there's a good fellow. I promised the girl, you know."

I sat down, worked it out hastily on the back of an envelope, and made it a yard and a-half.

"No," said Herbert; "I know it's 'four cows,' but I can't get it."

"Sorry," I said, "how stupid of me; I left out the table-money."

I did it hastily again and made it three minutes twenty-five seconds.

"It is difficult, isn't it?" said Herbert. "I thought, as you used to be mathematical and as I'd promised the girl—"

"Wait a moment," I said, still busy with my envelope. "I forgot the subaltern. Ah, that's right. The answer is a hundred and twenty-five men. . . . No, that's wrong—I never doubled the half-crown. Er—oh, look here, Herbert, I'm rather busy this morning. I'll send it to you."

"Right," said Herbert. "I know I can depend on you, because you're mathematical." And he opened the door for me.

I had meant to do a very important piece of work that day, but I couldn't get my mind off Herbert's wretched problem. Happening to see Carey at tea-time, I mentioned it to him.

"Ah," said Carey profoundly. "H'm. Have you tried it with an 'x'?"

"Of course."

"Yes, it looks as though it wants a bit of an 'x' somewhere. You stick to it with an 'x' and you ought to do it. Let 'x' be the subaltern—that's the way. I say, I didn't know you were interested in problems."

"Well—"

"Because I've got rather a tricky chess problem here I can't do." He produced his pocket chess-board. "White mates in four moves."

I looked at it carelessly. Black had only left himself with a Pawn and a King, while White had seen to it that he had a Queen and a couple of Knights about. Now, I know very little about chess, but I do understand the theory of chess problems.

"Have you tried letting the Queen be taken by Black's pawn, then sacrificing the Knights, and finally mating him with the King alone?"

"Yes," said Carey.

Then I was baffled. If one can't solve a chess problem by starting off with the most unlikely-looking thing on the board, one can't solve it at all. However, I copied down the position and said I'd glance at it. . . . At eleven that night I rose from my glance, decided that Herbert's problem was the more immediately pressing, and took it to bed with me.

I was lunching with William next day, and I told him about the subaltern. He dashed at it lightheartedly and made the answer seventeen.

"Seventeen what?" I said.

"Well, whatever we're talking about. I think you'll find it's seventeen all right. But look here, my son, here's a golf problem for you. A. is playing

B. At the fifth hole A. falls off the tee into a pond—"

I forget how it went on.

When I got home to dinner, after a hard day with the subaltern, I found a letter from Norah waiting for me.

"I hear from Mr. Carey," she wrote, "that you're keen on problems. Here's one I have cut out of our local paper. Do have a shot at it. The answer ought to be eight miles an hour."

Luckily, however, she forgot to enclose the problem. For by this time, what with Herbert's subaltern, Carey's pawn, and a cistern left me by an uncle who was dining with us that night, I had more than enough to distract me.

And so the business has gone on. The news that I am preparing a collection of interesting and tricky problems for a new *Encyclopædia* has got about among my friends. Everybody who writes to me tells me of a relation of his who has been shearing sheep or rowing against the stream or dealing himself four aces. People who come to tea borrow a box of wooden matches and beg me to remove one match and leave a perfect square. I am asked to do absurd things with pennies. . . .

Meanwhile Herbert has forgotten both the problem and the girl. Three evenings later he shared his Hollandaise sauce with somebody in yellow (as luck would have it) and she changed the subject by wondering if he read *DICKENS*. He is now going manfully through *Black House*—a chapter a night—and when he came to visit me to-day he asked me if I had ever heard of the man.

However I was not angry with him, for I had just made it come to "three cows." It is a cow short, but it is nearer than I have ever been before, and I think I shall leave it at that. Indeed, both the doctor and the nurse say that I had better leave it at that.

A. A. M.

## A SEASONABLE BEVERAGE.

GREAT charm hath tea—some fragrant blend

Sipped with a fair and festive friend;

And even milk hath flavour, too,  
When sun-kissed milkmaids hand it you.

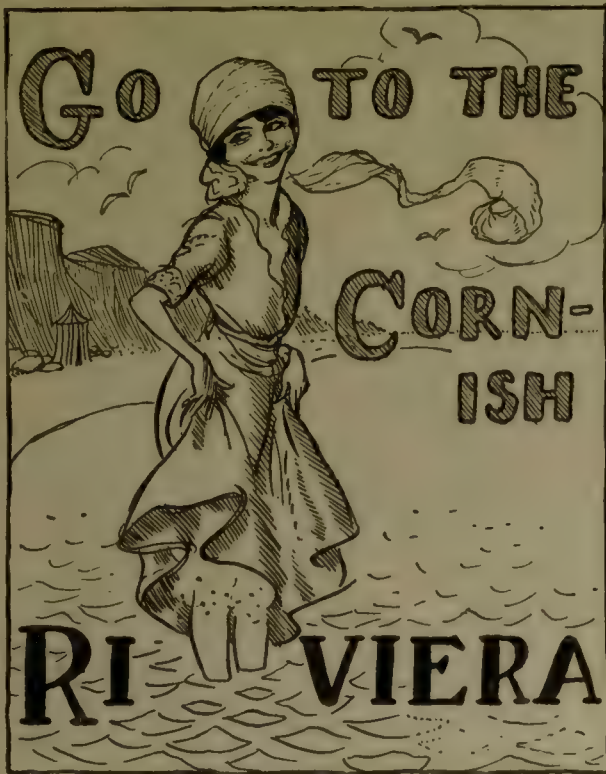
Beer, in a large resounding can,  
Befits a coarser type of man,

While some rejoice in spirit pure,  
And others in a faked liqueur.

But none of these, nor any wine,  
Hath present claim to praise of mine,  
Hath e'er produced the gasp and thrill  
Of that incomparable swill

When first, from care and toil set free,  
I plunge into the summer sea  
And bring a mouthful back with me.





THE ANNUAL PROBLEM.

Showing how helpfully the hoardings distinguish between the characteristic features of various localities.





### A LONG-FELT WANT.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO MOTOR-CYCLES.

### POLITICS AT THE ZOO.

LORD ROBERT CECIL'S comparison of the occupants of the Treasury Bench to the monkeys at the Zoo has caused considerable excitement in Regent's Park, and one of *Mr. Punch's* representatives, assisted by an interpreter, has taken the opportunity to sound some of the principal inmates on the subject.

In the Simian section a certain amount of regret was expressed that Lord ROBERT had not been more explicit in his comparison. Did he refer to chimpanzees, baboons, gorillas or other species? But when all allowance was made for this lack of precision the general impression was one of satisfaction that a leading politician should have frankly admitted that monkeys possessed qualities which entitled their human possessors to high office and handsome salaries. It was felt that this admission marked a great advance on all previous concessions to the claims of the Simian community, and pointed irresistibly to the ultimate grant—already long overdue—of Monkey Franchise throughout the Empire.

Baboons, it was well known, were already employed as railway porters in Cape Colony, and chimpanzees had of late years appeared with great success at some of the leading music-halls. In view of these facts the further delay of the suffrage could no longer be justified. At present we were confronted with the gross anomaly that a tailor, who was admitted to be only the ninth part of a man, was given a vote, while the monkey, man's ancestor, was denied even the fraction which was all that a tailor deserved.

These views however were not shared by other *genera* domiciled at the Zoological Gardens. One of the oldest lions observed in a strepitous bass that it was a great relief to him that his race had not been degraded by any such comparisons. He had some respect for hunters, but as for politicians he would not be seen dead with them at a pig fair. Asked whether he had read Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S account of his lion-hunting exploits in *The Daily Chronicle*, he professed ignorance and even indifference. Speaking as an aristocrat he thought that a Labour

leader was not worthy to twist his tail. As for the conduct of Mr. BERNARD SHAW in bringing lions on the stage, he thought it little short of an outrage for an anæmic vegetarian to take liberties with the king of the carnivora.

Considerable resentment was shown in the Ursine encampment at Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S somewhat disparaging reference to the bear's hug. (It will be remembered that he compared with it the attitude of the Tories in respect of the Finance Bill.) The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER evidently regarded it as an insincere caress, whereas it was a perfectly honest expression of hostility. This attack was all the more unjust and undeserved since the bear was a most hardworking and underpaid member of the community. When a politician reached the top of the poll he got £400 a year. When a bear did the same he only got a penny bun.

A conversation with a leading representative of the colony of Penguins revealed the interesting fact that they were incapable of appreciating our Parliamentary procedure owing to their hereditary inability to sit down.





### THE PRIMA DONNA.

[The repertoire of Summer is here made to embrace the prelude of many good things that come within the wider scope of the holiday season.]

Good gentlemen, good gentlemen, we  
crave your kind attention!

Here's Summer, at your service (till  
you bid the lady stop);

Good gentlemen, she's songs for you—  
'tis time to drop dissension;

'Tis time to cut the cackle and to  
close awhile the shop;

For stags shall be in Badenoch, and  
Kent hath twined the hop.

Yes, songs for every son o' you, and  
all have silver linings!

Good gentlemen, good gentlemen,  
it's close, your London air;

If I'm mixing up the proverbs, 'tis  
because my roads run shining

Through the fret of far-off pine-woods,  
and I'm wishful to be there;

Or at hand among the hop-poles when  
the vines are trailing fair.

Good gentlemen, the prologue! Here's  
a programme most attractive:

She's songs for everyone o' you—  
oh, rare the tunes and rich!

Here's hackneyed *Devon Harbours* (but  
the pollock's biting active);

Here's *Evening* (rise in Hampshire);  
here's *The Roller on the Pitch*;

And music in the lot o' them—it  
doesn't matter which.

We've long *White Roads o' Brittany*  
and pretty *Wayside Posies*,

*Blue Bays* (beneath the undercliff—  
the white sails crawling by);

We've *Rabbits in a Hedgerow* (how  
the bustling Clumber noses);

We've *Grouse Across the Valley*  
(crashing crumpled from the sky);

And magic s in each note of her—it  
doesn't matter why.

Here's *Salmon Songs* and *Shrimping*  
*Songs*, according to your pocket;

Here's *Hopping* (with a lurcher—  
twice as useful as a gun

For the fat young August pheasants  
that'll never live to rocket);

Here's a jolly *Song o' Golf Balls*;  
here's the tune of *Cubs that Run*;

We've something for each Jack o' you,  
for every mother's son.

Good gentlemen, good gentlemen, we  
crave your kind permission!

Here's Summer, at your service, and  
she'd sing you on your ways

The marching songs of morning and  
the Road that fits the Vision,

The mellow songs of twilight and  
the gold September haze;

God rest you all, good gentlemen, and  
send you pleasant days.



THE VOGUE FOR WEARING FANCY DRESS THREATENS TO INVADE ORDINARY SOCIAL LIFE.



TENNIS AT THE VICARAGE.



A JOLLY BATHING PARTY.





OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND, THE FOREIGN SPY (CUNNINGLY DISGUISED AS A GOLFER), VISITS OUR YOUNGEST SUBURB ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN QUEST OF FURTHER EVIDENCE OF OUR LETHARGY, GENERAL DECADENCE AND FALLING BIRTH-RATE. HE GETS A SHOCK AND AT ONCE TELEGRAPHS TO HIS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF URGING THAT THE CONQUEST OF THE BRITISH ISLES BE UNDERTAKEN BEFORE THE PRESENT GENERATION IS MANY YEARS OLDER.



### THE INTRUSIONS OF THE CINEMA.

[Jones, secretary to the South Sea Islanders' Regeneration Society, who is suffering from nerves, is recommended a very remote sea-coast retreat for his summer holiday. With his wife and family he tries it. The manager of a certain cinema company likewise chooses this particular spot for his company to rehearse their powerful new drama, "Down among the Dead Men."]



Miss Jones. "WAKE UP, DAD, WE'RE GOING TO BATTLE."



First Act of the Drama.—AFTER THE WRECK; DESMOND AND ROSEMARY WASHED ASHORE ON THE CANNIBAL ISLAND.



## THE INTRUSIONS OF THE CINEMA—Continued.

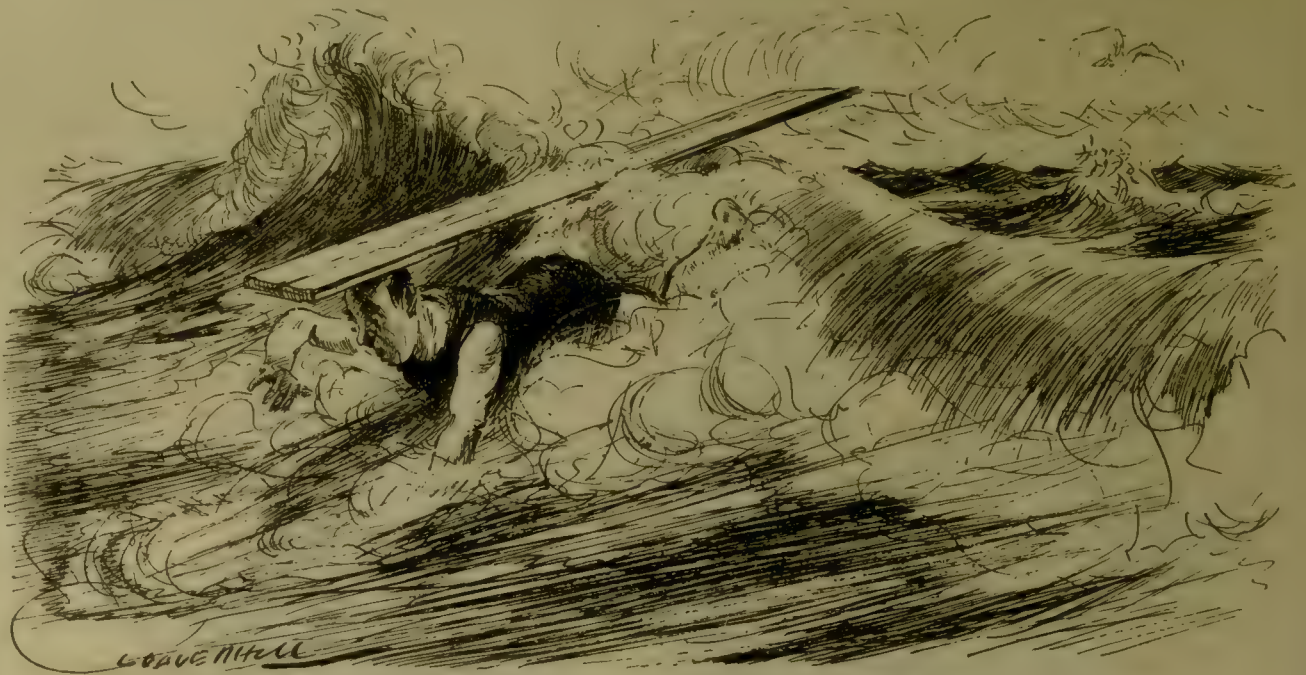


Jones (to the rescue). "DEVILS! FIENDS! UNTIE THAT WHITE MAN!"



The Cinema Manager explains. "SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED YOU ANY INCONVENIENCE, SIR—MERELY REHEARSING 'DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN'—DAM FINE DRAMA, SIR—WE PRODUCE SAME AT THE OPERA 'OUSE, CROYDON, ON THE 16TH."





Surf-rider. "I'M ALMOST SURE THIS ISN'T A BIT THE WAY IT'S DONE IN THOSE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS!"



Early Tripper. "MAKES YER FEEL LIKE OLE NAPOLEON AT WHAT'S-ITS-NAME!"





APT NOMENCLATURE IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.



*The Captain.* "THE BLOOMIN' VICE-PRESIDENT'S FORGOT THE STUMPS. YOUNG BILL 'ERE BETTER BE THE WICKET—'E WANTS TO PLAY AND 'E'S TOO LITTLE TO BAT AGIN SWIFT BOWLIN'!"





*Native (having seen his rival tipped by guileless visitor). "E's SWINDLED YER, SIR. I'M THE OLDEST INHABITANT—NINETY-FOUR COME SUNDAY THREE WEEKS. 'E'S ONLY A YOUNGSTER OF EIGHTY-TWO."*



**EVEN IN HIS PLAY THE SCIENTIST'S CHILD IS SCIENTIFIC.**

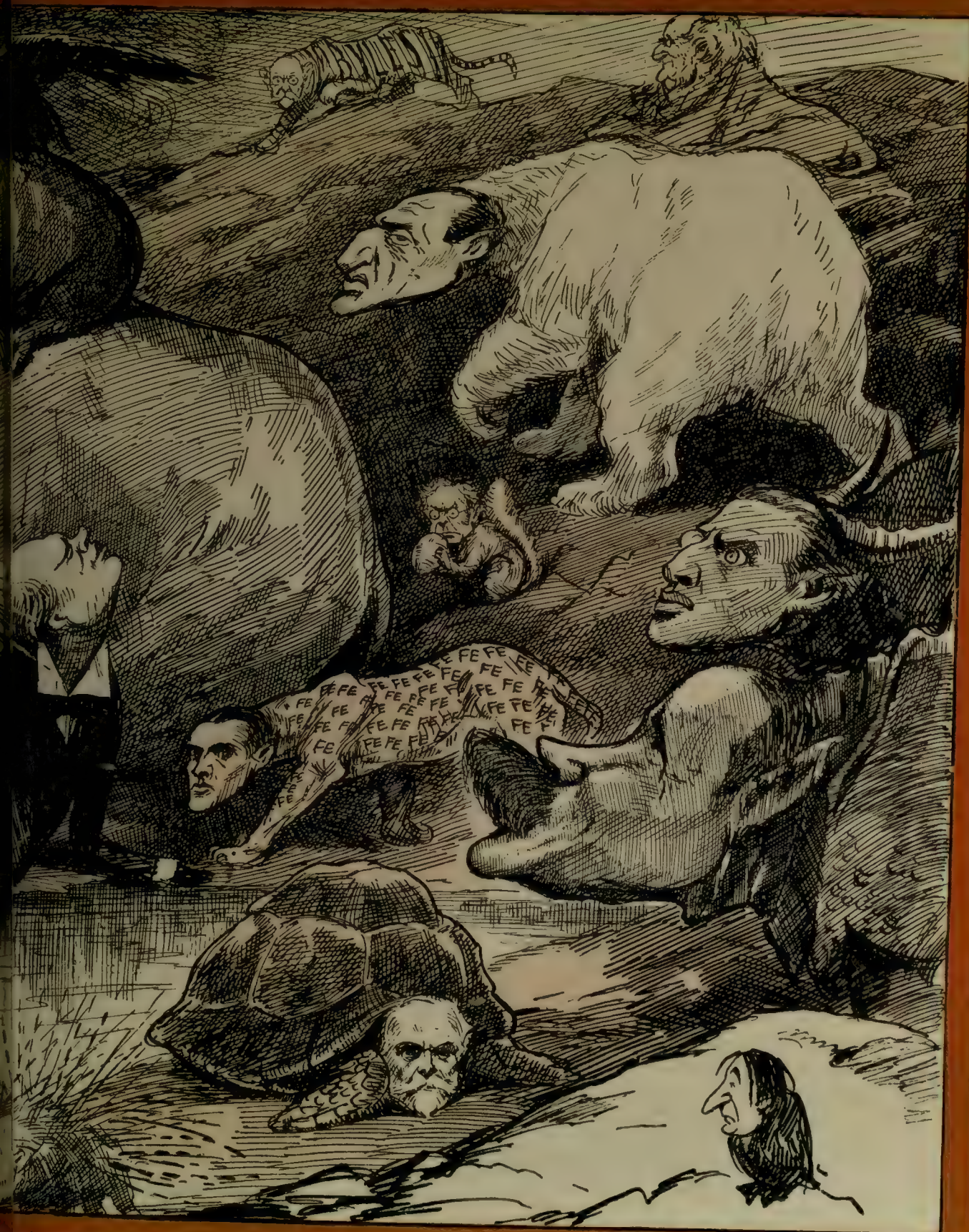


















## A FULL JOY-DAY.

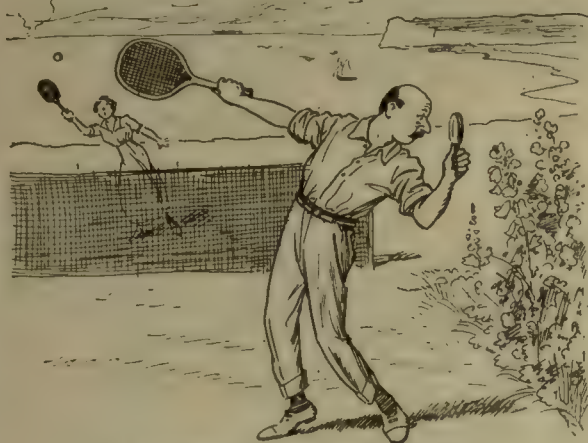
How an energetic visitor contrived to sample nearly all the attractions of Worplethorpe-on-Sea (as advertised by the municipality) in the course of a one-day's trip.



9 to 10.30 A.M.—BATHING AND FISHING.



10.30 A.M. to 12 (noon).—SHOOTING AND CYCLING.



12 to 1.30 P.M.—TENNIS AND BOTANY.



3 to 4.30 P.M.—CROQUET AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

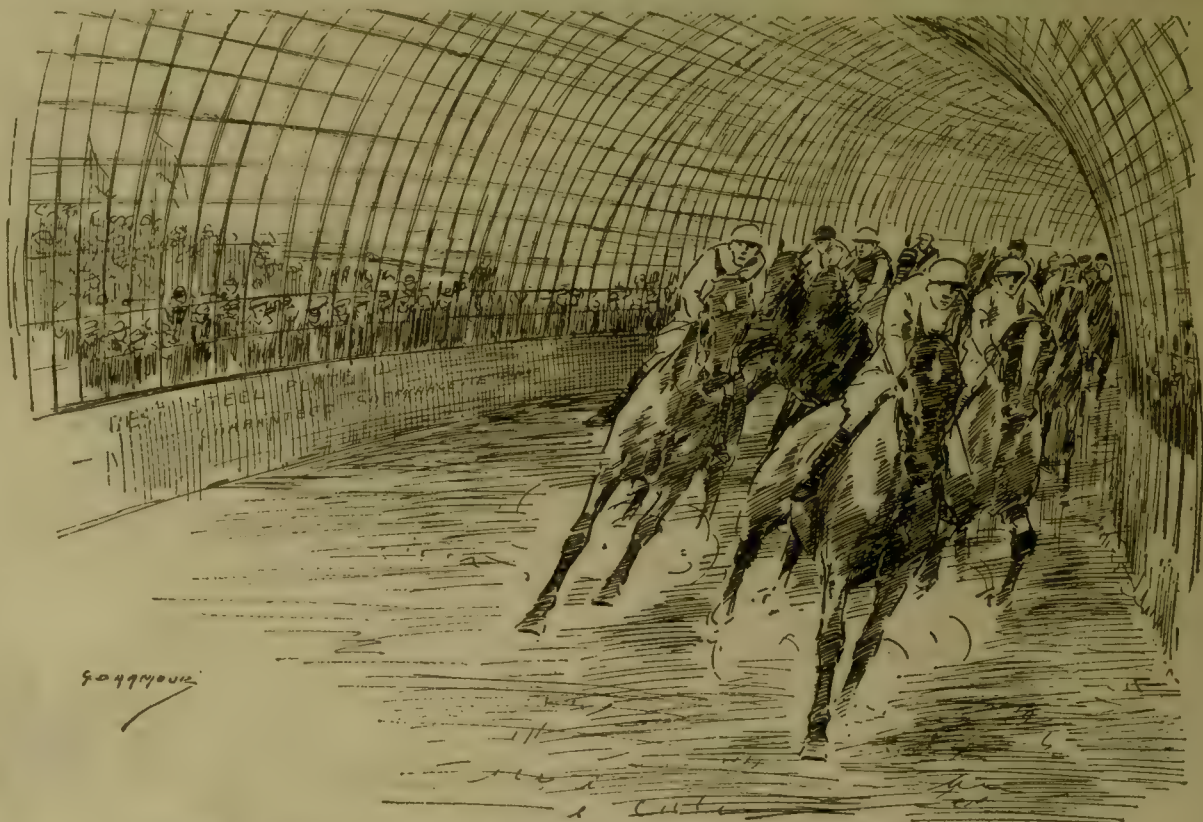


4.30 to 6 P.M.—GOLF AND GEOLOGY.



6 to 7.30 P.M.—SKETCHING AND DONKEY-RIDING.





RACE-COURSE OF THE NEAR FUTURE, SUFFRAGETTE-PROOF.



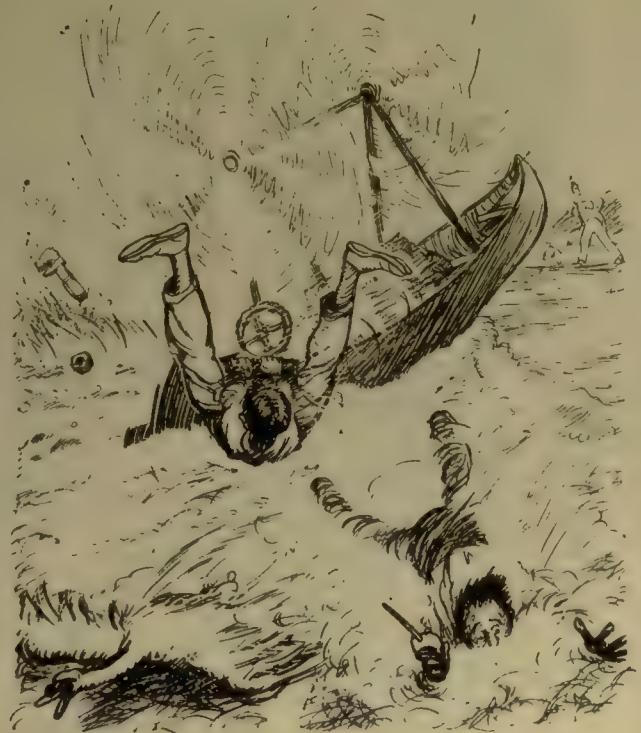
SMITH, WHO ALWAYS WEARS THE NATIVE COSTUME WHEN FISHING IN THE HIGHLANDS (HIS GREAT-GRAND-AUNT'S STEP-FATHER HAVING BEEN A MCGREGOR) FINDS THE MIDGES SOMEWHAT TROUBLESOME. A LITTLE INGENUITY HOWEVER OVERCOMES THE DIFFICULTY.



THE "SPASMO" CANOELET.



IT IS A RELUCTANT STARTER.



WHEN IT DOES START, IT STARTS.



IT LAUGHS AT LOCKS.



IT ENDS AS A HYDRO-AEROPLANE.





### THE EMANCIPATION OF THE EAST.

THE GRAND VIZIER, A MASTER OF POLYGAMY, REGRETS THE VOGUE OF THE CINEMA AS AN EDUCATIVE FORCE.



LUNCH "SCORES."



COMPLAINTS ARE HEARD FROM HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THEIR RETURN THAT THE HOLIDAY HAS FAILED TO BENEFIT THEM. THIS IS DUE TO LACK OF PREPARATORY TRAINING AT HOME.



HARDEN THE FEET FOR BEACH-WALKING.



ACCUSTOM THE LUNGS TO MARINE AROMAS.



PREPARE TO RECEIVE THE BUFFETINGS OF NEPTUNE.



TOUGHEN THE INTERIOR FOR A LODGING-HOUSE DIET.

A. Wallis  
MHS  
1914



## MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY FILM.

[Having had the good fortune to pick up for a mere song (or, to be more accurate, for a few notes) several thousand miles of discarded cinema films from a bankrupt company, Mr. Punch is gumming the best bits together and presenting them during the holiday season on the piers of many of our fashionable watering-places, such as Bayswater, Hackney Marshes and Pender's End. The films comprise the well-known "Baresark Basil, the Pride of the Ranch" (two miles long), "The Foiler Foiled" (one mile, three furlongs, two rods, poles or perches), "The Blood-stained Vest" (fragment—eighteen inches), "A Maniac's Revenge" (5,000 feet), "The Life of the Common Mosquito" (six leg-), and so forth. An accomplished writer has been chosen to weave a connected story round the selected parts of the films, and his scenario of Mr. Punch's great picture play, when finally gummed together, is given below. The illustrations depict a few representative incidents in the story—taken from the sketch-book of an artist who was present when the films were first being prepared.]

TWENTY-FIVE years before our film opens, Andrew Bellingham, a young man

[MANAGER. Now we're off. What do we start with?]



The Theft.

just about to enter his father's business, was spending a holiday in a little fishing village in Cornwall. The daughter of the sheep-farmer with whom he lodged was a girl of singular beauty, and Andrew's youthful blood was quickly stirred to admiration. Carried away by his passion for her, he—

[MANAGER OF PUNCH FILM COMPANY. Just a reminder that MR. REDFORD has to pass this before it can be produced.]

—he married her—

[MANAGER. Oh, I beg pardon.]

—and for some weeks they lived happily together. One day he informed Jessie that he would have to go back to his work in London, and that it might be a year or more before he could acknowledge her openly as his wife to his rich and proud parents. Jessie was prostrated with grief; and late that afternoon her hat and fringe-net were discovered by the edge of the waters. Realising at once that she must have drowned herself in her distress, Andrew took an affecting farewell of her father and the sheep, and returned to London. A year later he married a distant cousin, and soon rose to a condition of prosperity. At the time our film begins to unwind, he was respected by everybody in the City, a widower, and the father of a beautiful girl of eighteen, called Hyacinth.

"My name is Jasper," was the answer, "and I have some information to give you." He bent down and hissed, "Your first wife is still alive!"

Andrew started up in obvious horror. "My daughter," he gasped, "my little Hyacinth! She must never know."

"Listen. Your wife is in Spain—

[MANAGER. Don't waste her. Make it somewhere where there are sharks.]

AUTHOR. It's all right, she's dead really.]

—and she will not trouble you. Give

me a thousand pounds, and you shall have these;" and he held out a packet containing the marriage certificate, a photograph of Jessie's father dipping a sheep, a receipted bill for a pair of white gloves, size 9½, two letters signed "Your own loving little Andy Pandey," and a peppermint with "JESS" on it in pink. "Once these are locked up in your safe, no one need ever know that you were married in Cornwall twenty-five years ago."

Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Bellingham took a handful of banknotes from his pocket-book, and the exchange was made. At all costs he



The Escape.

must preserve his little Hyacinth from shame. Now she need never know. With a forced smile he bowed Jasper out, placed the packet in his safe and returned to his desk.

But his mysterious visitor was not done with yet. As soon as the door had closed behind him Jasper re-entered softly, drugged Andrew hastily, and took possession again of the compromising documents. By the time Mr. Bellingham had regained his senses the thief was away. A hue-and-cry was raised, police whistles were blown, and Richard Harrington, Mr. Bellingham's private secretary, was smartly arrested.

At the trial things looked black against



The Abduction.



Richard. He was poor and he was in love with Hyacinth; the chain of evidence was complete. In spite of his impassioned protest from the dock, in spite of Hyacinth's dramatic swoon in front of the solicitors' table, the judge with great solemnity passed sentence of twenty years' penal servitude. A loud "Hear, hear" from the gallery rang through the court, and, looking up, Mr. Bellingham caught the sardonic eye of the mysterious Jasper.

## II.

Richard had been in prison a month before the opportunity for his escape occurred. For a month he had been hewing stone in Portland, black despair at his heart. Then, like lightning, he saw his chance and took it. The warders were off guard for a moment. Hastily lifting his pickaxe—

[MANAGER. *Sorry, but it's a spade in the only prison film we've got.*]

Hastily borrowing a spade from a comrade who was digging potatoes, he struck several of his gaolers down, and, dodging the shots of others who hurried to the scene, he climbed the prison wall and dashed for freedom.

Reaching Weymouth at nightfall, he made his way to the house which Hyacinth had taken in order to be near him, and, suitably disguised, travelled up to London with her in the powerful motor which she had kept ready. "At last, my love, we are together," he murmured as they neared Wimbledon. But he had spoken a moment too soon. An aeroplane swooped down upon them, and Hyacinth was snatched from his arms and disappeared with her captors into the clouds.

## III.

Richard's first act on arriving in London was to go to Mr. Bellingham's house. Andrew was out, but a note lying on his study carpet, "Meet me at the Old Windmill to-night," gave him a clue. On receipt of this note Andrew had gone to the rendezvous, and it was no surprise to him when Jasper stepped out and offered to sell him a packet containing a marriage certificate, a photograph of an old gentleman dipping a sheep, a peppermint lozenge with "Jess" on it, and various other documents for a thousand pounds.

"You villain," cried Andrew, "even at the trial I suspected you," and he rushed at him fiercely.



The Duel at the Mill.

A desperate struggle ensued. Breaking free for a moment from the vice-like grip of the other, Jasper leapt



An Awkward Moment for Richard.

leapt on to the next sail and was whirled after him. At that moment the wind dropped, and the combatants were suspended in mid-air.

It was upon this terrible scene that Richard arrived. Already a crowd was collecting; and, though at present it did not seem greatly alarmed, feeling convinced that it was only assisting at another cinematograph rehearsal, its suspicions might at any moment be aroused. With a shout he dashed into the mill. Seeing him coming Jasper dropped his revolver and slid down the sail into the window. In a moment he reappeared at the door of the mill with Hyacinth under his arm. "Stop him!" cried Richard from underneath a sack of flour. It was no good. Jasper had leapt with his fair burden upon the back of his mustang and was gone. . . .

The usual pursuit followed.

## IV.

It was the gala night at the Royal Circus. Ricardo Harringtoni, the wonderful new acrobat of whom everybody was talking, stood high above the crowd on his platform. His marvellous performance on the swinging horizontal bar was about to begin. Richard Harrington (for it was he) was troubled.

Since he had entered on his new profession—as a disguise from the police who were still searching for him—he had had a vague suspicion that the lion-tamer was dogging him. Who was the lion-tamer? Could it be Jasper?

At that moment the band struck up and Richard leapt lightly on to the swinging bar. With a movement full of grace he let go of the bar and swung on to the opposite platform. And then, even as he was in mid-air, he realized what was

happening.

Jasper had let the lion loose!

It was waiting for him.

With a gasping cry Ricardo Harringtoni fainted.

## V.

When he recovered consciousness, Richard found himself on the S.S. *Boracic*, which was forging her way through the—

[MANAGER.—*Somewhere where there are sharks.*]

—the Indian Ocean. Mr. Bellingham was bathing his forehead with cooling drinks.

"Forgive me, my boy," said Mr. Bellingham, "for



The Rescue.

[Inset—the *Cinema Shark*, C.S. 61.]



the wrong I did you. It was Jasper who stole the compromising documents. He refuses to give them back unless I let him marry Hyacinth. What can I do?"

"Where is she?" asked Richard.

"Hidden away no one knows where. Find her, get back the documents for me, and she is yours."

At that moment a terrible cry rang through the ship, "Man overboard!" Pushing over Mr. Bellingham and running on deck, Richard saw that a woman and her baby were battling for life in the shark-infested waters. In an instant he had plunged in and rescued them. As they were dragged together up the ship's side he heard her murmur, "Is little Jasper safe?"

"Jasper?" cried Richard.

"Yes, called after his daddy."

"Where is daddy now?" asked Richard hoarsely.

"In America."

"Can't you see the likeness?" whispered Richard to Mr. Bellingham. "It must be. The villain is married to another. But now I will pursue him and get back the papers." And he left the boat at the next port and boarded one for America.

#### VI.

The search through North and South America for Jasper was protracted. Accompanied sometimes by a band of cowboys, sometimes by a tribe of Indians, Richard scoured the continent for his enemy. There were hours when he would rest awhile and amuse himself by watching the antics of the common mosquito [MANAGER. *Good!*] or he would lie at full length and gaze at a bud bursting into flower [MANAGER. *Excellent!*]. Then he would leap on to his steed and pursue the trail relentlessly once more.

One night he was dozing by his camp-fire, when he was awakened roughly by strong arms around his neck and Jasper's hot breath in his ear.

"At last!" cried Jasper, and, knocking Richard heavily on the head with a boot, he picked up his unconscious enemy and carried him to a tributary of the Amazon noted for its alligators. Once there he tied him to a post in

mid-stream and rode hastily off to the nearest town, where he spent the evening witnessing the first half of *The Merchant of Venice*. [MANAGER.

and then Jasper, with one blow of his palm, hurled his adversary over the precipice.

#### VII.

How many times the two made an end of each other after this the films will show. Sometimes Jasper sealed Richard in a barrel and pushed him over Niagara; sometimes Richard tied Jasper to a stake and set light to him; sometimes they would both fall out of a balloon together. But the day of reckoning was at hand.

[MANAGER. *We're only got the Burning House and the 1913 Derby left.*

AUTHOR. *Right.*]

It is the evening of the 3rd of June. A cry rends the air suddenly, whistles are blowing, there is a rattling of horses' hoofs. "Fire! Fire!" Richard, who was passing Soho Square at the time, heard the cry and dashed into the burning house. In a room full of smoke he perceived a cowering woman. Hyacinth! To pick her up was the work of a moment, but how shall he save her? Stay! The telegraph wire! His training at the Royal Circus stood him in good stead. Treading lightly on the swaying wire he carried Hyacinth across to the house opposite.

"At last, my love," he breathed.

"But the papers," she cried. "You must get them, or father will not let you marry me."

Once more he treads the rocking wire; once more he re-crosses, with the papers on his back. Then the house behind him crumbles to the ground, with the wicked Jasper in its ruins.

#### VIII.

"Excellent," said Mr. Bellingham at dinner that evening. "Not only are the papers here, but a full confession by Jasper. My first wife was drowned all the time; he stole the documents from her father. Richard, my boy, when the Home Secretary knows everything he will give you a free pardon. And then you can marry my daughter."

At these words Hyacinth and Richard were locked in a close embrace. On the next day they all went to the Derby together.

A. A. M.



Another Awkward Moment.

*Splendid!*] But in the morning a surprise awaited him. As he was proceeding along the top of a lonely cliff he was confronted suddenly by the enemy whom he had thought to kill.

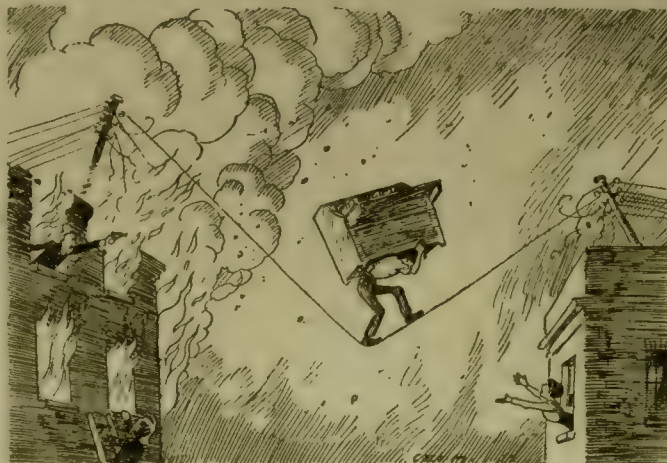


Over the Precipice.

"Richard!" he cried, "escaped again!"

"Now, Jasper, I have you."

With a triumphant cry they rushed at each other; a terrible contest ensued;



Richard Recovers the Letters.





## A MASTERPIECE IN THE MAKING.

LORD LANSDOWNE (*Art Dealer, to Mr. Asquith*). "YES, I QUITE SEE YOUR IDEA—A FIGURE OF PEACE; BUT, SINCE YOU INVITE SUGGESTIONS FROM ME, I SHOULD SAY THAT THE ADDITION OF A FEW RECOGNISABLE SYMBOLS, SUCH AS A PAIR OF WINGS, OR A DOVE, OR AN OLIVE-BRANCH, MIGHT HELP TO MAKE IT CORRESPOND MORE CLEARLY WITH MY PUBLIC'S NOTION OF THE GODDESS IN QUESTION."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, June 29.*

—Curious how the Labour Party, who the other day, joining hands with the Conservatives, nearly threw the Government out, lead the way in sartorial fashion. Since DON'T KEIR HARDIE, home from the storied East, presented himself in a reach-me-down suit of white drill such as is worn aboard ship in the Red Sea, nothing has created such sensation as the dropping in this afternoon of Mr. HODGE, arrayed in a summer suit. It was not, as some might have expected, the simple garment of the elder branch of his honourable family. No. It was not a smock such as FRANK LOCKWOOD pictured BOBBY SPENCER wearing when he made his historic declaration, "I am not an agricultural labourer." HODGE (Gorton Div., Lancs., Lab.), as *The Times'* parliamentary report has it, burst upon the attention of a crowded House at Question-time got up in wondrous garment, white in the foundation of colour, but relieved from the crude hardness of DON'T-KEIR HARDIE'S suit by what suggested dexterous process of patting and lightly smearing with a mustard-spoon. A Tribby hat crowned and accentuated this creation.

As the vision crossed the Bar Members sat silent, gazing upon it with lips slightly parted. Similarly, upon a peak in Darien, stout CORTEZ stared at the Pacific.

Silence was broken by a burst of hearty cheering, in which the keen ear detected a slightly discordant note. Whilst Members were frankly disposed to applaud the boldness of what I believe purveyors of new models of female dress call the "confection," whilst they were lost in admiration of its effect, there was a feeling of disappointment that they had not thought of it themselves, and been the first to enter the field.

Thanks to the genius of FRANK LOCKWOOD a former House was able to realise the figure presented by the present EARL SPENCER, whilst still with us in the

Commons, skipping along in the purity of a Monday morning smock, carrying in his right hand a garlanded pitchfork. What the present House, jaded with a succession of Budgets and the persistence of the Ulster question,



"EXTRY SFESHUL!"

would like to see is the entrance of those twin brethren, Lord CASTLEREAGH and Earl WINTERTON, walking arm-in-arm, arrayed in garb approaching as nearly as possible that which, thanks to Mr. HODGE, this afternoon illuminated the Legislative Chamber.

*Business done.*—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER announced third edition of

Budget. "Before the end of the week," said SARK, "I expect we shall meet him running up and down the Terrace with hand to widely-opened mouth shouting "Extry Speshul!"

*Tuesday.*—AMERY began to think he had escaped consequences of his little mistake. Nearly a week has sped since he called attention to indiscretion of Captain BELLINGHAM, *aide-de-camp* to the LORD-LIEUTENANT, who, reviewing small body of Nationalist volunteers, enjoined them to stand fast by cause of Home Rule. From answer of CHIEF SECRETARY it appeared that Member for South Birmingham had been forestalled by Lord ABERDEEN, who had called upon the Captain for explanation and received suitable apology for the error.

Irish Members quick to see opening innocently made for them. Having long regarded with resentment Lord LONDONDERRY'S active patronage of movements of Ulster volunteers, have sedulously sought opportunity of bringing it under notice of House. AMERY obligingly provided it.

Unexpected delay in seizing it was due to search for particulars now presented in form of question addressed to PREMIER, citing with dates and places six separate occasions when the *aide-de-camp* to the KING had, by his presence and counsel, sanctioned reviews of Ulster volunteers, "whose avowed object," as the question put it, "is,

in event of enactment of Home Rule Bill, to resist by armed force the authority of the Crown and Parliament, and to make the administration of the law impossible." What Mr. DEVLIN, with studied politeness, was anxious to know was "whether there is any special reason why in this matter the Marquis of LONDONDERRY should be treated differently from Captain BELLINGHAM?"

PREMIER not to be drawn into the controversy. Duties of *aide-de-camp* to the KING, unlike those of *aide-de-camp* to LORD-LIEUTENANT, are, he said, of entirely honorary character. In such circumstances he did not think it worth while to take notice of the matter.



Lord MORLEY. "Thanks, I won't trouble you; I still have a crust left."

[“The noble marquis seemed to regard the Government as a shipwrecked mariner—I presume a pirate. If I am a pirate he is the last man to whom I should think of applying for aid, unless the distress was dire indeed.”

Lord MORLEY.]



Effect of the reply designedly chilling; object of question attained by publicly submitting it. AMERY "wishes he hadn't spoke."

The PREMIER's imperturbability stood him in even greater stead at later proceedings. On going into Committee of Supply, HOPE of Sheffield moved reduction of his salary on account of alleged failure to take necessary steps to maintain high standard of single-minded disinterestedness in public service. Though nominally concerned with the PREMIER and the public service HOPE told a flattering tale which was a thinly veiled attack on that meek personage the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

ARCHER-SHEE, who followed, was less circuitous in his retrograde march on old Marconi quarters. Soon had Committee in state of uproar vainly combated by those champions of order, WINTERTON, ARTHUR MARKHAM and SWIFT MACNEILL. WINTERTON, whilst constitutionally forceful, was irresistibly irrelevant. Member for Pontefract venturing to offer an observation, WINTERTON shouted, "Order, pigeons!"

Of course there were no pigeons about. An active mind, quick to seize a point, had harked back to DICK TURPIN BOOTH's ride to Yorkshire in a race with carrier pigeons.

MARKHAM denounced ARCHER-SHEE for delivering "a low attack that could not be answered." Accusation summarised by other Members with yell of "Coward!"

As for SWIFT MACNEILL, ARCHER-SHEE presuming to rise simultaneously with one of his many upgettings, he turned upon him and roared, "Sit down, Sir!" Gallant Major so terrified that he incontinently fell back in his seat.

To general discussion Members from various quarters of House contributed the observations, "Dirty lies!" "Coward!" "Caddish!" "Unspeakably low!" "Shut up!" Only for coolness, courage and prompt decision of WHITLEY in the Chair discreditable scene would have worthily taken its place among others that smirch pages of Parliamentary record. Having occupied two hours of time assumed to

be valuable it died out from sheer exhaustion. On division what was avowedly vote of censure on PREMIER negatived by majority of 152.

*Business done.*—Summer storm in Committee of Supply.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—Second night of debate on Amending Bill to modify a measure not yet enacted. House crowded, evidently weighed down by a sense of direct responsibility at grave crisis. *Le brave* WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE has no patience with attitude of noble lords on Front Opposition Bench. Is congenitally prone to take a short way with dissenters. Came to the fore five years ago, when what HALDANE called LLOYD GEORGE's first great Budget (eclipsed by his second) fell

it in Committee. Originally planned that division should be taken to-night. So many peers have something to say that it is postponed till Monday.

*Business done.*—Debate on Amending (Home Rule) Bill continued.

### THE NEW PROFESSIONAL HUMILITY.

"I have always held a decided opinion that the less people trouble themselves about literature the better for them."—*M. PIERRE LOTI* (vide "Daily Chronicle.")

*Sir THOMAS LIPTON.* How can a tea-drinking people hope to lift the Cup? Tannin is a poison fatal to the true sportsman.

*The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.* The interest taken in politics diverts attention from everything that really matters.

*The PORT LAUREATE.* Poetry is not only a drug on the market, it is a drug that narcotises and debilitates all true manhood.

*Mr. EUSTACE H. MILES.* Vegetarianism is fit only for pigs. The noble king of the forest is a meat-eater.

*Lord ROBERTS.* The military bias is the only obstacle to peace.

*Mme. CLARA BUTT.* The human voice was given us for fish-hawking and encouraging football-players, not for singing.

*Sir H. BEERBOHM TREE.* I cannot think



THE "FRESH AIR FUND": AN APPRECIATION.

"THERE, NOW, AIN'T THAT A TREAT, BILLY? THERE AIN'T NO COUNTRY IN THE WORLD I LIKE SO MUCH AS ENGLAND."

like a bomb in the Parliamentary arena. Whilst elder peers were disposed to temporise in view of constitutional difficulty, WILLOUGHBY had only three words to say—"Throw it out!"—MILNER adding a fearless remark about the consequences whose emphasis has been excelled only by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL in *Pygmalion*. So the Budget was shattered on the rock of the House of Lords, and in swift reprisal with it went the supremacy of that ancient institution.

Less effectual in his resistance to the Parliament Act which promptly followed, DE BROKE is insistent upon treating the Amending Bill as the Budget of 1909 was treated. Has moved its rejection and, in spite of HALSBURY, threatens to go to a division.

Meanwhile LANSDOWNE, in weighty speech worthy great occasion, announces intention of voting for Second Reading of Bill, with intent to amend

why anyone goes to the theatre. It bores me horribly.

*Mr. H. G. WELLS.* The past alone possesses interest for intelligent men.

*Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON.* Orthodoxy, it has been said, is my doxy; heterodoxy is other people's doxy; but paradox is the devil's doxy.

*Sir E. ELGAR.* Music? How can any serious man fiddle while Rome is burning?

*Sir E. J. POYNTER.* The Royal Academy is crushing the life out of English Art. The country's only hope is in Cubism.

*Signor MARINETTI.* Your Royal Academy is the true Temple of Art. I never cross its threshold without first removing my sandals.

### A Record Cast.

"A 3 lb. 15 oz. chub has been taken at Abingdon by Mr. A. Owen near Henley." *Field.*





WHY SHOULD NOT PERSEVERING PETER OF THE PUSH-BIKE ADOPT, WHEN TRAVELLING, THE SAME SUPERCILIOUS ATTITUDE AS LANGUID LIONEL OF THE TOURING-CAR DE LUXE.

### THE JESTING OF JANE.

(In which it is explained how competent I am to keep the servants in their places even when their mistress is away.)

I LIKE a good practical joke; as the garland adorning  
The hair of a maiden it shines, as the balm that is shed  
On the brain of a wandering minstrel; it comes without  
warning,

Transmuting to gold an existence that once was as lead.  
It glads, it rejoices the soul; recollecting it after  
One well-nigh explodes; but I say there are seasons  
for laughter,

And, like other great men, I am not at my best in the  
morning  
When just out of bed.

So it was that last week, when the pitiless glare of Apollo  
Was toasting the lawn till it looked like a segment of mat,  
When I came to my breakfast at length from a lingering  
wallow

In a bath that professed to be cold—as I moodily sat  
And observed how the heat on the pavements was  
momently doubling,

And hated the coffee for looking so brown and so  
bubbling,

And hated my paper, which seemed to expect me to follow  
A prize-fight (my hat!)—

When I heard a great noise as though heaven was breaking  
asunder,

And "Thanks be to glory," said I, "for this merciful dole;  
The rain! the beneficent rain! Will it lighten, I wonder?

I need not pack up, after all, for my cruise to the Pole;"

And my spirits revived and my appetite seemed to  
awaken,

And I said so to Jane as she brought in the kidneys  
and bacon;

I was vexed when she answered me pertly, "Why, that  
isn't thunder;

We're taking in coal!"

I say there *are* limits. The girl may be decent and sunny,  
Industrious, sober and what not; I don't care a bit;

But she hasn't a right on a day such as that to be funny,  
With the glass at 120, confound her, the chit!

I refuse to submit to the whimsical wheeze of a servant  
Just because Araminta's away and the weather is  
fervent,

So I said to her, "Wench, do you fancy you're taking my  
money

For work or for wit?

"What are parlourmaids coming to now with their insolent  
banter?

Command those uproarious ruffians to hop it, to *trek*,  
And fetch me a siphon or two and the whisky decanter;

Your notions of humour have left me exhausted and weak;  
Take the breakfast away; disappointment has van-  
quished my hunger,

And afterwards go out at once to the nearest fishmonger  
And order two cart-loads of icebergs. Obey me *instantly*,  
Or leave in a week."

EVOE.

"Although weighing over 13 tons, Glendinning declares that an  
aircraft built from his designs could sail round the world without the  
slightest danger of calamity."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Subject for Silly Season—Should Stout Men Boast?



## RUBBING IT IN.

[The following article appears to have been intended for a popular Halfpenny Daily, but as it has been sent to us we feel entitled to print it.]

### TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.

MR. LOWLY DEFEATS  
MR. GORMAN CRAWL.

How I Did It.  
By FERDINAND LOWLY.

Mr. Gorman Crawl's efforts to avoid defeat in his match with me in the semi-finals of the Dartmoor and West Dorset Championship was, I think, the finest exhibition of Lawn Tennis that has been seen for many a long day, and I congratulate those who were so fortunate as to witness the game. In the second set particularly, Mr. Crawl's play exhibited a consistent accuracy combined with activity of resource and hard hitting which, so far as I am aware, has rarely been equalled in the history of the pastime. He frequently returned drives down the side lines and cross volleys which I have always regarded as untakable, putting me in the position of having to repeat those strokes several times before I could make the ace. Even in the third set, Mr. Crawl certainly did not lose heart, as many might have done; in fact he gained vigour to such an extent that his play in the last games became not merely impetuous, but frenzied. Had I not possessed an iron nerve, Mr. Gorman Crawl might have snatched a game or two; and I feel sorry for my opponent when I recall that he only made five points in the set, one of which was due to a net cord stroke, and another to my accidentally treading on a ball. The final scores, as set forth in the "Stop Press" columns of one of the evening papers, were as follows:—

"Crawl beat Lowly . . 6—0. 6—0. 6—0,"

and if the reader reverses the statement he will know the correct result. Mr. Gorman Crawl, after an exhibition which stultifies previous conceptions of what is possible in the way of offensive and defensive tactics, and which refutes once and for all the leading contentions in Mr. Wail's monumental work on the game, was beaten by me in three love sets.

The game opened by my serving a double fault. I then found that I was using my Thursday's racket instead of Tuesday's. After a brief recess, during which, as I am informed, Mr. Gorman Crawl took in his belt one hole, the game proceeded. I served to my opponent's back hand, but, contrary to all rules laid down by Mr. Wail, he unexpectedly returned the ball to my

back hand. The result was that I failed to reach it. It then occurred to me that I ought to make sure I had no gravel in my shoes. I did this without leaving the court. When I had replaced my footwear and was preparing to serve again, I saw that Mr. Gorman Crawl was lying on the ground, apparently asleep. He started up, however, on the score being called a second time, and the game proceeded.

Noticing that my opponent was standing a long way back, I now made a display of hitting the ball hard and then dropped it just over the net. Mr. Crawl did not notice what was happening till too late, and I not only took the ace but had the satisfaction of noticing that my opponent was breathing hard after his fruitless effort to reach the ball. I had, so to speak, drawn first blood. I repeated the ruse with my next service. Mr. Crawl, being now on the alert, reached the ball, but was unable to stop himself, and charged into the net, and the score was called "thirty all." A third time I brought off a drop serve: the ball was returned and I then tossed it with an undercut stroke to the base line. Mr. Crawl ran back, but the ball bounding high and with a strong break he lost sight of it, and after some intricate manoeuvres, in which he had the advantage of advice from the crowd, it eventually fell on his head, and I scored the ace. I had now only to make one point to reach the game, and I effected this by a high-kicking service that left my opponent petrified.

During the set Mr. Crawl gradually got into his game, and, thanks to a strong instinct of self-preservation, he succeeded in returning, when up at the net, many of my drives at his chest and head which I had thought were sure of their mark. His play in the last rally, when the score stood at "5 games to 0 and 40 love" in my favour, called forth loud applause, and I had to do all I knew to prevent him winning an ace which might have resulted in his eventually capturing the game.

At this point an incident occurred which has been variously reported. The facts are that, before embarking on the second set, Mr. Gorman Crawl petitioned the referee that I should be required to remove my tie. The tie referred to is my well-known tennis tie. It is a Mascot, as I associate all my successes on the court during the past four years with this tie. It is a large scarlet bow with vivid green and white spots the size of halfpenny pieces, arranged astigmatically. Mr. Crawl said the cravat held his eye and put him off his game, and complained that

there were so many spots in front of him that he did not know which was the ball. I am glad to be able to add the testimony of such a first string man as Mr. Gorman Crawl to the merits of the "Lowly Patent Tennis Tie" (Registered No. 273125/1911, price 2s. 9d., of all Gunsmiths and Sports Outfitters). I explained to the referee that the tie was a well-known patent and that, if he ruled it out and disqualified the tie, a promising industry would be irretrievably ruined. The referee naturally declined to take such a responsibility and ordered the game to proceed, and we took our places on the course. When, however, I faced Mr. Crawl I found that he had pulled down the sleeve of his shirt over his hand and buttoned it round the handle of his racket. The effect was most disconcerting, for the racket appeared to be part of his body—as if, in fact, he had two elbow joints, and the face of the bat was the palm of his hand. Moreover it was impossible to anticipate the direction of his shots. When forty love had been scored against me I appealed to the referee. The result of that interview was that M. Gorman Crawl courteously unbuttoned his sleeve, and I with equal courtesy removed my tie. The episode was greeted with loud applause, and for my part I felt amply repaid for the sacrifice I had made by the gain in popularity.

I have already referred to the strenuous character of Mr. Gorman Crawl's efforts in this set. The following is the rally for the third ace in the fifth game, given in the notation invented by Mr. Wail, though not yet generally adopted. The diagram will be found in the third volume of Mr. Wail's book, *How to be always right*.

CRAWL.	LOWLY.
1. RS to SL2.	1. BR1 to LK5.
2. LP3 to RT4.	2. KL to LK4.
3. PK4 to LK5. (Ch.)	4. K x R.
5. P x K.	5. B x P.
6. Resigns.	

At the conclusion of the match I shook hands with Mr. Gorman Crawl across the net before he could leave the court, and loudly congratulated him on his brilliant struggle. I now have to meet Mr. "U. R. Beete" in the final round, and if successful my match for the Championship with Mr. "Y. R. U. Sadd" will be played, weather permitting, on Tuesday at 3 o'clock, and should be well worth seeing.

### NOTES.

Mr. Gasp has exchanged the cheese scoop, which is identified with the championship of South Rutlandshire, for a fish-slice.

Mr. Bloshclick, who lately won the





Tramp (suddenly appearing at riverside camping party). "BEG YER PARDON, GUV'NOR, BUT COULD YER LEND ME A BATHIN' SUIT?"

South-West Devon Singles Championship at Sidmouth, is not a native of Antananarivo, as has been stated, but is, we are informed, of Zulu origin.

We regret to report that Mr. Wail met with an unfortunate accident at Broadstairs ten days ago. As a spectator at the annual Lawn Tennis Tournament he was demonstrating to a group of experts the methods which Mr. Wilding ought properly to employ in making his lifting forehand drive, when he struck himself a violent blow on the head, partly severing the right ear. This is the second time Mr. Wail has met with the accident, but we are glad to hear that he is making a satisfactory recovery.

"Cigarette Makers (Female), round and flat."—Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."

Who makes round cigarettes (or flat) should herself be round (or flat) respectively.

"WANTED.—Anything old to do with the Church or Church Services; preference given to examples with dates or inscriptions."

Advt. in "The Challenge."

We were just going to offer our Vicar, but he has no inscription on him.

### PLATITUDES: THE NEW GAME.

It is based on "Bromides" and any one can play it. The least educated has a chance of winning and an Oxford degree is no bar to success—quite the reverse, in fact; indeed I have known dons . . .

This is how it is played. Two people are seated in easy-chairs, for it has been found that you cannot be too comfortable for this game; any discomfort is apt to excite the mind, to disturb the grey matter, to interfere with that complete repose which is so essential a feature of the contest. These two are the players. They indulge in small talk and the smaller talker wins. The object of each player is to make such inanely conventional remarks that his opponent is reduced to silence. For example you are sitting next to a bishop, and it falls to you to start the conversation. Of course you don't say anything like "How sad about this Kikuyu business." No, you open like this. "Are you fond of dancing?" you say. The bishop will reply coldly, "It is many years since I danced." You sigh and murmur, "Ah! the dear old days!"

I cannot imagine what his lordship will say next.

Of course the conversation in Platitudes must be connected and coherent. There is no use repeating "Wollah wollah, gollah gollah, Asquith must go, We want eight," or things of that sort. And you must not make mere blank statements like "The number of cigars annually imported into the U.S.A. is 26,714,811," unless they can be introduced deftly into the conversation.

You must imagine yourself paying a call in a London drawing-room, and you must say nothing that would not be possible and indeed suitable in that milieu. To attempt to arouse any interest or show any intelligence is wrong, but then neither must you betray any sign of actual imbecility. Anything that approaches gibbering cannot be too strongly condemned.

The players speak in turn and quotations are not allowed (at least not from living writers). The question as to whose talk is the smaller of the two is so much a matter of taste that the game can only be decided by an umpire or by the votes of the spectators. But



there is seldom much doubt. It is not uncommon for one of the players to break down and become almost hysterical, and few can hold out long against one of the champions. Some people allow facial expression and general demeanour to count, but this I do not recommend. It gives some an unfair advantage, and I have known it lead to unpleasantness.

Perhaps a short sample will give a better idea of the game than any description. I take one from a little tournament in which I competed a few days ago. I was highly commended, but it was thought I displayed a little too much intelligence. This is one of the pleasing features of Platitudes; when one loses, things like that are somehow said, as they are never said, for instance, at Bridge. From this specimen the beginner will learn the right style and method. Only by study of the best models and by constant practice can he attain anything like proficiency.

*He.* What a world we live in, do we not? (*This is a very common opening.*)

*She.* Yes, to be sure. Dear, dear!

*He.* The age is so complex, so full of rush and hurry. Everyone is running after money, are they not?

*She.* They are not. I mean they are.

*He* (*heaving a sigh*). How sad it is!

*She* (*in a tone of gentle correction*). It is deplorable. Did you read Mr. Goldstein's speech the other day? I thought it so sweet! He said that the possession of wealth entailed great responsibilities.

*He.* How like him! (*After a pause*) And how true! Yes, things are in a bad way.

*She.* How one deplores these strikes.

*He* (*sternly*). They ought to be shot.

*She.* Too dreadful. I think it is so terrible when quite nice people are positively inconvenienced. It makes one think of the French Revolution.

*He.* Ah! Yes, the French Revolution. Well, well, the good old days are gone.

*She.* Yes, they have quite gone.

*He* (*sighing heavily*). Dear, dear, dear, dear! May I have some tea-cake?

*She.* Oh do! but I'm afraid they're cold.

*He.* I like them cold. I think they are so much cooler then.

*She.* They are a shade less warm.

[*There was a short interval here when the supporters of each party gathered round and gave advice and encouragement. The lady seemed as fresh as a fiddle, but the man was very exhausted and had to have a spirituous stimulant. After a quarter-of-an-hour's interval the game was resumed.*]  
*She.* Look at the fashionable ladies

and their dogs! The sums they lavish on them!

*He.* Oh, it's disgraceful. The Government ought to do something.

*She.* I call it wicked.

*He* (*much struck with this*). You are quite right.

*She.* But mind you, I'm fond of animals myself.

*He.* Oh, so am I. I dote on dogs. You know, I call the horse a noble animal—that's what I call the horse.

*She* (*after a pause*). I call the camel the ship of the desert.

*He.* Ah, very witty, very clever. I see you have a sense of humour. "Ship of the desert"—that's good.

*She.* Yes, I don't know what I should have done without my sense of humour.

*He* (*sharply*). No more do I.

*She* (*confidentially*). You know, I think dogs should be treated as dogs. They should be kept in their proper places. I like them best in the country, you know. Don't you?

*He.* Yes. I think the country is the place for all animals. One sees so many there—at least in some places.

*She.* I am so fond of the country. It is so restful. The old oaks and the buttercups and the village rector and the dear cows. I don't know what we should do without them.

*He.* That's what I say. Where would England be without the country?

*She.* Ah, yes. "Far from the madding crowd," as the poet says.

*He.* Yes. What a great poet MILTON is, to be sure.

*She.* Oh, delightful! And don't you like Miss WHEELER WILCOX?

*He.* Of course—ripping, yes, of course. Her poems of pleasure—her poems of passion, her—well, in fact, all her poems.

*She.* Quite.

At this point the man broke down altogether and began to gibber. But he recovered in time to see the prize unanimously voted to the lady. This consisted of a volume of Mr. — but perhaps I had better not mention names; it might be liable to misconstruction. I hope I have said enough to show what a fascinating and delightful game it is. No appliances are required (as with dominoes), except one's own nimble brain; and I think Platitudes will soon sweep the country. Signs are not wanting that Clumps and Dumb Crambo are already becoming back numbers in the best circles.

"The military dirigible Koerting made the wound in the leg of Baron de Rothschild. It was found to have flattened itself against the bone."—*Egyptian Mail*.

"The Koerting; so it is," said the Baron, when shown the X-ray photograph of his calf.

## TOURS IN FACT AND FANCY.

TELL me not of Western Islands  
Or some bonnie loch or ben  
Of those hustled haunts, the Highlands;  
I'm not going there again.

Cease from cackling so cocksurely  
Of some heavenly woodland dell  
Where the pipes of Pan blow purely;  
I have sampled these as well.

Do not harp upon your hollow  
Tales of Somewhere-by-the-Sea  
Patronised by Ph. Apollo;  
'Tisn't good enough for me.

No, nor urge me, friend, to hasten  
To your "cloudless alien climes,"  
Hungering for my Fleece like Jason—  
I've been fleeced there many times.

No, not one of your romances  
Can, I say, provide a lure;  
Not one spot on earth's expanses  
For my ailment find a cure.

Others may enjoy each jolly day  
Somewhere with their hard-earned pelf;  
But, for me, I want a holiday  
From my super-silly self.

### The Nut.

From a story in *Munsey's Magazine*:

"My father was a clergyman in a college community; and that explains my home in a nutshell."

It doesn't. The father should have been a vegetarian in a Garden City community.

"Captain Roald Amundsen has qualified for his pilot's certificate at the military camp near Christiania. An officer of the Flying Corps first took him for a preliminary flight round the course, showing him what tests were required. Suddenly the elevator broke and the aeroplane fell nose downwards to the ground 40 feet below. Captain Amundsen escaped un hurt."—*South Wales Echo*.

So he got through the first test all right.

### "SMALL SURREY SCORE.

ONLY HAYES AND HITCH SHINE AT NORTHAMPTON."

*Westminster Gazette*.

Surrey should have been at home, where HAYES and HITCH would have found an excellent third in Old Sol, who shone at his best.

"CLACTON.—A Lady would be glad to hear of anyone wishing to Join House-Party from August 14th to September 10th. Minute from sea and ten golf links."—*Advt. in "Times."*

Personally we find that, at our usual rate of divot-removing, five golf-links will last us a month. Ten is an unnecessary extravagance.





Polite Little Boy (suffering from repletion). "OH, PLEASE, MISS, DON'T ASK ME TO HAVE ANY MORE; I CAN'T SAY NO."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I should have detected what was the primary trouble with *A Lad of Kent* (MACMILLAN) if Mr. HERBERT HARRISON had given me any opportunity of studying *Lord Haresfield* at closer quarters. Upon the material vouchsafed it was impossible to spot in him the villain of the piece; I was only allowed to meet him at two brief interviews, throughout which he was consistently courteous and kind, with nothing of the murderer about him. There was, in this connection, not only *suppressio veri*, but even some *suggestio falsi*; at any rate I still have great difficulty in believing that a man so obviously intelligent and diplomatic could have initiated schemes so unnecessarily elaborate and entirely incompetent for the mere removal of an unknown and fatherless village youth. I make these observations only as in duty bound; for myself, I didn't care twopence who was trying to get rid of *Phillip*, or why. Provided they didn't succeed, I was content to leave them at it and enjoy the fascinating picture of life in a sea-coast village in the good old days when everybody was busy either in preventing or assisting the "free trade;" when a press-gang might come along at any moment and steal a man or two without so much as by your leave, and, generally speaking, things moved. Mr. HARRISON has a delightful style, a perfect sympathy with the times of which he writes, and no small gift of characterization. Frankly, I don't believe he attaches any more importance to his plot than I do, for he is quite content to leave it to itself for several chapters on end.

*The Double House* (STANLEY PAUL) began attractively with a retired Indian colonel who had a mysterious sorrow

and wished to betake himself to some quiet English hamlet "where echoes from his past might never penetrate." Of course this could hardly be called wise of the Colonel; the slightest knowledge of quiet English neighbourhoods in fiction or the drama might have assured him that towards the end of Act I. somebody was simply bound to turn up who knew all. However, he rented one half of a divided old manor house, and, even when informed that the other half was inhabited by a widow of quiet habits, he apparently did not share my own instant certainty that there were coincidences ahead. As a matter of fact E. EVERETT-GREEN, the author, had so arranged matters that this lady was the sister-in-law of a wicked murderer, for whose crime the gallant Colonel had himself been tried. So much for his past; but as a matter of fact that of the lady was ever so much more sinister. She had, it appeared, married a gentleman called *Paul Enderby*, only to learn after the ceremony that her husband had a twin-brother *Saul*, who must have been the twinniest twin that ever breathed, since at no moment could any living soul tell the two apart. I won't harrow you with details, but the confusion was such that, even after the unlamented decease of *Paul*, poor bewildered *Mrs. Enderby* was by no means sure that she wasn't only a bereaved sister-in-law. Her sad plight reminded me of nothing so much as that of the lady in *Engaged* who entreated to have three questions answered: "Am I a widow, and if so how came I to be a widow, and whose widow came I to be?" The great difference between the two cases is that this of *Mrs. Enderby* is meant to be taken with solemnity—a task that I regret to add was too heavy for me. I am only sorry that so charming a title as *The Double House* has been so sadly wasted.

If a wicked male novelist had dared to write *Jacynth*



(CONSTABLE) I tremble to imagine the things that certain fair critics would have said about him. But since a woman is the creator, and one, moreover, with the well-won reputation of Miss STELLA CALLAGHAN, what is there to say? After all she must know. As a portrait of futility, *Jacynth* is the most mercilessly realistic thing that I have met for some time. Pretty, brainless, egotistical, utterly unable ever to understand even the least of the men who loved her—this was *Jacynth*. The picture is so unsparing that (though I am not calling the book a masterpiece or free from dull moments) the very completeness of the dreadful thing fascinates you unwillingly. *Jacynth* was the typical product of a seaside town, where she was adored by two men—a young squire and a famous novelist. I was just a little bored by her beginnings, especially when she sprained her ankle—a gambit I had imagined *démodé* even with the most provincial of heroines. However, *Jacynth* married the novelist, and after the honeymoon settled down to a steady course of fatuousness and general interference with his work which presently reduced the poor man to exasperation, and finally constrained him to pack her off on a prolonged visit to the seaside home of her maidenhood. After that *Jacynth* went from worse to worst; too preposterous a fool even to be greatly moved when she brought tragedy into the lives of those who came under her malign influence. I will not follow her vicissitudes in detail. Throughout the book the most sinister thing in her story was to me the fact that a woman had written it. Moreover I have a lurking suspicion that the portrait is no imaginary one. Perhaps this is a high tribute to Miss CALLAGHAN's skill; it certainly is meant to be a compliment to her courage.

I've often longed to come upon  
Some giant spoor and dog the track till  
I ran to earth a mastodon,  
A dinosaur, a pterodactyl;  
But I supposed my natal date—  
However distantly I view it—  
Was several thousand years too late  
To give me any chance to do it.

And yet Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE  
Has found a man who's penetrated  
Through bush and swamp on virgin soil  
And seen the things I've indicated,  
Creatures with names that clog your pen—  
Dimorphodon and plesiosaurus—  
And carried home a specimen  
To silence any doubting chorus.

In *The Lost World*\* the tale is told  
(SMITH, ELDER do it cheap) in diction  
So circumstantial that its hold  
Is more than that of common fiction;

\* New Edition, with illustrations.

If you can run the story through,  
By aid of portraits when you need it,  
And not be half convinced it's true,  
You simply don't deserve to read it.

There is nothing wrong with Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS' latest collection of short stories, *The Judge's Chair* (MURRAY), but there is something vigorously to protest against upon the wrapper that covers them. For there I found an uncompromising statement to the effect that these stories "bring to a conclusion the author's Dartmoor work," and no sooner had I read it than my heart sank into my heels. Solemnly I plead with him to reconsider this decision, for if he does not his innumerable admirers will be deprived of something almost as annual and quite as enjoyable as Christmas. If he wants a holiday let him have one by all means, though personally I was not pleased when he left Dartmoor for Italy. But let it be only a holiday, a break in his real business. As for the book, I advise everyone who can appreciate dry humour and quaint philosophy to sit behind *The Judge's Chair*. "The Two Farmers" is

in its way a masterpiece, grim and very real, and there is not the ghost of a sign in the whole collection that Mr. PHILLPOTTS has written of Dartmoor until he is tired of it or it of him. He has made a niche for himself in that old temple of Nature, and we must all try to persuade him to stay there.

I have been reading a book, written by the Rev. H. S. PELHAM, and published by MACMILLAN, which is at least twenty times as absorbing and moving as any novel. It is called *The Training of a Working Boy*. I



THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES THE DEADLY STRUGGLE WHICH GOES ON DAILY BETWEEN RIVAL SEASIDE RESORTS. IT REPRESENTS A PARTY OF HIRELINGS IN THE PAY OF WOBBLETHORPE-ON-SEA ENGAGED IN RUNNING UP THE RAINFALL OF LITTLE BLINKINGTON.

dare say you may have met with other volumes on something like the same theme before, and may suppose you know all about camps and evening schools and blind-alley employment and the rest of it. But I am pretty well sure that you have read nothing more practical and human on the questions of boydom. It is, indeed, the humanity, sympathetic and more than half humorous, of Mr. PELHAM's attitude that gives his book its appeal and incidentally, I fancy, explains his success with the object of it. His little volume is a plea for personal rather than pecuniary help, and is directed more especially to Midlanders, since its chief concern is with the boy population of Birmingham. I can only wish for it the largest possible number of readers in the shires and elsewhere, since to read it is inevitably to be moved to active sympathy.

"The selection of a player for the leading rôle, that of Pallas Athene, the beautiful goddess of Greek mythology, was successfully accomplished when Miss Genevieve Clark, the pretty and vivacious daughter of Speaker Clark, consented to take the part. Those who know Miss Clark and Greek mythology will realise at once that there will be a natural affinity between the player and the character."

Washington (D. C.) Post.

We never actually met Pallas Athene, but have always heard of her as being neither very pretty nor vivacious.



## CHARIVARIA.

Two men carrying bombs were arrested last week on the outskirts of Paris, and are suspected of a plot against the FRENCH PRESIDENT. They alleged that the bombs were made for the TSAR OF RUSSIA, but the TSAR denies that he gave the commission.

The town of Criccieth, it is reported, has decided to give up gas in favour of electricity. This, of course, is not meant as a slight on its most illustrious resident.

Posted at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, on July 14, 1904, a postcard has just been delivered at the Grapes Hotel in Cowes. The recipient is said to have expressed the opinion that it would have been quicker, almost, to have telephoned the message.

Miss NINA BOYLE, of the Women's Freedom League, has sent to the papers a list of ladies on whom she considers the KING ought to bestow honours. Among the writers there is one notable omission, and Miss MARIE CORELLI is said to be more of an anti-Suffragette than ever.

"NEW THEATRE FOR LONDON,  
ALL SEATS IN THE HOUSE TO BE BOOKED."

So the great difficulty has been solved at last! So may theatres fail because the seats are not taken.

A movement is on foot to induce Mr. CHARLES GARVICE to change the name of his play, *A Heritage of Hate*, as so many patrons of melodrama have experienced difficulty in pronouncing the title as it stands at present.

In a struggle between a British sailor and a German policeman at Wilhelmshaven the other day honours seem to have been fairly even. The policeman, who used his sword, lost his head, and the sailor a piece of his nose.

Two men of good position were tried last week before the State Court of Berlin for refusing to address a policeman as "Mr." That will surprise no one who knows his Prussia. It is the sequel which takes our breath away. The two men were acquitted!

shows that in the preceding ten years clergymen of the Established Church declined from 25,235 to 24,859. "The decrease is accounted for by the lack of young men taking orders." The wonder is that such orders were not at once snapped up by alert Germans.

Miss LAURA WENTWORTH, of Nebraska, known as "The Big Hat Girl," has, we are told, sailed from New York in the *Imperator* with a hat which measures 58 inches in diameter. These giant liners are justifying themselves.

We are glad that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has promised a Bill against foreign sweeps. Only the other day we received a circular headed "Schimneys Scheaply Schwept."

While we are ready to grant that

the French Navy is about to try the experiment of enlisting black sailors. We should say that they will be found to make the most admirable stokers, not showing the dirt like the white men.

Describing a recent visit of a party of Congressmen and State officials to one of the teetotal battleships of the American Navy, a contemporary says, "The distinguished guests took water with what grace they could." Evidently they thought it scarcely worth saying race for.

The statement made last week in the course of a certain trial that "as a man grows older he becomes riper" has had a curious sequel. Orders are pouring in from the Cannibal Isles for consignments of centenarians.



ONE ADVANTAGE ABOUT THESE ABSOLUTELY REMOTE COUNTRY COTTAGES IS THAT YOU CAN WEAR OUT SOME OF THE COSTUMES IN WHICH YOU WENT TO THE FANCY BALLS THIS SEASON.

it is not always easy to find the apt quotation, we cannot help thinking that *The Daily Telegraph* would have caused less offence if it had published the following paragraph without any tag at all:—

The Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington, Alderman and Mrs. W. H. Davison, held a reception at the Kensington Town Hall last evening, their guests numbering between 400 and 500.

Oh, how peaceful is their sleep,  
They who "Keating's" always keep.

"Cheerful Company at all the Cafés. Soup to Cheese 1/-," announces an advertisement in *The Manchester Guardian*. We have heard of lively cheese before, but the chatty soup must be something of a novelty.

"Strawberries are going out," reports *The Evening News*. We are in a position to confirm this statement. We met one out the other evening.

According to *La France Militaire*

## THE PROFESSIONAL ATTITUDE.

(The modern girl, according to a daily paper, is not to be won by love-making. She prefers a cheerful and amusing companion.)

DEAR, of old I swore devotion  
In the manner knights employed,  
Wrote epistles with emotion  
(Which I trust have been destroyed);  
Now at last, a practised lover,  
Boasting conquests not a few,  
I am told to put a cover  
On my sentiments for you.

Cupid's chat is out of fashion;  
Sloppy words are never said;  
Voices once a-throb with passion  
Shake with merriment instead;  
Poets qualified to tackle  
Lyric metres when inspired  
Stoop to make the ladies cackle—  
Nothing further is required.

Doubtless one whose occupation  
Has a dull and solemn trend  
Might enjoy, as relaxation,  
Jesting with a female friend;  
But, corrupted by the money  
That my written humours bring,  
How on earth can I be funny  
For the pleasure of the thing?

*The Daily Chronicle* on the latest submarine:—

"It will also be equipped with a quick-firing gun, which disappears when the vessel is submerged."  
This is far the best arrangement; it would never do for it to be left floating where any passer-by could pick it up.



## A WARM HALF-HOUR.

WHATEVER the papers say, it was the hottest afternoon of the year. At six-thirty I had just finished dressing after my third cold bath since lunch, when Celia tapped on the door.

"I want you to do something for me," she said. "It's a shame to ask you on a day like this."

"It is rather a shame," I agreed, "but I can always refuse."

"Oh, but you mustn't. - We haven't got any ice, and the Thompsons are coming to dinner. Do you think you could go and buy three pennyworth? Jane's busy, and I'm busy, and——"

"And I'm busy," I said, opening and shutting a drawer with great rapidity.

"Just three pennyworth," she pleaded. "Nice cool ice. Think of sliding home on it."

Well, of course it had to be done. I took my hat and staggered out. On an ordinary cool day it is about half-a-mile to the fishmonger; to-day it was about two miles-and-a-quarter. I arrived exhausted, and with only just strength enough to kneel down and press my forehead against the large block of ice in the middle of the shop, round which the lobsters nestled.

"Here, you mustn't do that," said the fishmonger, waving me away.

I got up, slightly refreshed.

"I want," I said, "some——" and then a thought occurred to me.

After all, did fishmongers sell ice? Probably the large block in front of me was just a trade sign like the coloured bottles at the chemist's. Suppose I said to a Fellow of the Pharmaceutical Society, "I want some of that green stuff in the window," he would only laugh. The tactful thing to do would be to buy a pint or two of laudanum first, and then, having established pleasant relations, ask him as a friend to lend me his green bottle for a bit.

So I said to the fishmonger, "I want some—some nice lobsters."

"How many would you like?"

"One," I said.

We selected a nice one between us, and he wrapped a piece of *Daily Mail* round it, leaving only the whiskers visible, and gave it to me. The ice being now broken—I mean the ice being now—well, you see what I mean—I was now in a position to ask for some of his ice.

"I wonder if you could let me have a little piece of your ice," I ventured.

"How much ice do you want?" he said promptly.

"Sixpennyworth," I said, not knowing a bit how much it would be, but feeling that Celia's threepennyworth sounded rather mean.

"Six of ice, Bill," he shouted to an inferior at the back, and Bill tottered up with a block about the size of one of the lions in Trafalgar Square. He wrapped a piece of *Daily News* round it and gave it to me.

"Is that all?" asked the fishmonger.

"That is all," I said faintly; and, with Algernon, the overwhiskered crustacean, firmly clutched in the right hand and Stonehenge supported on the palm of the left hand, I retired.

The flat seemed a very long way away, but having bought twice as much ice as I wanted, and an entirely unnecessary lobster, I was not going to waste still more money in taxis. Hot though it was, I would walk.

For some miles all went well. Then the ice began to drip through the paper, and in a little while the underneath part of *The Daily News* had disappeared altogether. Tucking the lobster under my arm I turned the block over, so that it rested on another part of the paper. Soon that had dissolved too. By the time I had got half-way our Radical contemporary had been entirely eaten.

Fortunately *The Daily Mail* remained. But to get it I had to disentangle Algernon first, and I had no hand available. There was only one thing to do. I put the block of ice down on the pavement, unwrapped the lobster, put the lobster temporarily in my pocket, spread its *Daily Mail* out next to the ice, lifted the ice on to the paper, and—looked up and saw Mrs. Thompson approaching.

She was the last person I wanted at that moment. In an hour and a half she would be dining with us. Algernon would not be dining with us. If Algernon and Mrs. Thompson were to meet now, would she not be expecting him to turn up at every course? Think of the long-drawn-out disappointment for her; not even lobster sauce!

There was no time to lose. I decided to abandon the ice. Leaving it on the pavement I turned round and walked hastily back the way I had come.

By the time I had shaken off Mrs. Thompson I was almost at the fishmonger's. That decided me. I would begin all over again, and would do it properly this time.

"I want," I said boldly, "three-pennyworth of ice."

"Three of ice, Bill," said the fishmonger, and Bill gave me quite a respectable segment in *The Morning Post*.

"And I want a taxi," I said, and I summoned one.

We drove quickly home.

As we neared the flat I suddenly remembered Algernon. I drew him out of my pocket, red and undraped.

This would never do. If the porter saw me entering my residence with a nice lobster, the news would soon get about, and before I knew where I was I should have a super-tax form sprung on me. I placed the block of ice on the seat, took off its *Morning Post*, and wrapped up Algernon. Then I sprang out, gave the man a shilling, and got into the lift.

"Bless you," said Celia, "have you got it? How sweet of you!" And she took my parcel from me. "Now we shall be able—— Why, what's this?"

I looked at it closely.

"It's—it's a lobster," I said. "Didn't you say lobster?"

"I said ice."

"Oh," I said, "oh, I didn't understand. I thought you said lobster."

"You can't put lobster in cider cup," said Celia severely.

Of course I quite see that. It was rather a silly mistake of mine. However, it's pleasant to think that the taxi must have been nice and cool for the next man. A. A. M.

## AT THE TOWER.

UPON the old black guns

The old black raven hops;

We gave him bits of buns

And cakes and acid-drops;

He's wise, and his way's devout,

But he croaks and he flaps his wings  
(And the flood runs out and the sergeants shout)

For the first and the last of things;  
He croaks to Robinson, Brown, and Jones,

The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's Bones!*"

For into the lifting dark

His sire flapped out of the Ark

And never came back again;

So I always fancy that,

Ere the frail lost blue showed thin,

Alone he sat upon Ararat

To see a new world in,

And yelped to the void from a cairn of stones

The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's Bones!*"

When the last of mankind lie slain

On Armageddon's field,

When the last red west has ta'en

The last day's flaming shield,

There shall sit when the shadows run

(D'you doubt, good Sirs, d'you doubt?)

His last rogue son on an empty gun

To see an old world out;

And he'll croak (as to Robinson, Brown and Jones)

The song of the ravens, "*Dead Men's Bones!*"





**THE LIBERAL CAVE-MEN;  
OR, A HOLT FROM THE BLUE.**

HARASSED CHANCELLOR. "IT'S NOT SO MUCH FOR MY FEET THAT I MIND—THEY'RE HARDENED AGAINST THIS KIND OF THING; BUT I DO HATE ROCKS ON MY HEAD."









### THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION IN IRELAND.

Tim. "WELL, PATSY, ARE YE AFTHIR BUILDING AN ADDITION TO YER HOUSE?"

Patsy. "SHURE AND THE HINS LIKES A PLACE TO THIMSILVES."

### TEMPERING THE WIND;

OR, THE INDEMNIFICATION OF ANTONIO.

[In the Census returns for 1911, recently published, organ-grinders are no longer counted as musicians.]

WHEN buffets from the frowning Fates demoralise,  
And all the spirit yearns for honeyed death;  
When limply on the harper's brow the laurel lies  
And something in his bosom deeply saith,  
"N. G. I give it up! Behold! misshapen is  
The bowler that surmounts my glorious mane;  
Life is all kicks without the boon of halfpennies;  
The rates are here again;"——

'Tis sweet, 'tis very sweet to gaze at Helicon  
And think, "On me the sacred fire has dropped,  
The lute, at any rate, still hangs, a relic, on  
This diaphragm, although the shirt is popped;"  
And so it was, I ween, with your position,  
Ausonia's sunny child, from house to house  
Aye wandering: still you ranked as a musician,  
The same as Dr. STRAUSS.

People were rude to you: they said, "Be gibbeted!"  
In many a ruthless road your cheek grew wan  
Where hawkers and street-music were prohibited  
And stout policemen urged you to get on;  
Yet still that stubborn heart, the heart of CATO's  
kin,  
Stayed you, and still the gleam that cannot die,  
Though every now and then an old potato skin  
Did welt you in the eye.

Tattered and soiled, an exile and an alien,  
Somehow you touched the Cockney nymphs with awe;  
You lit the cold clay statue, like Pygmalion,  
To blood-red raptures; you were sib to SHAW;  
Others might hale the town in cushioned chariots  
To see them dance or daub, to hear them strum;  
You also had your moments: jigging Harriets  
Joyed in your simian chum.

And how shall these things change? Shall childish  
galleries

That deemed you once Apollo's minister,  
Say, "Garn, old monkey!" Shall colossal salaries  
Reward the Muse and not the dulcimer?  
Not gleaming eyeballs, not the soul illuminate?  
Shall old faiths falter and Antonio's heart  
Sicken the while he churns, and chilly ruminate,  
"This is no longer Art"?

So be it then. But lest the slight unparalleled  
Shall cause extinction of a breed so stout,  
And scatter to the winds what tags his barrel held  
And doom him to go under and get out;  
Lest he despair and pine from this new streak of ills,  
Not ranked with virtuosi's shining shapes,  
Let him be classed anew amongst Pitheophils,  
An amateur of Apes. EVOE.



## PAYMENT IN KIND.

I ARGUED that one and threepence was too much to pay for the delivery of a telegram which had only cost sixpence itself; I also argued that one and threepence was too little for a wealthy institution like the G.P.O. to worry about, but the messenger wouldn't reduce the price. I had had my telegram, said he, and I must pay for it. I offered to give him the telegram back, but he guessed it was only from Carr and wasn't having any. It was my money he wanted and that, unhappily, was some miles away in a bank.

For reasons best known to myself, and not too clearly appreciated even in that quarter, I am always full of petty cash at the beginning of the month and out of it at the end. My wife never draws any at all, knowing it is much safer where it is, and as for Albert, our only son, he takes no interest in the stuff. When we, in moments of self-denial, slip a coin into the slit of his money-box, he is merely bored, being as yet unable to unlock the box and get the coin out again, owing to ignorance of the whereabouts of the key. I explained all this to the telegraph boy, but his heart didn't soften; so, still parleying with him in the porch, I sent the maid to my wife to see what she could do to ease the financial position.

The maid returned with a shilling, which was my wife's limit, and this I tendered to the boy, explaining to him the theory of discount for net cash. But he was one of those small and obstinate creatures who won't learn, so I sent him round to the back premises to get some tea, while I retired to the front to do some thinking. It was at this moment that Albert chose, imprudently, to make an important announcement from the top of the stairs with regard to a first tooth, which he had lost by extraction the day before but had not yet been able to forget. His idea was that he should come down and inspect it once more; but I paid no heed to this. His mention of the matter suggested, when I came to

think of it, a solution of my difficulty with the telegraph boy.

Later, I asked my wife to step into my study and to shut the door behind her. "This has become a serious matter," said I; "nay, it threatens to be a grave scandal. You remember Albert's tooth?"

She did. These things are not easily forgotten. "I wish," I pursued, "to interview Albert's nurse as to it," and I rang the bell sternly.

"She hasn't got it," said my wife; "we have," and she took from the mantelpiece a small packet tied up with pink ribbon.

you are the receiver. Whether or not the telegraph-boy will be jointly charged with us is for the police and Albert to decide between them."

At this moment the nurse entered and asked what we required of her. My wife was confused, but not so I. I told nurse we required nothing of her but much of Albert. Would she ask him to step downstairs?

We assembled in the porch, my wife, Albert, the nurse, and the telegraph boy. I took the chair.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, "I have a proposal to lay before the meeting with a view to adjusting the acute

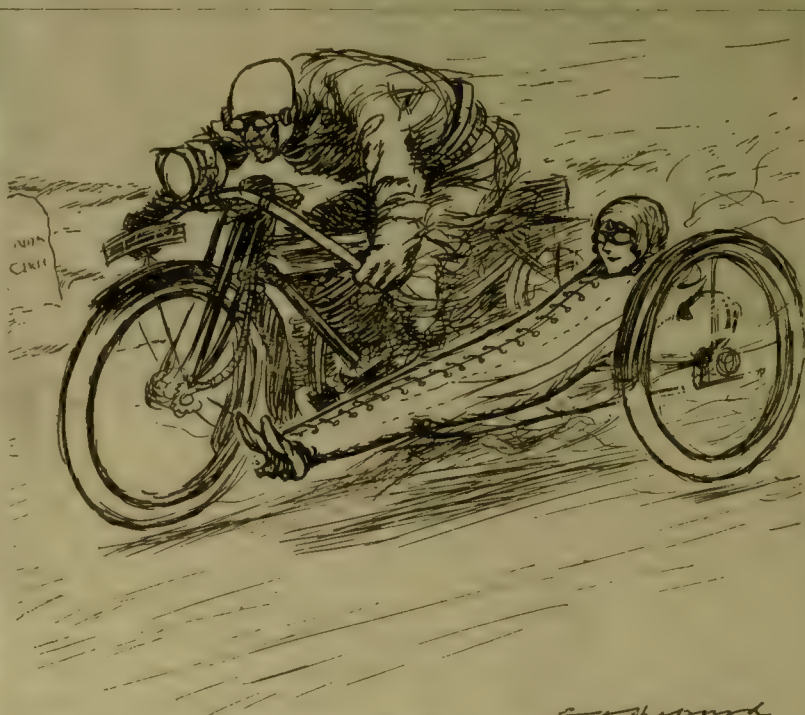
crisis. Let me remind you of the facts:—The gentleman on my right," and I indicated Albert, whose attention wandered a little, "was recently possessed of a tooth, two parents, and a godfather of the name of Carr. The tooth, as teeth will, had to be removed; the parents, as parents may, advanced a shilling upon it; and the godfather, as godfathers needn't, telegraphed to say he was coming forthwith to the *locus in quo*. Things were so when Mr. (I didn't catch your name, Sir," and I turned to the telegraph boy) "threatened to liquidate us unless his debt was satisfied. Business is, as he very properly remarked, business."

Now for my suggestion: Albert," and I turned to him again, "will have the telegram, which, being from his godfather, is rightly his. He will, however, take it subject to encumbrances, of which, I understand, he has already discharged all but threepence. Happily his parents are willing to withdraw their first charge on his personal assets, and I have much satisfaction, Sir"—I bowed to the telegraph boy—"in presenting you with the goods, which were as recently as yesterday valued at no less than a shilling, and in asking you to keep the balance as a mark of our unshaken affection and esteem."

And I handed him Albert's tooth.

"Accused, who gave the name of Janet Arthur, quoted Scott's 'Wha Hae' and other works."—*Lincolnshire Echo*.

Such as the Wha-Haevery Novels.



MORE SACRIFICES TO SPEED.  
THE "MINIM KID-FIT."

I explained that it wasn't the child's molar but the child's funds that I was concerned with. "You will recollect that I compensated him for the loss of it with a shilling. It makes it all the more poignant that it was my last shilling. I put it into his money-box, the key of which is accessible to miscreants. That shilling is gone!"

My wife smiled. "How did you find out?" she asked.

"I had reason to be looking in the box," I said airily, "and happened by chance to notice that the shilling had been stolen."

"You mean," said she, "that you were proposing to steal it yourself?"

I disregarded the question. "I never did trust that nurse," said I. "But to steal the treasured capital of a defenceless infant!"

"I am the thief," said my wife, "and





### THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

Little Girl. "PLEASE, MRS. MURPHY, MUMMY SAYS, IF IT'S FINE TO-MORROW, WILL YOU GO BEGGIN' WITH 'ER?"

#### THE "THORNS OF PRAISE."

"HIS PURPLEST SIN."

By VERNON BLATHERS (Jack Short, 6/-).

*The Weekly Scotsman*. "... vivacious narrative ..."

*The Strathpeffer Courier*. "Replete with up-to-date sentiment ... knowledge of the beau monde ... racy, but never transcending the bounds of decorum."

*The Butterant Despatch*. "Passages which the author of 'The Rosary' might be proud to have written ... high ideals ... love interest well sustained ... careful punctuation."

*The Nether Wallop News*. "Mr. Blathers is a benefactor ... reminds us of T. P. O'CONNOR ... luscious word-painting ... well-chosen epithets."

*The Machrihamish Mirror*. "Stylish writing ... Mr. Blathers is evidently a persona grata in the most recherche circles."

*The Chowbent Eagle*. "Edifying, yet entertaining ... faithful portraiture, but ... not in the least like ZOLA ... undoubtedly readable."

*The Criccieth Sentinel*. "... inside knowledge of Mayfair ... redolent of humanity at its best ... fluid and

flexible style ... suitable for a country congregation."

*The Kilmarnock News*. "... cannot remember any book which ... better than this is."

*The Pilworth Post*. "... redundant with wit ..."

*The Peebles Advertiser*. "Mr. Blathers ... go far."

*The Worcester Academy*. "Mr. Blathers is to be most heartily congratulated."

*The N. Wales Dictator*. "... masterly delineation of the Smart Set."

*The Peak News*. "... witty to excess."

*The Bermondsey Examiner*. "Few books so well worth re- and re-reading."

*The Poplar Courier*. "A fine novel."

*The Sligo Spectator*. "... marked ability. ..."

*The Rutland Observer*. "... meritorious ..."

*The Winchester Tribune*. "... feast of entertainment. Mr. Blathers' next should be ... awaited with impatience."

*The Isle of Wight Critic*. "... clever novel ..."

*The Cader-Idris Athenæum*. "... psychology ... humour ... passion."

*The Bucklaw Post*. "... emotional depths ..."

*The Sunday Deliverer*. "... remarkable book ..."

*The Simla Gazette*. "... verdict ... profoundly enthralling work of fiction."

*The Geelong Times*. "... better than ... GEORGE ELIOT."

*The Cork Pall Mall*. "A brilliant first effort."

*The Hackney Examiner*. "... well written ..."

*The Tooting Express*. "... amusing ..."

*The Monthly Citizen*. "The characters have life and movement."

"Before lunch each section held its annual meeting in private, and at two o'clock the company sat down to a substantial and very acceptable repast, which was greatly relished by the visitors. After being operated upon by a photographer the party split."

*Lebury Guardian*.

We were rather afraid they had overdone it.

From a photographic catalogue:—

"This is a most complete little Projector ... It is quite self-contained and will protect a thirty-inch picture anywhere at a moment's notice."

It should be installed at the Royal Academy without delay.



## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The outstanding features of the season have certainly been the Friendship Fête, the Kamtchatkan Scriptural opera-ballet, "*Noë s'embarque sur l'Arche*," and the Cloak!

The Friendship Fête, to celebrate our not having had any scraps with any foreign country for some little time, was simply immense. There were descriptive tableaux and groups, and the one undertaken by your Blanche—swords being turned into ploughshares and the figure of Peace standing in the middle, with Bellona crouching at her feet—was said to be an easy winner. I was Peace, of course, in chiffon draperies, with my hair down. I hadn't the faintest notion what sort of thing a ploughshare was, but I'd clever people to help me, and so it was all right. But oh, my best one! the difficulty I had in getting a Bellona! They all wanted to be Peace, and some of them were so absolutely horrid about it that I couldn't help telling them they were only showing how fit they were to be Bellona! (I will tell you in confidence that I believe one of them was responsible for some of my swords and ploughshares falling down with an immensely odious crash just as the opening ceremony was going on.) Norty was given the group of all nations, called, "All Men are Brothers," and he said on the whole it was rather a rotten job; there was a lot of friction, and at one time he was afraid things might get almost to diplomatic lengths; however, it all went smoothly at last. Still he told me à l'oreille that he was glad it was well over, as two or three Friendship Fêtes would be enough to shake the peace of Europe to its foundations!

But nothing matters much while one can go and see the wonderful, wonderful Kamtchatkans in "*Noë s'embarque sur l'Arche*"—a feast of beauty—a riot of colour—a mass of inner meanings. Who am I, dearest, that I should try to word-paint it? Being an opera-ballet, there are two Noahs, a singing one and a dancing one. While that glorious Golliookin, the singing Noah, is giving the marvellous Flood Music in a gallery over the stage, our dear wonderful Ternitenky, the dancing Noah, is going into the Ark in a series of the most delicious *pas seuls*. Then his dance of Astonishment and Alarm as he sees the waters rising—and afterwards his dance of Joy and Thankfulness at finding himself quite dry! The *Pas de Six* of Noah's Sons and their Wives! And the *ensemble* dance-

ing of the Animals! My dearest, you positively must and shall leave your solitudes and come and see the Kamtchatkans in Scriptural opera-ballet! Only second to *Noë* is *La Femme de Lot*, with dear Sarkavina, in clouds of white, doing a sensational whirling dance as she turns into the Pillar, while that amazing soprano, Seriema-lona, sings the mysterious Salt Music. Bishops quite swarm at these performances. They say they consider it their duty to go, and that they never really understood the true character of Noah till they saw Ternitenky's beautiful flying leap into the Ark, or quite grasped the personality of Lot's Wife before seeing Sarkavina's Pillar-of-Salt dance.

On *Noë* and *Lot* nights it's correct to carry a little darling Old Testament, bound in velvet or satin to match or contrast with one's toilette, and generally with jewels on the cover; and the Old Testament is quite often mentioned at dinner just now, people pretending they've been reading it, and so on. *A propos*, Mrs. Golding-Newman, one of the latest climbers, excused herself for being late at dinner somewhere the other night by saying, "I was reading Deuteronomy and didn't notice how the time was going." The Bullyon-Boundermere woman was present and, determined to trump her rival's trick, chipped in with, "Oh, isn't Deuteronomy charming? But I think of all the books of the Old Testament my favourite is In Memoriam!"

The Cloak, my Daphne, which is one of the most interesting arrivals in town this summer, is, *à mon avis*, something quite more than a garment—it is a great big test of all that a woman most prides herself on! You may see a thousand women with cloaks on, but how many will be really wearing them! As one criticised the cloaks and their wearers in the Enclosure at Aswood one couldn't help murmuring with a small sigh, "Who is sufficient for these things!" People who have the cloak fastened on in just any way, my dear, are simply begging the question; in its true inwardness, in its loftiest development, the cloak should be a separate creation, kept in its place only by the grace and knack of its wearer. There should be character about it, a fascinating droop, a sweet crookedness that can only happen when it is worn with the art that—you know the rest.

Shall I confide to you my little secret, dearest? Would you know why it is given to your Blanche to be easily best of the few women who do really wear the cloak? When I'm ready, all but my cloak, I run away from Yvonne down the stairs; she follows, carrying

the cloak, and when she's beginning to overtake me she throws the cloak and I catch it on my shoulders. Result—I'm the envy and despair of all my best beloved enemies!

People have been trying to find new places to wear their watches. A small watch on the toe of each shoe (plain for day wear, jewelled for the evening) had quite a little vogue, though as watches they were no good, for no one could see the time by them. Then little teeny watches on the tips of glove-fingers were liked a little. But the latest development is that Time is *démodé*, and anyone mentioning hours and half-hours is stamped as an outside person.

Isn't this a fragrant idea about our not being to blame for anything we do, because it's all owing to the colours we live with? Everybody's charmed about it. Instead of going to lawyers when things run off the rails a little, if one just called in a colour-expert all sorts of horrors might be avoided, for he would prove that people are like that owing to the colours of their curtains and upholsteries, and aren't to blame themselves, poor dears, the very least little bit! The Thistledown ménage, for instance. For ages it's been tottery, because Thistledown never understood Fluffy, and Fluffy, poor little thing, seemed to understand everybody except Thistledown. We've all been so sorry for her, for several times he's been on the point of dragging things into public. And now it turns out that nothing is Fluffy's fault and that, if she hadn't always had her own, own room done in pinky-blue shades, she might have been quite a serious domestic character! T. says, if that's so, she'd better have her own, own room done in some other colour, but Fluffy says, No, she likes pinky-blue shades, only he must remember, when he's inclined to be hard on her, that the pinky-blue shades are to blame and not herself.

Then there's old Lady Humguffin, easily the most miserly old dear who ever wore a transformation (she even has a taxi-meter thing in her own motors and anyone driving with her is expected to pay what it registers!). Colour-experts say that if it weren't for the frightfully dull dusty purple in which all her rooms are furnished she might part quite freely!

So there it is, my dear! People say there's been no such important discovery since Gallienus—that fearful old man, you know, who said something moved when everyone else said it didn't. (I hardly know how I know these things. Please, please don't think I'm becoming a *femme savante*!).

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



## TOO MUCH CHAMPIONSHIP.

ONCE life was an easy thing.

Yorkshire or Surrey or Kent were cricket champions. RANJI or W. G. headed the batting averages; RHODES or RICHARDSON the bowling. The office boy who knew these details plus the Boat Race winner and the English Cup-holders could keep his end up in conversation. He even found time to do a little work.

But now! That poor brain must know that McGinty of Fulham fetched £1,000 when put up for auction, that the front line of Blackburn Rovers represents an expense of £11,321 13s. 4d., and that Chelsea have played before 71,935 spectators. He must know the champions of the First, Second, Southern, Midland, and Scottish Leagues, and the teams that gained promotion.

Then there is cricket—all worked out to "those damned dots," as Lord RANDOLPH said in an inspired moment. Think of the strain of remembering that Middlesex stands at 78.66 and Surrey at 72.94. And the sporting papers are publishing lists of catches made; and lists of catches missed are sure to follow. Think of it—you may have to name the Champion Butter-fingers in 1915!

Come to tennis. You must know the names of the Australian Terror, the New Zealand Cyclone, the American Whirlwind. You must at a glance be able to pronounce on the nationality of Mavrogordato or Froitzheim. You have the strain of proving that the victory of a New Zealander over a German proves the vitality of the dear old country.

Or boxing. How can an ordinary mind retain the names of all the White Hopes or Black Despairs. At any moment some Terrible Magyar may wrest the bantam championship from us. You must learn to distinguish between WELLS, the reconstructor of the universe, and Knock-out WELLS. You must be acquainted with the doings and prospects of Dreadnought Brown and Mulekick Jones. You must know the F. E. Smithian repartees of JACK JOHNSON.

Let us talk of golf. No, on second thoughts, let us notably refrain from talking about golf. Only if you don't know who defeated TRAVERS (*plus lumbago*) and who eclipsed America's Bright Boy, you must hide your head in shame.

We come to rowing. Once one could say, "Ah, Leander," and with an easy shrug of the shoulders pass from the subject. But when international issues are involved, and the win of a Canadian or American or German crew may cause *The Daily Mail* to declare (for the



Wife (with some sadness). "AH, WELL, HENRY, I SUPPOSE IT'S A BIT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO THINK OF THAT NOW."

hundredth time) that England is played out, a man simply has to keep abreast of the results.

There are a score of other things. Name for me, if you can, the Great American Four, the hydro-aeroplane champion, the M.P. champion pigeon-flyer, and the motor-bike hill-climbing champion.

And the Olympic games are coming! Who are England's hopes in the discus-throwing and the fancy diving? What Britisher must we rely on in the javelin hop-skip-and-jump?

Your brain reels at the prospect. We must decide to ignore all future championships. We must decline to

be aggravated if a Japanese Badminton champion appears. We must cease to be interested if Britain's Hope beats the Horrible Peruvian at Tiddly-winks. There are three admirable reasons for this.

The first is that we must play some games ourselves.

The second, that, unless a check be put to championships, the Parliamentary news will be crowded out of the papers and we shall find ourselves in an unnatural state of peace and goodwill.

The third, which one puts forward with diffidence, is that somebody, somewhere, somehow, sometime must do a little work.



To the Memory  
of  
Joseph Chamberlain.

BORN 1836.

DIED JULY 2ND, 1914.

ERE warmth of Spring had stirred the wintry lands—  
Spring that for him had no renewing breath—  
He went apart to wait with folded hands  
The lingering feet of Death.

Long had he laid his burnished armour by,  
But still we flew his banner for a sign,  
Still felt his spirit like a rallying-cry  
Hearten the fighting line.

But he—ah, none could know the heavy strain,  
Patiently to accept the watcher's part  
While yet no weakness sapped the virile brain  
Nor dulled the eager heart.

He should have died with all his harness on,  
As those the Valkyr bore from out the fight,  
In ringing mail that still unruined shone,  
Up to Valhalla's height.

Yet solace flowed from that surcease of strife:  
Love found occasion in his need of care,  
And time was ours to prove how dear the life  
An Empire ill could spare.

And generous foes confessed the magic spell  
Of greatness gone, that left the common store  
Poor by his loss who loved his party well,  
But loved his country more.

And ancient rivalries seemed very small  
Beside that courage constant to the end;  
And even Death, last enemy of all,  
Came to him like a friend. O. S.





JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

JULY 2ND, 1914.







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, July 6.*

—All heads were bared when the PRIME MINISTER rose to move adjournment of House in sign of sorrow at the passing away of a great Parliament man. To vast majority of present House JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is a tradition. His personal presence, its commanding force, its varied and invariable attraction are unknown. Since his final re-election by faithful Birmingham, where, like the Shunamite woman, he dwelt among his own people loving and loved, he only once entered the House.

It was a tragic scene, perhaps happily witnessed by few. Appointed business of sitting concluded and Members departed, a figure that once commanded attention of a listening Senate slowly entered from behind the SPEAKER'S Chair. It was the senior Member for Birmingham come to take the oath. The action was indicative of his thoroughness and loyalty. No longer were oaths, rolls of Parliament and seats on either Front Bench matters of concern to him. His manifold task was done. His brilliant course was run. But, until he took the oath and signed the roll, he was not *de jure* a Member of the House of Commons, and his vote might not be available by the Whips for a pair on a critical division.

Accordingly here he was, moving haltingly with the aid of a stick, supported by the strong arm of the son whose maiden speech his old chief GLADSTONE years ago welcomed as "dear and refreshing to a father's heart." He took the oath and signed the roll—an historic page in a unique volume. With dimmed eyes he glanced round the familiar scene of hard fights and great triumphs, and went forth never to return.

To-day he lived again in speeches delivered by the PRIME MINISTER, by the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, and by the Cabinet colleague and leader to whom he was loyal to the last. The practice of delivering set eulogies to the memory of the departed great is the most difficult that falls to the lot of a Leader on either side of House of Commons. In some hands it has uncontrollable tendency to the artificiality and insipidity of funeral baked meats. DISRAELI was a failure on such occasions; GLADSTONE at his best. PRINCE ARTHUR, usually supreme, did not to-day reach his accustomed lofty level.

In fineness of tone and exquisite felicity of phrasing, ASQUITH excelled himself. The first time the

House of Commons caught a glimpse of profound depths of a nature habitually masked by impassive manner and curt speech was when he talked to it in broken voice about CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, just dead. Speaking this



TIM BUONAPARTE.

afternoon about one with whom, as he said, he "had exchanged many blows," he was even more impressive, not less by reason of the eloquence of his speech than by its simplicity and sincerity.

*Business done.*—In the House of Lords *le brave* WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE was, if the phrase be Parliamentary, broken in the Division Lobby. Insisting on fighting the Home Rule Amending Bill to the last, he found



"Prospective first Speaker of a modern Irish Parliament."

(MR. SWIFT MACNEILL.)

himself supported by ten peers, a Liberal Ministry having for an important measure the majority, unparalleled in modern times, of 263.

When figures were announced Lord CREWE, reminiscent of the farmer smacking his lips over a liqueur glass of old brandy, remarked to Viscount MORLEY, "I should like some more of that in a moog."

*Tuesday.*—Interesting episode preceded main business of sitting. Sort of rehearsal of meeting of Parliament on College Green. Opened by SHEEHAN rising from Bench partially filled by O'Brienites to move issue of new writ for North Galway. Had it been an English borough nothing particular would have happened. Writ would have been ordered as matter of course, and there an end on't.

Things different on College Green. When SHEEHAN sat down, up gat Captain DONELAN from Redmondite camp, which when moved to Dublin will, by reason of numerical majority, be analogous to Ministerialists at Westminster. DONELAN remarked that in his capacity as Nationalist Whip he intended to move issue of writ next Monday. This fully explained why O'BRIEN's young man moved it to-day. Otherwise cause of quarrel obscure. What they fought each other for dense mind of Saxon could not make out.

Ambiguity partly due to DONELAN. Lacking the volubility common to his countrymen he had prepared heads of his speech jotted down on piece of notepaper. This so intricately folded that sequence of remarks occasionally suffered. Situation further complicated by accidental turning over of notes upside down. House grateful when presently TIM HEALY interposed. He being past-master of lucid statement, we should now know all about circumstances which apparently, to the temporary shouldering aside of Ulster, rocked Ireland to its centre.

Unfortunately TIM was embarrassed by attempt to assume a novel oratorical attitude. Usually he addresses House with studied carelessness of hands lightly clasped behind his back. Presumably in consideration of supreme national importance of the question whether SHEEHAN should move issue of writ to-day or DONELAN on Monday, he essayed a new attitude. It recalled NAPOLEON at Fontainebleau folding his arms majestically as he bade farewell to remnant of the Old Guard.

Attempt, several times repeated, proved a failure. Somehow or other TIM's arms would not adjust them-



selves to novel circumstances, and fell back into the old *laissez-faire* position. Speech repeatedly interrupted on points of order by compatriots on back benches. What was clear was that some one had filed a petition in bankruptcy. Identity of delinquent not so clear.

However, as a foretaste of debate in Home Rule Parliament, proceedings interesting and instructive. Disposed of slanderous suggestions of disorder. Never, or hardly ever, was a more decorous debate. To it SWIFT MACNEILL, prospective first Speaker of a modern Irish Parliament, lent the dignity and authority of his patronage. Pretty to see him, as debate went forward, glancing aside at his wigged-and-gowned brother in the Chair, as who should say, "What do you think of this, Sir?"

*Business done.*—With assistance of Ministerial forces, O'Brienite motion for issue of writ for Galway defeated by Redmondite amendment to adjourn debate. WILLIAM O'BRIEN took swift revenge. House dividing on PREMIER's motion allotting time for remaining stages of Budget Bill, he led his little flock into Opposition Lobby, assisting to reduce Ministerial majority to figure of 23. In this labour of love he found himself assisted by abstention of two groups of Ministerialists, one objecting to procedure on Finance Bill, the other thirsting for blood of the Ulster gun-runners.

If PREMIER still hesitates about Autumn Session this incident should help him to make up his mind. The Government will be safer with its Members on the moors or the golf links than daily running the gauntlet at Westminster.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—When noble lords take their legislative business seriously in hand they show the Commons a better way. Their dealing with the Amending Bill has been a model of businesslike procedure. Speeches uniformly brief because kept strictly to the point. Amendments carefully considered in council and moved from Front Opposition Bench were carried by large majorities.

*Business done.*—Home Rule Amending Bill turned inside out in two sittings. Own father wouldn't know it. SARK sums up situation by paraphrase of historic saying. "They have," he remarks, "made a new Bill and call it Peace."

## ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

### GREAT AMERICAN INVASION.

THE prospects of the forthcoming campaign in the East Worcestershire Division have been greatly brightened by the decision of the well-known sportsman, Mr. Otis Q. Janaway, to stand as an Independent Candidate with the express purpose of speeding-up the British Legislature. Mr. Janaway, who graduated in sociology at the University of Pensacola, and has recently been naturalised as a British subject, has brought with him a team of baseball players, four white and four coloured

at Tralee, has made a very favourable impression by the filial affection shown in his election war-cry, which runs, "Tralee, Tralee, Tara Tarara, Tzing Boum Oshkosh." His platform is that of a Pan-Celtic Vegetarian, and he has secured the influential support of Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR, who is acting as his election agent, and who publicly embraced him at a meeting at Dingle last week.

General Amos Cadwalader Stunt, the well-known Colorado mining magnate, who recently purchased the Isle of Rum, has announced his intention of contesting the Elgin Burghs in the Liquid Paraffin interest. At a political meeting at Lossiemouth last week he held the attention of a crowded audience for upwards of an hour, during which his bodyguard serenaded him with mouth-organs and banjos, the interruptions of hecklers having been effectually discounted by a liberal distribution of chewing gum. At the close of this great effort General Stunt was publicly embraced by his wife's mother, Mrs. Titania Flaglor.

The by-election campaign at Hanley opened auspiciously on Thursday with a demonstration in favour of Mr. Cyrus P. Slocum, the eminent Pittsburg safety razor magnate, who has been selected by the Association of American Manufacturers in England to represent their interests at Westminster. Before Mr. Slocum rose the audience sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee" continuously for forty-five minutes and waved the Stars and Stripes for fully

twenty minutes longer. Finally, the popular candidate was carried shoulder-high from the platform to his motor and smothered with kisses from his compatriots, the vast assemblage dispersing to the jocund strains of "John Brown's Body."

Great satisfaction is felt in American golfing circles at the announcement that Mr. Olonzo Jaggers has decided to contest the Tantallon Division of Haddingtonshire. Mr. Jaggers, who has recently erected a tasteful chalet on the Bass Rock, has just issued his election address. The two main planks of his platform are the legalising of the Schenectady putter for all golf meetings, and of megaphones and mouth-organs in the House of Commons.



AN EX-VICEREGAL BAG.

(Earl Curzon.)

prize-fighters, and a chorus of variety artistes who will appear and sing at all his meetings. He is a powerful speaker with a great fund of anecdote, and his programme includes Compulsory Phonetic Spelling, the establishment of Christian Science, Electrocuting, and the introduction of College Yells in Parliament. If her husband is elected, Mrs. Janaway has announced her intention of embracing the Speaker at the earliest opportunity.

Professor Thaddeus Mulhooly, who was until recently President of the University of Tuskahoma, has taken up his residence at Ballybunnion with a view to qualifying as Parliamentary Candidate for North Kerry. Professor Mulhooly, whose grandparents resided





### AN UNTRUSTWORTHY WITNESS.

*Mother.* "GERALD, A LITTLE BIRD HAS JUST TOLD ME THAT YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY THIS AFTERNOON."

*Gerald.* "DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUMMY. I'LL BET HE'S THE ONE THAT STEALS OUR RASPBERRIES."

### AMANDA.

WHEN the thunders are still and the tempests are furled  
There are sights of all sorts in this wonderful world;  
But the best of all sights in the season of hay  
Is Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

She can toss it as other girls toss up a cap,  
And her eyes have a glow that can dry the green sap;  
She's as good as the sun's most beneficent ray,  
Is Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

Oh, her smile is a treat and her frown is the deuce;  
She can always say "hiss me" or "bo" to a goose;  
When she gives you her hand she just melts you away,  
Does Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

In a field of soft clover I marked her one night,  
And her foot it was dainty, her step it was light,  
And I laughed to myself to behold her so gay,  
Miss Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

Then the sound of her voice from December to June  
And from June to December is always a tune;  
All the elves when they hear it stop short in their play  
For Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

When she sits on her chair like a queen on her throne  
She has beautiful manners entirely her own;  
But you'd better take care what you venture to say  
To Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea.

P.S.—Since I managed to write the above  
I've been round to her house and I've offered my love;  
And she laughed and made jokes, but she didn't say nay,  
My Amanda Volanda McKittrick O'Dea. R. C. L.

"At Easter this year the ladies gave their first public performance by ringing a peal at a local wedding. The ladies now ring regularly every week. Some idea of the work may be gathered from the fact that the tenor bell weighs 11 cwt., and yet, through all the training, not even a stay has been broken."—*Church Monthly*.  
Our feminine readers would like to know the name of the bellringers' *corsetière*.

From a letter to *The Daily Mail*:—

"One of our greatest poets was an apothecary's assistant, but his 'Ode to a Skylark' is eternal."

Hail to thee, blithe SHELLEY!  
KEATS thou never wert.

From a letter to *The Market Mail*:—

"I enclose my card and remains.—Yours truly, VICTIM."  
We advise our contemporary to return the body.



## THE INQUISITION.

## LETTER I.

*Julius Pitherby, Esq., to myself.*

DEAR SIR,—Henry Anderson, who is an applicant for my temporarily vacant situation as working gardener, assistant hedger and ditcher and superintending odd man (single-handed), has referred me to you as to his character and qualifications, stating that he was in your employment—I gather some nine years ago—for a time. You will therefore, I trust, forgive me if I take the liberty of asking you to be good enough to answer the following questions concerning him and his wife. He calls himself twenty-five, married, with no family.

- (1) Was he in your employment?
- (2) When?
- (3) Is he twenty-five?
- (4) Is he married?
- (5) Has he no family?
- (6) Is he strictly sober? (These words are to be taken quite literally.)
- (7) His wife ditto?
- (8) Is he decent and morally respectable, careful in his habits and guarded in his language?
- (9) His wife ditto?
- (10) Is he honest and reliable?
- (11) His wife ditto, and not one to answer back?
- (12) Are they both used to the country, contented in their sphere, interested in rural surroundings, fond of children, fond of animals, fond of fruit?
- (13) Is he strong and healthy, neither shortsighted nor deaf? (I have suffered much from both.)
- (14) His wife ditto, and always tidy?
- (15) Does he stammer? (I have been greatly inconvenienced by this.)
- (16) His wife ditto?
- (17) Does he squint? (This has often been a trial to me.)
- (18) His wife ditto?
- (19) Is he active, industrious, enthusiastic and an early riser, good-natured, equable and obliging?
- (20) His wife ditto, and no gossip?
- (21) Is he a heavy smoker?
- (22) His wife ditto?
- (23) Is he well up to the culture of vegetables, the upraising of flowers and the education of fruit, both outside and under glass?
- (24) Is he capable of feeding hens, driving a motor, overhauling a pianola, carving or waiting at table if required?
- (25) To what Church do they belong? What are their favourite recreations? Do they sing in the choir? if so, is he tenor or baritone; his wife ditto?
- (26) Are they on good terms with each other, and no domestic bickering?
- (27) What wages did you pay him?

(29) Why (on earth) did you part with him?

An immediate answer will greatly oblige. I enclose an addressed envelope.

I am, Your obedient Servant,  
JULIUS PITHERBY.

## LETTER II.

*Myself to Julius Pitherby, Esq.,  
Manor Grange, Pimhaven.*

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter. The answers to questions (1), (2), (25), (27) and (23) are in the affirmative. With regard to the others you have, no doubt unwittingly, put me in rather a dilemma. You see, Anderson left my service when he was sixteen and I have not heard of him since, though it is true that I did see his father (who belongs to this neighbourhood) on the roof of the church one day last month. I might make shots at them, of course, but I dare say it is better to leave it. I am interested to learn that Henry is married.

I am, Yours faithfully, &c.

## LETTER III.

*Myself to Henry Anderson,  
c/o Ezekiel Anderson, Slater,  
Crashie, Howe.*

MY DEAR HENRY.—I do not think if I were you I should accept Mr. Julius Pitherby's offer of a job. Your marriage may, of course, have been—I hope it was—the occasion of your turning over a new leaf. Still, I doubt if you are quite the paragon he is looking for, and I am afraid that you may find him a little inquisitive.

I am, Yours faithfully, &c.

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

## THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

ONCE upon a time there was a quiet respectable little spell-of-hot-weather, with no idea of being a nuisance or doing more than warm people up a bit, and make the summer really feel like summer, and add attraction to seaside resorts. Directly it reached our shores every one began to be happy; and they would have gone on being so but for the sub-editors, who cannot leave well alone but must be for ever finding adjectives for it and teasing it with attentions. Just then they were particularly free to turn their attentions to the kindly visitor, because there was no good murder at the moment, and no divorce case, and no spicy society scandal, and therefore their pages were in need of filling. And seeing the little spell-of-hot-weather they gave way to their passion for labelling everything with crisp terseness—or terse crispness (I forget which)—and called it a "heat wave," and straightway began to give

it half the paper, and with huge headings such as, "THE HEAT-WAVE," "HEAT-WAVE STILL GROWING," "80 IN THE SHADE," "HOW TO SUPPORT SUCH WEATHER," so that the nice little spell-of-hot-weather was gradually goaded into the desire really to justify this excitement.

"Very well," it said, "I never meant to be more than 80 in the shade and a pleasant interlude in the usual disappointing English June; but since they're determined I'm a nuisance I'll be one. I'll go up to 84."

And it did. It reached 84; and the wise people who like warmth said, "How splendid! If only it would go on like this for ever! Not hotter—just like this."

But the sub-editors were not satisfied. They had got hold of a good thing and they meant to run it for all it was worth. So "HOTTER THAN EVER" they sprawled across their papers, there still, being nothing of real public interest to distract them, "HOTTER TOMORROW," "HEAT-WAVE GROWING," "TERRIBLE HEAT."

And now the spell-of-hot-weather was stimulated to be really vicious. "I call Heaven to witness," it said, "that my sole desire was to be genial and beneficial. But what can one do when one is taunted and provoked, abused and nick-named like this? Very well then, I'll go up to 90!"

And it did. The sub-editors were delighted. "APPALLING HEAT," they wrote, "TROPICAL ENGLAND," "GASPING LONDON," "HEAT-WAVE BREAKS ALL RECORDS," "HOTTEST DAY FOR FIFTY YEARS," "NO SIGNS OF RELIEF."

And even the people who like warmth began to grumble a little—hypnotised by the Press. But the spell-of-hot-weather had had enough. "I'll go somewhere else, where I'm really welcome and they don't have contents bills," it said, and it crossed the Channel to Paris. It looked back to the English shores, deserted now by the happy paddlers and bathers and baskers of the days before. "I'm sorry to leave you," it said, "but don't blame me."

Yet the public did.

"The downpour of rain, which lasted for an hour, was preceded by a remarkable shower of hailstones, some of which were almost as large as marbles, and were as hard as ice."

*Yorkshire Herald.*

And then came the rain, some drops of which were as wet as water.

"The tussle between Mr. Matheson and Mr. Anderson was carried to the 18th green, where the latter stood one."—*Daily Record.*

"Mine's a gin and ginger," said Mr. MATHESON, as he holed the winning put.





THE CREATION OF A MASTERPIECE OF MILLINERY.



## THE GUARDED GREEN.

[It has been suggested that spectators at popular golf competitions should be installed in grand stands and other enclosures, and be restrained from wandering about the links.]

In playing his tee shot from in front of the Green Steward's marquee, Mr. Tullbrown-Smith, who took the honour in the final round of the 1916 Amateur Championship, unfortunately pulled his ball, with the result that, narrowly missing the Actors' Benevolent Fund stand, it entered the grand ducal box. The Grand Duke Raphaël graciously decided that Mr. Tullbrown-Smith should be presented to His Imperial Highness before playing out. Pardonable nervousness proved fatal to the shot, which, being badly topped, fell into the Press pen, where it was photographed by *The Daily Mirror's* special artist before it could be recovered by its owner.

It is interesting to record that along the straight mile boarded by the shilling enclosure Mr. Tanquary McBrail, who had been playing with marvelously decorative effect, had his ball blown into the bunker at the tenth by the laughter of the less well-informed onlookers, while a regrettable incident was the contribution of several empty ginger-beer bottles to the natural difficulties of the hazard.

Some dissatisfaction was expressed among the occupants of the cinema operators' cage. From the position allotted to them by the publicity committee it was impossible to film the most interesting moments in the Championship round, such as Mr. Tullbrown-Smith's acceptance of a peeled banana from his caddie on emerging from the particularly scenic bunker known as "Hell." Also a fine "picture" was missed at the 13th tee, where Mr. Tanquary McBrail was surrounded by a militant suffragist, who had invaded the course in spite of the rabbit-wire and double *chevaux-de-frise*.

Owing to the fact that the fashionable audience assembled in the Guards', Cavalry and Bath Club stands insisted upon encoring both players' wonderful putts at the 16th green, and the consequent delay of nearly ten minutes, there were some rather ugly manifestations of impatience in the cheaper seats. In spite of the fact that the Pale Pink Pierrots had been specially engaged to fill the interval before the finalists passed, they were so loudly booed upon their arrival that Mr. Tanquary McBrail put his mashie

approach into the Parliamentary compound, amidst the jeers and hoots of the more unruly, who seemed to forget that the royal and ancient game is not a music-hall entertainment.

The fact that the links marshal had placed all the professional players present in one row of fauteuils, opposite the long carry to the 18th green, hardly seemed to further the interests of perfect golf. The warmest acknowledgments are therefore due to a number of ex-open champions, who kindly turned their backs on what proved one of the most distressing episodes in the day's play.

## A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

WHEN I passed our butcher's on my way to the station yesterday morning, I noticed outside his shop a placard prominently displayed, which read:—"Williamson's Spring Lamb. So different from the ordinary butchers."

There was no apostrophe before the "s" in "butchers," so the reference was clearly to Williamson and not Williamson's Spring Lamb.

"Is Williamson really different from his rivals?" I said to myself, crossing to the other side of the road to take a general survey of the shop front. No, the same sort of joints seemed to be hanging up as those in other butchers' windows; the same sort of legends attached to those which passers-by were invited to note particularly.

I crossed the road again. Yes, as I feared. There were several ordinary flies and at least one bluebottle exercising themselves on the meat. The choice outlets were not isolated or decorated with garlands, or made a fuss of in any way. They just fraternised on terms of equality with the rest. The usual "young lady" in a smart blouse, with her bare pink neck served up in a ham-fill, sat behind the usual window, probably trying to work out the usual sums in butcher's arithmetic.

The top half of Mr. Williamson was visible behind his chopping-table. He saw me and touched his hat—a bowler; nothing very extraordinary about the bowler. The brim was certainly a great deal flatter than I like personally, but quite in keeping with the general tastes of those who purvey meat.

I thought it better to postpone further investigations, and reflected that Honor might be able to enlighten me when I returned home that evening.

"No," she said, when I asked her about it, "I haven't noticed anything exceptionally superior about him."

"Bills any different?"

"No," she said, "they take as long

to pay; about as exorbitant as most of the others."

"Have you observed anything peculiar about his manners, then?" I said; "does he ever throw chops at you, for instance, when you pass the shop?"

"No such luck," said Honor; "I'm a good catch."

"Perhaps they give you tea," I said, "when you make an afternoon call on the sirloins?"

"Indeed they don't," said Honor, "not even when I go to pay something off the book."

"Then perhaps you have cosy little auction bridge parties in the room behind the cashier's window? No? Butchers are behind the times."

"There ought," said Honor, "to be a good joke to be made out of that—a newspaper joke; but I can't quite see how to make it just yet."

"That's something to the good," I said. "However, to our muttons."

"Rotten," said Honor.

"What of his entourage?" I said, ignoring her comment; "his steak-bearer and the like?"

"Nothing unusual; just *épris* with Emily."

"Then where, oh where," I said, "is this difference that Williamson brags about?"

"I don't know," Honor said helplessly.

"I shall find out," I said, "even if I have to do the housekeeping myself for a bit."

"You can take it on," she said, "when you like."

"Aha!" I said triumphantly, as I burst into the room this evening. "I've solved the Williamson problem. He was standing at his door as I passed just now, in all the regalia of his dread office."

"And you went up to him and said, 'Well, what about it?' and pointed to the notice, I suppose."

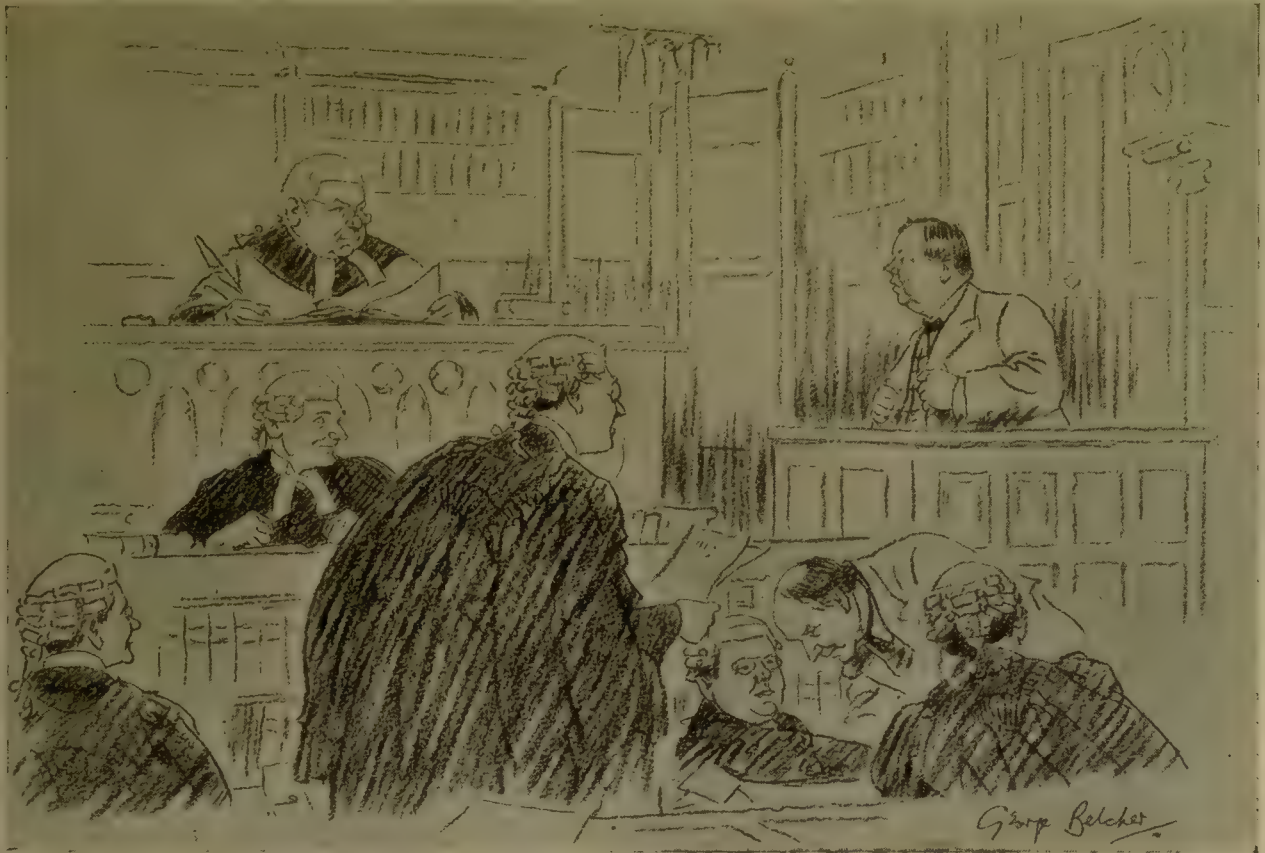
"Not at all," I said; "I merely looked at him and the scales fell from my eyes. He butches in spats."

"In the open Golf Championship Troon won with 78."—*Malay Daily Chronicle*. Next year it will be the saintly ANDREW's turn again.

"With lightning-like repetition of his strides (his quick action is the essence of his speed), Applegarth came flying down the home straight."—*Yorkshire Post*.

Seeing that we were looking to APPLE-GARTH to uphold British prestige at the next Olympic games, we regret extremely that the secret of his speed should have been given away to our rivals.





Counsel. "PRISONER IS THE MAN YOU SAW COMMIT THE THEFT?"

Counsel. "YOU SWEAR ON YOUR OATH THAT PRISONER IS THE MAN?"

Sporting Judge. "ARE YOU PREPARED TO GIVE ME FIVE TO TWO ON THE PRISONER BEING THE MAN?"

Witness. "AH, I'M SORRY, ME LORD, BUT I'M TAKING A HOLIDAY TO-DAY. NOTHING DOING."

Witness (a bookmaker). "YES, SIR."

Witness. "YES, SIR."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ELLEN MELICENT COBDEN can certainly not be accused of writing too hurriedly. I don't know how many years it is since, as "MILES AMBER," she captured my admiration with that wonderful first novel, *Wistons*; and now here is her second, *Sylvia Saxon* (UNWIN), only just appearing. I may say at once that it entirely confirms my impression that she is a writer of very real and original gifts. *Sylvia Saxon* is not a pleasant book. It is hard, more than a little bitter, and deliberately unsympathetic in treatment. But it is grimly real. *Sylvia* herself is a character that lives, and her mother, *Rachel*, almost eclipses her in this same quality of tragic vitality. The whole tale is a tragedy of empty and meaningless lives passed in an atmosphere of too much money and too little significance. The "society" of a Northern manufacturing plutocracy, the display and rivalry, the marriages between the enriched families, the absence of any standard except wealth—all these things are set down with the minute realism that must come, I am sure, of intimate personal knowledge. *Sylvia* is the offspring of one such family, and mated to the decadent heir of another. Her tragedy is that too late she meets a man whom she supposes capable of giving her the fuller, more complete life for which she has always ignorantly yearned. Then there is *Anne*, the penniless girl, hired as a child to be a play-fellow for *Sylvia*, who herself loves the same man, and dies when his dawning affection is ruthlessly swept away from

her by the dominant personality of *Sylvia*. A tale, one might call it, of unhappy women; not made the less grim by the fact that the man for whom they fought is shown as wholly unworthy of such emotion. A powerful, disturbing and highly original story.

"SAKI" has been now for a number of years a great delight to me, and his last work, *Beasts and Super-Beasts* (LANE), is as good as any of its predecessors. Clothed in the elegant garments of *Clovis* or *Reginald*, Mr. MUNRO makes plain to us how lovely this world might be were we only a little bolder about our practical jokes. In the art of introducing bears into the boudoir of a countess or pigs into the study of a diplomat, and then clinching the matter with the wittiest of epigrams, *Clovis* is supreme. He knows, too, an immense amount about the vengeance that children may take upon their relations, and ladies upon their lady friends. I like him especially when he manoeuvres some stupid but kind-hearted woman into a situation of whose peril she herself is only cloudily aware, while the reader knows all about it. That is the fun of the whole thing. The reader is for ever assisting *Clovis* and *Reginald*; in the course of their daring adventures he connives from behind curtains, through key-holes, from ambushes in trees, and always, whilst the poor creature is being harried by wild boars or terrified by menacing kittens, *Clovis* may be observed, with finger on lip, begging of the intelligent reader that he will not give things away. Of the present collection of stories I like best "A Touch of Realism,"



"The Byzantine Omelette," "The Boar-Pig," and "The Dreamer;" but all are good, and I can only hope that it will not be too long before *Glovis* once again invites us to further delightful conspiracies.

*Ars est celare artem*, and not to define and emphasise it in a foreword to the reader. The motive of *The Last Shot* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) appears in due course in the narrative; I would have preferred to discover it gradually for myself rather than have the essence of it extracted and poured into me in advance. The preface has not the excuse of a mere advertisement; to open this book at any point is to read the whole, and every page is the strongest possible incentive to the reading of the others. If (as is not admitted) any personal explanation was necessary, it should have been put at the end and in small type so that those who, like myself, detest explanations might have avoided this one. I am the more severe about this, because there can be no two opinions as to Mr. FREDERICK PALMER's success in achieving his purpose, which, obviously, was to

conceive modern warfare as between two First-class Powers, fighting in the midst of civilisation, and to reduce it to terms of exact realism, showing the latest devices of destruction at work, but carefully excluding those improbable and impossible agencies which the more exuberant but less informed novelist loves to imagine and put in play. Mr. PALMER's conception, though based upon some experience, is for the most part speculative, of course, but I am confident that he gives us an excellent idea of how the military machine would work in practice, how its human constituent parts would

feel inwardly, and what physical and moral effects a battle would have upon those civilians who inhabited and owned the battlefield. Whether or no the future will prove the truth of the author's somewhat Utopian conclusions, he certainly founds them upon a most exciting and convincing story, in which the "love interest" is as powerful as could be desired.

Would you like to pay a round of visits to some delightful Shropshire houses, as the friend and guest of a charming woman, who knows all about what is most interesting in all of them, and has a pleasantly chatty manner of telling it? Of course you would; so would anyone. That is why I predict another success for Lady CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL's latest house-book, *Friends Round the Wrekin* (SMITH, ELDER). Perhaps you have pleasant memories of her former volumes in the same kind; if so, I need say no more by way of introduction; but, if not, I must tell you that her new book is very fairly described, in the words of the publisher, as "a further collection of history and legend, garden lore and character study." What the publishers modestly refrain from mentioning is the real charm with which it has been written, a quality that makes all the difference. There are also photographs of a number of

wholly fascinating houses (the kind that make me wistful when I see them in the auctioneers' windows), and the author has some personal anecdote or quaint scrap of legend to tell you about each. I am quite willing to admit that the rambling book has increased lately to an extent imperfectly justified by its average quality. Too many of them confuse rambling with drivelling. But for the reflections of a cultivated woman, one who has steeped herself in the lore of a country she evidently loves, and can transcribe it with such tender and persuasive charm, there should always be room. I may add—and your own tastes must decide whether this is a flaw or a fresh merit—that Lady CATHERINE's sympathies, political and social, are undisguisedly with the past, and that the "Education of the People" comes in, upon almost every other page, for as shrewd raps as her gentle nature will allow her to administer.

I wish I were Mr. JUSTUS MILES FORMAN. Because then, if I ever chanced to wake up suddenly and find that I

had been drugged in my sleep, and the six immense rubies, brought here from the East by a far-off ancestor and set in a black agate shield above my bed, to represent the "six gouttes (or drops) gules on a field sable" of my immemorial coat-of-arms, had been rudely reaved from me in the night by my cousin, who had sent one each to his six sons, I should have no fear. I should feel perfectly convinced that in a short time, by my own personal exertions, but without exercising the least particle of intelligence, I should recover those six rubies (representing six gouttes or drops gules) and

replace them in the black agate shield (representing a field sable); and naturally enough, like the autobiographical hero of *The Six Rubies* (representing—I beg your pardon, I mean, published by WARD, LOCK), I should not dream of calling in the aid of the police. Another jolly thing that would inspire me would be the fact that each of my adventures in search of the missing jewels would conform to a separate and well-known type of magazine story: there would be one fire, one notorious cracksmen, one haunted castle, one cabinet with a secret drawer, and so on. There would be plenty of excitement, plenty of hairbreadth escapes. But I think that, when collating my experiences and putting them into six-shilling form, I should delete some of the tautologous references to the past which are one of the stern necessities of serial publication. Otherwise my readers might begin to feel slightly fatigued by my six ancestral gouttes. They might even begin to feel that they did not much care if I had hereditary sciatica.

"In addition to excellent port, which furnished many prominent features, the attendance was perhaps the best ever seen on a like occasion."—*Sportsman*.

The most prominent feature would, of course, be the nose.



Lady (to Nut who has talked of joining the Nationalist Volunteers). "BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY, SURELY, YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT?"

Nut. "WELL, I RATHER THOUGHT OF PAIRING WITH ONE OF THE ULSTER FELLOWS."



### CHARIVARIA.

THOSE who deny that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is ruining land-owners will perhaps be impressed by the following advertisement in *The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*:—

"To be sold, small holding, well stocked with fruit trees, good double tenement house on good road and close to station, good outbuildings. Price, Four Marks, Alton, Hants." The fact that the price should be translated into German looks unpleasantly like an attempt to entrap an ignorant foreigner.

Meanwhile it looks as if the Socialist ideal of driving our landed gentry into the workhouse is already being realised. The Abergavenny Board of Guardians, we read, has decided to accept an offer by Lord ABERGAVENNY to purchase the local workhouse for £3,000.

Three of the new peers have now chosen their titles. Sir EDGAR VINCENT becomes Baron D'ABERNON; Major-General BROCKLEHURST, Baron RANKSBOROUGH, and Sir EDWARD LYELL, Baron LYELL. Rather lazy of Sir EDWARD.

A lioness which escaped from a circus at Bourg-en-Brasse, France, the other day, was killed, and a gendarme in the hunting party was shot in the leg. As the lioness was not armed it is thought that the gendarme must have been shot by one of the party.

It is frequently said that, if the Suffragettes were to drop their militant tactics, the suffrage would be granted to-morrow. A Suffragette now writes to stigmatise this as a hypocritical mis-statement. She points out that recently the experiment was tried of allowing an entire day to pass without an outrage, but not a single vote was granted.

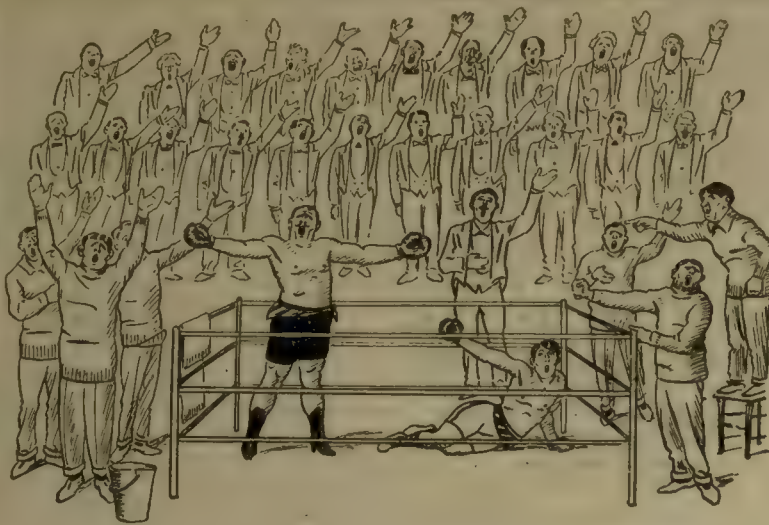
Dr. HANS FRIEDENTHAL, a well-known Professor of Berlin University, declares that, as a result of the higher education, women will in the near future be totally bald, and will wear patriarchal beards and long moustaches. They will then, no doubt, get the vote by threatening that, unless

their wishes are granted, they will kiss every man they meet at sight.

Portsmouth Town Council has carried, by eleven votes to nine, a Labour amendment refusing to place official guide-books to Pretoria in the public library unless the nine deportees are allowed to return to South Africa. General BOTHA could hardly have foreseen this result of his action, and it will be interesting to see what happens now.

### "POISON AFTER A DUCK'S EGG."

Our cricketers would seem to be getting absurdly sensitive. This is scarcely the way to brighten the game.



WE UNDERSTAND THAT, IN VIEW OF THE POPULAR REVIVAL OF BOXING, DR. STRAUSS HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED TO WRITE A GRAND OPERA ROUND THE NOBLE ART. THE ABOVE REPRESENTS THE FINALE.

The Guildhall Art Gallery is to be rebuilt. Some of the pictures there might be at the same time re-painted with advantage.

Apparently the Moody of the Moody-Manners Opera Company is gaining the upper hand. This Company opened its London season with *The Dance of Death*.

The appearance in Bond Street last week of a lady leading a little pig instead of a dog as a pet is being widely discussed in canine circles, though it has not yet been decided what action, if any, shall be taken. In view of the fact that so many dogs are pigs it is possible that no objection will be raised to one pig being a dog.

By the way, *The Daily Chronicle* was not quite correct when, in describing the recent "Dog Feast," in which the

Shepherds Bush Indians were alleged to have participated, it used the expression "pow-wow." Owing to the action of the Canine Defence League a sheep was roasted and not a pow-wow.

A motor-bus ran into a barber's shop in Gray's Inn Road last week, and three customers had a close shave.

Some burglars recently blew open with gelignite the safe of a Holborn jeweller containing £1,000 worth of gems, and, as the jewels are missing, the police incline to the view that the object of the men must have been robbery.

Asked by *The Express* for a suggestion for a motto for the L.C.C., Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE sent the reply, "My word is sovereign." It is good to know that this delightful writer can command an even higher rate of pay than did Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING at the height of his popularity.

*The Daily Herald* informs us that the Russian monk, RASPUTIN, "started life as an illiterate peasant." But, we would ask, is there really anything remarkable in this? We believe that the number of persons who have been born literate is extremely small.

Says an advertisement in *T.P.'s Weekly*:—"Reader receives guests—Leigh-on-Sea, facing sea, minute cliffs." It is honourable of the advertiser to mention the minuteness of the cliffs. This is, we fear, a characteristic of the Essex coast.

Among "Businesses for Sale" in *The Daily Chronicle*, we come across what looks like an ugly example of military venality:—"GENERAL for Sale, taking £16 a week; going cheap."

Finally, we have the pleasure to award first honorary prize in our Pathetic Advertisement Competition to the following—also from *The Daily Chronicle*:—

"Fish (Fried) and Chips for Sale, owing to wife's illness: only one in neighbourhood."

We trust that the advertiser's addiction to monogamy is not confined to the neighbourhood.



## OXFORD IN TRANSITION.

INTERVIEW WITH A FAMOUS PORTER.

(By HAROLD BREGTHWAYT.)

HEARING from an undergraduate friend at Cardinal College of the impending retirement of Mr. Chumbleton ("Old Chum"), the famous porter of Salisbury Gate, I gladly seized the opportunity of running down to Oxford to gain some fresh sidelights on the inner life of the University. Cardinal College, unlike Balliol, Magdalen and New College, has never shown itself responsive to the new spirit. There are probably fewer Socialists in Peckover than in any other quad in Oxford. The old feudal traditions, though somewhat mitigated, still survive. You still hear the characteristic Mayfair accent and recognise a curious lack of that Moral Uplift without which, as Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL finely says, a man is no better than a mummy. And yet I own to having been strangely attracted by these well-groomed scions of a vanishing breed, with their finely chiselled features, their clipped colloquialisms and their cheefferful arrogance. There is something engaging as well as pathetic in these unruffled countenances, blind to the realities of modern life and the need of that fraternal fellowship which alone can bring peace to the head that wears a crown or a coronet.

Mr. Chumbleton, who was just going off duty when I arrived, cordially invited me into his inner sanctum and offered me a glass of gin and green Chartreuse, the favourite beverage, he assured me, of the late Duke of Midhurst, whose scout he had been, in the "seventies." Of that strange and meteoric figure, who was subsequently devoured by a crocodile on the Blue Nile, Mr. Chumbleton spoke with genuine affection. "He was something like a Dook," said the old man, "and not one of your barley-water-drinking faddists. Yes, in those days a Dook was a Dook and not a cock-shy for demigods [?demagogues]. I can remember," he went on, "when there were three Dooks in residence at the same time, the Dook of Midhurst, the Dook of St. Ives and the Dook of Clumber. But the Dook of Midhurst was the pick of the bunch. Why, once he went into a grocer's shop in the High and asked for two pounds of treacle. 'How will you have it?' asked the grocer, who was the baldest-headed man I ever seen. 'In my hat,' said the Dook, whipping off his bowler and holding it out. As soon as it was full, before you could say Jack Robinson, he popped it on the grocer's head and ran out of the shop."

The old man told this terrible story,

which reminded me of the worst cruelties of the despots of the Italian Renaissance, with a gusto that was inexpressibly painful. When he had finished I asked whether the Duke was sent down. "Oh, no, Sir," was the prompt response. "You see the grocer, being a bald-headed man, had no trouble with the treacle, and, besides, the Dook he gave him a wig next day. But if anyone was to do that to-day, Dook or no Dook, there'd be questions asked about it in the House of Commons, or a Royal Commission would be appointed. Times is changed," he went on sadly, "and there ain't any more of the old stock left. Why, the Bullingdon Club got three First Classes this year, and as for breaking up furniture and bonfires in the quad it don't happen once in three years. 'Nuts' they call 'em now, but when I was a young scout they called 'em 'dogs,' and gay dogs' they were, I can tell you. 'Bloods' they call 'em, too, but there ain't much blue blood in these modern Blutocrats."

I asked Mr. Chumbleton if there were any signs of Cardinal College being affected by the new Moral Uplift, but he seemed unable to fathom the meaning of my query. His standpoint was clearly philistine and, I regret to say, distinctly pagan. He had never heard of the Land Campaign, or of Mr. HEMMERDE, BARON DE FOREST or even Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE. His attitude towards Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was unsympathetic. He deplored the popularity of motor-bicycles, but, with a strange and lamentable perversity, welcomed the advent of the motor-bus while condemning the introduction of trams.

"I came away more than ever impressed by the tenacity of feudal traditions, and the need of redoubled efforts on the part of all Radical stalwarts to convert the older universities from hotbeds of expensive obscurantism into free nurseries of humanitarian democracy. It was sad to see such a figure as that of Mr. Chumbleton, genial and hospitable, I admit, but utterly heedless of the trend of the times, hopelessly ignorant of the Progressive program, and deriving a senile satisfaction from memories of a barbarous and brutal past."

### Painting the Lily.

"White duck trousers in a snow-white grey material."—Advt. in "Daily Province" (Vancouver).

From *The Daily Mirror's* account of the SMITH-CARPENTIER fight:—

"One French girl was so excited that she bit a large hole in her fan."  
Not a white hope, we trust.

## THE SINECURE.

[In *The Daily Mail's* list of Situations Vacant, such as Housemaids (Hinds), Between-maids (Bmds), Working Housekeepers (Wkg-hkprs) and Cook Generals (Ckgns), appears the following:—"Young Lady wanted for cinema acting. Full particulars to Box No. —."]

Said she, "*The Daily Mail* ensures Immediate supply.

Whose situation's vacant? Yours.

Who's going to fill it? I.

"If you shall ask me, can I act?

I readily retort,

I'm just the Star you want; in fact  
The strong and silent sort.

"The sooner you reveal the plot  
The sooner I begin.

In me, I beg to state, you've got  
The perfect Heroine."

Said they—"De Vere's a villain who  
For reasons not disclosed  
Desires to make an end of you. . ."  
("The cad!" she interposed).

" . . . He ties you to a railway line  
That so the Leeds express  
May execute his fell design  
With speed and thoroughness.

"But Herbert's heroism's such,  
He swears this shall not be.  
You see, he loves you very much. . ."  
("I guessed he would," said she).

" . . . He hires a rapid motor car,  
He also buys a map;  
He knows how fast expresses are,  
And notes the handicap.

"But, as he is a man of parts  
And born to play the game,  
Without delay the hero starts. . ."  
We'd better do the same."

They chose a quiet neighbourhood,  
A lonely piece of track;  
They trusted that the metals would  
Not incommode her back.

"This is De Vere," they said, "whose  
hand  
Will tie you firmly down.  
Meanwhile your Herb, we understand,  
Is on his way from town.

"We do not, though one can't be sure,  
Anticipate the worst.  
Expresses may be premature;  
Still, Herbert *should* be first.

"Such realism must excite  
The audience (and you). . .  
If you are ready we are quite;  
Your train will soon be due."

\* \* \* \* \*  
She formed a resolution, viz.,  
To put no trust in men,  
But hire herself to mistresses,  
A whole, if humble, ckg'n.





### AT DURAZZO-SUPER-MARE.

MPRET. "I DON'T FEEL AT ALL COMFORTABLE HERE. ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU TOOK ME OUT OF THIS?"

EUROPA (sleepily). "MPRAPS."









"LOOK, ETHEL, LOOK—THERE GOES SIR BEERBOHM ALEXANDER!"

"SO IT IS; BUT HOW UNLIKE!"

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

### TRANSMIGRATION.

ONCE upon a time there was an ostrich who, though very ostrichy, was even more of an egoist. He thought only of himself. That is not a foible peculiar to ostriches, but this particular fowl—and he was very particular—was notable for it. "Where do I come in?" was a question written all over him—from his ridiculous and inadequate head, down his long neck, on his plump fluffy body, and so to his exceedingly flat and over-sized feet.

It was in Afric's burning sand—to be precise, at the Cape—that, on the approach of danger, the ostrich secreted his self-centred head, and here from time to time his plumes were plucked from him for purposes of trade.

Now it happened that in London there was a theatre given up to a season of foreign opera, and, this theatre having been built by one of those gifted geniuses so common among theatre architects, it followed that the balcony (into which, of course, neither the architect nor the manager for whom it was built had ever strayed) contained a number of seats from which no view of the stage was visible at all—

unless one stood up, and then the people behind were deprived of their view. This, of course, means nothing to architects or managers. The thought that jolly anticipatory parties of simple folk bent upon a happy evening may be depressed and dashed by a position suffering from such disabilities could not concern architects and managers, for some imagination would be needed to understand it.

The new temporary management, however (whatever the ordinary management might do), recognising the rights of the spectator, refrained from selling any seats from which no view whatever could be obtained and behaved very well about it—as perhaps one has to do when half-a-guinea is charged for each seat; but with the border-line seats which they did sell—those on the confines of the possible area—a view of the stage was only partial and so much a matter of touch-and-go that any undue craning of the neck or moving of the head sideways at once interrupted the line of vision of many worthy folk at the back; while anyone leaning too far forward from a seat in the front row could instantly, for many others, obliterate the whole stage.

It happened that on a certain very

hot night in July a fat lady in one of the front seats not only leaned forward but fanned herself intermittently with a large fan.

Now and then one of the unfortunate half-guinea seat-holders behind her in the debatable territory remonstrated gently and politely, remarking on the privation her fan was causing to others, and each time the lady smiled and said she was very sorry and put the fan down; but in two minutes she was fluttering it again as hard as ever, and not a vestige of the Pentateuchal caperings or whatever was going forward could be discerned in her vicinity.

She meant well, poor lady; but it was very hot, and how could she help it when her fan was made of that particular ostrich's feathers?

"Methods of sowing, reaping, watering, and thrashing have been passed down from father to son through countless generations."

*Chronicle of London Missionary Society.*

Of thrashing, anyhow.

"The feature of the Koswick valley is its spacious width of skyscape."—*L. & N.W.R. Guide to the English Lakes.*

In this respect New York is its only serious rival.



## MY TROUSSEAU.

HAVING been a bachelor from my earliest youth I suppose I ought to be accustomed to the condition; but the fact remains that I miss something—something which only a wedding supplies.

Curiously enough this want is not a wife. I have been without one so long that I should not know what to do with her if I had one. I should probably overlook her, and she would become atrophied or die of neglect or thirst. Neither do I crave a home of my own; nor golden-haired children to climb up my knee. I can do without these accessories.

But what I do hunger for and what I *will* have is a trousseau. Why the acquisition of a trousseau should be a purely feminine prerogative I have never been able to understand. A bride without a trousseau is generally regarded as an incomplete thing—a poached-egg without toast; a salad without dressing. But the bridegroom without a trousseau is a recognised institution. True, he has new clothes, both seen and unseen, but this is not a trousseau; it is merely a "replenishment of his wardrobe." His least disreputable old things are "made to do"; and nobody thinks slightly of him if he attends his wedding in a re-cuffed shirt or in boots that have been re-soled. A girl, however, would as soon think of entering Paradise with a second-hand halo as she would contemplate being married in anything that was not aggressively new.

Thus it is that before my wish can be consummated I have two honoured conventions to defy: that only a girl may possess a trousseau, and that a marriage is a necessary condition to the acquiring of it. Fortunately I am strong-minded. A long course of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's homilies has given me no little facility in achieving this attribute, and I am determined that I will change neither my sex nor my status.

Now, I have prepared a list, just as—I suppose—every girl does. In the first place I am going to indulge in the hitherto undreamt-of luxury of a surfeit of dress-shirts. No one who has not experienced life on two dress-shirts—one in wear, the other in the wash—can quite understand what this will mean to me. Men like Sir JOSEPH

BEECHAM, Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY, Mr. SOLLY JOEL, Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, and others, who, I daresay, have four or even five, cannot know what it is to feel that their evening's refreshment and entertainment depend on their finding the French chalk or the india-rubber.

Therefore I am making no stint in this matter. I am having fifteen dress-shirts, so that there may be one for wear each day in the week, seven in the laundry, and one over for emergencies—like *Parsifal*, that begins in the middle of the afternoon. I mean to be similarly lavish in the matter of collars and handkerchiefs. The number of the former which I am buying amounts almost to an epidemic; while the extent of my commission in the latter is the result of lessons learnt in

Now, I am a great believer in dressing for the spirit of the moment; therefore I have resolved upon a pretty colour-scheme for my night-wear. My pyjamas are to be of tints conducive to refreshing rest, namely and severally white, lemon, light pink, and pale green—an idea which I candidly confess was inspired by the spectacle of a Neapolitan ice. If you think that this is merely an idle whim, just imagine endeavouring to sleep in pyjamas patterned like an Axminster carpet or a Scotch tartan. No wonder *Macbeth* "murdered sleep" if he was arrayed in garments of his club-colours!

I have brought the same æsthetic sense to bear upon my choice of ties and socks: greys and blacks for times of grave political crises; fawn, buff, pearl, moose—I am not sure that this

is a colour, but it sounds quite possible—for brighter hours; and colours familiar to every student of spectroscopy for halcyon days of rejoicing—the opening of the Royal Academy, the Handel Festival, the return of HARRY LAUDER, or the elevation of Mr. BERNARD SHAW to the peerage.

As for externals, suffice it to say that they will be *en suite*, and that I intend to introduce just a little touch of originality into my trousers. I am going to have them made with spats sewn to the leg-ends in order to save time and trouble in dressing.

In short, I have forgotten nothing, except spare studs,

and I think it is quite likely that I shall remember them too in course of time. I have even gone so far as to fix a day for a dress rehearsal. But first I shall invite my friends, as is the way with brides-elect, to a private view of my trousseau, when they shall see all of it spread upon the coverlet of my bed, over the backs of my chairs, or hanging in serried ranks in my wardrobe.

And now nothing more remains to be done but to raise the necessary funds, and with this object in view I have instructed my broker to draw my money out of the Savings Bank. I am expecting a postal-order almost any moment.

"'Anna virumque cano' was the burden of the charge the Chief Secretary had to meet, and it sorely embarrassed the dear gentleman."—*Liverpool Courier*.

Who is "ANNA"? We hope Mr. BIRRELL is not mixed up in a scandal.



Yokel. "'OW FAST CAN SHE TRAVEL, MASTER?"

Owner. "FIFTY MILES AN HOUR, MY MAN—EVEN SIXTY IF I CARE TO PUSH HER."

Yokel. "AN' 'OW MANY IF YE BOTH SHOVE?"

the hard school of experience. I say unhesitatingly that the man who tries to get through life on a mere dozen handkerchiefs is simply begging for disaster, as, however methodical in their use he may be, a carelessly-caught cold may any day upset his reckoning and leave him at a loose end; sometimes scarcely that. Hence I am doing this part of my trousseau in princely fashion. I am having half a gross of them.

Then there is my slumber-wear. For years I have hungered for silk ones, but have had no conscientious excuse for appeasing my appetite. To buy silk pyjamas in cold blood has hitherto seemed to me to be sheer cynical extravagance; but now I feel that circumstances justify me in my action, for it would be a very sorry thing for me to encounter a burglar or cope with a fire clad in apparel that would not be up to the standard of the rest of my wardrobe.



# BIJOU KINEMADROME



## AN IMPALPABLE FLAME.

Claude. "WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' HERE FOR, OLD THING?"

Cuthbert. "TO GIVE THESE FLOWERS AND CHOCOLATES TO THAT STUNNING LITTLE GIRL IN 'THE DEATH KISS OF DEADMAN'S GULCH.'"

## THE AWAKENING

(A Little Romance of the Restaurant-Car).

Is there a sight so soothing to the brain  
As England's outlines green and softly curved,  
Visions of wooded slope and fertile plain  
Seen by the traveller in a dining-train,  
No doubts to vex him and no talk to strain,  
His seat, his chance companion, both reserved?

I think not. Yet the rather stoutish man  
Who never raised his head but chewed and chewed  
Annoyed me as I feasted. I began  
To deem him one who had no higher plan,  
No larger outlook in life's journeyings, than  
Resonant demolition of his food.

I longed to point to him the hedges twined  
With starry blossoms, and the coats like silk  
Of oxen as they wandered unconfined;  
I longed to ask him if his heavier mind  
Preferred the cattle of more steadfast kind  
Stamped with advertisements of malted milk.

The little red-brick hamlets, poised apart,  
And all the grandeur of the rolling leas—  
I longed to ask him if they brought no smart

Of scarce-remembered boyhood to his heart.  
But I refrained; and he took cherry tart  
And after that two different kinds of cheese.

And then we neared a little market town  
Half hidden in the dale, that seemed to cling  
Fondly about a church of old renown;  
And here the fat man started and looked down  
And filled his tumbler to the foaming crown  
And held it high as if to pledge the KING.

Some memory seemed to stir within his breast  
As though the curtain of old days were torn,  
And, as he drained the glass with eager zest,  
"Behold," I thought, "I wronged him. In that nest,  
So far from turmoil, full of old-world rest  
(He is about to tell me), he was born.

"And now, before the antique spire bath fled,  
Because remembrance of his home is dear,  
He toasts it deeply." All my wrath was dead.  
Then the man smiled at me and wagged his head;  
"Junction for Little Barleythorpe," he said;  
"A week ago these points upset my beer."

EVOE.



## AN UNPLAYED MASTERPIECE.

[The growing popularity of the one-Act play has prompted the aphorism that what is required in this class of drama is a "maximum of action with a minimum of explanation." Nevertheless the following effort has been rejected by every Manager in London—a fact which decisively answers the oft-repeated question, "Do Managers read plays?"]

SCENE—A luxuriously furnished room in the flat of Violet Hazelwood. Violet is seated, writing. The telephone on the table rings noisily.

Violet (picking up the receiver). Hello! Yes. . . . It's me. . . . Oh, it's Reggie. . . . Yes, I'm at home to you. . . . In three minutes? . . . Right, I shall be here. (Hangs up receiver.)

Maid (entering suddenly). Sir Frank Bulkeley, m'm. (Goes out and Sir Frank enters.)

Sir Frank. My dear Violet— (A report is heard and a splintering of glass.) Confound it all, I'm shot! (Falls on floor.)

Violet. Yes, he certainly appears to be shot. I'd better go and see the police about it. (Goes out.)

Reggie Fortescue (entering precipitately). Violet. . . . (Looking round in perplexity). Not here! She said she would be here. . . . She is false to me. False! I have nothing left to live for. (Takes out a revolver, shoots himself and falls on the floor.)

Gerald Maristowe (entering cautiously through the window and carrying a rifle). This is a devil of a risky business, this rifle practice, but Ulster must be saved somehow. I see I've broken the window. Wonder if I've done any other damage. (Sees Sir Frank.) Gee! I've killed a man! (Sees Reggie.) Oh, glory! I've killed two of 'em! Reggie, too, by all that's rum! I say, you know, that's pretty useful shooting. . . . Still, it probably means hanging, and I'm—er—hanged if I'll be hanged. Let me rather die by my own hand. (Discharges rifle at himself, and falls on floor.)

Violet (re-entering with an Inspector and a Constable). There he is, Inspector. (Sees Gerald.) My goodness, there seem to be two now! I feel sure. . . . (Sees Reggie.) Three! Really, Inspector, I feel almost certain that when I left . . . Oh, it's Reggie! My heart is broken! (Faints.)

Inspector. Stand back, Clarkson; this job requires thought. (Takes up telephone receiver.) Circus 20634, Miss. . . . That you Doc? Come round at once, please. . . . Two or three men shot. . . . Right. . . . (Hangs up receiver.) Clarkson, measure the exact distance between each corpse and the window. (Clarkson proceeds to do so. Enter Doctor.) Ah, Doc., that's the little job I mentioned.

Doctor (kneeling by Violet). This one isn't shot; she's only fainted. She'll be all right in a minute. (Examines Gerald.) Nor is this one. He'll be all right in a minute. (Examines Reggie.) Nor is this one. He'll be all right in a minute. (Examines Sir Frank.) This one is, though. Dead as a door-nail. (Violet, Reggie and Gerald rise simultaneously to their feet.) There you are! I told you so.

Gerald (aside). Missed!

Reggie (aside). Missed! (Aloud)

Violet, I love you!

Violet. I'm so glad, because I love you.

Reggie (confidentially). Do you know, I really thought I was dead. Hello, Gerald, old son, what are you doing here?

Gerald. Oh, I thought I'd sort of look in, you know.

Inspector. Violet Hazelwood, I arrest you for the murder of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart., and I warn you that anything you may say will be used in evidence against you. Clarkson, stop playing with that tape and handcuff the prisoner. (Clarkson does so.)

Gerald (aside). Good business! That saves my neck.

Violet. But, my dear good soul. . . . However, I suppose it's no use to say anything. Reggie, I can never marry you now.

Reggie. You couldn't in any case, my dear, because I haven't got any money.

Violet. You forget that you are sole heir to Sir Frank there, who had fourteen thousand a year. I thought of that at once.

Reggie. Columbus! So I am. Well, that is a dashed nuisance.

Gerald (coming forward nobly). My dear, dear friends, I cannot allow your happiness to be wrecked in this way. I killed Sir Frank! You can be married now.

Reggie. Good egg! (Embraces Violet.)

Inspector. Gerald Maristowe, I arrest you for the murder of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart., and I warn you that anything you may say will be used in evidence against you.

Violet. Oh, we must save him. What can we do?

Clarkson. Lady, do you remember years ago giving sumpence to a starving boy in Peckham Rye?

Violet. Yes.

Clarkson. I am—that is, was—that boy. I will save your friend. Inspector, you know that a reward of £10,000 is offered for the capture of the anarchist Mazzio?

Inspector. Yes. I wish to heaven I could lay my hands on him.

Clarkson. I can tell you how to do so.

Inspector. How?

Clarkson (dramatically tearing off his wig and false moustache). I am Mazzio! (Turning to Gerald and the others) I shall struggle violently. While he is engaged in arresting me, you can make good your escape.

Inspector. Ha! Do you think I can be so easily baffled? (Picking up telephone receiver.) There are other police in the neighbourhood.

Violet. Not so. (Slashes through the telephone cord with a knife.)

Gerald. Bravo!

Inspector. Oh, well, never mind. (Puts his head out of the window and blows a police whistle. The others look at one another in consternation.) Now I think I am master of the situation.

Clarkson. Foiled! All the same, you are less fortunate than you imagine. When I said I was Mazzio, I lied.

Inspector. Prove it.

Clarkson. Easily. Mazzio has a scar on his left forearm. (Rolling up sleeve.) I have none.

Inspector. Oh, well, never mind. I can now proceed with the arrest of the murderer of Sir Frank Bulkeley, Bart.

Gerald (aside). I'm done for!

Clarkson. There must be some way of escape. Doc., it's up to you to do something.

Doctor. With pleasure. I certify that Sir Frank died from heart disease.

Inspector (stammering). But—but—but he's obviously shot. I mean to say—

Doctor. I certify that Sir Frank Bulkeley died from heart disease ten seconds before the bullet struck him. You can do nothing in the face of my certificate.

Gerald, Reggie and Violet. Saved!

CURTAIN.

## This Wonderful World.

"A Hamburg bookkeeper named Schute, who has just celebrated his 8th birthday, has been with his employers for sixty years, while his son, his grandson, and his great-grandson are also working for them."

The Evening News.

"During the last two years some marvellous 'finds' have been made at this wonderful fortress from time to time. It is intended to continue excavation work for a moth."

Denbighshire Free Press.

They can be caught much better with beer and treacle.

## "LIBERAL MEMBER RESIGNS.

WILL STAND AS INDEPENDENT.

London, Wednesday.—Mr. Joseph Martin, Liberal M.P. for East St. Pancras, is resigning his seat, and will recontest it as an independent South Pole under American auspices.—Sydney Daily Telegraph.

Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON must look out.





First Caddie. "DOES IT MAKE YER DIZZY LOOKIN' DOWN THESE 'OLES?"

Second Caddie. "No."

First Caddie. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE PIN SOMETIMES?"

### THE FIRST TEE.

(Mullion, July 17th.)

It is the place, it is the place, my soul!  
 (Blow, bugle, blow; sing, triangle; toot, fife!)  
 Down to the sea the close-cropped pastures roll,  
 Couches behind yon sandy hill the goal  
 Whereat, it may be, after ceaseless strife  
 The "Colonel" shall find peace, and Henry say, "Your  
 hole" . . .

Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,  
 The sun shines hot, but there's half a breeze,  
 Enough to rustle the tree-tops, laddie,  
 Only supposing there were some trees;  
 The year's at the full and the morn's at eleven,  
 It's a wonderful day just straight from Heaven,  
 And this is a hole I can do in seven—  
 Caddie, my driver, please.

Three times a day from now till Monday week  
 (Ten peerless days in all) I take my stand  
 Vestured in some *déagé* mode of breck  
 (The chess-board touch, with squares that almost speak),  
 And lightly sketch my Slice into the Sand,  
 As based on bigger men, but much of it unique . . .

Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,  
 Note my style on the first few tees;  
 DUNCAN fashioned my wrist-work, laddie,  
 TAYLOR taught me to twist my knees;

I've a beautiful swing that I learnt from VARDON

(I practise it sometimes down the garden—

"My fault! Sorry! I beg your pardon!")—

Caddie, my driver, please.

Only ten little days, in which to do  
 So much! *E.g.*, the twelfth: ah it was there  
 The Secretary met his Waterloo,  
 But perished gamely, playing twenty-two;  
 His clubs (*ten little days*!) lie bleaching where  
 Sea-poppies blow (*ten days*!) and wheeling sea-birds mew . . .

Caddie, give me my driver, caddie,  
 Let us away with thoughts like these;  
 A week and a-half is a lifetime, laddie,  
 The day that's here is the day to seize;  
*Carpe diem*—yes, that's the motto,  
 "Work be jiggered!" and likewise "What ho!"  
 I'M NOT GOING BACK TILL I'VE JOLLY WELL GOT TO!  
 Caddie, my driver, please.  
 A. A. M.

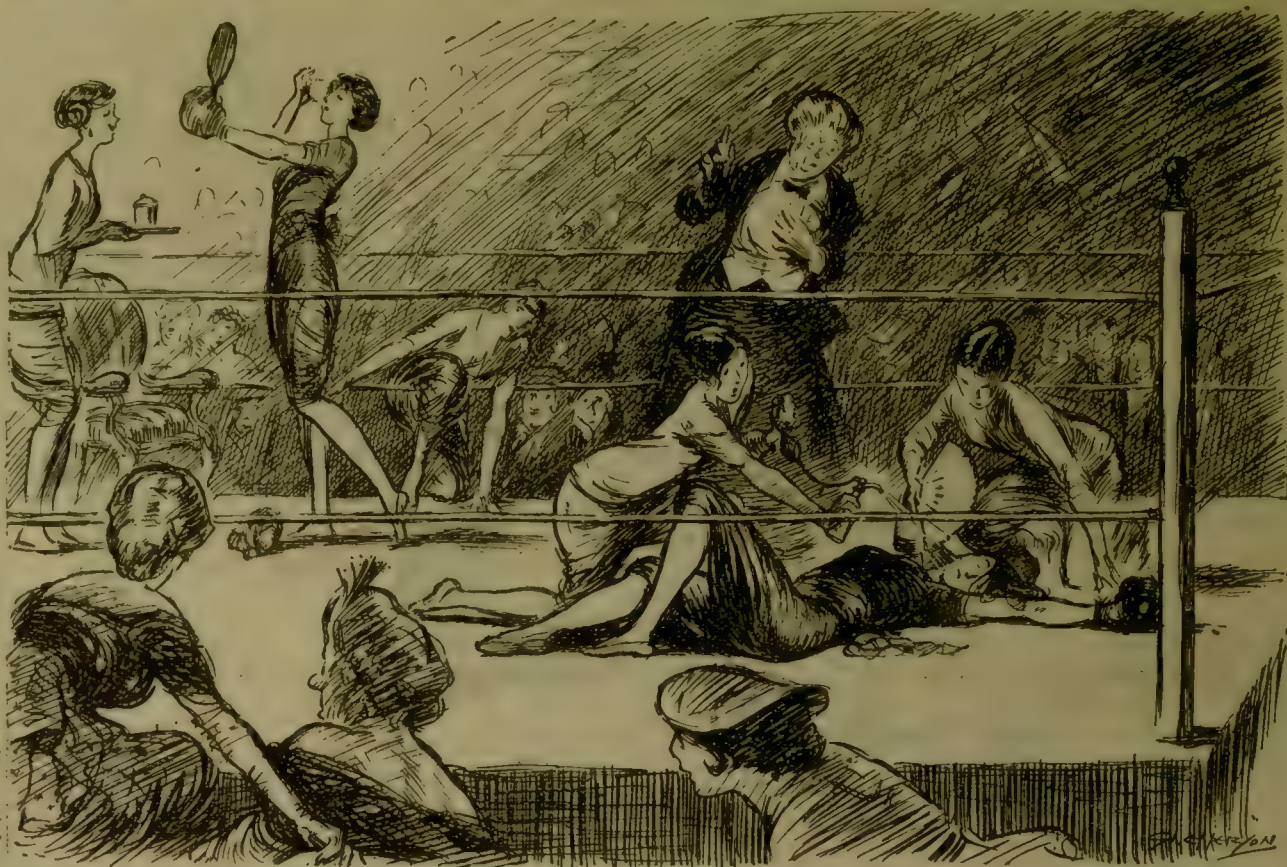
"The 'Gunboat' and his manager, Mr. Buckley, lounged out on the beautiful old English lawn among the rose bushes and drank in the sunshine."—*Daily Mirror*.

What offers from brewers, distillers, etc., to name the particular beverage which they drank in the sunshine?

"Sir James Key Caird, the millionaire duke manufacturer of Dundee."—*Montreal Gazette*.

His yearly output is singularly small.





### THE SEX'S PROGRESS.

FROM "WOMEN AT PRIZE-FIGHTS" TO "WOMEN IN THE RING" SHOULD BE AN EASY STEP IN THE UPWARD MOVEMENT.

#### THE PUNCHER'S GRIEVANCE.

"You journalist chaps just spoil us," said Puncher Pete, when I called upon him yesterday at his training camp. "You draw us into conversation, stick down our remarks in your note-books, and then make us out to be the biggest boasters on the face of the earth. It's not right.

"For instance, you've got it on the tip of your tongue to ask me if I think I'll lick Jimmy Battle next Thursday. Well, of course I'll lick him. Jimmy's a good boy, but he can't stay, and then he hasn't gone twenty rounds with three blacks, as I have. But what's my opinion matter to you? Why make me shout it out like a cock on a steeple?

"Yes, I shall beat Jimmy. Six rounds will cure him. All right. Very well then. Leave it at that.

"One of your fellows called upon me two days ago. 'Pete,' he said, 'they say you're ill.' 'You tell 'em to mind their own ills,' I gave him back. Ill, indeed! If I were ill could I walk my forty miles a day and think nothing of it? Could I lift Harry Blokes there with one hand and hold him above my

head? 'D'you suppose a sick man could do *this*?'"

The Puncher seized a skipping-rope and did marvellous things with it. Then he smashed lustily at a punch-ball, left, right, left, right, duck, bing! "Here, Harry!" he cried. His sparring partner approached, bruised but beaming. The Puncher knocked him down.

"I seem ill, don't I?" said Pete, turning to me. "But what's it got to do with all you chaps, anyway? Wait till Thursday. Then you'll find out whether I'm ill or not. And even if I was ill Jimmy couldn't do it: Jimmy's got as good a punch as the next man, I'll say that for him. If he gets it in it would fell an ox. But can he get it in? Not next Thursday.

"Now, see here, you're not going to draw any words from me about the coming fight. You may draw others. I refuse. Let's get right off this fight and on to other things.

"After all, fighters are modest chaps. When I knocked Torpedo Troop out in three rounds last April for a purse of £5,000 and the Championship of Nova Scotia I didn't go bragging. I might have said that this was the first

time that the Torpedo had ever had his eyes closed. Well, I didn't. What's more, I never shall. Tell your readers that!

"Take my victory over Quartermain, again. Or over Dinghy Abbs, who was down and out in the second round in spite of all the fuss that was made about him beforehand. I was a sick man at both these fights. Not a soul knew it, mind you. My wife—for I'm as fond of home life as any ordinary man, and we have a little baby—my wife used to worry terribly. She'd expect me to come home on a stretcher. But I never happened to choose that conveyance, and she don't fret any more.

"Will it be a stretcher on Thursday? I can see you want to put that question, but I'll ask you to excuse me. Next Thursday, as I've already hinted, will tell its own story, and when I say that the tale will have a happy ending for one of us who isn't too far from your ear to boast about it if he was inclined that way, perhaps you'll guess without my telling you what I mean.

"Not at all, Sir. Don't mention it. I'm always glad to have a friendly chat with anyone, and I hope you'll forgive me for refusing to talk shop."





### A RESORT TO THE OBVIOUS.

MR. PUNCH. "PERMIT ME, GENTLEMEN—I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW ONE ANOTHER:  
SIR EDWARD CARSON—MR. REDMOND. IT'S MORE THAN TIME YOU MET."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Lords, Monday, July 13.*—CAMPERDOWN, like HABAKKUK, is *capable de tout*. Can do (is at least ready to undertake) anything. Like Lord JOHN RUSSELL, he would at an hour's notice take charge of the British Fleet, whether in Home waters or on Foreign stations. Confesses with pathetic modesty that there are two things beyond his capacity. One is to find a needle in a pottle of hay; the other, to discover a teller in Division Lobby when no one proposes to tell.

To-night this last dilemma faced noble earl. Home Rule Amendment Bill before House on Report stage. MACDONELL moved amendment introducing principle of proportional representation. After long debate Question put from Woolsack. There being a few cries of "Not content!" House cleared for division.

Hereupon strange thing happened. Whilst majority of peers streamed into Content Lobby discovery was made that not only were there no tellers for the Not-Contents but no Not-Contents for the tellers. Fortunately CAMPERDOWN on the spot. Instantly took charge of the affair. According to his own narrative, which thrilled the listening Senate, he had gone into Division Lobby, "where," he added, "I stayed a long time."

Began to realise something of the feeling of the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled. CAMPERDOWN essentially a man of action. No use mooning round deserted Lobby wondering where everybody was.

"I tried," he protested, "to find a teller for the Not-Contents, which I was not able to do. There were no Not-Contents in the Not-Contents' Lobby and there were no tellers. I do not know," he added, turning his head with enquiring pose, like Mr. Pecksniff asking his pupil Martin Chuzzlewit to take compass, pencil and paper, and "give me your idea of a wooden leg," "whether any of your lordships have seen an occurrence like this before. I have not."

Murmur of sympathy ran round perturbed benches. Dilemma awful, unprecedented,



The shade of MASTERMAN recalls happy memories to the inconsolable WORTHINGTON EVANS.

irretrievable. But everyone felt that CAMPERDOWN had done his duty, and that if he had failed to find Not-Contents in an empty Lobby no one else could have found them.

*Business done.*—In House of Commons PREMIER announced winding-up of business at earliest possible moment with intent to meet again in "early winter" for new Session. No

who mourned his absence, recognising in it cause of insecurity for the Empire, situation would be natural and comprehensible. It is from the so-labelled enemy's camp that lamentation is sounded. WORTHINGTON EVANS, MASTERMAN's severest censor whilst he still sat on Treasury Bench in charge of Insurance Act, is in especial degree inconsolable. Physically and intellectually reduced to a pulp—using the word of course in Parliamentary sense.

As he is too unnerved to dwell upon subject, BARNSTON and HAYES FISHER to-day take it up. Want to know how long a state of things most painful on their side of the House is to continue? PREMIER makes light reply. Points out that it's no new thing for a Minister to fail to find a seat, the globe meanwhile serenely revolving on its axis. In 1885 and in 1892 the Duchy was unrepresented on the Treasury Bench.

A more striking case, overlooked by PREMIER, of a Minister long struggling with adversity at the poll finding the door of House of Commons bolted and barred is familiar to Lord HALSBURY. Appointed Solicitor-General in 1875 HARDINGE GIFFARD did not take his seat till the Session of 1877. Crushed at Cardiff, left in the lurch at Launceston, hustled at Horsham, named as a probable starter at every election race



"He did not want these adaptations of a German system which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER seemed to have chosen."—Lord HUGH CECIL.



in the three kingdoms taking place within a period of eighteen months, he persuaded the blushing borough of Launceston, on a second wooing, to yield to his advances.

Oddly enough, when at last he came to the Table to take the oath, he found he had mislaid the return to the writ, production of which is indispensable preliminary. Was nearly turned back, a calamity averted by discovery of the document in his hat on a bench under the Gallery where he had awaited SPEAKER'S summons to the Table.

But precedents are nothing when the bosom is deeply stirred.

"Can't the CHANCELLOR of the Duchy make an effort to secure a seat?" BARNSTON asked in tremulous voice.

"He has made two already," retorted the practical PREMIER.

Then came along WATT, with cryptic inquiry breaking silence that brooded over Ministerial benches.

"Has the time not arrived," he asked, "to jettison JONAH, in view of the fact that nobody seems willing to swallow him but the whale?"

House left thinking the matter over.

*Business done.*—House of Lords passed Third Reading of transformed Home Rule Amendment Bill. In the Commons Budget Bill again dealt with in Committee. Sharp strictures from both sides. But Ministerialists who had come to criticise remained to vote in its favour. Majority accordingly maintained at normal level.

*Wednesday.*—SON AUSTEN, who little more than a fortnight ago left the House Member for East Worcester, returned to-day representing the division of Birmingham where his father sat impregably throned for uninterrupted period of twenty-nine years. As he walked up to Table to take the oath and sign afresh the roll of Parliament, was hailed by hearty burst of general cheering.

This rare. Common enough for one or other political party to welcome recruit to its ranks. On such occasions, the other side sit silent, save when especial circumstances elicit responsive bout of ironical cheering. To-day's demonstration afforded striking recognition of genuine merit modestly displayed.

Ever a difficult thing for young Member to be son of distinguished father also seated in the House. Position to be sustained only by exercise of qualities of mind and manner

rarely combined. Whilst his father yet enthralled attention and admiration of House by supreme capacity SON AUSTEN successfully faced the ordeal. After DON JOSÉ'S withdrawal from the scene his son's advance to a leading place in the councils of his party and the estimation of the House was rapid. Within limits of present Session he has shown increased power as a debater, promising attainment of



A REVOLTING TASK.  
THE WAITER'S EARLY-MORNING JOB.

still loftier heights. Ever courteous in manner, untainted by the "new style" deplored by PREMIER, he, though an uncompromising party man, has made no personal enemies among any section of his political opponents.

*Business done.*—House of Lords threw out Plural Voters Bill on second time of asking. Commons still in Committee on Budget.

"Hearne and Mead, the not-outs of Monday, were separated at 80, their partnership having yielded 441 in forty-five minutes."

*Daily Mail.*

The spectators, we suppose, could stand the strain no longer.

## DIPLOMACY.

*(Yawning, though rude, is, according to the doctors, an extremely healthy exercise.)*

I HAVE a friend who wrote a book  
And begged me to peruse it,  
And bluntly state the view I took—  
Encourage or abuse it.  
I want, he said, the truth alone,  
But said it in a hopeful tone.

Perceiving there was no escape,  
With Chapter I. I led off;  
Page 2 provoked my earliest gaps,  
At 3 I yawned my head off,  
At 4 I cast the thing away  
Unto some dim and distant day.

For weeks I racked my harassed  
brain

For something kind and ruthless,  
To spare his feelings and remain  
Comparatively truthful  
(I'm very often troubled by  
My inability to lie).

"Dear Charles," I wrote him in  
the end,

"I fear no contradiction  
When I declare that you have  
penned

A healthy work of fiction.  
I am, I candidly admit,  
A sounder man through reading it."

"Captain Turner only got a single  
when J. W. Hearne bowled him, and  
lunch was taken.

ESSEX.

F. L. Fane c. Hendren b. Kidd . 57  
Russell run out . 51  
Major Turner b. J. W. Hearne . 1 "

Probably the Major got his step  
during lunch; and it was no doubt  
richly deserved, though not on  
account of the score he had made  
in the morning as a Captain.

"John Charles Edmund Carson were  
the names which Lord Gillford, the  
infant heir of Lord and Lady Clan-  
william, received yesterday afternoon."

*Daily Mail.*

If only this were a misprint for John  
Charles Redmond Carson.

"The anniversary of the Cattle of the  
Boyne was celebrated with unusual enthusiasm  
throughout Canada."

*"Times" Toronto Correspondent.*

These were the original Irish bulls, we  
suppose.

"Plant strawberry runners with grouse on  
Aug. 12th."—*R.H.S. Gardener's Diary.*

"Plant daffodils between grouse and part-  
ridges."—*R.H.S. Gardener's Diary.*

The daffodils should make good cover,  
but the runners will stand no chance  
against the Cockney sportsman.





### THE OLD, OLD PROBLEM.

IS THE BATSMAN OUT OR NOT?

#### EXERCISE 1.

I MUST confess that at one time I had little regard for collectors of cigarette cards; it seemed a feeble pursuit, though perhaps I should add I am of a somewhat intellectual nature.

Some little time ago, however, I happened to glance at one of these cards and was surprised to see a picture of a gentleman attired in white flannels and a vest of white, decorated with red embroidery. He was grasping a towel in both hands and appeared to have two or three sets of arms. The label said, "Scarf or Towel Exercises 4." A perusal of the instructions on the back of the card made everything clear.

Ten minutes later I entered the shop of an athletic outfitter. Unfortunately he had no white vests with red edges; I had to purchase one with blue. A scarf or towel I could find at home.

Then I entered a tobacconist's.

Four days later I had collected Scarf or Towel Exercises 2 and 3.

"We can," I said, "now make a start." As a matter of fact it was not altogether a foolish proceeding. Deep thinkers are apt to overlook the need for physical culture. This error I decided to remedy.

Every morning I (1) stood in position illustrated, (2) raised arms above

head in manner indicated by the instructions, (3) straightened right arm and lowered right hand so that towel (*still taut*) sloped to right, (4) returned to Position 1. I then changed towel for scarf (my own idea) and continued with Exercises 3 and 4.

I was very happy; my only worry was the absence of Scarf or Towel Exercises 1.

Every morning I called at the tobacconist's and purchased packets of cigarettes, eagerly searching them for the missing card. Every afternoon I called again.

For a week I bore my disappointment bravely; then I became cynical.

"Perhaps," I said, "there is no Exercise 1. It may be a joke on the part of the makers."

My consumption of cigarettes increased. Packet followed packet with extraordinary rapidity, and still no Exercise 1.

I began to get worried. "Is it safe," I asked myself, "to do 2, 3 and 4 without 1? The omission may have a serious effect on 2, 3 and 4."

Then I returned to the attack with renewed vigour. In a week I got through twenty tens—with no result.

Disappointed and weary I was walking to the office one morning when suddenly I had an attack of giddiness.

By the end of the day I was beginning to wonder if I was very ill. I felt it. Usually the clearest of thinkers, I was dizzy and dazed.

The evening saw the arrival of my doctor, and a thorough examination followed, at the end of which he shook his head gravely.

"M," he murmured. "Ah."

"Tell me," I said with extraordinary calmness—"tell me the worst. Brain fever, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear no," he replied. "What I'm worrying about is the heart! It's in a bad state—a really bad state. Heaven knows how many cigarettes you've been consuming lately. You'll have to stop it altogether."

I looked at him blankly; then, with a bitter laugh, I (1) stood in position illustrated, (2) raised arms above head in manner indicated by the instructions, (3) straightened right arm and lowered right hand so that handkerchief (*still taut*) sloped to right, and (4) returned to sofa.

#### The Latest Style in Strikes.

"Engineers and firemen on the western railways of the United States have threatened to strike unless their demands for increased wages and other reforms are not granted."

*The Times.*

They seem very hard to please.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE SIN OF DAVID."

THIS is not, like the plays in which JOSEPH has recently figured, an adaptation from the Hebrew. Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS has given a seventeenth-century (A.D.) setting to the BATHSHEBA motive, transplanting it from the polygamous East into the England of one-man-one-wife. His object, no doubt, was to emphasize one aspect of his borrowed theme, which is further enforced by his choice of milieu—the camp of the Puritans.

Lest this fairly obvious note of irony should escape us, Mr. PHILLIPS accentuates it at the start by making his DAVID (*Sir Hubert Lisle*, Commander of the Parliamentary Forces in the Fenland) condemn a young officer to be shot for a "carnal" offence. The delinquent's answer—

"Thou who so lightly dealest death to me  
Be thou then very sure of thine own soul;"

and *Lisle's* prayer—

"And judge me, Thou that sittest in Thy  
Heaven,  
As I have shown no mercy, show me none!  
If ever a woman's beauty shall ensnare  
My soul into such sin as he hath sinned!"

these passages, even if the title of the play had not prepared us, afford fair warning of the way in which things have got to go. In fact it is all very simple and straightforward, and (on the constructive side) Hellenic. Perhaps indeed the treatment is a little too direct, and the tragedy moves too quickly to its consummation (thirty or forty minutes suffice for the reading of it). It might serve its publisher (of the Bodley Head) as one of a series to be entitled: "Half-hours with the Best Sinners."

As a poem *The Sin of David* cannot compare for beauty with *Paolo and Francesca*, though it contains isolated lines which recall Mr. PHILLIPS's earliest drama, such as the plea of *Joyce*, the condemned officer—

"Her face was close to me, and dimmed the world."

or *Lisle's*—

"Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth."

But then, of course, the exotic manner would here have been an impropriety. This is not Rimini; it is the English Fenland; and all the characters, with the exception of *Miriam Mardyke* (the BATHSHEBA of the piece), who was bred in France and had its sun in her blood, were of the Puritan pattern that does not accommodate itself very easily to the language of passion.

But all this we knew ten years ago, when *The Sin of David* was first pub-

lished; and the only new interest was the question of its adaptability to the theatre. Poetic drama seldom gains much by presentation on the stage, unless it is full of action; and there is little action in this play except of the inward kind. In almost the only case where quick movement is here demanded one becomes conscious of the intrusion of words. When he knows that the relief of Pomfret depends upon his instant action, *Lisle* still finds time for conversations with his servant, with *Miriam* and with the doctor, and for a couple of well-sustained soliloquies.

Certain lines, again, whose literary flavour, when read, makes us overlook



Mr. H. B. IRVING (*Sir Hubert Lisle*).  
"Pomfret will fall in another two seconds if I don't ride over and raise the siege. Still, my first duty is to Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, and he wants me for a few dialogues and a brace of soliloquies before I start."

their inherent improbability in the mouth of the character that utters them, take on, when spoken, an air of artifice. Such are the lines in which *Miriam* describes her old sister-in-law, to her face, as

"living without sin  
And reputably rusting to the grave."

And there is always the danger that actors will be content with a rather slurred and perfunctory recitation of lines that have no bearing on the action but are just inserted for joy as a rhetorical embroidery.

It may be a trivial criticism, but I think the play suffered a little from the appearance of the love-child whose death was to be the punishment for *Lisle's* sin in sending *Mardyke* to his death in a forlorn hope. The instructions in my book are contradictory. The time of Act. III. is described as

"five years later," and we are then told that "four years are supposed to have elapsed since Act II." Anyhow, the boy should be only three or four years old. Actually he is a girl (the stage must have it so) of some ten summers. You may say that all these years during which the lovers' passion has been purified by worship of the child's innocence, and "God has not said a word," add a dramatic force to the blow when at last it falls. But for myself—a mere matter of taste—I feel that the vengeance of Heaven has been nursed too long.

As for the interpretation, I must honestly compliment Mr. IRVING and Miss MIRIAM LEWES on their performance. It is true that I should never have mistaken Mr. IRVING for a fighting Roundhead, and he might well have sacrificed something of his personality for the sake of illusion. It is true, too, that he was more concerned about dramatic than poetic effects; yet, within the limitations of a very marked individuality, he did justice to the author by a performance that was most sincere and persuasive. Miss LEWES played her more difficult part with great charm and delicacy. Her manner, even under stress of passionate feeling, still kept the right restraint that *Miriam* had learnt from her environment; but always we were made to feel that under the prim Puritan gown was a body that had been "born in the sun's lap," and held the warmth of the vinelands in its veins. Perhaps it was from France, too, that *Miriam* had caught her strange habit of pronouncing "my" (a perfectly good word) as "me."

There is little so worth seeing on the stage to-day as *The Sin of David*, and I very sincerely hope that both the play and its interpreters may win the wide appreciation they have earned.

O. S.

It is unfortunate that Mr. ARTHUR ECKERLEY's ingenious little farce, *A Collection will be made*, was only introduced into the bill at the Garrick two days before the withdrawal of the *Duke of Killarankie*, and that, like the melancholy *Jaques*, it has had to share the ducal exile. I look forward to its early reappearance under happier auspices, and with Mr. GUY NEWALL again in the leading part.

"The father of a young lady, aged 15—a typical 'FLAPPER'—with all the self-assurance of a woman of 30, would be grateful for the recommendation of a seminary (not a convent) where she might be placed."—*Times*.

"Coaching required for Cambridge Little Girl."—*Times*.

Is it the same little girl?





A PROPOSAL FOR THE PURCHASE OF DONKEYS FOR PRACTISING AMMUNITION-SUPPLY IN THE FIELD HAS BEEN APPROVED BY THE WAR OFFICE.

### RETROSPECTIVE.

*[The armbone of a prehistoric lion has been discovered in Fleet Street during the excavations for the new offices of "The Daily Chronicle." Remains of other prehistoric animals were found some years ago near the same spot.]*

READER, when last you went down  
Fleet  
(Wait half-a-second. Thank you.)  
Street,  
And gazed upon it from your seat,  
Perched on a motor-bus,  
Did you, I wonder, guess that there,  
In ages long ago, the bear  
Contended for the choicest lair  
With the rhinoceros?

Where now the expectant taxis prowl,  
And growlers, still surviving, growl,  
And agonised pedestrians howl,  
Seeing the traffic skid,  
There lions roamed the swampy glade,  
There the superb okapi brayed,  
And many a mighty mammoth made  
Whatever noise it did.

It pleases me to pause and think  
That where to-day flows printing-ink  
All sorts of beasts came down to drink  
Clear waters from a spring.

I like to reconstruct the scene;  
I feel existence must have been,  
Before the rotary machine,  
A more delightful thing.

I like to think how, westward bound,  
Tigers pursued their prey and found  
The Strand a happy hunting ground,  
Seeking tit-bits by night.  
Reader, will you come there with me  
When London lies asleep? Maybe  
Their phantoms still prowl stealthily  
Down by the Aldwych site.

### SOCIETY NOTES.

Lady Diana Dingo was in the Park yesterday, walking with Lancelot, her new ant-eater, and the latter, who has happily recovered from his severe attack of measles, is now quite tame, and was wearing bronzed toe-nails and a large blue ribbon under the left ear.

The Countess of Torquay and her sister, Mrs. Pygmalion Popinjay, were at the Earl's Court Exhibition on Wednesday. The Countess's crested toucan, Willy, was much admired.

The Ladies' Park Pet race at Ranelham next Friday is expected to prove

an exciting event, especially as Stella, Lady Killaloo, has entered her large crocodile, Horace—called after her late husband—who is known to prove rather fractious at times.

Mrs. Halliday Hare is in deep mourning for her bandicoot, Maud Eliza, who was unfortunately set upon and eaten last week by the Hon. Mrs. Joram's young jaguar during an afternoon call at the house of a mutual friend of their mistresses. Mrs. Hare is leaving town at once, and her house will be closed until late in the autumn.

The iguana worn by Miss Bay Buskin in the second Act of *The Belle of Bow Street* is a delightful little creature, and accompanies his mistress everywhere. While on the subject of the theatre, we are glad to learn that the cages now being erected behind the stage at Galy's Theatre will soon be ready, when there should be no further cause for complaint about the rapacity of some of the larger carnivora owned by certain ladies of the chorus.

The recent fashion of having one's pet emu coloured to match one's frock is dying out, and armadilloes with gilded trotters are becoming the vogue.



## COMPULSION.

"VERY well," said the lady of the house, "don't let's do it. Nobody can force us to go to the seaside if we don't want to."

"It's too late," I said, "to begin to agree with me now."

"It's never too late to realise how reasonable you are."

"Yes, it is. The agreement is signed; half the rent has been paid; Sandstone House has got us by the legs, and, whether we like it or not, we've got to go there next week."

"We might try the effect of a death-bed repentance."

"No," I said, "we're dead already. We died when the blessed agreement was signed."

"Well, then, let's write and say our aunt from British Columbia is about to arrive here unexpectedly on a visit to us, and that sand and seaweed and prawns and star-fish are simply death to her. We can wind up with a strong appeal to the landlord's better nature. No true landlord can wish to be responsible for the death of anybody's British Columbian aunt."

"You're quite wrong," I said. Landlords just revel in that kind of thing. Besides, he will not believe in our aunt. He will say that she is too thin."

"But the aunt I'm thinking of is stout and wheezy. She is a widow; her name is Aunt Wilhelmina; except ourselves there's nobody in the world left for her to cling to. No marine landlord can dare to separate us from Aunt Wilhelmina."

"It's no good," I said. "I'll admit that your Aunt Wilhelmina—"

"She's only mine by marriage, you know; but I love her like a daughter."

"I admit," I continued, "that Aunt-by-marriage Wilhelmina may some day be useful to us. We will put her by for another occasion. But she can't help us now."

"Well, go ahead yourself and suggest something, then."

"I could suggest a thousand things. Suppose we just pay the rest of the rent and don't go."

"The man," she said with conviction, "is mad."

"I thought you'd say that, and I know you'd say the same about any other suggestion of mine, so I shan't make any more."

"You mustn't be sulky," she said.

"I never am. I'm reasonable, but, as usual, you'll realise it too late. Besides," I added, "it's you who've brought us into this fix."

"I?" she said with an air of wonder. "How can I have done that?"

"I'll tell you," I said firmly, for I saw that my chance had come. "For weeks and weeks past you have been engaged in shutting up avenues and closing loop-holes. Wherever there was the tiniest way of escape from the seaside, there you were with your walls and your fences, until at last you'd got me safely penned in."

"You didn't struggle much, did you?"

"No, I was like the man in *The Pit and the Pendulum*, and you were—whoever it was that made the walls close in on him."

"I refuse," she said, "to be called a Spanish Inquisition."

"You may refuse as much as you like, but that's the sort of thing you've been. How you worked on my domestic affections and my household pride! When Helen forgot to go to her music-lesson you said the poor child was evidently run down and wanted a breath of sea-air. When Rosie lost her German exercise-book, and when Peggy fell off her bicycle, you worked both these accidents round into an imperative demand for salt water. When John was bitten by a gnat you said the spot was bilious and things would never be right with him until he got into a more bracing climate; and when Bates tripped up in the

pantry and broke a week's income in plates and dishes you said he needed tone and would get it at the sea. Seaside, seaside, seaside! I couldn't get away from it."

"Oh, but you haven't been there yet, you know. You're shouting before you're hurt."

"No," I said, "I am not—I mean I am hurt, but I'm not shouting. I'm just whispering a few salutary truths."

"And there's another thing," she said; "it must be terrible for you to know what a designing person your wife is."

"Madam," I said, "my wife is as heaven made her. I will not permit her to be abused. She has good impulses. She means well. Her plain sewing is quite excellent."

"Spare me," she said, "oh spare me. I will never go to the sea again."

"But you *shall* go to the sea," I said. "Everything is settled. The agreement is signed; the tickets are all but taken. John and Peggy are panting for pails and spades. Do you think I want to stand in the way of their innocent pleasures? We will all try for shrimps while you sit on a heap of sand and tell us not to get too wet, or that it's time for tea, and have I forgotten the thermos-flask again?"

"Horatio," she said, "I can see you paddling in my mind's eye."

"But tell me," I said, "when do we start?"

"We start on Tuesday. The whole lot of us together, you know, servants and all. Won't that be fun?"

"Ye-es," I said, "it will—I mean it would if I could go with you, but unfortunately—"

"What!" she said, "you mean to desert us?"

"No, no, I can never desert you, but I've got two solemn engagements on Tuesday—meetings in the City."

"Then I'm to take the whole party, am I?"

"Yes, dear," I said. "And I'll join you next day."

"You've won," she said.

## KITTY ADARE.

SWEET AS a wild-rose was Kitty Adare,  
Blithe as a laverock and shy as a hare;

Mid all the grand ladies of all the grand cities  
You'd not find the face half so pretty as Kitty's;

"Tis the fine morning this, Kit," says I; she says, "It is,"  
The day she went walking to get to the Fair.

She was bred to give trouble, was Kitty Adare,  
For she had my heart caught like a bird in a snare;

O, her laugh was the ripple of quick-running water,  
And—the seventh-born child of a seventh-born daughter—

She wore the green shoes that the fairies had brought her  
To help her go dancing that day at the Fair!

She'd the foot of a princess, had Kitty Adare,  
And the road fell behind her like peel off a pear;

She was into the town with the lads and the lassies,  
And the shouting of showmen and braying of asses,

And on to the green where the best of the grass is,  
With the sun shining bright on the fun of the Fair!

She was light as a feather, was Kitty Adare,  
And she danced like a flame in a current of air;

O, look at her now—she retreating, advancing,  
And stepping and stopping, and gliding and glancing!

There wasn't a one was her marrow at dancing  
Of all the young maidens who danced at the Fair.

O Kitty, O Kitty, O Kitty Adare,

Till the music was beaten you danced to it there;

And the fiddler, poor fellow, the way that he was in,  
Him sweating for six and his bow wanting rosin,

He was put past the fiddling a month—all because in  
A pair of green shoes Kitty danced at the Fair!





Cheerful Householder (to burglar). "BY THE WAY, WHEN YOU GO DOWNSTAIRS YOU MIGHT LET THE CAT IN; SHE'S BEEN SPOILING MY SLEEP."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF memory serves me, the publishers of *World's End* (HURST AND BLACKETT) described its theme as one of unusual delicacy, or words to that effect. I should like to reassure them. The particular kind of marriage of convenience which it concerns (marriage for the convenience of the wronged heroine, by which the virtuous hero gives his name to the child of the villain) may be, indeed is, a delicate matter, but—in fiction at least—by no manner of means unusual. Nor can I see that its present treatment by AMÉLIE RIVES (Princess TROUBETSKOY) lends it any degree of novelty. No, let me be just; perhaps *Richard Bryce*, the wicked betrayer, does strike a somewhat new note, at least in his beginnings. *Richard* was the product of art superimposed upon dollars. He was so cultured that the humanity in him had dwindled to a negligible quantity; and thus, when poor *Phæbe* wanted him to "do the right thing by her," he sent her instead some charmingly modern French verse—which she could not understand—and finally took ship for Europe in mingled alarm and boredom. You will have gathered that the scene is laid in America. Perhaps this explains the hero. *Owen Randolph* was one of the strong and silent. He was so silent that, though he knew perfectly well all that had happened, he married *Phæbe*, and allowed that unhappy lady to suffer chapters of agonized apprehension as to his attitude, when half-a-dozen words would have set her at ease on the subject. He was, moreover, so strong that, when eventually the theme of their relations with *Phæbe* did crop up between

himself and *Richard*, the latter spent some months in hospital as a consequence. However, he recovered, and things were thus able to reach the kind of ending which was expected of them. There are parts of *World's End* that are worthy of a better whole, but that is the best I can say for it.

I believe that *Paul Moorhouse* (LONG) was never really predestined to end unhappily and that his suicide was a conclusion as little premeditated by the author as it was apparently by the hero. If such ends must be, they should be a climax demanded by relentless logic: some sort of culminating event should occur which, added to what has gone before, leaves no alternative. *Paul*, however, had survived for years under the stress of all the circumstances which finally constrained him to make an end of himself; and, had he stayed the course—only another hour or so—he would have found that all had turned out for the best and that adequate arrangements had been made for his permanent happiness. No doubt these things happen in real life and I cannot accuse Mr. GEORGE WOUIL (a most discerning author) of any inhuman treatment of his puppet; yet I wish that he had been more kindly disposed and had spared me a bitter disappointment. Having known *Paul*, man and boy, for upwards of ten years, I had become sincerely attached to him; as assistant time-keeper, foreman and works-manager he showed a spirit true to the real Black Country type. He had his moments of weakness when he went astray after the manner of his kind; but he always became master of himself again and, when he had to, paid like a man the price of his misdeeds, never pausing to dis-



cover the overcharge. As for *Joan Ware*, his intended and his due, she was a dear; poor dear!

I do not think that you will believe *The Story of Ffine* (CONSTABLE), although Mr. BERNARD CAPES takes some pains to give it an air of actuality; but if you are like me you will not be greatly concerned about that. Purporting to be the ill-used daughter of a mad French marquis, *Ffine*, in that naïve and charming way which has always been so dear to the hearts of novelists, came to live at the bachelor abode in Paris of the sculptor *Felix Dane* (his half-sister, who was keeping house for the marquis, provided the introduction), and, calling each other "cousin" and "gossip," these two shared rooms together in perfect simplicity of soul and held several conversations which reflect, I suppose, Mr. BERNARD CAPES' views on the plastic arts and life in general. And why, in passing, he should continue to heap ridicule on staid Victorian respectability I cannot for the life of me imagine. The plucky and unorthodox thing nowadays surely is to make game of Bohemianism. But, anyhow, the happy moment for me arrived when *Felix Dane* suggested (on the grounds that the marquis would soon discover his daughter's hiding-place) a holiday tour through Provence. Mr. BERNARD CAPES in Provence is Mr. BERNARD CAPES at his best. How the lovers (for that—perhaps you roguishly guessed it?—they gradually became) paid visits to Nîmes, to Aigues-Mortes, to Arles and to Paradou les Baux, and met *M. Carabas Cabarus*, the native minstrel, you must read for yourself, for I cannot give a faint idea of the eloquence with which their fairyland is portrayed. And if the plot ends as artificially as it began, and with an unnecessary tragedy thrown in, I suppose for the sake of that idyll in the very nesting-place of idylls I must shrug my shoulders and forgive. After all, it does not matter much who *Ffine* really was, nor what happened to her. Suffice it that Mr. BERNARD CAPES has conducted her to Arles.

*The Caddis-Worm* (HURST AND BLACKETT) is an appropriate enough title for Mrs. DAWSON SCOTT's novel, but I confess to having grown a little restive at its appearance on the top of each of 352 pages. "Episodes in the Life of Richard and Catharine Blake" is the alternative title, and to the average human reader possibly a more significant one. *The Caddis-Worm* is quite in the modern manner, having no plot—or what has been contemptuously called "anecdote." I have, however, a more genuine grievance against Mrs. DAWSON SCOTT, and it is that she seems inclined to be a propagandist without the requisite robustness. A little more vigour in her protests against the iniquity of British laws, and her theme might have allured me. As it is, the troubles of *Catharine* with her peremptory *Richard* only made me want, but not very keenly, to take and give her a good shaking. Whereas, with a little

more encouragement, I believe I should have been quite anxious to kick her husband from the top to the bottom of several flights of stairs. Drastic methods were taken by the author to bring *Richard* to his senses; in fact, at one time he made a sort of corner in disasters. But unless a sanatorium exists where patients are treated kindly and firmly for swollen-head I do not think that *Richard's* cure is likely to be permanent. That, however, does not affect my view that Mrs. DAWSON SCOTT has given us a book which is full of clever writing and fairly shrewd observation.

"It was a wild wet night, though the month of May was well begun." Without caring very much about the month of May, I felt on reading these introductory words that the story called *My Lady Rosia* had excellently well begun. I am sorry to add, though, that it does not carry on quite so bravely as you might expect from such a start. My own suspicion is that *Lady Rosia* is one of many novels that owe their existence to a summer holiday. I haven't the slightest knowledge of the facts, and still less wish to incur a libel action, but, by my way of imagining it, Miss FREDA MARY GROVES found herself one day in the Winchelsea country, fell very naturally in love with its jolly old houses, and determined there and then to write a story about them. So here it is, with a mildly romantic hero, *Bernard*, a heroine in the title rôle who is as pretty and persecuted as heroines should be, a villain (*Lord Segrave* by name—even, you see, in those Black-Princely days peers were a bad lot), some conflicts not quite so exciting as they might have been, and the rest of the mixture



The Optimist (who has just been struck by a passing motor-car). "GLOXY BE! IF THIS ISN'T A PIECE O' LUCK! SURE, 'TIS THE DOCTOR HIMSELF THAT'S IN IT."

as before. You perhaps catch already my chief ground of complaint. Frankly I do not think that Miss Groves' pen is quite sufficiently dashing for this sort of thing. Historical and adventurous romance, if it is to earn my vote, must keep me out of breath the whole time. It should never be allowed to slacken pace; and (to be entirely candid) *My Lady Rosia* sometimes ambles rather heavily. I forgot to add that it is published by WASHBOURNE, printed on detestable paper, and contains some pleasant illustrations of the places mentioned in the story. In few, the best I can say of it is that it would make a charming gift for the young Person (if she still survives) on the occasion, say, of a family holiday to Hastings.

#### The John Bull Breed.

*The South African Farmers' Guide* pays a pretty compliment to a well-known family in describing a typical South Devon bull as the "property of Major ARTHUR, a magnificent example of this breed."

WANTED.—A Tame Tory who will undertake to write scathing criticisms on the policy of his own party. Meals supplied on premises. Sleep in. Address, Offices of *Westminster Gazette*.





Bather. "I SAY! I SAY! THE CURRENT IS FRIGHTFULLY STRONG; I'M BEING CARRIED OUT."  
 Bathing Attendant. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT ME EYE ON YER!"

### CHARIVARIA.

A WARRANT has been issued for the arrest of Signor ULVI, the inventor of "F" rays. He is said to have eloped from Florence with an Admiral's daughter. This was not discovered until Signor ULVI had got well away, and his claim to be able to cause explosions at a distance would now seem to be established. \*

General HUERTA is said to have taken with him on his flight securities to the amount of £1,200,000. Even so it is typical of the grasping nature of the man that he complained of having to leave Mexico City behind. \*

A storm of indignation has been raised in Berlin by an order (instigated, it is said, in a very high quarter) that all *cafés* must close at 2 A.M. A petition is being circulated which points out that this order will kill Berlin's tourist traffic, "as the night life of the city is the only attraction for visitors." This implication that a certain exalted personage is not among the local attractions seems to us to amount almost to *lèse-majesté*. \*

When Lieutenant PORTE's water-plane, "The America," refused to rise, he should have tried changing its name to "The South America." \*

The Buckinghamshire Territorials, under their new commandant, Colonel WETHERED, are going in for chorus-singing practice. This is a good idea. Sung badly enough, these choruses should prove a valuable weapon against a musical foe, such as the Germans. \*

Owing to an outbreak of mumps at Harrow School the summer term has had to close some days earlier than usual. It is characteristic of the generous nature of the Harrow boys that, in spite of this annoying interruption of their studies, there has been very little open expression of resentment against those who introduced the ailment. \*

Coventry's annual Lady Godiva procession took place last week, and was a success. It is feared, however, that with the advance of fashion the principal character—who on this occasion was attired in pink fleshings draped with white chiffon—will be voted overdressed and so fail to attract. \*

"To be well booted," says *The Times*, "is to feel well dressed, at the top of one's power and joy." A small boy, however, who was well booted by a larger boy the other day admits that he received a good dressing, but holds that, apart from this, *The Times* was misinformed. \*

The announcement that in the course of excavations on the site of the old General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, some old Roman tile stamps have been discovered, has caused, we hear, a profound sensation in philatelic circles. \*

Exceptionally rough weather is reported from the Bay of Biscay, and it is said that on a certain passenger vessel even the valet of a well-known nobleman was ill, *although he was an old retainer*. \*

"Fishing with rod and line from a boat in the Downs at Deal," says *The Daily Mail*, "Lord HERSCHELL and a friend caught 600 fish on Sunday. The fish, mostly pouting, were hauled in three and four at a time." We suspect they were pouting to show their annoyance at having their Sabbath rest disturbed. \*

It is proposed in an L.C.C. report that barges should be used as open-air schools on the river. Schools of language, presumably. \*

We are asked to deny that the fire which broke out at the bookstall at the Hampstead station of the North London Railway last week was produced spontaneously by a copy of one of Miss VICTORIA CROSS's novels. \*



## THE USES OF OCEAN.

*(Lines written in an irresponsible holiday mood.)*

To people who allege that we  
Incline to overrate the Sea,  
I answer, "We do not;  
Apart from being coloured blue,  
It has its uses not a few—  
I cannot think what we should do  
If ever 'the deep did rot.'"

Take ships, for instance. You will note  
That, lacking stuff on which to float,  
They could not get about;  
Dreadnought and liner, smack and yawl,  
And other types that you'll recall—  
They simply could not sail at all  
If Ocean once gave out.

And see the trouble which it saves  
To islands; but for all those waves  
That made us what we are—  
But for their help so kindly lent,  
Teutons could march right through to Kent  
And never need to circumvent  
A single British tar.

Take fish, again. I have in mind  
No better field that they could find  
For exercise and sport;  
How would the whale, I want to know,  
The blubbery whale, contrive to blow;  
Where would your playful kipper go  
If the supply ran short?

And hence we rank the Ocean high;  
But there are privy reasons why  
Its praise is on my lip:  
I deem it, when my heart is set  
On walking into something wet,  
The nicest medium I have met  
In which to take a dip.

Ah, speed the hour already fixed  
When, mid the bathers (freely mixed),  
In a polite costume  
I mean to plunge beneath the spray  
And, washing from a soul at play  
The City's stain—three times a day—  
Restore its vernal bloom.

Rocked like a babe upon the brine  
It is my dream to float supine  
And to the vast inane  
Banish awhile from off my chest  
The cares that hold it now obsessed,  
And even take a clean-cut rest  
From Ulster-on-the-brain.

O. S.

**The Best Holiday Insurance.**

Mr. Punch ventures to hint to the gentlest among his readers that, while there are excellent methods of insuring against the disturbance of their holidays by accident or bad weather, the best way for them to insure happiness is to offer a share of it to those who cannot afford a holiday of their own. The very easy sum of TEN SHILLINGS means a fortnight among green fields or by the sea for one poor child, if the gift is sent—and now is the moment—to the Earl of ARRAN, Hon. Treasurer of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

## THE CRISIS.

["Lord Macaulay's prose seems to be finding favour again."]

*Oshkosh Sentinel.*

THE place, too, was well fitted for such a gathering. Memories of departed monarchs spoke from the rich hangings of the room in tones that were not less eloquent for being silent. Here the FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE had displayed the rounded symmetry of those calves which had defied the serried legions of the French and, in their lighter moments, had captured the wayward fancies of the fair or mitigated the harshness of a statesman. This was the chamber where the SAILOR KING, bluff but not undignified, had jested with his intimates, had smoothed a frown from the rugged brow of WELLINGTON or held his own against the eagle glance of GREY; the chamber where the great QUEEN, conscious of her august destiny, had consecrated to grief such moments as could be spared from the needs of Empire; the chamber where her son had laboured for peace and extended the bounds of friendship; the chamber where a DISRAELI, repaying scorn with scorn, may have spread his snares, and a GLADSTONE, overwhelmed by the torrent of his own eloquence, may have fallen into them.

Nothing was wanting to complete the solemnity of the spectacle. Outside, the scarlet-coated sentries paced rigidly on their accustomed rounds, and the populace, hemmed in by the strong arms and the panting forms of the constabulary, cheered to the echo its favourites or exchanged with one another the harmless sallies that give pleasure to a crowd. Within, the KING himself, his face now clouded with anxious thought, now lit with hope, gave a cordial welcome to the more unwonted of the guests he had summoned to his presence, while busy courtiers filled the corridors with an importance which lost nothing in weight from being unwarranted by knowledge or experience. Lackeys in the gorgeous liveries of the most brilliant Court in Europe were in attendance, ready to minister to those whose failing strength might need refreshment, or to execute with intelligence and despatch the humbler duties pertaining to their office.

Nor were the chiefs unworthy of the scene to which they had been called. There was the Speaker, LOWTHER, his brow beaming with the good-humour which enabled him to abate pomposity without injuring the feelings even of the pompous, and to calm with a happy phrase the agitated waters of debate. There were ASQUITH, strong in the affection of his friends, and LLOYD GEORGE, braced to action by the invectives of his foes. There were LAW and LANSDOWNE, staunch defenders of the citadel in which the last of the Tories, stern and unbending as ever, had sought refuge. Waterford had sent JOHN REDMOND, the pride and champion of a nation, the unwearied vindicator of Ireland's right to govern herself. Through years of contumely and depression he had borne aloft her standard, and now, when her triumph was all but achieved, he was here to watch over a settlement which all desired, though none hitherto had been able to bring it about. With him had come JOHN DILLON, tall, dignified and stately, whose grey hair and admirable bearing had won the respect and conciliated the temper of the most fastidious assembly in the world. Arrayed against these two, sons of Ireland no less than they, were CARSON and CRAIG; CARSON with his saturnine face and his swift and piercing intelligence, CRAIG of the burly form and uncompliant humour. Vowed to the Orange cause, and dwelling fondly on memories of the Boyne, they denounced with equal severity the religion of Rome and the political aspirations of the majority of their fellow-countrymen. Such were the men who were now met to decide the most momentous issue of our time.





### THE POWER BEHIND.

AUSTRIA (at the ultimatum stage). "I DON'T QUITE LIKE HIS ATTITUDE. SOMEBODY MUST BE BACKING HIM."









GLOSSOMANCY IS THE NEW SCIENCE WHICH ENABLES YOU TO READ PEOPLE'S CHARACTERS BY THE SHAPE AND SIZE OF THEIR TONGUES. THE ABOVE CANDIDATE FOR THE POSITION OF PARLOUR-MAID IS IN THE ACT OF RESPONDING TO AN INQUIRY AS TO WHETHER SHE IS HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS, GOOD-TEMPERED, TRUTHFUL AND OBLIGING. THERE IS FEAR THAT HER ACTION, THOUGH PURELY SCIENTIFIC, MAY PROVE FATAL TO THE INTELLIGENT GIRL'S CHANCES.

### MUTABILITY.

"And now," I said, while the waiter was bringing the bill, "where would you like to go?"

"I don't mind," he said. "What about a music-hall? I haven't seen one for twenty years. There's a cinema about five miles from my place, but it's too dear. Only the millionaires can use it."

"Very well, then," I said, "we'll go to a music-hall; but you'll find that they've changed a bit."

"I don't mind," he said, "so long as there's something good. There's so much variety in a music-hall, one turn after another, don't you know, that you can't go far wrong."

My spirits sank. East Africa had kept his youth in camphor, and he had no knowledge of the wonderful advances that we have been making. Turns indeed!

"I'll do the best I can for you," I said, "but I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"Oh, no," he assured me stoutly, "not in a music-hall. I've been wanting to see one again for years. I suppose Jimmy Fawn isn't still going?"

My spirits fell lower.

We went to one of the regular places, and, as I had feared, found a revue in full blast. Topical talk, scenery and American songs interminably. Every time a new person came on the stage my friend eagerly perked up and lost his depression, hoping that at last it might be one of his old delights—a juggler or knockabout or something like that—but always he was disappointed.

"I say, where are we?" he asked.

"This isn't a music-hall, is it?"

"One of the best," I replied.

He looked round in dismay.

"But where are the waiters?" he asked.

"Not allowed among the audience any more," I told him; "in fact, some music-halls don't even have licences."

He stared at me in astonishment and sank into apathy. Coming up again he said, "Do you remember those two fellows with enormous stomachs and hooked sticks? They were funny, if you like. Don't you have that sort of thing any more?"

"No," I said.

"Do you remember that act," he said—"I believe it was called the

Risley act—where a man lay on his back, with his legs up in the air, and flung his family about with his feet? That was jolly clever. Don't you have that any more?"

"No," I said.

"And the Sisters something or other," he said, "dashed pretty girls, who did everything at the same time—are they gone for ever?"

"For ever," I said.

"And no comic songs either?" he asked.

"You've heard a lot of comic songs this evening," I replied.

"Oh, those," he said. "I don't call those comic. They're not comic songs, they're comic-opera songs. Don't you have the others any more?"

"Not at this kind of hall," I said.

"I daresay there may be a singer or so left somewhere, with too big a coat and too small a hat, but not here."

"Then what are all the old performers doing?" he asked.

"I believe they're starving," I said.

"A NOVEL HOSPITAL AT SHEFFIELD."  
*Yorkshire Post.*

Some of them certainly want a bit of doctoring.



## THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

(By our Anthropological Expert.)

PROFESSOR KEITH, of the Royal College of Surgeons, reporting on the skeleton of a prehistoric twelve-year-old boy recently discovered near Ipswich, pronounces his stature to be much the same as the average height of a modern boy of the same age, but the size of the head is remarkably large. The professor states that he and his colleagues are trying to get hold of people of every period, going as far back as they can. They will then be able to differentiate the types that lived in any period, and check the changes that came over them. So far, however, there has been very little change.

Perhaps the most striking result of Professor KEITH's appeal so far has come from the Isle of Man, where a magnificent three-legged skeleton has been discovered in the Caves of Bradda. The remains have been pronounced by Professor Quellin, the famous Manx anthropologist, to be those of a man not less than 175 years of age, whose facial angle bears so marked a resemblance to that of Mr. HALL CAINE as to warrant the hypothesis that he was one of the royal ancestors of the eminent novelist. Close to the skeleton was a long bronze trumpet, from which Professor Quellin, after several ineffectual efforts, ultimately succeeded in eliciting a deep booming note. Mr. HALL CAINE, who has taken the liveliest interest in the discovery, is at present studying the instrument, and will, it is hoped, give a recital shortly in the House of Keys.

The recent excavations at the famous Culbin Sands, undertaken by the Forres Antiquarian Institute, have also resulted in some remarkable finds. Prominent among these is a complete set of golf clubs belonging to the Bronze period. In regard to length the clubs are very much the same as the average implements used at the present day, but the large size of the heads is remarkable, the niblick weighing nearly half a hundredweight. It is plausibly inferred that clubs of this pattern may also have been used as weapons, as the dwellers in this district in the Bronze period are known to have been of a warlike and tumultuous disposition. The game is believed to have been introduced by some Maccabean settlers, the ancestors of the clan of Macbeth, who flourished in the vicinity.

In that fine spirit of enterprise which has always characterised *The Daily Eyre*, the proprietors of that periodical have offered a prize of £5,000 for the most characteristic relic of ancient and modern British civilization, to be sent in by October 1. Already several notable exhibits have been forwarded for the competition. Mr. Ronald McLarkin, of Tain, has submitted portions of the boiler of an ancient locomotive, apparently used on the Highland Railway in the time of the Boer War. Dr. Edgar Hollam, of Brancaster, has sent a fine specimen of a fossilised Norfolk biffin, and Miss Sheila Muldooney, of Skib-

Moghul Emperors. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL competes with an essay which he wrote, while a schoolboy at Harrow, on the dangers of Democracy; and Master ANTHONY ASQUITH has sent the rough notes of a Lecture on "The Balliol Manner" which he delivered many years ago before a select audience at Claridge's. The contrast in form and thought between this crude essay and his recent lectures on the mysticism of RABINDRANATH TAGORE is quite amazing. We may also briefly note the MS. version of an early sonnet by Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, addressed to Sir SIDNEY LEE; several safety-pins and a sponge-bag which once belonged to CHARLOTTE BRONTË and are now entered for the competition by Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER; and a hot-water bottle used by S. T. COLERIDGE when he was writing "The Ancient Mariner," now in the possession of Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

The interesting point that emerges so far is that while little change is observable in the physique, habits and manners of the British, as illustrated by these relics, up to the last ten years or so, the development in every direction, since the foundation of *The Daily Eyre*, has been quite extraordinarily rapid and pronounced. For instance, a cast of the head of a modern "nut" shows a compactness which compares most favourably with the overgrown cranium of the prehistoric boy reported on by Professor KEITH.



The Captain of the Preparatory School. "WELL, YOUNGSTER, WHAT IS IT? WANT MY AUTOGRAPH?"

been, a copy of *The Skibbereen Eagle* containing the historic announcement that it had its eye on the Tsar of RUSSIA. Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER sends a daguerreotype of himself in knickerbockers with side whiskers and moustache, and Mr. BERNARD SHAW the first interview with himself that he ever wrote. It appeared in *The Freeman's Journal* in the "seventies" and is illustrated with six portraits, in one of which Mr. SHAW appears in an Eton suit and a tall hat, "the only one I ever possessed."

Sir HENRY HOWARTH has forwarded a copy of *The Times* containing his first contribution to that journal, a letter occupying a column-and-a-half of small print, on the mammoth as a domestic pet in the Court of the early

"To-day there are 2,000,000 muskrats in Bohemia, and, like rabbits in Australia, they are spreading all over the fruitful regions of the provinces and destroying fish in the breeding ponds."—*Daily Mail*.

You should see our rabbit destroying our trout.

"She was a flesh and blood woman, fit to be the mother of husky sons."

"Daily Sketch" feuilleton.

They would constantly rise up and call her blessed, and this would account for their hoarseness. (Jones's jujubes are the best.)

"The sturgeon . . . consists of fish, flesh, and fowl, the latter part commanding a good saleable price."—*Carlisle Journal*.

The wings are particularly tender.

### Fashions for Men.

"Lord Salisbury came with Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, wearing blue charmuse."

*Daily Mail*.





Village Worthy. "AH, I USED TO BE AS FOND OF A DROP O' BEER AS ANYONE, BUT NOWADAYS IF I DO TAKE TWO OR DREW GALLONS IT DO KNOCK I OVER!"

### OUR COLOSSAL ARRANGEMENTS.

ONE of the most appalling scandals of modern times is the disgraceful suppression by the Ginger-beer Press of news relating to the state of affairs in the Isle of Wight. For some weeks we have not flinched from filling our columns with picturesque accounts of the epoch-making events taking place there; and yet the Ginger-beer Press has cruelly put off its readers with the scantiest details, or else refrained from any sort of reference. We make our protest all the more vigorously because many of those readers have been driven to read our own journal in preference to the erroneous and misleading sheets to which we have referred.

This distressing state of things has forced us to make the fullest arrangements for a constant stream of news to be supplied from our branch offices at Ventnor, Totland Bay, the Needles, and other points of the Island. We have despatched a huge staff of world-famous war correspondents, descriptive writers, poets, photographers, Royal Academy artists, gallopers, commissariat officers, and trained bloodhounds. Field kitchens, field wireless equipment, and field glasses are included among their impedimenta, and no single message will be printed in our pages that has not been sent in some other way than through the ordinary channels of the

post, telephone and telegraph. Each member of this army of artists, litterateurs and tacticians possesses a hip pocket, fully loaded, two pairs of puttees, a compass and a wrist watch.

Every day scores of women and children are leaving the Isle of Wight for the mainland. Gunboats and cruisers are passing and repassing before its shores; by order of the Admiralty; strong, silent men are doggedly pursuing the business they have in hand. In the very heart of the island some of the flower of the youth of our country is being trained in the art of naval warfare, while the thunders of gun-practice are heard every hour around the coast. Yet, search where you will in the Ginger-beer Press during the last few weeks, you will find practically no reference to these things.

We implore our readers, on the highest patriotic grounds, to inform the few remaining adherents of the Ginger-beer Press that if they desire the Truth it can be found only in our pages.

We have the pleasure of printing below the first of the astonishing articles which have been sent already from our Expeditionary Staff:—

#### THE PRELIMINARY CALM.

By Blinton X. Krapt.

The streets of Cowes are bathed in sunlight. Smart yachtsmen, accom-

panied by daintily dressed ladies, walk hither and thither. The shopkeepers chat pleasantly. The burly policeman drowsily pursues his way. Children shout happily. Surely here is peace, says the unsuspecting visitor.

A brown-faced man with a light beard and a heavy tread approached us. "It is all right," said my companion to him; "this gentleman is a friend." Then, lowering his voice, he added: "He came over last night." "Beautiful place, Cowes, isn't it?" said the bronzed man. I noticed that his hip pocket bulged. Yet none would have suspected that his conversation was not of a perfectly ordinary character.

Entering the most sumptuous hotel in Cowes we had lunch. There was nothing sinister about the place except that the waiters were German. But I noted signs of understanding between them and my friend. "I have been here before," he explained, with a quick glance about him.

So life goes on from day to day. We are waiting, waiting. The little boot-maker in his shop is waiting. The tailor is waiting. The hotel staffs are waiting. The passengers on the railway platforms are waiting. On the surface life is gay and free from care; but what I may have to tell you when it comes round to my turn to write again, who can say?



## THE TOP SLICE.

## I.

*Letter from Mrs. Gregory-Browne to  
Mrs. Ribbanson-Smythe.*

*Upper Tooting,  
21st July, 1914.*

MY DEAREST AGATHA,—I must tell you about an extraordinary occurrence. They were all quite respectable people, indeed most respectable. Perhaps I ought not to include Mr. Jones. He is, you know (I mention this in the strictest confidence, dearest), he is not—well, you know, he hardly belongs to our set. I cannot understand why James is so absurdly fond of him.

It was my At Home day last week and quite a lot of people, really nice people too, came in spite of the heat. The heat may have had something to do with it, but I really cannot think what it was.

I handed a plate of bread-and-butter to Miss Niccole. To my surprise she hesitated a moment and then took the plate and handed it to me. When I declined she offered it to Mrs. Fitzroy-Williams-Adamson. You know, dear, she is fourth cousin to a baronet. Then the extraordinary thing occurred. Mrs. Fitzroy-Williams-Adamson took the plate and offered it to Miss Niccole. When Miss Niccole declined it she offered it to Mr. Wildegoose (pronounced Wildergos, you know, dear). Then it was his turn. And so it went on. Really, it was most extraordinary. Nothing like it has ever been known in our family. I really cannot understand it.

Everybody passed the plate, and at last it came to Mr. Jones. He pointed at the top piece of bread-and-butter. Yes, he actually pointed. He then made the following extraordinary remark: "I say, hasn't this broken loose from the bread-pudding, what, what?" Thereupon he pushed it on one side and took the next slice. I was ashamed and mortified for such a thing to happen in my house. Really, it was most extraordinary.

Mr. Allen, the new curate, came in just then. He took the top slice, but I caught him absent-mindedly putting it in a flower-pot. When he saw me looking at him he blushed and started—started eating it, I mean. However, he left most of it, and when everyone was gone I examined it. It was perhaps a little hardened by the sun, but otherwise it was quite a nice piece of bread-and-butter. I cannot understand it at all. The whole thing was really most extraordinary . . . . . most extraordinary.

Your ever loving SARAH.

## II.

*Letter from Mrs. Ribbanson-Smythe to  
Mrs. Gregory-Browne.*

*Chiswick,*

*22nd July, 1914.*

MY DEAREST SARAH,—I have just read your most interesting letter, and I quite agree that the whole occurrence was, as you say, most extraordinary. I mentioned it to George. He says he has no doubt at all that it was really a sound piece of bread-and-butter. I don't know whether the enclosed cutting will help you to understand, but I am sending it. It is from last Saturday's *Tooting Argus*. Somebody sent it to George.

Your loving AGATHA.

## III.

Extract from *The Tooting Argus* :—

GREAT NEW FEATURE.

PROBLEMS OF CONDUCT.

(CONDUCTED BY REGINALD AUGUSTUS  
PLANTAGENET-HARRIS.)

*Problem 3.*—A. is paying a call. His hostess offers him bread-and-butter. He notices that the top piece has suffered from the heat. What should A. do?

Answer adjudged correct.—A. should politely take the plate from his hostess, murmuring, "May I offer it to you?" If she refuses he should offer it to his nearest neighbour. When the offending slice has been got rid of in this way he can help himself to the next slice and then return the plate to its owner.

Highly commended.—A. should explain to his hostess that he has a peculiar hobby, to wit, collecting slices of bread-and-butter from the houses of the great. His collection of Royal Family slices is unrivalled. Might he have the pleasure and honour of adding to his collection this dainty specimen? He should then reverently fold the slice in two and place it in his breast-pocket.

[Our only objection to this is that it seems a rather greasy thing to do.]

Incorrect answers:—(1) A. should make a facetious remark, such as, "Hasn't this escaped from the bread-pudding?" He should then playfully but firmly push the slice aside and trust to luck on the next.

(2) A. must out of courtesy to his hostess accept thankfully whatever she places before him. Any other course of conduct would be an affront. It now however becomes his personal property and he can adopt whichever of the following courses is most convenient—

(a) Secrete it in a fancy flower-pot or in the gramophone.

(b) If the dog is a silent eater hold it behind his back so that the dog may get it.

NOTE.—If the dog refuses to touch it, say loudly, "I cannot understand how any animal can decline such delightful bread-and-butter." He can then openly dispose of it in the grate or the waste-paper-basket on the ground that the dog's nose has vitiated its freshness.

## LOVE'S LABOUR WELL LOST.

[*Lines inspired by a dark lady, who remarked, à propos of a recent disaster, that all fair girls were untrustworthy.*]

PHYLLIS hath a roving eye,  
Palest blue—a candid feature  
Which informs the passer-by  
Phyllis is a flighty creature;  
Golden locks and fair complexion  
Also point in that direction.

I, who had arranged to be  
Joined to Phyllis by the vicar,  
Now that she has jilted me  
Scorn to seek relief in liquor  
Or the tears that folk are shedding  
(Having missed a swagger wedding).

He who stole my love away  
Cannot hope for long survival,  
And I pity him to-day  
As I did a former rival  
Who believed her single-hearted  
When my own flirtation started.

## The Journalistic Touch.

## I.

"The Imperial yacht with the Tsar and Imperial Family on board steamed through the British lines yesterday, afterwards lunching on the British flagship."

*Bombay Chronicle.*

## II.

Of the Rose Walk at Purley:—

"Then the material loveliness becomes the diaphanous veil through which glint realities of which all phenomena are expressions."

*Croydon Advertiser & Surrey County Reporter.*

## III.

"His memory and his noble face, and reverend crown of snow, will be a green spot, and indelibly written in our minds, whilst life lasts."—*Methodist Recorder.*

"The work of restoring the church tower at Cheriton Bishop has been completed, and Mr. W. Leach has been completed, and Mr. W. Leach has entertained the men engaged on the work at tea."—*Western Morning News.*

And so everyone is satisfied.

"To-day two Greek documents (one of them dated 88 B.C., and supposed to be the earliest document on parchment known) will be sold."

*Daily Graphic.*

Scholarly letter-writers before the Christian era were always careful to put B.C. after the year.



### THE YOUNG OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

WITH the approach of the silly season one's thoughts turn naturally to the prospect of stealing into print and enjoying all the sweets of authorship without the reception of a cheque to vulgarise them. An infinite variety of topics, our representative gathered yesterday, is now on the eve of discussion, and the quill that cannot find something to say on at least one of them had better return to its native goose without delay.

"Mother of Ten," we were informed by the courteous editor of *The Half-penny Bleater*, will as usual open that journal's discussion, and this year her thoughts have turned to bathing fatalities. "Should Land Crabs Learn Swimming" is the subject which she (or, to betray an office secret, he) has selected. Due emphasis on the necessity for university costume in the case of an affirmative reply to the question will be laid by "Paterfamilias," who will contribute the second letter of the series.

*The Morning Dip* will maintain its reputation for intellectuality with a spiritual discussion on "Has Life a Double Meaning?" or "Is Existence a Joke?"—the exact title has not yet been decided. "Constant Reader" has already bought a penny packet of assorted stationery and charged it to the office petty cash, and only a really good murder can prevent the early appearance of his letter. As readers will remember, correct spelling is a feature of this author's work.

In pursuance of its settled policy *The Daily Giggle* will appeal more especially to the fair sex. There is more than a touch of pathos in the signature "Orphan Boy," which will appear at the foot of his letter on the subject, "Are First Cousins Kissable?"

Perhaps, however, the most vital question of all will be raised in *The Daily Jingo*, where "Pro Bono Publico" will lay down his views on "Our Softening Sinews." In his well-known style, which is so happy a blend of public spirit and split infinitives, he will plead for less indulgence in our dealings with the young. "We are," he says in his peroration, which we were privileged to see, "raising up a soft breed, and we shall live to bitterly rue it. The future of the race is, of course, on the knees of the gods, but let us determine to also lay it across the knee of parent and schoolmaster. So shall the rising generation learn the merits of the strong right arm that has made England what it is."

In conjunction with *The Perfect Little Lady*, which will discuss "The



Anglo-Indian Child. "WHAT'S THIS, DADDY?"

Father. "THAT'S LIVER, MY DEAR."

Child. "LIVER! WHOSE LIVER?"

Father. "SHEEP'S LIVER."

Child. "AH! I WONDER WHAT GAVE IT LIVER!"

Highest Type of Man," the editor of *The Brain Pan* will throw open his columns to all those with views on "The Most Attractive Girl." For the start he has secured the services of "Virile Englishman," who will put aside her knitting to take up the pen in obedience to his commands. *The Perfect Little Lady's* first letter will be contributed by "Sweet Seventeen," who has studied her subject by diligent attendance at all the best boxing matches of the current year.

"I do not see why, I do not see why," he repeated, rising up and down."—*The Times*.  
We do not see how.

### A New Way to Deal with the Cold.

"Originally fitted with luxurious saloons and cabins for tourists to Greenland and Spitzbergen, the *Endurance* is a very different ship to-day. Her cabins are being turned into store-rooms and officers and crew will sleep in odd corners, for two years' provisions have to be curried."—*Evening News*.

"The music of Borodin, the composer of 'Prince Igor,' is little known in England, apart from the Polovtsienne Dances which, owing to their wild and barbaric character, have been so popular a feature of the performances of the Russian Ballet."

Musical Opinion.

Why drag in the wind? The strings were just as good as the wind when we were there.





## THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

*New Maid.* "VOILÀ, MA'M'SELLE."

*Débutante.* "HEAVENS, MY GOOD GIRL, THAT WON'T DO. HERE, GIVE ME THE THINGS. WHY, HALF-WAY ACROSS THE ROOM NO ONE WOULD SEE I WAS MADE UP AT ALL!"

## FACT AND FABLE.

FOR miles I'd tramped by down and hill;

With eve I found the happy ending;  
All in the sunset, golden chill,  
The collie met me, grave, befriending.  
I saw the roof-tree down the vale,  
Brave fields of harvest spread there—  
under;

The collie waved a feathery tail  
And led me to the House of Wonder.

Houses, like people, so I've thought,  
Bear character upon their faces,  
Born of their company and wrought  
Upon by inward gifts and graces:  
Here, through the harvest's gold array  
And evening's mellow *far niente*,  
Looked kindness and work-a-day,  
And happy hours and peace and  
plenty.

And, lo, it seemed the Downs amid  
I'd found a folded bit of Britain,  
Laid by in lavender and hid  
The year—let's say—*Tom Jones* was  
written;

An old farm manor-house it is  
With fantails fluttering on the gables,  
A place of men and memories  
And solid facts and homespun fables.

For Fact: a fortnight passed me by  
Mid ancient oak and secret panel  
And strawberries of late July  
And distant glimpses of the Channel;  
Fair morns to wake on—were they  
not?—

Full of the pigeons' coo and cadence,  
Each day a page of CALDECOTT,  
All cream and flowers and pretty  
maidens.

For Fable: as I smoked a pipe  
And havered with a black-haired  
cowman,  
Grey-eyed, in that fine Celtic type,  
As much the poet as the plough-  
man—

"Seems kind of lucky here," said I;  
"The very ducklings look more  
downy  
Than others do." He grinned: "An'  
why?

May happen, Sir, we feeds a brownie!

"'There isn't many left,' says you;  
As hearts grow hard the breed gets  
rarer;

Yet, when he goes, the luck goes too,  
And prices fall and boards be barer;  
But if so be you does your part  
An' feeds him fair and treats folk  
'proper,

Keepin' for all the kindly heart—  
The lucky Lad's a certain stopper!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Well, should you go by Butser way  
And hit the god-sent path, and  
follow,

You'll find, at closing of the day,  
The old house in the valley-hollow,  
Laid by in lavender, forgot,  
The home of peace and ancient  
plenty;

A brownie may be there or not—  
The hearts are kind enough for  
twenty!

## Cause and Effect?

"Of the five catalpa trees in the Embankment-gardens the finest has been blighted. The tree is close to the National Liberal Club."  
*Leicester Daily Mercury.*





Herbert Partridge.

WHAT OF THE DAWN?







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Snapshots of certain Members who were *not* on their way to or from the Conference. Their expressions reflect the pessimistic view which they entertained from the first as to its chance of success in their absence.

(SIR WILLIAM BYLES, MR. HOGGE, MR. KEIR HARDIE, MR. JOHN WARD, MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.)

## House of Commons, Monday, July 20.

—The T. R. Westminster is at least equal to the old T. R. Drury Lane in capacity for producing dramatic turns. When Members went off on Saturday for week-end holiday the Ulster attitude was pretty generally understood. Ulster demanded "a clean cut," with the alternative, phrased by CARSON, of "Come over and fight us." The Cabinet after prolonged deliberation had resolved to meet demand with firm *non possumus*. PREMIER was expected on resumption of Sittings this afternoon to announce conclusion of matter, adding such offer of concession on matter of detail as, whilst providing golden bridge for Opposition, would avert revolt in his own camp, where "conversations" with leaders of Opposition are regarded with growing jealousy and suspicion.

New stage in long-drawn-out controversy sufficient to create profoundest interest in to-day's proceedings. It would surely be the beginning of the end. What exactly the PREMIER would say about further concession to Ulster, and how the overtures would be received on Front Opposition Bench, were questions on which might hang the issue of peace or war.

PREMIER had a more startling message to deliver. From point of view

of dramatic effect it was a thousand pities his secret had been prematurely disclosed. When he rose amid profound stillness of crowded House everyone knew what he was going to say. In ordinary circumstances his interposition at so critical a juncture would have been hailed by resounding applause from the multiform sections that contribute to making up of Ministerial majority. As matters turned out, a frigid cheer greeted his appearance at the Table. To the announcement that "in view of the grave situation the KING has thought it right to summon representatives of Parties, both British and Irish, to a Conference in Buckingham Palace, with the object of discussing outstanding issues in relation to the problem of Irish government," he had only one new thing to add. It was that the SPEAKER would preside over the Conference.

This was the only passage in the brief formal conversation, to which LEADER OF OPPOSITION and LEADER OF IRISH NATIONALISTS contributed, that elicited general cheer. A high tribute to occupant of the Chair.

GINNELL saw his opportunity and seized it by the hair. He is one of three leaders of the Irish Nationalists. Understood that his Party consists of a single member, so shadowy

that there are varied reports as to his identity. Member for N.W. Meath leaped on to pinnacle of enduring fame when the present Parliament met to elect a Speaker. Before Mr. LOWTHER was qualified to take the Chair, and whilst as yet no recognised authority existed, GINNELL, master of the situation, delivered a long harangue. Proposed now to offer a few remarks "as an independent Irish Nationalist."

SPEAKER on point of order restricting him to putting a question, he "begged to ask the PRIME MINISTER what precedent he had and what authority to advise the KING to place himself at the head of a conspiracy to defeat the decision of this House?"

"Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table," said the SPEAKER.

The observation did not appear relevant. It met the occasion. It brought up LEVERTON HARRIS, newly elected for East Worcestershire, who found his welcome the warmer by reason of the fact that he had been a passive instrument in avoiding what might under less adroit management have developed into a disorderly scene.

*Business done.*—PREMIER announces Conference upon Ulster question to meet at Buckingham Palace on the invitation of HIS MAJESTY.



*Tuesday.*—Dull sitting closed in lively conversation arising on motion for adjournment. RUPERT GWYNNE, jealous for due observance of traditions of House, has noticed with concern the departure for Canada for indefinite period of Member for East St. Pancras. At Question time asked CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER whether Mr. MARTIN had applied for Chiltern Hundreds. Answered in the negative, he put a further question to PREMIER, directing his attention to Act of 6 HENRY VIII. c. 16, ordering that no Member of Parliament shall absent himself from attendance except he have licence of Mr. SPEAKER. This upon pain of having his wages docked. PREMIER brushed him aside with one of his brief answers.

GWYNNE not the man to be shouldered off the path of duty when it lies straight before him. Here was a Member in receipt of £400 a year leaving the place of business where it was assumed to be earned, not even taking the trouble to follow example of the clerk who, left in sole charge of his master's office, wrote in legible hand, "Back D'reckly," affixed notice to front door and went forth to enjoyment of prolonged meal.

Since he could get no satisfaction at Question time he kept Members in, after hour of adjournment, in order to debate subject.

Unfortunately it turned out that he was not exactly the man to have undertaken the job. Amid laughter and hilarious cheering HOME SECRETARY pointed out that here was a case of Satan reproving sin. Reference to the records showed that during the time payment of Members has been in vogue, of 687 divisions GWYNNE was absent from 424. (GWYNNE later corrected these figures.) During that time he had drawn from the Exchequer salary amounting to £1,000.

"On his own principle, that payment should be in proportion to attendance, the hon. Member," said the HOME SECRETARY, "is entitled to only £400. Being so conscientious no doubt he will repay to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the balance of £600."

HELMSLEY, gallantly coming to assistance of friend in dire straits, himself fell into the bog. It appeared that of 1056 divisions taken in two Sessions he had been absent from 602. Here was

another unexpected little windfall for the Exchequer.

At this stage it was found expedient to drop the subject; adjournment not further resisted.

*Business done.*—Budget Bill dealt with on Report stage.

*Thursday.*—With that austerity that since Stuart times has marked relations of House of Commons with royalty Mr. HOGGE is known at Westminster simply as the Member for East Edinburgh, a position he with characteristic modesty accepts. But blood, especially royal blood, like murder, will

wood sharply asked David Copperfield when he casually mentioned his mother's postal address.

"Why Buckingham Palace?" asked Mr. HOGGE, bending severe glance on Treasury Bench whence the PREMIER had judiciously fled.

St. Stephen's, which houses the Member for East Edinburgh, is also a royal palace. Why then was not the Conference held within its walls, instead of under the roof of what he loftily alluded to as "the domestic Palace"?

This and much more, with covert references to machinations of the two Front Benches, Mr. HOGGE wanted to know.

The PRIME MINISTER, uneasily conscious of the coming storm, had, as mentioned, discreetly disappeared. As an offering to righteous indignation he left behind him on the Treasury Bench the body of ATTORNEY-GENERAL. That astute statesman avoided difficulty and personal disaster by meekly undertaking to lay before the PRIME MINISTER the views so eloquently and pointedly set forth by the hon. Member.

Mr. HOGGE graciously assented to this course, and what at the outset looked like threatening incident terminated.

*Business done.*—Budget Bill passed Third Reading without a division.

"Mr. Hogge: Can the Prime Minister say whether any of those taking part in the Conference attached any conditions to their entering the Conference?"

"I cannot say," replied the Premier. — *Evening News.*

Was this quite worthy of the PRIME MINISTER? We ourselves do not care for these personal jokes on people's names.

"Mr. Asquith's statement was thus of sensational interest, because it represented the last effort at the eleventh minute of the eleventh hour to avert Civil War."

*Dublin Evening Mail.*

No need to hurry. There are still forty-nine minutes left.

#### The Finances of Cricket.

"Cumberland batted first and reached the total of £272, C. A. Hardcastle (87), R. B. Brown (41), and R. C. Saint (27) being the chief contributors." — *Daily News and Leader.*

Suggested mottoes for the L.C.C. :—

"PROGRESS MODERATELY."

"TRAM UP A CHILD."



Waiter. "WHAT SAUCE WILL YOU TAKE WIZ YOUR FISH, SAIR?"

Polite Customer. "WELL, WHAT DISINFECTANTS HAVE YOU?"

out. Lineal descendant of one of the oldest dynasties in the world's history, Mr. HOGGE cannot be expected always and altogether to be free from ancestral influence. Something of the hauteur of 'ogge, King of Bashan (or, as some records have it, og) is discerned in his attitude and manner when, throned on corner seat below Gangway, he occasionally deigns to direct the PRIME MINISTER in the way he should go.

Such opportunity presented itself in connection with meeting of Conference which through the Parliamentary week has centred upon Buckingham Palace the attention of mankind. With respect to palaces Mr. HOGGE is by family association an expert.

"Why Rookery?" *Miss Betsey Trot-*





SUGGESTION FOR DEVELOPING A "WHITE HOPE" AMONGST OUR 'BUS- AND TAXI-DRIVERS.

## THE MISSIONARY.

WHERE Oriental calm derides;  
Our Occidental stress  
And Ninety-seven E. collides  
With Five-and-twenty S.,

You'll find a product of the West,  
A Bachelor of Arts,  
Who blends a mind of youthful zest  
With patriarchal parts.

Each morning mid his rubber trees  
He rides an ancient hack,  
A cassock girt above his knees,  
A tope tilted back.

Now reining in his steed to preach  
A parable on sap,  
Now vaulting from his seat to teach  
The proper way to tap.

His swart disciples knit their brows  
O'er algebraic signs;  
They build their byres, they milk  
their cows  
On scientific lines.

They use his microscope and gaze  
On strange bacterial risks;  
They tune their daily hymns of praise  
To gramophonic discs.

And every evening after grace,  
When converts clear the cloth,  
He pins an orchid to its place  
Or camphorates a moth.

Out of the world his path may run,  
Yet still in worldly wise  
He'll talk of feats with rod or gun,  
A twinkle in his eyes,

And tell of tiger-stalking nights,  
Of mornings with the snipe,  
With never a pause save when his  
lights  
An antiquated pipe.

We others earn our pensioned ease,  
The furlough of our kind;  
We book our berths, we cross the  
seas,  
But he shall stay behind,

Plodding his round of feast and fast,  
Dreaming the dreams of yore,  
Of England as he saw her last  
In 1384. J. M. S.

## More Impending Apologies.

## I.

"GREAT GALA NIGHT  
WHEN  
JOSEPHINE DAVIS  
WILL BID 'AU REVOIR' TO BOMBAY  
BY SPECIAL REQUEST."  
*Bombay Chronicle.*

## II.

"At the hour of six the Rev. S. F. Collier  
gave out the only possible hymn—  
'And are we yet alive  
And see each other's face!'"  
*Yorkshire Post.*

## THE GESTICULATORS.

THE supper-room was so full that I quite expected to find that, since I was so late, the harassed head-waiter had taken the liberty of presuming my death and letting someone else have my table; but there it was, empty and ready for me. I sank into a chair with a feeling of relief and, having ordered something to eat, began to examine the room. There was not a spare place; everyone was eating and talking and unusual excitement was in the air. From my remote corner I could not catch any words, but the odd thing was that at every table one at least of the men, who were all in evening-dress, was waving his arms. Now and then a man would stand up to do this better. It was as though they were all deaf and dumb, or cinema actors.

The next day at lunch I had a similar experience. I patronized another restaurant, which seemed to be equally popular, and again every man was gesticulating in a style totally foreign to the staid apathetic Londoner. What could it mean? What was the reason?

I asked the waiter. He laughed. "Ah," he said, "I have noticed it too. It is funny, is it not? Zey all show each other how CARPENTIER won on ze fowl."



## AN ERROR IN ARCADY.

PEOPLE who know us both have often expressed a doubt as to whether Charles or myself is the more absent-minded and unobservant. I wish to set the matter at rest once and for all.

We were discussing William's wedding, which had just taken place, romantically enough, in the very heart of Herts—one of those quaint little villages where no sound seems to disturb the silence of the long summer day but the gentle bleating of horn to horn and the murmur of innumerable tyres. Both of us had been there, and Charles came round to talk to me about it a few evenings afterwards.

"I do hope the poor dear fellow will be happy," he said, lighting his fifth match and pulling away vigorously at an ugly-looking briar.

"It really goes much better with tobacco in it," I said, passing him my pouch. "Why on earth shouldn't William be happy? It seemed a very pretty wedding. Did you notice how the rays of the sun coming through the window lit up the best man's boots?"

"I daresay, I daresay," he replied. "As a matter of fact I couldn't see the church part of it very well: I came late and was behind a pillar at the back."

"Well, it all went beautifully," I told him. "Everybody stood up and sat down in the wrong places as usual, and the friends of the bride looked with extreme *hauteur* at the friends of the bridegroom, and *vice versa*. I suppose you went to the reception afterwards. I never saw you at all except for a moment on the platform going back. You must have shaken hands with the happy pair and examined the presents?"

"I went to the house," said Charles. "I went in a motor-car on a seat that took two men to hold down, and that hit me hard when I tried to stand up. I caught a glimpse of William, but I couldn't find the room where the presents were set out, so I went through almost at once into the garden, where the feasting was going on. Do tell me about the gifts. Was my little pepper-caster hung on the line?"

"I didn't notice that," I said, "but my butter-dish was doing itself proud. It had sneaked up to a magnificent toast-rack with stabling accommodation for about eight pieces, given by somebody with a title. And you ought to have seen the fish-slices. The fish-slices were gorgeous. I expect William will spend a great part of his married life in slicing fish. It will be a great change from golf-balls. But I think you really ought to have said a few hearty and well-chosen words to the young people."

"That's just it," replied Charles in a mournful voice. "I did. I talked to the bride."

"Hang it, so did I!" I exclaimed rather indignantly. "Directly I got in I went up to William and her and said to her, 'How glad you must be it's all over!' and then quite suddenly it struck me that that wasn't really the best thing to say in the circumstances, so I blushed and trod on William's toe and passed on. What did you do in the garden?"

"Well, I wandered about on the lawn where there were lots and lots of people," said Charles. "I didn't seem to meet anyone I knew, but the flower-beds were most beautifully kept. I have seldom seen such a display of cress sandwiches and champagne. After a bit I strolled down through the shrubberies, went through a little wooden gate and found myself amongst the raspberry canes. About a quarter of an hour later, after a little fruity refreshment, whom should I meet walking along a quiet shady path but the bride herself, all alone."

"Stealing away to get one last raspberry at the dear old home," I said. "How romantic! What did you do? Hide?"

"No," answered Charles bitterly. "I only wish I had. I felt that now or never was the time. I went straight up to her, and, feeling that to talk about the weather or the theatres on such an occasion would be rather footling, in spite of the fact that we'd never been introduced, I plunged straight into it. 'You've never seen me before in your life,' I said earnestly, 'because you haven't got eyes in the back of your head, and I've never seen you because I can't look through stone. What's more, I'm only a little silver pepper-caster, an insignificant item in your cruet. But I must tell you how delighted I am to have a chance of speaking to you.'"

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"Well, you'd never believe it, but the girl looked quite nervous and frightened, and positively began to walk away from me. I supposed I'd begun on the wrong tack, so I hurried after her and started again. 'Marriage is a state full of the most serious responsibilities,' I said, 'but one glance at you shows me that you are fully competent to shoulder them all.'"

"That sounds as if you thought she looked a trifle statuesque," I said. "Did she seem annoyed?"

"Worse," replied Charles. "She hurried on again without speaking a word. 'Stop,' I cried, 'stop! I am a friend of the fairy prince,' and just then we came out on to a piece of lawn,

and she gave a little shriek and actually ran away, leaving me standing where I was. I was so ashamed and exhausted that I slunk back through the little gate and had some more raspberries. When I had partially recovered I returned to the upper part of the garden again, had two cups of tea in the big tent, and made my way back to the station, where I saw you. If you hadn't got into another carriage I should have told you about it at the time."

"Then you never saw them going away at all?" I said.

"No," replied Charles; "did you?"

"Did I not?" said I. "You wouldn't believe the amount of rice I started their married life with. About two milk puddings' worth, I should say. And so you are not quite satisfied with William's choice?"

"Well, she seems to me to be rather an unresponsive and timid sort of person," said Charles. "Not tactful, nor likely to make what the newspapers call a charming hostess. I should have liked dear William to marry someone who would be a social success."

I smoked for some time in silence, and then I had an idea.

"How was the bride dressed when you saw her, Charles?" I asked.

"Do I know how women are dressed? She was in white, of course, and hadn't a hat on."

"But she had a train and a veil, I suppose. She hadn't a short skirt by any chance?"

"Goodness, how do I know?" he replied. "I didn't notice all that. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you only saw her once, you see," I said, "and you went through that little gate at the bottom of the garden, didn't you?"

"I did," said Charles. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing, nothing. Only I know that there were some people playing tennis at the next house, and very likely the two gardens are connected, and I'm wondering whether that girl——"

"Good heavens," said Charles. "You haven't got such a thing as a hairpin about you, have you? This pipe's stopped up."

"The Nambudiri school is progressing with the French motto of 'Festina lente!'"

*The Malabar Herald.*

More progress might be made with the old Latin tag, "*Trop de zèle*."

"As long as I can play as good a game of golf as I did to-day I will never get any cider," was Mr. Rockefeller's reply to one of the friends who called to congratulate him."

*New York Sun.*

He may, however, get older, even then.





### SOCIETY NOTES.

WE ARE SORRY TO HEAR THAT, THROUGH THE INCONSIDERATE ACTION OF THE ANTIQUATED PEOPLE WHO STILL TAKE DOGS TO THE PARK, THE PET RAT OF LADY PIPER HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

#### THE FOILING OF "THE BLARE."

(Suggested to a slightly Hibernian brain by the recent ebullition of generosity on the part of the popular press, which insures its readers against holiday accidents whilst boating and bathing.)

WHEN I bolt from this city of vapour  
To bite the salubrious breeze,  
Do you know why I gambol and caper  
And plunge with a shout in the seas  
Twice the lad that I was  
For a lark? It's because  
I subscribe to that bountiful paper,  
*The Blare*, if you please.

For I know that if currents are shifty,  
If cramp should arrive unaware,  
I shall die, but my end will be thrifty,  
And my host (being also my heir)  
Will be amply consoled  
By the thought of the gold  
(Which amounts to two hundred and fifty)  
He'll get from *The Blare*.

"Pray take from your forehead those creases,"  
I cry to my friend on the yacht,  
"I admit that the mainsail's in pieces  
And most of the sheets in a knot;

But remember that if  
We go *ponk* on that cliff  
It's *The Blare* will be paying your nieces  
A nice little pot."

But whatever may crash into cruisers  
Or wherries when I am afloat,  
When the waves have destroyed me like bruisers,  
I call on my country to note,  
If *The Blare* should pretend,  
When I've passed to my end,  
I was one of its constant perusers,  
It lies in its throat.

To my tenantless rooms in the City  
The rags have been sent, and it's there  
That I'll burn them unopened and gritty  
Or, if (and it's little I care)  
I am whelmed in the wave,  
I shall laugh from my grave  
At the blow that I've dealt the banditti  
Who publish *The Blare*.  
EVOE.

"With one accord they all say, 'Welcome to Ireland!' 'No more delightful place,' says Mr. Birrell; 'A kindly welcome everywhere,' says Mr. Devlin; 'The most peaceful place in the world,' says Mr. Redmond."—*Daily Graphic*.

Mr. REDMOND has overlooked the Balkans.



## ALL LIARS' DAY.

"So it's —'s birthday to-day," said Fortescue (naming a very well-known politician) as he looked up from his newspaper. "You'll call and wish him many happy returns, of course, Ferguson?"

Who who travel up together each morning by this train are pretty well agreed about —.

"Don't mention that man to me!" cried Ferguson. "He's absolutely the biggest liar on earth. I can't imagine how he faces the world as he does after having been exposed so many times. You'd think he would want to crawl away into a hole somewhere. He can't have the least sense of shame."

"Pardon me," interrupted the burly stranger seated in the corner. "Pardon me; there is reason why he should. It is not *his* fault if he is addicted to inexactitude. He was predestined to it. It is the irresistible influence of the day on which he was born. Every man born on this day must inevitably grow up to be a liar; it is his fate, from which there can be no escape."

"Oh, come!" protested Ferguson. "That sounds rather far-fetched, you know, for these days."

"My dear Sir," retorted the other, brushing up his moustache aggressively and glaring at Ferguson, "I happen to be President of the Society for the Investigation of Natal Day Influences upon Character, so I presume I may claim to know what I am talking about."

So truculent was his demeanour that nobody ventured to speak.

"My Society," he continued after a pause, "has conducted its researches over a period of many years. I am going to give you just a few examples out of thousands we have collected. Let us take a significant date, February 29th. A man born on that day is a coward. It is inevitable. Pusillanimity is born in him and can never be eradicated."

"We had before us a month or two ago the case of a gentleman living in a country town—a quiet, shy, studious recluse—born on this fatal day. By some mischance he happened to pick up a journal in which was an article on the Government by Mr. ARNOLD WHITE. He read it. He was so terrified that he expired from heart failure. That sounds to you incredible, but real life is often incredible. That is one of the discoveries of our Society."

"I will give you a more remarkable instance still. A well-to-do gentleman with the same birthday, whose case we have recorded in our journals, is now, though perfectly healthy, bed-ridden

under the following amazing circumstances. He accidentally discovered that his tailor, who had clothed him since boyhood, was an anarchist. After this he was afraid to have any further dealings with the man, while, on the other hand, he lacked sufficient courage to face the ordeal of being fitted by a fresh tailor. For some time he used to sit up at night and secretly sew patches into his trousers. Naturally this could not go on for ever, and at last, when his garments were dropping to pieces, he had to take to his bed. . . . You smile, Sir. Perhaps you think I am exaggerating?"

His eyes flashed and his voice vibrated with such anger that I jumped six inches out of my seat.

"Not at all—not at all," I stammered. "Only it occurred to me—or—that he might have—or—bought them ready-made."

"Your knowledge of human nature must be singularly slight," replied the other icily, "if you imagine that a man without sufficient courage to be fitted by a tailor would be brave enough to wear ready-made clothes."

"It seems to me, Sir," said Dean, coming to the rescue, "that your two instances prove little, if anything. They may be mere coincidence."

The stranger leaned forward, frowned heavily and wagged his forefinger at Dean, who wilted visibly.

"The Society for the Investigation of Natal Day Influences upon Character," he said, "does not seek to build up a theory upon isolated and arbitrarily selected examples. We deal with the subject scientifically. To continue with this date, February 29th. After several cases similar to those I have recounted had come to our notice, we made out a list of two hundred and fifty men born on this day. To each of them we sent a representative to ask for a subscription to the Society. Though they had never heard of it before, every one of those two hundred and fifty was easily intimidated into subscribing."

"Now let us consider another date—March 3rd. Several striking instances had led us to suspect that a person born on March 3rd comes into the world with an ineradicable passion for gambling. I will give you just one of these. A gentleman one day imagined he was seriously ill and called in a doctor. The latter laughed at his fears and offered to bet him that he would live to be seventy. The temptation was too great. The gambler closed with the offer, and on the eve of his seventieth birthday drowned himself."

At this point Empson sniggered audibly. The speaker turned his head

and fixed his terrifying glance upon the delinquent. Poor Empson grew very red, and endeavoured to cover his lapse by coughing noisily. The other waited patiently till he had finished.

"Perhaps you wish to say something, Sir," he remarked coldly.

"N-no," said Empson. "Most interesting."

The President made a gesture which indicated that Empson was beneath contempt and renewed his discourse.

"Continuing the same method of research," he said, "we compiled a list of nearly four hundred persons born on March 3rd. To each of these we sent particulars of a Derby Sweepstake. Every one of them, gentlemen, applied for a ticket by return of post."

There was an impressive pause. The President looked round the carriage defiantly as if challenging suspicion.

"One of our tests with regard to to-day's date—liars' day," he continued presently, "was rather amusing. We hired a room in the City for a week and sent out over three hundred letters to persons born on that day. Our note-paper was headed, 'Short, Stay and Hoppett, Solicitors,' and the letters were in identical terms. They said that we had been endeavouring for some time to trace the relatives of one Davy Jones, who, after acquiring a large fortune in Australia, had died intestate, and we had that morning been given to understand that the gentleman with whom we were corresponding was a nephew of the deceased, etc., etc. You guess what happened. Every one of them without exception claimed as his uncle this millionaire who never existed."

The train began to slow down, and the President rose to his feet.

"I get out here," he said. "I'm sorry. I should like to have discussed the subject further. You, Sir"—he pointed threateningly at Ferguson—"will doubtless in future refrain from blaming Mr. — for a failing for which, as you see, he is in no way responsible."

Ferguson quaked and said nothing.

The President brushed up his moustache still higher and looked round in triumph. All of us were completely cowed—all of us, except little Windsor.

"Just a moment, Sir," said the latter gently. "Before you leave us will you kindly accept this?"

He took out his tie-pin and laid it in the other's hand.

For the first time the burly one's confidence deserted him. He reddened slightly and looked embarrassed.

"It's very kind of you," he said, "but really I—I don't quite understand."

"It's a birthday present for you," said Windsor sweetly.





*Humorous Artist.* "I'VE BROUGHT YOU AN ORIGINAL FUNNY JOKE THIS TIME. A FRIEND OF MINE THOUGHT OF IT."

*Editor (after reading it).* "YES, IT IS FUNNY; BUT I PREFER THE DRAWING THAT WAS PUBLISHED WITH IT IN THE 'SEVENTIES!'"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THREE numbers of *The South Polar Times* were brought out at Cape Evans, the winter quarters of Captain SCOTT, during 1911. Mr. APSLEY CHERRY-GARRARD, the editor, has now presented them to a wider circle under the auspices of SMITH, ELDER, hoping that they will prove "a source of interest and pleasure to the friends of the expedition." He need have no fears. Of course a paper produced under such conditions is in its nature esoteric, and many of its jokes are lost if you "don't know Jimson." But if you have previously read *Scott's Last Expedition* then you will "know Jimson"; you will feel that every man at Cape Evans in 1911 was a personal friend of yours, and you will be delighted with this facsimile reproduction of the paper which delighted them. Personally I cannot read or see too much of the men who are my heroes; and in a world where an ordinary school-girl is allowed twenty-seven photographs of Mr. LEWIS WALLER I shall not consider myself surfeited with two caricatures and a humorous character-sketch of Lieutenant BOWERS. But there are contributions to *The South Polar Times* which have an interest other than the merely personal. Mr. GRIFFITH TAYLOR, a tower of strength on the literary side, is really funny in *The Bipes*—a paper (on the wingless bipeds of Cape Evans) supposed to have been read by OATES' escaped rabbit to the Royal Society of Rabbits. Mr. TAYLOR, as a recorder of history in *Scott's Last Expedition*, was, I thought, a little too familiar; in these and other articles he is much more at home. But it is upon Dr. WILSON's pictures (both serious and comic) that *The South Polar Times* can most justly pride itself. I envy Mr. CHERRY-GARRARD so prolific and brilliant a contri-

butor. Still more I envy him (and all his colleagues at Cape Evans) the knowledge of such a man. The more I get to know of "BILL" WILSON, the more I understand that he was of the very salt of the earth—a man to love whom was indeed a liberal education, and to be loved by whom was a passport to the little company of the elect.

When *John Barleycorn* (MILLS AND BOON) came my way, I noticed that the publishers had shown a reticence, unusual in these days, on the outside paper cover; they didn't say a word as to the quality or character of the contents. They had three good reasons: first, given the name of JACK LONDON, there was no need of further advertisement or lure; second, if they had started describing the book they would have been unable to say with strict truth that it was or was not a novel, for it isn't and it is; third, and best, they couldn't, as honest men, have avoided mentioning that it is in a way a sermon on alcoholism, and that, being said, might have acted as a deterrent, unless they had explained (as they wouldn't have had room to do) how and why, when they said "sermon," they didn't really mean "sermon." So they lay low and said nothing, and I almost wish I had done the same, for no one who has the lightest interest, practical or theoretical, in John Barleycorn ought to be put off these alcoholic memoirs. The diarist purports to have been first drunk at the age of five, again at the age of seven, almost perpetually for a spell of years from the age of fifteen, and yet to have taken over a quarter of a century to acquire a liking for alcohol. That sounds odd, but is not unique. Not only in California and not only in the lower grades of society, is Youth, vigorous and unspoilt, bound to acquire the taste if it would foregather on lively and intimate terms with its fellows; and not only in the saloons of



the Oakland water-front are fine youngsters drinking themselves permanently silly because it is their only way of being men among men, jolly good fellows among jolly good fellows. A sound enough text for any sermon; and, I may honestly add, a sound enough sermon for any text, with a strong smell of the sea and of adventure about it. But I ask myself for what purpose the photograph of Mr. and Mrs. JACK LONDON is inserted as a frontispiece? As well, I think, have had a portrait of Mr. MILLS, with Mr. BOON inset.

Isn't *The Youngest World* (BELL) an engaging title for a book? It caught my interest at once. I am not altogether sure that the story itself is as good as its name, but that still leaves a margin of quality, and I for one have enjoyed it greatly—in patches. Let Mr. ROBERT DUNN not too hastily condemn me if I say that he has written a fatiguing tale. Partly I mean this as a high compliment. The descriptions of hardships borne and physical difficulties overcome by his hero are so vivid that they convey a sensation of actual bodily strain in a manner that only one other living writer can equal. There are chapters in the book that leave one aching all over. So long, in fact, as Mr. DUNN's characters are content to do things, to climb mountains, to ford rivers, to endure hunger and cold and weariness, I am in close bodily sympathy with them; it is when they begin to talk and to explain their mental states that my keenness is threatened by another and less pleasing fatigue. It is not that the scope of the story—a man's regeneration by love and hardship—isn't a good one: quite the contrary. It is that I

simply do not believe that human beings, especially those that figure in this book, would ever talk about themselves in this particular way. "In the name of our own blood," she uttered softly, "of Love, the Future, and Victory . . ." That is a random sentence from the last page, and very typical of Mr. DUNN's dialogue. It is full of gracious qualities, thoughtful, and throughout on a high literary level, but as a realistic transcription of frontier talk it leaves me incredulous. Still the setting, I repeat, is quite wonderful. You shall read the chapters that tell of *Gail's* ascent of Mount Lincoln, and see if they don't stir your blood, especially where he reaches the top, alone (and therefore unable to talk), and sees the world at his feet. You will exult in this.

Mr. VICTOR BRIDGES has a very versatile pen and in most of the twenty-one pieces of *Jetsam* (MILLS AND BOON) which he has recovered from the waves of monthly magazines and elsewhere there is a certain amount of material for mirth. I do not however find him a startlingly original humorist,

whether on the river Thames, where he seems to follow in the wake of Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, or in a Chelsea "pub," where his manners are reminiscent of the characters of Messrs. W. W. JACOBS and MORTON HOWARD. Again, in the story called "The First Marathon" (where, by the way, he states that "It is true that the word 'Marathon' was first used in connection with the old Olympian games," which seems a little unfair to MILTIADES), the fun mainly depends on the use of such phrases as "Spoo-fer," "King Kod," and the "Can't-stik-you-shun-all Club." Other stories are of the adventurous or romantic type sacred to serial fiction, no fewer than three dealing with escaped convicts on Dartmoor, and one (the first in the book) describing the chance meeting of a man and a pretty girl on an uninhabited island off the West Coast of Scotland. Here,

for some reason or other, the man insisted on calling his charming and unknown companion *Astarte*, a name which, if I had been in her place, I should have been inclined to resent. But Mr. BRIDGES' dialogue is nearly always bright, and his knowledge of the machinery of yarn-spinning excellent. There is just one other point however which I should like to mention. The book includes a brand-new Russian wolf-story, in which the heroes protect themselves from the bites of these ferocious quadrupeds by putting on armour, which they find in a deserted house. I don't object to that; but, when they leave the railway line along which they have been travelling and plunge into a forest-path they come to a place where the route forks and cannot make out which of the two roads will be more likely to lead them back to the railway. I do not feel that these men were the sort of people to be trusted

to wander by themselves in a desolate Siberian anecdote.

#### Our New Masters.

*The KING can do no wrong.* Of late  
So ran the law; but, when to-day  
Kinglike he seeks to serve the State,  
Our super-monarchs frown and say:  
*The KING can do no right—unless*  
*By leave of half the Liberal Press.*

#### The Light-weight Angler.

"Weighing 6lbs. 7oz., Mr. T. Snelgrove caught a golden carp whilst fishing in the mill pond at Addlestone, Surrey."—*People*.

"He has slept . . . nearly 365 days on board the Admiralty yacht." This, from a *Daily Mail* article in praise of WINSTON, is no doubt meant kindly.

"C. E. Cox begs to announce that he is now prepared to drill wells, for water, gas, oil, cash or old clothes."—*Red Deer Advocate*.  
For cash is our choice.



THE CADDIE WHO SAW THE FAIRIES.





### HINTS TO MILLIONAIRES.

WHEN YOU BATHE ENGAGE ALL THE BATHING-BOXES SO AS TO HAVE THE SEA TO YOURSELF UNCONTAMINATED.

### CHARIVARIA.

SIR ROBERT LORIMER has been appointed architect for the restoration of Whitekirk church, East Lothian, which was burnt down by Suffragettes last February. There is a feeling among the militants that, since it is owing to the exertions of women that the work has to be done, it ought to have been given to a woman architect.

Two Suffragettes who were charged, last week, at Bow Street with obstructing the police, refused to give their ages. Presumably the information would have shown that they were old enough to know better.

A committee of the Metropolitan Water Board reports that Thames water is purified at least 1,000 times before delivery to consumers. It looks as if there may, after all, be something in the complaints which reach the Board from time to time as to its water being absolutely flavourless.

The London Fire Brigade Committee has decided to ignore a demand from the Corporation Workers' Union for the reinstatement of a fireman who refused to obey an order on the ground that it involved too great a danger to him. For ourselves we are surprised at the moderation of the Union. We should have expected them to insist also on a medal for life-saving being bestowed on the man.

Dr. IGNATIUS MOERBECK, an engineer living on the Amazon, asserts that the river which Mr. ROOSEVELT claims to have placed on the map had long since

been surveyed by him. The prettiest touch in Dr. MOERBECK's statement is to the effect that the real name of the river is Castanha, which means Chestnut.

Furs worth about £3,000 were stolen from a Chiswell Street firm last week. This gives one some idea of the intensity of the recent cold snap.

Mr. LYN HARDING, it is announced, has acquired a new play in four Acts entitled *Bed Rock*. Surely the lullaby touch in the title is a mistake? Audiences are quite prone enough to fall asleep without these soporific aids.

"I am not," says M. PAUL BOURGET, "responsible for the words I put into the mouths of my characters." We await a similar declaration from Mr. B. SHAW.

Another impending apology! Extract from the official Report of the Annual General Meeting of a Company that publishes certain illustrated papers:—"Our stock of published original black-and-white drawings, made by many of the foremost artists of the day, stand at nothing in our books."

A legacy of £10,000 has been left to a clerk in the Ashton-under-Lyme Waterworks Office by a gentleman who had intimated that he "would remember him in his will." We are so glad that this pretty old custom is not dying out.

It is rumoured that a daring attempt to rob the Zoological Gardens has been foiled. Plans, it is said, have been disclosed whereby burglars after dark

were to scale the loftiest peaks of the new Mappin terraces and to fish for animals by means of highly-spiced joints attached to ropes. It was hoped to secure a number of valuable bears, to be disposed of to furriers.

We have been favoured with the sight of a circular issued by a Dutch bulb grower and printed in English. The fatherly interest which he takes in his creations does credit to his heart. "All bulbs who are not satisfied," he says, "we take back and pay the carriage ourselves, even if cheque has accompanied order."

### THE BEES.

THE brown bee sings among the heather  
A little song and small—  
A song of hills and summer weather  
And all things musical;  
An ancient song, an ancient story  
For days as gold as when  
The gods came down in noontide's glory  
And walked with sons of men.

A merry song, since skies are sunny—  
How in a Dorian dell  
Was borne the bland, the charmed honey  
To young Comatas' cell;  
Thrice-happy boy the Nine to pleasure  
That they for hours of ill  
Did send, in love, the golden measure,  
The honey of their hill.

Gone are the gods? Nay, he who chooses  
This morn may lie at ease  
And on a hill-side woo the Muses  
And hear their honey-bees;  
And haply mid the heath-bell's savour  
Some rose-winged chance decoy,  
To win the old Pierian favour  
That fed the shepherd-boy.



## THE LOGIC OF ENTENTES.

[Lines composed on what looks like the eve of a general European war; and designed to represent the views of an average British patriot.]

## To Servia.

You have won whatever of fame it brings  
To have murdered a King and the heir of Kings;  
And it well may be that your sovereign pride  
Chafes at a touch of its tender hide;  
But why should I follow your fighting-line  
For a matter that's no concern of mine?

## To Austria.

You may, if you like, elect to curb  
The dark designs of the dubious Serb,  
And to close your Emperor's days in strife—  
A tragic end to a tragic life;  
But why in the world should I stand to lose  
By your bellicose taste for Balkan coups?

## To Russia.

No doubt the natural course for you  
Is to bid the Austrian bird "Go to!"  
He can't be suffered to spoil your dream  
Of a beautiful Pan-Slavonic scheme;  
But Britons can never be Slavs, you see,  
So what has your case to do with me?

But since Another, if you insist,  
Will be cutting in with his mailed fist,  
I shall be asked to a general scrap  
All over the European map,  
Dragged into somebody else's war,  
For that's what a *double entente* is for.

Well, if I must, I shall have to fight  
For the love of a bounding Balkanite;  
But O what a tactless choice of time,  
When the bathing season is at its prime!  
And how I should hate to miss my chance  
Of wallowing off the coast of France!

O. S.

## CUT FLOWERS.

"Do you notice anything particularly queer about this house, Charles," I asked him, "now that Araminta has been forced to fly from it?"

(Araminta had gone home to visit her parents, not so much, as I explained to Charles, because she was tired of living with me as because I had invited him to come on a visit. She was to return on the following day after a fortnight's absence, and I had promised faithfully to evict him before she came).

"Except," said Charles, "that it is usual to offer one's guests the most comfortable arm-chair in the messuage and not to eat all the fattest strawberries oneself, I can't say that I do;" and he fluffed a second mashie pitch with his cigar ash well short of the drawing-room fender.

"You don't," I insisted, "remark any unusual hiatus in the household arrangements—anything that obviously betrays the absence of the feminine touch? I suppose you know what this is?" and I took from the mantelpiece a tall slender silver object.

"It seems to be a tin trumpet," replied Charles, "and why on earth you can't keep my godson's toys in the nursery, instead of littering them about——"

"Tin trumpet," I said cleverly, "be blowed! It is a

vase—variously pronounced to rhyme with 'parse' or 'pause,' according to one's pretensions to gentility. It is a flower-vase, Chawles, and, what is more, there ought to be flowers in it. The whole house, let me tell you, should be a very garden of fragrant and luscious blooms. Instead of which it is full of mocking cenotaphs such as this. When Araminta went away she flung over her shoulder a parasol and a Parthian taunt. She said, 'I'm certain there'll be no flowers in the house while I'm away,' and now it seems she was jolly well right."

"Why ever can't the servants attend to the flowers?" said Charles lazily. "They seem to be fairly competent people. There were four match-boxes and *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* in my bedroom."

"There you touch one of the deeper mysteries," I explained to him. "Probably in the most expensive and luxurious mansions they have a flower-maid. A kind of Persephone who comes up from the underworld with her arms full of gerania and calceolarias. 'Housemaid,' she would put it in the advertisements, 'upper (where man-servant kept); tall, of good appearance; free; several years' experience; understands vauvses.' And in houses such as these the cinerarias would never wither or die. Every what-not would be a riotous profusion of et-ceteras from week's-end to week's-end. But with Jane it is different. Jane has her limitations. She comprehends match-boxes and detective fiction, but Araminta does the flowers."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?" said Charles, bunkering his cigar-stump badly to the right of the coal-scuttle.

"I want you to help me," I told him, "because I shan't have time to attend to the matter myself. When I go out to-morrow I want you, before you leave, to fill all the vases all over the house. Pink roses will be the best, I think, and you can buy them at that little flowermonger's across the road."

"But there are pink roses in the garden," he objected.

"Only a kind of double dog-rose," I told him. "We never allow the dog-roses in the house: they haven't been properly trained. Besides you would certainly pick all the puppies and scratch yourself to death. There's no dog-rose without its tooth. You want the big ones that are grown exclusively on short stalks without any roots. And Araminta will never know that they haven't been there for several days at least."

"All right," said Charles, "I'll tackle the flower-smith for you."

When I came home on the following evening, before going upstairs, I peeped timidly into the dining-room and found to my delight that Charles had been as good as his word. All the vases had burst as though by a miracle into radiant blossom. Taking courage I went up to the drawing-room, found Araminta and saluted her, and then looked round with a smirk of conscious self-satisfaction. Charles had chosen pink carnations for the drawing-room, and the place was as starry as the final chapter of a *feuilleton*.

"What do you think of the flowers?" I said proudly.

"They're simply lovely," she replied. "But——"

"But what?" I asked with a sudden vague qualm.

"Don't you like pink carnations?"

"I adore them," she said. "I was just going to ask how long they'd been there, that's all."

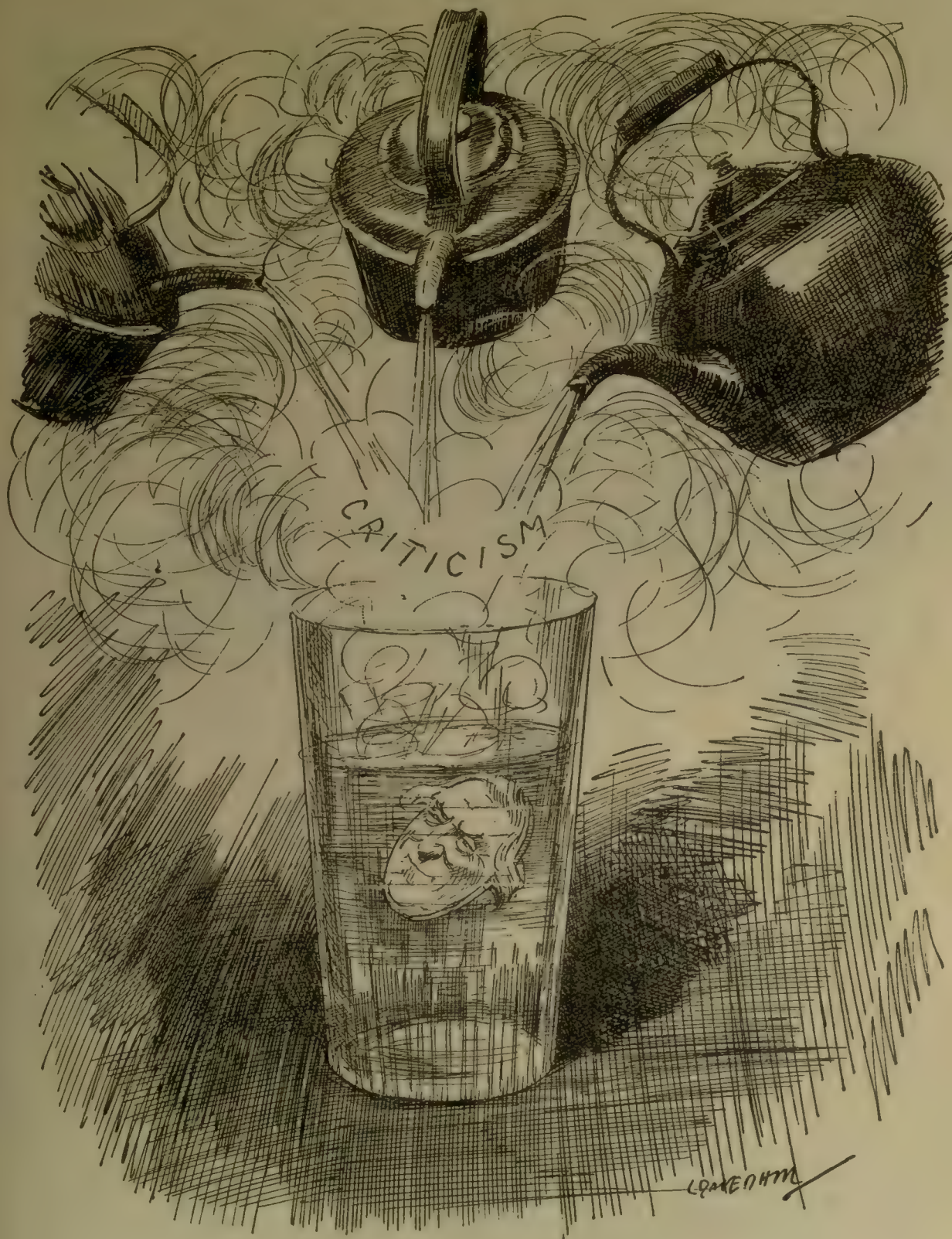
"These particular ones?" I said airily. "Oh, two or three days, I think, at most; not more than that."

"I see," she replied with a little smile. "That makes it more wonderful still."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, there isn't any water, you see, in the vases."





### COOL STUFF.

THE TABLOID. "YOU CAN MAKE IT AS HOT FOR ME AS YOU LIKE, I SHALL NOT DISSOLVE."

[The above is prospective. No sensible person desires a dissolution during the present crisis abroad.]









### THE ETHICS OF THE RING.

[Boxing champions receive almost as much pay for losing as for winning.]

*Manager (to applicant for position of traveller). "AND WHAT SALARY WOULD YOU REQUIRE?"*

*Applicant. "£600 A YEAR IF I GIVE SATISFACTION; £400 IF I DON'T."*

### THE MAGIC NUMBER.

I HAVE a telephone—a simple unpretentious toy, just like the next one. Sometimes I think it must be exceptional, but anon I hear other telephoners talking, and I realise that theirs too have the same repertory of pretty mannerisms.

Especially I found matter for complaint *re* Wilmer. Especially Wilmer found matter for complaint *re* me, Wilmer and I are, friends and neighbours. No doubt the people at the exchange had made a note of it. For, if ever I rang up Wilmer, he, they told me, answered not. And, if ever Wilmer rang up me, I, they told him, was engaged. To discover that these things were not so, it was only necessary for the ringer to step across the road; nay, even a shout from the garden was sufficient.

Having matter for complaint, we complained. After that nothing could

redeem us in the ears of our exchange. Formerly we got through to each other once in four shots. Thereafter the blockage was complete.

So we laid our plans.

One evening at half-past eight I rang up the exchange. "I want 4792 Marble Arch," I began.

An interval. Then, "Sorry; there's no answer."

I made a bad-tempered noise, full of incredulity and baffled urgency. And yet I was not wholly surprised; 4792 makes wall-papers up to 7 P.M., and then puts up the shutters.

I rang up the exchange.

"I want 5921 B City, please."

Again there was no answer. This was Wilmer's office. Wilmer, who was standing behind me, made them ring it up twice again to make sure. Then I went on to the other eight impossible numbers we had fixed on. They were unresponsive to a man.

Ten rings, and not a single answer!

Then we crossed to Wilmer's house.

Wilmer rang up the exchange. Bitter experience has assured us that we share the same operator.

"I want 4792 Marble Arch," he began.

4792 was still mute. So was 5921 B City. So were no fewer than all the eight further numbers prearranged.

Then I went back again and rang up 4792. This precipitated the crisis.

"I'm sorry, Sir, but I'm nearly sure I can't get them. Would you let me have a list of the numbers you want, and I'll get them when I can."

"The number I *really* want," I said, "is Mr. Wilmer's, 729 Lane, but I've given up trying to get *that*."

I was through to Wilmer like lightning; and a little later he rang me up by the same strategy.

Nowadays, if Wilmer or I have any trouble in getting one another, we have only to whisper 4792 Marble Arch, and we're through before we've thought of what to say.



## MY HARDY ANNUAL.

I MET him first three summers ago when he arrived from Baltimore with a letter of introduction from a mutual American friend. He was a tall thin clean-shaven man, a typical American of the inquiring rather than commanding type—and not a millionaire, not indeed rich at all, and rather nervous among waiters and wine lists: preferring a boarding-house in Bayswater to a caravanserai (as the newspaper men always call the big hotels). He had culture and desired more, and one way of getting it (one way, I mean, of making sure that it should be gotten) was to talk with every one he met. This I believe is an American custom.

Anyway, he arrived with his letter of introduction, and I did what I could for him—asked him to lunch, told him about picture galleries, adjured him not to see this play and that, and mentioned a few new books. Our surest common ground being American men of letters, we discussed them. We agreed that the early death of FRANK NORRIS was a blow; that GEORGE W. CABLE had style; that JOHN FOX, Junior, could tell a good story, but OWEN WISTER a better. My friend interested me greatly by stating that he had been on intimate terms with that great man, MARK TWAIN, and wondered if

I had ever heard the story (which he used to tell against himself) of the visitor to his house who, after a very delightful stay, during which the humorist had been at the top of his form, asked his daughter if her father was always like that? "Only when we have company," she replied.

The next year my American friend turned up again, sending a letter in advance to say that he would be at his old address in Bayswater at a certain date, and again I wrote asking him to lunch with me, as before. He was exactly the same, even to his clothes, and we talked of American writers in what I remembered to be the identical terms of the previous year. This is one of the disadvantages of annual meetings; there is no advance. The familiar ground included our decision, reinforced, that Mrs. WHARTON was a swell, but rather on the bitter side; that it was a pity that MARY WILKINS had given up writing; that JOHN KENDRICK BANGS'

name, at any rate, was funny; that AMBROSE BIERCE was a man of genius, and that OLIVER HERFORD's continued residence in New York was a loss to England.

"*A propos* of humorists," said my friend, "I wonder if you have heard that story of MARK TWAIN which he often told against himself. A visitor to his house who had been greatly entertained by a constant flow of wit and satire asked MARK TWAIN's daughter if he was always in the same good spirits. 'Only when we have company,'" she said.

In August of last year I was doomed to London owing to the frivolous holiday proclivities of certain fellow-workers, and again my Baltimore migrant was here, and again we met

had become so silent. Mr. HOWELLS, it seemed, had felt the death of his old friend, Mr. CLEMENS—MARK TWAIN—very deeply. Had I ever heard, he wondered, that story of MARK TWAIN about a reply made to one of his visitors by his daughter?

"Yes, I have," I said.

"The visitor," he went on, "had asked her if her father was always in the jovial and witty vein in which he had been during his—the visitor's—stay."

"Yes, I know," I said.

"MARK TWAIN's daughter," he continued, "replied that he was always like that—when they had company."

He looked remorselessly at me for his reward of laughter. Since he was my guest he got it, but—

And then last week he arrived again,

on his 1914 trip, and he is here now, or perhaps he is in Paris. In Europe, at any rate. He told me once more that across the Atlantic Mr. HENRY JAMES is no longer thought of as an American; that Mr. JACK LONDON, it seems, is becoming one of the most popular of writers; that ELLA WHEELER WILCOX sells probably more copies of her poetry than any English writer sells stories. He had had the pleasure of meeting Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE in New York recently, but when Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT was there he missed him, to his great regret. America

was still feeling the loss of MARK TWAIN. By the way, that was a good story which MARK TWAIN used to tell against himself. A visitor—

But this time I was too clever for him. I gave a preconcerted signal to a waiter, who hurried up to tell me I was wanted on the telephone. When I returned it was to say good-bye.

And now I am safe till next summer; but last evening I met a lady who had been taken in to dinner by the American a few days ago. "A little bit pompous, perhaps," she said, "but he told me such a delightful story about MARK TWAIN that I should like to meet him again."

## The Latest from the Schoolroom.

Q. (*put orally*). "Where do the following races live? Berbers, Hottentots . . .

A. Barbers are to be found in large towns, but they are also found in some small places. They are the natives of the country, and their profession is to shave different men, for which they are paid. The Wottentots are animals that are found in the forests of England."

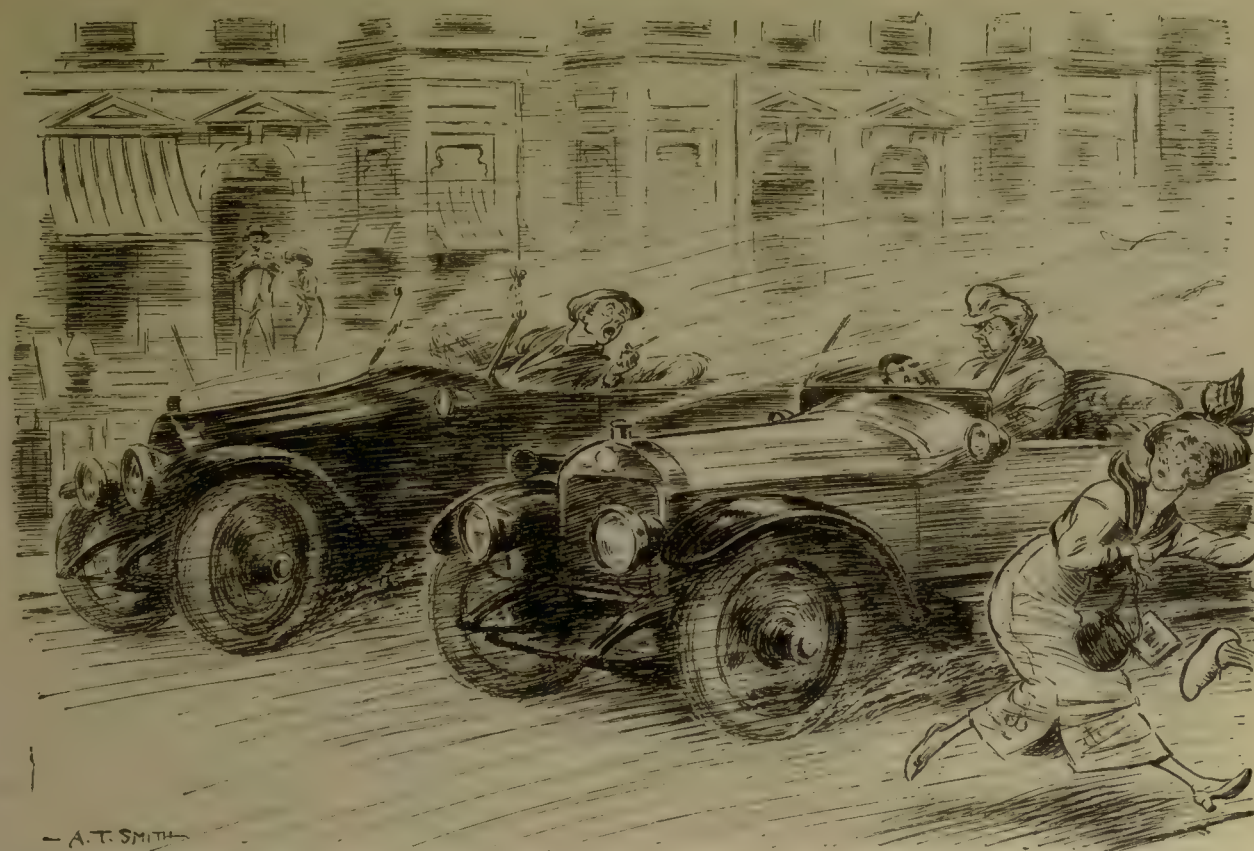


Passenger. "IT'S CURIOUS HOW THESE SEAGULLS FOLLOW A STEAMER. DO THEY GO FAR?"

Boatman. "AY, SOMETIMES, BUT THEY'LL NOT FOLLOW HER FAR; SHE'S AN ABERDEEN BOAT."

for our single tête-à-tête. He looked, he said, on a year as wasted, unless a part of it was spent in London and Paris. He was exactly as he had been; his voice had the same slow mirthlessness and it uttered the same flat definitive comments. He could not be surprised or shocked or amused. He had taken the world's measure and was now chiefly occupied in adding to his collection of fine men and lovely-minded women. I made an effort to get the conversation to other than American literary personages, but it was useless. To discuss Mr. ROOSEVELT he was unwilling. The name of HEARST—I mean Mr. HEARST—touched no live wire, as it does with a few of his countrymen. He had merely heard of Mr. BRISBANE, but had no information. Mr. WILSON was doing well, he thought, on the whole. Reaching books at last, we agreed again that it was a pity that Mr. JAMES LANE ALLEN wrote so little nowadays and that Mr. HOWELLS





Seventy-miles-an-hour (as he hurtles past sixty-miles-an-hour). "ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOU SLOW-MOVING VEHICLES OUGHT TO KEEP CLOSE TO THE KERB?"

### COCOANUTS.

(A Bank Holiday Idyll.)

SING me, I said, O Muse, and sound the trump  
For him not least among our noble-tars  
Who first on tropic isle was made to jump  
By reason of a pericranial thump  
And prospect of a galaxy of stars,

And there in green retreat by coral chained  
Beheld the vision of the fibrous nut,  
And drank the nectar that its shell contained,  
And knew the goal accomplished and disdained  
The nasty skin-wound on his occiput.

He did not see the feathered palm-trees wave;  
He did not see the beckoning yams beneath;  
The turtle moaning for its soupy grave,  
The sound of oysters asking for a shave  
He heard not—he was back on Hampstead Heath.

For him no more the ocean seemed to croon  
Its endless legend to the listless sands;  
He walked abroad upon an English noon,  
And "Ah!" he murmured, "what a heavenly boon  
To rehabilitate our cock-shy stands!

"In vain Aunt Sarah with her spinster vows  
Entreats the Cockney sport to try his skill;  
Her charms are languishing, but nuts shall rouse  
To sterner combats and with damper brows  
For 'Arriet's kindly glances 'Erb and Bill.

"And ah, the little ones! With how much glee  
Their eyes shall gaze upon the oily fruit!  
I shall behold them scamper o'er the lea,  
Their warm young lips, in part from ecstasy,  
In part from palatable nut-meat, mute."

Such was the man, I said, and praised the worth  
Of all who make the cocoanut their ploy;  
And thought, "I too will have a round of mirth,"  
And threw—and brought one hairy globe to earth,  
And, turning round, beheld a ragged boy.

So smirched he was, so pitiful a lad  
That when I saw the teardrop in his eye  
I gave the nut to him. It made him glad;  
He took it proudly off to show his dad—  
His dad was the conductor of the shy.

Evon.

### The Latest Cinema Poster.

"WANTED BY THE POLICE,  
4,200 feet."

In any other profession they advertise for hands. It is a pleasant distinction.

From a circus advertisement in India:—

"It gives a great pleasure to all to see a goat, (1) riding on another goat, (2) placing its neck against the neck of the other, (3) walking on its knees, (4) pretending to lie dead, and many other feats of men."

For the moment we cannot remember to have performed any of these manly feats.



## ARMAGEDDON.

THE conversation had turned, as it always does in the smoking-rooms of golf clubs, to the state of poor old England, and Porkins had summed the matter up. He had marched round in ninety-seven that morning, followed by a small child with an umbrella and an arsenal of weapons, and he felt in form with himself.

"What England wants," he said, leaning back and puffing at his cigar,—"what England wants is a war. (Another whisky and soda, waiter.) We're getting flabby. All this pampering of the poor is playing the very deuce with the country. A bit of a scrap with a foreign power would do us all the good in the world." He disposed of his whisky at a draught. "We're flabby," he repeated. "The lower classes seem to have no sense of discipline nowadays. We want a war to brace us up."

It is well understood in Olympus that Porkins must not be disappointed. What will happen to him in the next world I do not know, but it will be something extremely humorous; in this world, however, he is to have all that he wants. Accordingly the gods got to work.

In the little village of Ospovat, which is in the south-eastern corner of Ruritania, there lived a maiden called Maria Strultz, who was engaged to marry Captain Tomsk.

"I fancy," said one of the gods, "that it might be rather funny if Maria jilted the Captain. I have an idea that it would please Porkins."

"Whatever has Maria—" began a very young god, but he was immediately suppressed.

"Really," said the other, "I should have thought it was sufficiently obvious. You know what these mortals are." He looked round to them all. "Is it agreed then?"

It was agreed.

So Maria Strultz jilted the Captain.

Now this, as you may imagine, annoyed Captain Tomsk. He commanded a frontier fort on the boundary between Ruritania and Essenland, and his chief amusement in a dull life was to play cards with the Essenland captain, who commanded the fort on the other side of the river. When Maria's letter came he felt that the only thing to do was to drown himself; on second thoughts he decided to drown his sorrows first. He did this so successfully that at the end of the evening he was convinced that it was not Maria who had jilted him, but the Essenland captain who

had jilted Maria; whereupon he rowed across the river and poured his revolver into the Essenland flag which was flying over the fort. Maria thus revenged, he went home to bed, and woke next morning with a bad headache.

("Now we're off," said the gods in Olympus.)

In Diedeldorf, the capital of Essenland, the leader-writers proceeded to remove their coats.

"The blood of every true Essenlander," said the leader-writer of the *Diedeldorf Patriot*, after sending out for another pot of beer, "will boil when it hears of this fresh insult to our beloved flag, an insult which can only be wiped out with blood." Then seeing that he had two "bloods" in one sentence, he crossed the second one out, substituted "the sword," and lit a fresh cigarette. "For years Essenland has writhed under the provocations of Ruritania, but has preserved a dignified silence; this last insult is more than flesh and blood can stand." Another "blood" had got in, but it was a new sentence and he thought it might be allowed to remain. "We shall not be accused of exaggeration if we say that Essenland would lose, and rightly lose, her prestige in the eyes of Europe if she let this affront pass unnoticed. In a day she would sink from a first-rate to a fifth-rate power." But he didn't say how.

The Chancellor of Essenland, in a speech gravely applauded by both sides of the House, announced the steps he had taken. An ultimatum had been sent to Ruritania demanding an apology, an indemnity of a hundred thousand marks, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, whose epaulettes were to be torn off by the Commander-in-Chief of the Essenland Army in the presence of a full corps of cinematograph artists. Failing this, war would be declared.

Ruritania offered the apology, the indemnity, and the public degradation of Captain Tomsk, but urged that this last ceremony would be better performed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Ruritanian Army; otherwise Ruritania might as well cease to be a sovereign state, for she would lose her prestige in the eyes of Europe.

There was only one possible reply to this, and Essenland made it. She invaded Ruritania.

("Aren't they wonderful?" said the gods in Olympus to each other.

"But haven't you made a mistake?" asked the very young god. "Porkins lives in England, not Essenland."

"Wait a moment," said the others.)

In the capital of Borovia the leader-

writer of the *Borovian Patriot* got to work. "How does Borovia stand?" he asked. "If Essenland occupies Ruritania, can any thinking man in Borovia feel safe with the enemy at his gates?" (The Borovian peasant, earning five marks a week, would have felt no less safe than usual, but then he could hardly be described as a thinking man.) "It is vital to the prestige of Borovia that the integrity of Ruritania should be preserved. Otherwise we may resign ourselves at once to the prospect of becoming a fifth-rate power in the eyes of Europe." And in a speech, gravely applauded by all parties, the Borovian Chancellor said the same thing. So the Imperial Army was mobilized and, amidst a wonderful display of patriotic enthusiasm by those who were remaining behind, the Borovian troops marched to the front. . . .

("And there you are," said the gods in Olympus.

"But even now—" began the very young god doubtfully.

"Silly, isn't Felicia the ally of Essenland; isn't Marksland the ally of Borovia; isn't England the ally of the ally of the ally of the Country which holds the balance of power between Marksland and Felicia?"

"But if any of them thought the whole thing stupid or unjust or—"

"Their prestige," said the gods gravely, trying not to laugh.

"Oh, I see," said the very young god.)

And when a year later the hundred-thousandth English mother woke up to read that her boy had been shot, I am afraid she shed foolish tears and thought that the world had come to an end.

Poor short-sighted creature! She didn't realise that Porkins, who had marched round in ninety-six the day before, was now thoroughly braced up.

("What babies they all are," said the very young god.) A. A. M.

## An Invidious Distinction.

"An Opening offers for a GENTLEMAN OF Public School man . . ."

Advt. in "The Times."

"At moderate expenditure he has increased the stock-carrying capacity of his holding many times over, and can now fatten both cattle and sheep, where formerly either had only a bear subsistence."—*Times*.

To the question, "What do bears subsist on?" we believe the answer to be, "Honey and American trappers."

## Where to wear your Hat.

"The Misses Buckley (Llandaff) were dressed—the one in a cerise coat and skirt, relieved at the waist with a black patent band and hat to correspond. . . ."—*South Wales Daily News*.





Police Sergeant (having swallowed with gurgling sounds and smacking of lips a pint of beer given him by publican at his back door after hours) to intruding Constable. "WHAT HAVE YOU COME ROUND HERE FOR?"  
Police Constable. "I HEARD AN UNUSUAL SOUND, SIR."

### THE DOUBLE CURE.

"THE hair," said the assistant, "is very thick."

"If you refer to mine," I replied, "it is frightfully thick."

He looked at it reflectively. "It is very thick," he said; "very thick," and he jabbed the comb into it.

"On the other hand," I pointed out, "my skull is very thin."

"Yes, Sir."

"And the comb is very sharp."

He apologized, pulled the comb out, and jabbed it back not quite so severely.

"Very sharp," } we murmured together.

"I will thin it out," he suggested.

"As long as you get it out painlessly, I don't mind," I said, and I lay back and studied the bottles.

"It's a curious thing," I observed, "but mine is the only case for which you hairdressers fail to provide."

"I don't quite follow, Sir."

"Well," I explained, "for any degree of baldness you provide remedies by the hundreds. You offer to invigorate the hair, to dress it, to bring it up in the way it should go, and to produce it in any quantity."

The light of battle came into the assistant's eye and he moved to the wash-basin.

"Yes," he said, picking up a bottle of oily mixture, "this preparation, for instance, is really to be recommended. The famous Criniline."

He held it aloft and the neighbouring assistant barely suppressed a cheer. "I've sold——"

"That's all very well," I objected, "but where do I come in?"

"Well, Sir"—he held out his scissors—"these surely are effective."

"Cutting only makes it grow more quickly. The beastly stuff's so thick," I complained, "I can't do anything with it. What I want is some stuff——"

"Preparation, Sir."

"——stuff for thinning my hair."

"For thinning the hair. Yes, Sir. He combed the atmosphere thoughtfully. "I should like to sell you something, Sir."

Of a sudden he snipped excitedly. "I have it!" he exclaimed. He moved back to the washstand and picked up a bottle. "The very thing," he said. He looked round cautiously, bent down towards my ear and coughed nervously. "Of course," he said, "this is—er—not

a preparation for your particular complaint. I—er—it—between our two selves, Sir, it was—er—intended for other purposes."

"Yes?" I said.

"But, Sir, it may be just what you require."

"Yes, yes." I held my hand out for the bottle.

"Yes, Sir," he whispered. "It may be. At any rate I happen to know for a fact there is no possible danger of its increasing the growth of the hair."

And he handed me the famous Criniline.

To show my appreciation of his honesty I bought two bottles.

### Commercial Candour.

From a Provision catalogue:—

"Lamb . . . Should shoulders be ordered Legs will be sent."

Very annoying.

"BERLIN. Saturday.—It is stated that the Crown Prince is to assume the command of the troops at Belgrade.—*Reuter*.—*Observer*. As this comes from Berlin we assume that the reference is to the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE. If so, he's got on the wrong side by mistake.





Mary (exploring). "OH, LOOK, MUMMIE, I'VE FOUND A SNUGLER'S CAVE!"

### THE PACKER'S PLAIN.

Yes, I must pack my things, and, what is worse,  
Must pack alone, for James, my faithful man,  
The ancient servitor who knows my wants,  
Is busy, and to-day he cannot aid.  
The house is in a turmoil, and the maids  
Speed to and fro without a moment's stay.  
The corridors and all the rooms resound  
With footfalls, and the lady of the house,  
Her sleeves tucked up (they always tuck their sleeves),  
Her working-apron girt about her form,  
Bustles around and issues her commands,  
As who should say, "Behold me as I pack;  
This is no place for men who do not pack,  
Who play with dogs, or smoke their cigarettes,  
Or read the papers, getting in the way  
Of workers." So she packs and packs and packs.  
Four children in their various rooms have spread  
All the contents of drawers upon the floor,  
A most insane disorder, while they eat  
Cream chocolates, for their mother is not there.  
They too wear aprons, and their cheeks are red,  
Their hair is tousled, and the rooms resound  
With battle-cry and challenge, and the air  
Is thick with things they hurl at one another.  
And I, too, yield and go to pack my things.  
Yet how shall man decide what he may want  
In four revolving weeks; what hats, what coats,  
How many collars and what handkerchiefs,  
What flannel trousers—all the articles,  
Shoes, scissors, waistcoats, gaudy ties and boots,  
Socks, safety-razor-blades and leather belts,

Studs, links, dress-suit, and plain and coloured shirts,  
And undervests—the articles, in short,  
That make a man in very truth a man?  
Did AGAMEMNON, when he rushed to war,  
And sought the dreadful fields of Ilium—  
Did he pack up, or trust the thing to slaves,  
Saying, "Put in my six best pairs of greaves,  
Four regal mantles, sandals for the shore,  
And fourteen glittering helmets with their plumes,  
And ten strong breastplates and a sheaf of swords,  
And crowns and robes and tunics, and of spears  
A goodly number, such as may besem  
The office and the valour of a King.  
Ay, and if one least thing you should forget  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit. Go and pack?"  
If it was thus that AGAMEMNON spake  
I envy him, for I must pack alone.  
I shall forget the necessary things  
And take the useless, having none to blame  
Save only my incomparable mind.

### A Sporting Offer.

From *The Times* on the Servian Chief of Staff:—

"As the Austro-Hungarian Army is imbued with a much too chivalrous feeling to deprive the Servian Army of its leader an opportunity will be given him to continue his journey to Servia to-day, and a special saloon carriage will be placed at his disposal.—*Reuter*."

An unusual luxury for a leader.

"HEADSTONE, cost £12, for £7; selling cheap through death of proprietor."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.

Not sufficient reason for us.





## MUTUAL SERVICE.

BRITANNIA (*to Peace*). "I'VE BEEN DOING MY BEST FOR YOU IN EUROPE; PLEASE DO YOUR BEST FOR ME IN IRELAND."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, July 27.*

—To-day set apart for consideration of Navy Estimates. To-morrow assigned to Second Reading of Home Rule Amending Bill come over from the Lords. Up to yesterday public attention centred on latter event. Questions reverberated: What will PREMIER do with the Bill? What will follow on his action?

This morning British Public wakes up not to one startling surprise but to two. War is imminent in East of Europe. War has actually broken out in streets of Dublin.

Nearer event illustrates afresh the unfathomable versatility of Ireland. For months the country has been taught to expect armed outbreak in Ulster. At any moment, we were told, the patience of the Ulster volunteer, with current of events devised and controlled by constituted authority, would collapse. Civil war would be in full swing.

At moment when postponement of threatened action had lulled public into sense of security, news comes of conflict between armed volunteers and a detachment of soldiers of the line. In newspaper columns appear stirring pictures of populace thronging the streets and stoning the soldiers as they march back to their barracks; of volleys fired in defence and reprisal; of men, women and children falling dead or wounded in the streets. And lo! the volunteers on the warpath are not Ulstermen, but Nationalists. The city given up to murderous riot is not Belfast, but Dublin.

House meets in half-dazed condition to face this amazing jumble of the unexpected. JOHN REDMOND moves adjournment in order to discuss it. Interest of situation intensified by circumstance that the rifle shots fired by the O'Connell Bridge, Dublin, did more than kill three citizens and wound thirty-two others. They threaten to dissolve compact between Irish Nationalists and His MAJESTY'S Ministers. Sorely strained on occasions, it has hitherto remained inviolate. With South and West of Ireland looking on suspiciously at relations with Saxon Government—a necessity admitted but its existence never liked—it behoved AGAG REDMOND to walk delicately.

Accomplished feat with considerable skill. Appeared from official statement that, as sometimes happens in Ireland in analogous cases—on the Curragh, for example—someone had blundered into direct opposition to Ministerial policy and intention. Troops had been called out by authority of a minor official. Firing had opened in the streets of Dublin without word of command from officer in charge of detachment. Supreme representatives of Government, whether at the Irish Office or Dublin Castle, were innocent of offence. They were simply unfortunate—which in some cases is worse than being guilty.

On the whole, debate carried through with marvellous repression of Party passion. It is true LORD BOB suggested that Ministers should be hanged

over East of Europe. News momentarily expected—it arrived before the dinner-hour—that Austria had declared war against Servia. Match thus applied to trail of gunpowder, no one can say how far or in what direction the flame may travel. Meanwhile ominous fact that by way of precaution other Powers are preparing to mobilise. In addition to grave happenings abroad, we have at home our own little war. Sudden outburst of fury in streets of Dublin last Sunday indicates grave possibilities in the near future.

In these circumstances reasonable to suppose attention of House would be centred on these contingencies, its demeanour attuned accordingly. On the contrary, liveliest interest at Question-hour aroused by discovery that persons employed in business of peeling onions are exempt from payment of Insurance Tax.

House and country indebted to FRED HALL for disclosure of this remarkable circumstance. As a rule his questions do not attract the measure of attention their merit possibly demands. This largely due to fact that they are so numerous, so constant in appearance on the paper, and are doubled, sometimes trebled, by supplementaries devised in the spirit the SPEAKER delicately describes as animated by desire rather to give information than to seek it.



"I have had considerable experience, perhaps a larger experience than any man in this House, of being taken to task for the actions of those who were my subordinates or my colleagues. [Laughter]."—Mr. ASQUITH.

(or "suspended," as he put it). That only his way of expressing diversity of opinion on matters of detail. Division keenly looked forward to. Would Redmondites be satisfied with suspension of Sub-Commissioner of Dublin Police when they demanded head of Chief Commissioner on a charger? Would they abstain from the division, or would they, joyously relapsing into original state of nature, "go agin the Government"?

Catastrophe averted by resisting motion for closure and carrying debate over eleven o'clock, when it automatically stood adjourned.

*Business done.*—Clontarf "incident" discussed.

*Tuesday.*—The elephant is justly proud of the range of its adaptability. As every schoolboy knows, with its mighty trunk it can uproot a tree or pick up a pin. Analogy found in case of House of Commons, with perhaps a preference for picking up pins.

This afternoon the war-cloud lies low

But this discovery of the supereminence of the onion-peeler in the matter of freedom from taxation instantly riveted attention. It was news even to WORTHINGTON EVANS, who has spent his days and nights in mastering obscurities of Insurance Act. From all parts of the House came sharp inquiry for further information. Was the potato-peeler also exempt? If not, why not?

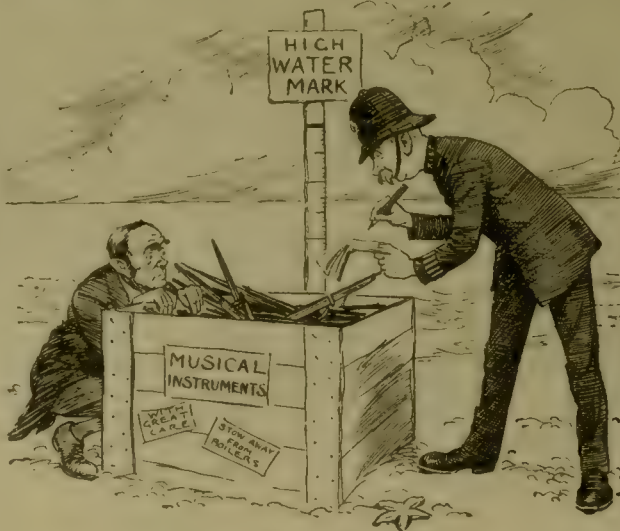
Trying moment for WEDGWOOD BENN. Faced it with customary courage and something more than habitual rotundity of official phraseology.

"Employment as an onion-peeler," he oracularly said, "has in a special order been specified as a subsidiary employment, and contributions are not required to be paid in respect of persons so employed."

That all very well as far as it went. It did not go to the length of explaining the mystery that racked the mind of all sections of parties. Why the onion-peeler in particular?



[According to Mr. HEALY's interpretation of what he called "a kind of foreshore doctrine of legality," the PRIME MINISTER had laid it down that guns are liable to seizure on the shore below high water mark, but that, once they are fairly on dry land, "the proclamation has exhausted itself."]



I.—OUTSIDE THE LAW.



II.—WITHIN THE LAW.

SPEAKER stayed storm of renewed interrogation by calling on next question. Some time before ordinary calm was restored. On benches above Gangway on Opposition side there is rooted belief that there is more in this than meets the eye. LLOYD GEORGE is evidently at the bottom of what begins to look like a bad business.

*Business done.*—In Committee of Supply, Colonial vote agreed to. Progress made with Education vote, amounting this year to modest total of £9,480,621.

### MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

(Constructed after the best models.)

#### I.—AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

INSIDE the Fahrjock's Hut a merry clatter of tin mugs proclaimed that a climbing party was supping. Ralph Wonderson paused for a moment, thoughtfully stroking his crampons, before he threw open the door and entered.

Two stalwart and sunburnt young Englishmen, a beautiful fair-haired English girl, and three hirsute and jovial Swiss guides were feasting on the sardines and dried plums which experience has shown to be the best diet for mountaineers. They looked up cheerily as he entered, and greeted him with the easy camaraderie of the mountains.

Gratefully relieving himself of his rope, ice-axe, Baedeker, goggles, corkscrew, crampons and other impedimenta of the expert Alpinist, Ralph seated himself beside the girl.

"You look tired," she said sympathetically.

"Yes," he replied, picking up a sardine by its tail and dropping it into his mouth with the ease of one long accustomed to mountain huts. "Yes, I've just satisfied a long-cherished ambition by doing the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau in the same day without guides."

There was an instant chorus of admiration. The three guides rose to their feet and gazed at the newcomer in astonishment.

"Ja wohl! Auf wiedersehen!" they said warmly.

There is no body of men in the world so free from petty jealousy as the Swiss guides.

"It is nothing," said Ralph lightly. "What are your plans for to-morrow? I rather thought of taking things easily myself and doing the Wetterhorn. I wondered——"

"I'm sure we should be delighted to join you," said the girl, "if you could consent to be accompanied by such undistinguished climbers. Let me introduce ourselves. This is my cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener. This is my brother, Lord Tamerton. I am Margaret Tamerton."

"Lady Margaret Tamerton!" cried Ralph in amazement. "Little Madge! Don't you remember me—Ralph Wonderson, your playmate as a child?"

"Ralph!" exclaimed Lady Margaret. "Oh, of course! And I haven't seen you since you whitewashed all the guinea-pigs and were sent away to school."

Several hours later Lady Margaret stood with Ralph on the terrace outside the hut. Her eyes plunged into

the awful abyss at their feet, swept along the moonlit valley thousands and thousands of feet below them, and fastened themselves upon the sinister crags of the Lyskamm and the stupendous dome of Mont Blanc. A lump came into her throat.

"I don't know why," she said softly, "but I have a presentiment of evil. Is the Wetterhorn very dangerous?"

Ralph laughed lightly. "A child could climb it blindfolded in midwinter," he said. "Trust yourself to me, little Madge, to-morrow and——"

"For ever!" added Margaret almost inaudibly as they went into the hut together.

Mingled happiness and foreboding strangely disturbed her breast, and she sighed as she trod heavily on the face of one of the guides in climbing to her shelf. She heard his low sleepy murmur of apology as she drew her straw about her. There is no more courteous body of men in the world than the Swiss guides.

Next morning, after a hasty toilet with a handful of snow, the party set off shortly before sunrise. Ralph by general consent assumed the leadership. Taking careful soundings with his ice-axe and using his crampons with almost uncanny certitude, he guided his companions through a moraine and debouched on to a tremendous glacier.

As he turned to survey those behind them he perceived for the first time a scar under the left ear of Sir Ernest Scrivener.

"Teufel!" he exclaimed under his breath. "It is he! Moorsdyke! My mortal enemy!"





Golfer (playing his second round in the day). "INTO THIS BEASTLY BUNKER AGAIN, CADDIE!"  
Caddie. "No, S'. THIS IS THE ONE YOU MISSED THIS MORNING."

But his meditations were interrupted by the stern nature of the work before them. Their route led them along the foot of a line of towering and trembling *séracs*. The vibration of a whisper might send them crashing down upon the party.

Placing one hand on his lips as a warning for silence, he dexterously cut steps in the ice with the other. Progress was slow and nerve-racking. Every step had to be taken with infinite precaution. Once Lord Tamerton slipped and would have fallen headlong to destruction had not Ralph caught him by the ear and lifted him back into his steps.

But at length the trying passage was almost accomplished. Only Sir Ernest Scrivener remained in peril.

Unconsciously Ralph removed his fingers from his lips. Inexperienced as a climber, Sir Ernest imagined this to be a signal that the danger was now over.

"I say," he began.

It was enough. In an instant the whole line of *séracs* toppled from their bases and thundered down upon him. Ralph did not hesitate. The man was his most deadly enemy, but—he was Lady Margaret's cousin. Ralph sprang to the rope; it snapped like thread between his fingers.

With a cry of despair Sir Ernest vanished in the roaring avalanche of ice and snow. Throwing a quick reassuring smile to Lady Margaret, Ralph joined his hands above his head and dived unflinchingly after him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### THE WISER CHOICE.

[A weekly paper points out that letters of proposal should be carefully timed to arrive in the evening, that being the sentimental time of the day when acceptance is most likely.]

Good Sir, your directions are all very fine,

But, when I propose by the pen trick, I shall look for a temper to tolerate mine, And mine is distinctly eccentric;

If she, in the morning, is likely to grouse,

If her breakfast demeanour is surly, There would not be room for us both in the house;

I'm peevish myself when it's early.

So rather I'd have her most critical mood

Prevail at the time of my wooing; I'd like to be sure that the girl understood

Exactly the thing she was doing.

I feel in my heart it were better for me  
To double the risk of rejection,  
In order (if haply accepted) to be  
A calm and cold-blooded selection.

Let my letter arrive when the day at  
its start

Provokes a malevolent feeling;  
Her answer may puncture a hole in my  
heart,

But Time is an expert at healing;  
And that will be better than learning  
too late,

At the end of the honeymoon season,  
That the lady had only consented to  
mate

In an hour that was bad for her  
reason.

From a concert programme at  
Brighton:—

"Parsifal.  
Tannhäuser.  
Walküre.  
Götterdämmerung.  
Siegfried.  
Tristan and Isolde.  
Requiem for 3 cellos and orchestra."

The last item does not surprise us.

"ANSTRUTHER.—Comf. roofs, 2 beds, 25th  
July on; sea view."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The fresh air craze is spreading.



## MNEMONICS.

For reasons of economy we get all our household requisites from Moggridge's Stores in the Tottenham Court Road, where we have a deposit account. Joan once worked out that by shopping in this manner we saved ninepence-halfpenny every time we spent one pound four and fivepence (her arithmetic cannot cope with percentages), besides having our goods delivered at the door by a motor van. This is a distinct score off our neighbours, who have to be content with theirs being brought round by a boy on a kind of three-wheeled Black-Maria.

We are not on the telephone at home, so it is my part of the arrangement to ring up Moggridge's when I arrive at my office, and order what we want; that is, whenever I remember. But unfortunately I own the most impossible of head-pieces. It's all right to look at from the outside, but inside the valves leak, or else the taps run. Consequently it generally ends in Joan's writing a note when I return home in the evening. Thus I was not altogether surprised when, one morning after breakfast, Joan asked me to repeat her orders. I did so. "That's not what I said!" cried Joan. "That's only what you *thought* I said. I did not even mention smoked salmon. Now listen while I tell you again; or, better still, write it down on a piece of paper."

"That's no good," I said. "I always lose the paper. But go on with the list; I've got a very good idea."

"Two pounds of Mocha coffee," she began.

I picked up two coffee beans from the tray—Joan self-grinds and self-makes the coffee every morning—and placed them amongst the loose change in my trouser pocket.

"Fourteen pounds of best loaf sugar," she went on.

I drew my handkerchief from my sleeve, tied a small lump of sugar in a corner of it, and then placed it inside my hat.

"Why put it in your hat?" asked Joan.

"Because," I answered, "I may not have occasion to draw my handkerchief from its usual place, whereas I always *have* to take my hat off."

"How will you remember the quantity?"

"Well, fourteen pounds make one stone, don't they? Before I remember the hard thing is a piece of sugar I shall think it's a stone."

Joan sniffed contemptuously.

"Then there's my ring," she con-

tinued, "the diamond and sapphire one that I left for resetting. The estimate they promised has not come, and besides there's the——"

"Hold on a minute!" I cried. "Just tie a piece of cotton round my married finger."

She did so. Then she went on:

"The drawing-room clock should have been sent home, cleaned, last Friday. They haven't sent it."

"Perhaps they expected it to *run down*," I suggested.

Joan bore up wonderfully, and merely said, "Well—do something. Put the sardines in your pocket-book, or the marmalade in your gloves."

"Those," I said, "are not, strictly speaking, mnemonics for sending home cleaned clocks. They would be all right for a picnic tea-basket, but not for the thing in question. Everything I have done up to the present is suggestive of what I have to remember," and I turned my watch round in my pocket so that it faced outwards.

"I see," said Joan. "Now, what's the cotton round your finger for?"

"Smoked sa—, that is to say, coffee—I mean the estimate for your ring," I answered. "Is there anything else?"

"Another box of stationery like the last—the crinkly paper, you know. They've got our die."

I tore a strip from the newspaper, crinkled it carefully and put it away in my cigarette-case. A minute later I was on my way to the railway-station.

A keen head-wind was blowing, causing my eyes to water and the tears to flow unbidden. I explored my sleeve for my handkerchief. It was not there. I could not possibly go to town without one, so I hastened home again. Joan was at the window as I ran up.

"What is it?" she cried.

"My handkerchief!" I gasped. "I've forgotten——"

"Fourteen pounds of best loaf sugar!" called out Joan. "It's in your hat."

As I hurried once more in the direction of the station I withdrew the handkerchief from my hat and wiped my streaming eyes. The operation over, I placed the handkerchief in my sleeve. I heard the whistle of a train in the distance and instinctively took out my watch. It was right-about-face in my pocket, and I lost a good half-second in getting it into the correct position for time-telling. It was nine-seventeen. I had just one minute in which to do the quarter-mile; but my *forte* is the egg-and-spoon race, and I missed the train handsomely.

There was an interval of twenty minutes before the next one was due, so I thought I would have a cigarette. I opened my case, and a piece of paper

fluttered to the ground. I picked it up and glanced at it. On one side I read that "... knocked out Submarine Snooks in the ninth round after a hotly-contested ..." while on the other side I saw that "... condition offers the gravest anxiety to his numerous friends and ..." I threw the paper away, for it did not interest me, and walked up to the bookstall to select a magazine. I had to remove my left glove in order to get at my money, and in pulling it off I noticed a shred of cotton come away with it. This meant an inside seam gone somewhere; and they were new gloves, too. I threw a coin to the paper-boy, and two small round objects like boot-buttons rolled on to the platform. Shortly afterwards the train strolled up.

At the office I was so busy all day, arranging about the shipment of a steam-crane to Siam (I am a commission-agent), that it was not until I was seated in the train, going home in the evening, that I vaguely remembered that I had forgotten something. I grew more and more uneasy, and, with the idea of distracting my thoughts from an unpleasant channel, I picked up an evening paper from underneath the opposite seat. At some quite recent period it had obviously contained nourishment of an oleaginous nature, but, though soiled, it was still legible. The very first paragraph which I read served to remind me of Joan's forgotten orders; but it brought me, nevertheless, an unholy joy, for it ran: "The funeral of the late Mr. Jeremiah Moggridge, founder and managing director of the mammoth stores which bear his name, took place this afternoon. As a mark of respect the premises were closed for business throughout the day."

So it would have been futile to ring them up in any case. I was saved!

On reaching home the first thing Joan said to me was—

"Did you order those things from Moggridge's?"

I didn't say anything. I merely handed her the evening paper and indicated the saving clause. Joan read it through. Then she said—

"Yes, I *thought* you'd mess it all up in spite of your ichneumonics, or whatever you call them; and so after lunch I went to the call-office and ordered the things myself."

"But Moggridge's was closed—didn't you read?"

"Yes," replied Joan; "but, next time you forget, don't try to establish an *alibi* with yesterday's evening paper."

\* \* \* \* \*

Our private telephone will be fixed by next week. I forget how much Joan reckons we shall save by it.



## THE PASSING OF THE COW.

[The Soya bean, grown in Japan, Korea and Manchuria, is said to provide a perfect substitute for milk.]

*Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe :*  
All mortal flesh is grass,  
Mown down by Time at the appointed hour;  
And in the world of speed  
The noblest Arab steed  
Yields, O Combustion, to thy pent-up power.

On Youth of ardent aim  
No more *Mazeppa's* fame  
Or *TURPIN's* feats exert their ancient spell;  
*NAPIER* and *WOLSELEY* stand  
No more for war's command,  
But only steel and rubber, oil and smell.

Where once men safely strode  
Along the open road,  
A sinister and stertorous machine  
Exhales its acrid breath  
And deals impartial death  
To all the dwellers on the village green.

And now, O gentle cow,  
Man's foster-mother, thou,  
Must tread the fatal path the horse hath trod,  
Since scientists have found  
That milk and cream abound  
Within the compass of an Eastern pod.

No more shall we behold,  
As in the days of old,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;  
Or Mary, mid the foam,  
Calling her cattle home,  
Across the sands, the perilous sands  
o' Dee.

Mourn, Alderney, and mourn,  
O maiden all forlorn,  
The cow with crumpled horn that  
filled thy pail;  
Mourn, damsels, mourn and sigh  
Who can no more reply,  
"I'm going a milking" to the curious male.

Mourn too, for ye shall feel  
The change at every meal,  
Ye minions of the hearthrug; be not mute,  
Ye Persians, topaz-eyed,  
When mistresses provide  
This miserable Soya substitute.

In legendary lore  
The cow was wont to soar  
With Dædalean art above the moon;  
But ah! the cardboard cows  
That by the railroad browse  
To no elopement prompt the modern spoon.



*Gertrude Belcher*

*Rev. Brown.* "I'M AFRAID, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, I KNOW VERY LITTLE OF AGRICULTURAL MATTERS; IN FACT I DON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MANGEL AND A WURZEL."

On earth men owned thy sway  
From Lapland to Cathay;  
In heaven the Milky Way thy might  
confessed:  
Weaklings we saw become  
Strong, thanks to thee and rum,  
And Punch of all ingredients found  
milk best.

But, heedless of a debt  
He never should forget,  
Ungrateful man is planning to replace  
By vegetable aid  
The kindly service paid  
By your mild-natured and sweet-  
breathing race.

Yet, ere the Soya boom  
Achieves the dairy's doom,

And rude bean-crushers oust the homely  
churn,  
Let one unworthy scribe  
Salute the vaccine tribe  
And lay his wreath upon their funeral  
urn.

### The Trippers.

"The native inhabitants produce all manner of curios, the great majority of which appear to command a ready sale among the visitors, erudite and commonplace as these frequently are."—*Bulaeayo Chronicle*.  
They are; but, bless their hearts, they seem to enjoy themselves.

"EXETER.—Young Cook-General, willing to learn; small family, no children; no basement. No religion preferred."

*Western Morning News.*  
She forgot to add "No meals to serve."



## MY GIRL CADDIE.

As a matter of fact she was my gardener's chauffeur-son's girl. The junior parent having been living chiefly on my garden or in my kitchen, and now being at the end of his resources, it was suggested that I should give his Amy a job. The proposal came from my wife, who had been victualling Amy's mother and Amy's baby sister for some weeks. An illuminating correspondence in the Press had done the rest.

For her first appointment at the tee Amy was nearly twenty minutes late, and when she arrived it was in a mauve skirt, green stockings, an ochre sporting coat and a hat which had once been my wife's. Seen against the background of the native boy caddies, Amy might have been described as picturesque.

"Mother says," said Amy, as we introduced ourselves—"Mother says she's sorry you should be kep', but baby's used to going off, me rocking 'im, and she was that busy, it being the day what she mostly washes."

"Very well, Amy," I said, realising the situation, "we must do better next time. The gentleman I was to play would not wait; but perhaps, if we just went round together, you could get an idea of your—your duties."

Amy accepted my suggestion and my bag of clubs with an abstracted sniff. She seemed to be more closely engaged in retorting by manual signals to the distant provocations of her male rivals.

"Now, Amy," I reminded her gently, "you must learn how to make a tee."

Amy turned reluctantly and stared over my bent back at the Miss Galbraiths, who were just starting for the ladies' course.

"First of all," I began more firmly, "you take a pinch of sand from this box—so." Tee-making is not my forte, and I was painfully conscious that I worked under the critical gaze of fully twenty expert eyes.

"If you please," said Amy in a brighter mood, "mother says I'll want some things to clean up the sticks with."

I rose from my knees with a cricked back, but I had my Purple Spot neatly balanced on a really creditable mound.

"We shall come to that presently, Amy," I explained. "When I have finished playing you can take the clubs and make them nice and bright with emery-paper."

Amy did not take this proposal encouragingly.

"Mother says I should want some turps," she informed me, "and brickdus' and some whitin' to finish, and some

mothelay. She says she don't 'old with the way Jimmy Baines and the rest of 'em does it. Mother says the sticks should be cleaned proper, as they oughter be. She says she'd 'ave give me the things, only she ain't got any, and I was to ask if it was convenience to you to spare me the money to go to the village and get 'em. Then she'd show me 'ow."

I had discovered my driver behind Amy's back and was preparing to get away, but these views of Amy's mother were so complete an innovation that I paused. On the verge of a first drive I had never in my life stopped to consider the ethics of golf-club cleaning. Why had not Amy a pocket and a rag of sand-paper like resourceful Jimmy Baines? I don't remember to have ever read anything on the niceties of the art of scouring clubs. It is a subject on which the writers of golfing articles—prolific enough, as Heaven knows, about other and more negligible aspects of the game—seem to have adopted an attitude of studied reticence.

"Look here, Amy," I said rather severely, "you really must not talk. You must remember you are here to carry my clubs, not to tell me about your mother. My iron clubs must be cleaned precisely as they always have been cleaned. That is entirely your department of the game, and you must stand at least three yards further away or I shall probably kill you." Then I drove, sliced hideously, and landed in long grass a hundred yards to the right.

Some premonition of feminine detachment prompted me to keep my eyes rigidly on the tuft which concealed my ball, as I strode forward. But half-way I turned. I felt Amy was not with me. She was standing precisely where I had left her, her hat off, her pink tongue stuck out in the direction of the caddies' shed.

"Amy!" I shouted, and the sound of my voice had an indescribably incongruous and humiliating echo. "Amy, come here at once; how dare——"

Amy came ambling across the fairway, hat in hand, my bag of clubs left where she had deposited them upside down in the tee-box for greater freedom in responding with gestures of defiance to the chaff of the enemy.

"Now look here," I said as Amy stood wonderingly before me; "I am very, very disappointed in you—very, very angry. You wanted to earn your living, I understood?"

Amy's brows darkened but her lips were slightly tremulous.

"Mother won't let me go into the laundry," she said sulkily, "'cos father says I'm not spierienced enough, and

Jimmy Baines give me 'is cheek, so I give it 'im back."

Thus we stood surveying the situation, my girl-caddie and I. There seemed at the moment only one sane way of ending it.

"Very well, Amy," I said dispassionately, "you had better run home and tell your mother—tell your mother to come up to the house after dinner, if there's anything she needs."

Amy resigned her position without a murmur; but before she went she extracted two paintless, weary-looking golf-balls from the pocket of her mauve skirt and offered me them for sixpence.

## THE COTTAGE.

I KNOW a wood on the top of a hill,  
Hyacinth-carpeted March till May,  
Where nights are wonderful, soft and still,

And a deep-sea twilight hangs all day;  
The loving labour of fairy hands  
Has made it heavenly fine to see,  
And just outside it the cottage stands,  
The cottage that doesn't belong to me.

A cottage, mind,  
And I'm sure you'd find  
It was damp and dirty and very confined;

Oh, quite an ordinary keeper's cottage  
That doesn't belong to me.

Creatures people the wood at night;  
Peaceable animals come and play;  
Pan's own pipes, if you hear aright,  
Charm you on as you go your way;  
And all the Arcady folk of yore  
Make songs of the days that used to be,  
Which carry perhaps to the cottage door,

The cottage that doesn't belong to me.  
But it's miles from town  
And it's tumble-down,  
And the woodwork's done and  
the slates are brown;

No one could really live in the cottage  
That doesn't belong to me.

Fair be the towns by the river-side,  
Maidenhead, Richmond, Henley,  
Kew,

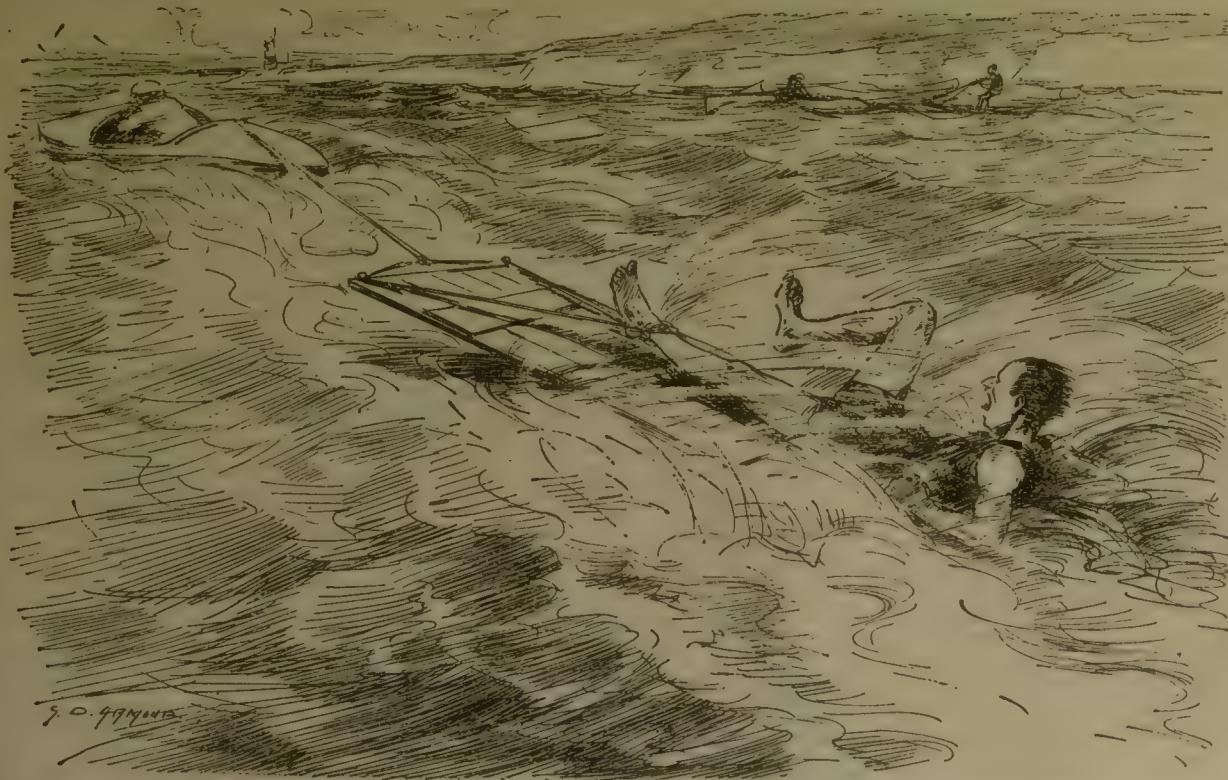
Crammed with cottages far and wide,  
The thing for people like me and you;  
But I think of the haunting forest-lights  
And a path that wanders from tree  
to tree,

Where the man of the cottage might  
walk o' nights,

The cottage that doesn't belong to me.  
And it may be wrong,  
But it won't be long  
Before the feeling becomes too  
strong

And I'll go and jolly well get that  
cottage  
That doesn't belong to me.





A NEW AQUATIC SPORT HAS BEEN INVENTED. IT IS KNOWN AS "PLANKING," AND CONSISTS IN STANDING UPON A BOARD TOWED BY A FAST MOTOR-BOAT. SOME WHO HAVE TRIED IT CONSIDER THE PLEASURE OVER-RATED.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Reality* (CASSELL) deserves to rank high amongst the novels of the present season; it has, indeed, qualities that will cause it, if I am not mistaken, to outlive most of them. The chief of these I can best express by the word colour; by which I mean not only a picturesque setting, but temperament and a fine sense of the romantic in life. Perhaps I ought to have known the name of Miss OLIVE WADSLEY already. As I did not, I can only be glad that *Reality* has rectified the fault; I shall certainly not again forget a writer who has given me so much pleasure. The scene of the story is laid in Vienna, chiefly in musical Vienna, and the protagonists are the young widow, *Irene von Cleve*, and the violinist, *Jean Victoire*, whom she marries despite the well-founded objections of her noble family. Some of the family, too, are quite excellently drawn, notably a Cardinal, who, though he has little to do in the tale, manages to appear much more human and less of a draped waxwork than most Eminences of fiction. I have said that the objections of *Irene's* relations were justified, the fact being that *Jean* was not only a genius, but the most scatterbrained egoist and vulgarian. Naturally, therefore, the alliance turned out a failure; and the process is quite admirably portrayed. I liked least in the book the end, with its sudden revelation of a superfluous secret. Had the secret not been so superfluous it might have vexed me to have been so long kept in ignorance of it. But this is a small matter. The chief point is that *Reality* has the pulse of life in it—in a word that it confirms its title; which, indeed, is about the highest praise that a critic can bestow.

I am not at all sure how Mr. FRANK NORRIS, were he still living, would have regarded the resurrection of this early

attempt at realism, as taught us by M. ZOLA—*Vandover and the Brute* (HEINEMANN). He would, I fancy, have softened some of the crudities and allowed a touch of humour to lighten the more solemn passages. There are pages here that remind one that *Vandover's* creator was also the author of those magnificent novels *The Octopus* and *The Pit*; but I cannot, in spite of them, place much confidence in the truth of *Vandover's* life history. We are told that he enjoyed his bath, and usually spent two or three hours over it. When the water was very warm he got into it with his novel on a rack in front of him and a box of chocolates conveniently near. Here he stayed for over an hour, eating and reading and occasionally smoking a cigarette. Can you wonder after this that poor *Vandover* went utterly to the bad, and is to be found on the last page doing some horrible work with a muck-rake whilst an innocent child points an obvious moral? So certain was *Vandover's* doom, once that box of chocolates had been mentioned, that I grew impatient and a little weary. If this is an age of realism in fiction I think that *Vandover and the Brute* should make plain to any reader why, very shortly, we are going to have an age of something else.

Do not allow yourself to be put off by the title of *Captivating Mary Carstairs* (CONSTABLE)—now published for the first time in England. It is not, as you might assume, a costume novel of eighteenth-century tushery. This is what I expected; but as a matter of fact Mr. HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON has written a tale about as unlike this as anything well could be. It is a capital tale, too; American to the last epithet, and crammed so full of the unexpected and adventurous that never (except once) can you anticipate for a moment what is going to happen. The chief adventure is abduction, the subject of it being *Mary Carstairs*, whose father was separated from her



mother, and, being a lonely old man with a longing for a daughter's affection, took this melodramatic course to secure it. In furtherance of his end he secured the services of *Maginnis*, genial swashbuckler, and *Varney*, young, susceptible and heroic, and despatched them on his yacht to apprehend one whom they vaguely supposed to be "a little girl about twelve." This was the only time in which I scored over Mr. HARRISON. I was as certain, when I read thus far, that *Mary Carstairs* was no child, but a grown-up beauty, as I am now that I know the facts. Everywhere else the author had me beat. His capacity for complications seems inexhaustible. I knew that *Varney* was going to fall in love with *Mary*, but I did not know that he himself had a double who would cause endless and thrilling confusions; that *Maginnis* would become involved in local politics to the extent of endangering his life; and that even old *Carstairs*, *Mary's* father, would—but on second thoughts you had better share my unpreparedness about him. I should sum up the book as a tale with a "punch" in every chapter; some of them perhaps below the belt of probability, but all leaving one, as is the way with punches, breathlessly concerned.

*Monsieur. de Rochefort* (HUTCHINSON) did not even take himself seriously; why then should I? To subject this airy romance, of Paris in 1770, to a minute criticism would be unnecessarily spoiling a good thing, and I shall not therefore ask myself whether prisons were so easily got out of or great statesmen so easily cajoled as Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE for present purposes assumes. I shall not examine the historical accuracy of the portraits of the *Duc de Choiseul* or of the *Comtesse Dubarry*, nor shall I question the human probability of villains so inept as *Camus* or martinets so infallible and ruthless as *de Sarlines*. The most exacting connoisseur of vintage ports will in his expansive moments admit the merits of a light wine from the wood, offered him as such in due season; even so the most fastidious novel-reader may in a holiday mood allow himself to be merely entertained and diverted by these lighthearted but breathless adventures in the Court of Louis XV. It is the greatest fun throughout; events are rapid and the dialogue is crisp; moreover there is from the beginning the comfortable certainty that, threaten what may, the unhappy end is impossible. If *de Rochefort* had failed to marry *Jarotte*, I think that Mr. DE VERE STACPOOLE would have incurred the unanimous displeasure of all his readers, including those who at any other time would have strongly protested against the marriage of so great a gentleman with so humble a lady's-maid in any circumstances, let alone upon so very brief an acquaintance.

*Bridget Considine* (BELL) is a pleasant story with something very agreeable in its quality, which however I find hard to define. Miss MARY CROSBIE has certainly a pretty gift for characterization, and this no doubt accounts for a good deal of the charm; the rest is largely a matter of

atmosphere. The characters in the story whom you will most remember are *Bridget* herself and her father. The last especially is a continuous joy—a man who in his journey through life had taken instinctively the manner and aspect of a class to which he did not belong; a decayed gentleman without ever having been gentle except in mind; a needy adventurer without the spirit for adventure. Dragged up at the slipshod heels of such a parent, supporting herself with romantic dreams when other nourishment failed, *Bridget* grew to young womanhood the very type, one would say, of the *Cinderella* to be rescued from poverty by a suitable *Prince Charming*. Thus when a combination of accidents thrusts her, as secretary-companion, into the society of *Hugh Delmege*, a budding politician, you will perhaps excusably plume yourself upon seeing the rest of the tale beforehand. If so, you will, as a matter of fact, be entirely wrong. *Hugh* and *Bridget* become engaged, certainly, but—There is much virtue in that "but," the virtue of an unusual and convincing end to a story that has many charms, not the least of them being its humour. Yes, I certainly liked *Bridget Considine* well enough to wish for more from the same pen. Its motto, "Candidates for Humanity," is well chosen.



The Ancient Mariner. "SEEN CHANGES? I SHOULD THINK I 'AVE. SIR. W'Y, WINKLETON USED TO BE THAT QUIET YOU COULD 'EAR A PIN DROP! BUT LOOK AT IT NOW. WHAT WITH THE PICTURE PALACE AND THE PIERROTS AND THEM SWING-BOATS AND THE PENNY BAZAAR, IT'S GOT TO BE A FAIR PANHARMONIUM!"

had feared that the young man who tells the story might be found a little too self-complacent no protest would have been sounded by me. For *Cedric Tregarthen*, the grandson of an earl, and also "The Little Finger" of a Maori chief, was beyond my swallowing, though I endured him obstinately until he reported *verbatim* the opinion of his beloved's governess. "'Good-bye, Mr. Tregarthen,' she responded. 'Or, if you will allow me to say, "Good-bye, Cedric," it will better express my feelings. I used to hate boys, my dear; but I shall love them all for the sake of your gentleness and kindness. I am sure you will grow into a very noble man.'" Now, I ask you, ought not dear *Cedric* to have kept this to himself? Give me for choice the Maori boy, *Rangiora*, and the half-Maori girl, *Puhi-Huia*, humans fit to be loved and admired. The pity of it is immense, because Mr. SACHELL has a knowledge of his subject that is beyond all praise, and the Maori part of his book is worth reading again and again. But the trouble remains that *Cedric* lived to tell the tale, while *Rangiora* died and had to have his tale told for him.

#### How they view things in Oregon.

"SPORTS.

Murderer uses ax to wipe out family of four."

The Morning Oregonian.



## CHARIVARIA.

A GENTLEMAN with a foreign name who was arrested in the neighbourhood of the Tyno shipyards last week with measuring gauges and a map in his possession explained, on being charged, that he was looking for work. It is possible that some hard labour may be found for him. \*\*

"Members of Parliament will not suffer," was the comfortable statement of Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD during a speech on the subject of the War. As a matter of fact, owing to the French cooks employed at the House of Commons having returned to their country, the menu at the House will have to consist, until the end of the session, of plain English fare. \*\*

The foresight of the British Public in refusing to subscribe the large amount of money asked of them for the Olympic Sports in Berlin is now apparent. \*\*

Although still under twenty-one years of age, and therefore not yet liable for military service, GEORGES CARPENTIER has gallantly joined the colours as a volunteer. It would be pleasant if he and the Russian HACKEN-SCHMIDT could shortly meet in Berlin. \*\*

A dear old lady writes to say that she was shocked to read that Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON's ship, on leaving the Thames, was hooted at by sirens, and that such conduct makes her ashamed of her sex. \*\*

Meanwhile, thoughtful persons are wondering whether there will be any fighting at the South Pole. It will be remembered that the Austrians were also fitting out a South Pole expedition, and friendly rivalry between the two nations may soon become impossible. \*\*

The W.S.P.U. has written to the Press to contradict the statement that the Union has issued instructions that acts of militancy are to be suspended during the European crisis. The Union, we understand, considers the statement calculated to cause serious injury to its reputation. \*\*

Which reminds us that *The Liverpool Evening Echo* was, we fancy, the only paper in the country to announce a sensational victory for feminism, and we congratulate our contemporary on its coup. We refer to the following announcement:—"At a meeting of the Fellows of All Souls' College, Oxford, Mrs. Francis William Pember was elected Warden in place of the late Sir William Anson." \*\*

The Hon. Sec. of the Fresh Air Fund appeals to ladies to send him their hair combings, every pound of which will provide a poor child with a day in the country. We like this idea of turning Old Hair into Fresh Air. \*\*



"DO YER LOVE ME, 'ERB?"

"LOVE YER, 'LIZA, I SHOULD JEST THINK I DOES. WHY, IF YER EVER GIVES ME UP I'LL MURDER YER! I CAN'T SAY MORE'N THAT, CAN I?"

The London General Omnibus Company is appointing one lady and a number of men to act as interpreters and guides. Their costumes, we should say, will attract a considerable amount of attention, for the lady, we are told, will wear a braided frock coat and black skirt and straw-topped peak hat, while the men will work in double shifts. \*\*

By the way it is rumoured that several of our railway companies intend to follow the example of the L. G. O. C. and employ interpreters to translate to passengers the names of the railway stations as announced by porters and guards. \*\*

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Aberdeen a doctor advocated the eating of onions and garlic. This should certainly produce an uninhabited area in one's immediate

neighbourhood, and so render one less liable to catch infectious diseases. \*\*

"I know not," says Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, "why I find an acrid pleasure in beholding mediocrity, the average, the everyday ordinary, as it is; but I do." Can it be, ARNOLD, because we are all attracted by our opposites? \*\*

We are authorised to deny the allegation that Lord GLADSTONE, when he was booed upon his arrival at Waterloo from South Africa, remarked gaily, "Ah, I see I have not done with my friends the Boers yet!" \*\*

It is nice to know in these days of lost reputations that Oriental hospitality, at any rate, shows no signs of decadence. A correspondent has come across the following announcement in a tailor's shop in Tokio:—"Respectable ladies and gentlemen may come here to have fits." \*\*

## Commercial Candour.

"The lasting delightful perfume of the age. One who can prove that the perfume of *Otto Mohini* is not lasting for four days by putting five drops on the handkerchief will be rewarded Rs. 100 cash. Try only small tube and get the reward."—Advt. in "*The Hitavada*."

"Dr. Roux, head of the Pasteur Institute, has made a communication to the Academy of Science showing microbes is not only possible, but would be far better."

*Rangoon Gazette.*

But we don't quite see what the Academy can do about it.

## "MINIATURE &amp; PORTRAIT PAINTING"

MR. ALFRED PRAGA, R.B.A.,  
President of the Society of Manicurists."  
Advt. in "*The Studio*."

We know an artist whose work gives us the impression that he might be President of the Society of Chiropodists.

"Lord Provost Stevenson is proving a serious rival to Principal MacAlister as a linguist. Sir Daniel yesterday addressed public gatherings in English, Italian, and Spanish."  
*Glasgow News.*

Now that he has mastered English, he must have a try at Scotch.

## Imperial Candour.

"You are Germans. God help us."  
Berlin Castle.  
Signed "WILLIAM."



## PRO PATRIA.

ENGLAND, in this great fight to which you go  
Because, where Honour calls you, go you must,  
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know  
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar  
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought;  
But not for her sake, being what you are,  
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,  
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past;  
But by the seal to which *you* set your hand,  
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep  
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,  
Stedfast and confident, of those who keep  
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait—  
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,  
We ask what offering we may consecrate,  
What humble service share?

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;  
To find our welfare in the general good;  
To hold together, merging all degrees  
In one wide brotherhood;—

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;  
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;  
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,  
For others' greater need;—

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;  
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;  
With level calm to face alike the strain  
Of triumph or defeat;—

This be our part, for so we serve you best,  
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,  
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test  
Our fortunes we confide. O. S.

## A DETERMINED ISLAND.

ANYTHING more peaceful than the outward aspect of the Isle of Wight, as I have seen it from Totland Bay during the past week, it would be impossible to conceive. For the most part the sun has been shining from a blue sky on a blue and brilliant sea; men, women and children have been swimming and splashing joyfully in a most mixed manner, and the whole landscape has had its usual holiday air. These, however, are deceptive appearances. We have felt and are feeling the imminence of war, and, though our judgments are firm and patriotic and prepared for sacrifice, our minds are clouded with a heavy anxiety. Our newspapers arrive at about 11 o'clock, and at that hour there is a concentrated rush to the book-shop. There we make our way through stacked volumes of cheap reprints to the counter where two ladies are struggling womanfully against the serried phalanx of purchasers. These two dive head-first from time to time into a great pile of the morning's news and emerge triumphantly with *The Times* for Prospect House or *The Telegraph* for Orville Lodge, and so on through the crowd of applicants until all are satisfied. This is the great event of our day. At the grocery stores on the opposite

side of the road, news telegrams are shown on a board, and with these we eke out the knowledge of our fluctuating fate. Close by, too, is posted up a proclamation by the officer commanding the troops in the Island. He bids us not to walk too near a fort or to convey to any casual person such knowledge as we may have gained about the movements of troops, and we are commanded "to at once report" anything suspicious. I am sure the gallant officer will display as much vigour in the battering of his country's foes as he has shown in the splitting of the KING's infinitives. Going for my newspaper this morning I saw at a distance an elderly gentleman of a serious aspect revolving steadily round and round a tall iron post. It was not until I came closer that I realised the meaning of his strange gyrations. The proclamation had been inconsiderately pasted round the post and he was endeavouring to read it.

On Thursday last, nearly a week before the actual proclamation of war, the wildest rumours were afloat here. A motherly lady assured me with a smile that the German fleet might be expected at any moment. "The British fleet," she told me, "has been overwhelmed and sunk in the North Sea." The Germans have determined to capture the Isle of Wight, so we are none of us safe." I asked her where she had heard this dreadful news. "Oh, it's all over the village." Thereupon she moved calmly into a bathing cabin and had a patriotic dip. In another quarter I was told that the Island could not fail to be cut off, and awful things were prophesied as to what would happen to us unless we made our way to the mainland with the utmost promptitude. The supply of eggs was to run short; meat was to go up to famine prices or be reserved entirely for the soldiery, our intrepid defenders; bread was to become a luxury obtainable only by millionaires. All this was reported on the authority of a man who had it from another man who had it from a banker who was in close touch with the War Office in London. So far what is true is that steamers no longer come to Totland Bay, and anyone who wants to visit us here can get no nearer by boat than Yarmouth—not, of course, the home of the bloater, but our own little island Yarmouth, round the corner. In the meantime a good deal of patriotic self-denial is going on amongst the juvenile population. A friend of mine, aged seven, hearing the talk about all the coming privations, has decided to remove chocolates, buns and sponge-cakes from his dietary, and several young ladies have agreed to take milk instead of cream with their breakfast porridge.

This morning we were brought face to face with the grimmest reality of war we have so far experienced. A boy-scout called at the house and produced an official paper asking for the names and addresses of any aliens who might be residing in the house. We have one such alien, a German maid for the children, a most unwarlike and inoffensive alien. Her name was entered on the form and the boy-scout disappeared to call at other houses. Since then, at intervals of about half-an-hour, other boy-scouts have called and produced similar forms. I have just dismissed a party of three, telling them that they seemed to be overlapping. They smiled and said, "Thank you," and retired. I look out of the window and behold two more approaching. They are doing the thing thoroughly.

P.S.—Another notice is out warning us that it is known there are a lot of spies in the Island, and that we must not loiter near a fort lest we be shot. It is rumoured that soldiers are to be billeted on us (enthusiastic cheers from the younger members of the family). R. C. L.

"Turnip, beef, carrots, and onions, if of suitable variety, would in a favourable autumn yield fair-sized bulbs."—*Manchester Evening News*.  
*New Song*. "When father carved the bulb."





BRAVO, BELGIUM!







## VOLUMES.

ALL books should be in one volume. I always thought so, but now I know. The reason why I know is because I possess two or three thousand books, and I have recently moved into a new house, and the books were at first put on the shelves indiscriminately as they came out of the packing cases. And how better spend a wet bank holiday than in arranging them properly—bringing parted couples together, adjusting involuntary divorces, reuniting the separated members of families and tribes?

This is the merciful work on which Parolles and I have been engaged for too long. (I call her Parolles because she is so fond of words of which neither the meaning nor pronunciation has quite been mastered.) We meet each other all over the house with pathetic inquiries, "Have you seen Volume IV. of *Dumas' Memoirs*?" "No, but have you noticed Volume I. of *Fors Clavigera*?" It is like a game of "Families."

The worst of the game is that one cannot concentrate. I may ascend the stairs bent wholly upon securing Volume III. of PROTHERO AND COLERIDGE'S *Byron*, and then chancing to observe Volume II. of INGPEN'S *Boswell* I leap at it in ecstasy and, forgetting all about the noble misanthrope, hasten back with this prize and join it to its lonely mate.

My *Dictionary of National Biography*, for all its fifty-eight volumes, not counting Supplements or Errata, was simple, on account of its size and unusual appearance. But what word can I find to express the annoyance and trouble given us by a small Pope in sheepskin? We roamed the house together—there are shelves in every room—striving to collect this family; but three of them are still on the loose. There is a Balzac, too, in a number of volumes not mentioned on any title-page and not numbered individually, so that time alone can tell whether that group is ever fully assembled. But as we placed them side by side we could almost hear them sigh after their long separation—though whether with satisfaction or annoyance who shall say? Volumes, may be, can get as tired of their companions as human beings can.

During such an occupation as this a vast deal of time vanishes also in trying to remember where it was that I saw that copy of *Friendship's Garland*, so as to place it with the other Arnolds. Even more time goes in dipping into books which I had clean forgotten I possessed, such as *The Cricketers' Manual*, by "Bat," in which my eyes alighted upon this excellent story:



First Politician. "SAY, BILL, WOT'S THIS BLOOMIN' MORTUARIUM THEY BE TARKIN' SO MUCH ABOUT?"

Second Politician. "WELL, YE SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS. YOU DON'T PAY NOTHIN' TO NOBODY AND THE GOVERNMENT PAYS IT FOR YE."

First Politician. "WELL, THAT SOUNDS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT, DOAN'T IT?"

"The Duchess de Berri, being present at a match between two clubs of Englishmen at Dieppe [in 1824], looked on very attentively for nearly three hours, then, turning to one of her attendants, said, '*Mais, quand est-ce que le jeu va commencer?*'" But the time which I have frittered away in this frivolity is as nothing compared with that wasted by Parolles, who has a way of subsiding upon the ground wherever she may happen to be and instantly becoming absorbed in the printed page. It is not as if she exercised any selective power, as I do. All books are the same to her in that they contain type on which the eye can fasten to the

detriment of her labour. In every room I have stumbled over her long black legs as she thus abused her trust.

And not only has she read more than I have, but she has become steadily dirtier than I, too; partly because of a native *flair* for whatever makes smears and smudges, and partly because, her hair being long and falling on the page, owing to her crouched attitude when perusing, it has to be swept back, and each sweep leaves its mark. Considering how they set themselves up to be superior and instruct, books are curiously grubby things.

And, as I said before, they should be in one volume.



## THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

THE noise of the retreating sea came pleasantly to us from a distance. Celia was lying on her—I never know how to put this nicely—well, she was lying face downwards on a rock and gazing into a little pool which the tide had forgotten about and left behind. I sat beside her and annoyed a limpet. Three minutes ago I had taken it suddenly by surprise and with an Herculean effort moved it an eighteenth of a millimetre westwards. My silence since then was lulling it into a false security, and in another two minutes I hoped to get a move on it again.

"Do you know," said Celia with a puzzled look on her face, "sometimes I think I'm quite an ordinary person after all."

"You aren't a little bit," I said lazily; "you're just like nobody else in the world."

"Well, of course, you had to say that."

"No, I hadn't. Lots of husbands would merely have yawned." I felt one coming and stopped it just in time. Waiting for limpets to go to sleep is drowsy work. "But why are you so morbid about yourself suddenly?"

"I don't know," she said. "Only every now and then I find myself thinking the most *obvious* thoughts."

"We all do," I answered, as I stroked my limpet gently. The noise of our conversation had roused it, but a gentle stroking motion (I am told by those to whom it has confided) will frequently cause its muscles to relax. "The great thing is not to speak them. Still, you'd better tell me now. What is it?"

"Well," she said, her cheeks perhaps a little pinker than usual, "I was just thinking that life was very wonderful. But it's a *silly* thing to say."

"It's holiday time," I reminded her. "The necessity of sprinkling our remarks with thoughtful words like 'economic' and 'sporadic' is over for a bit. Let us be silly." I scratched in the rock the goal to which I was urging my limpet and took out my watch. "Three thirty-five. I shall get him there by four."

Celia was gazing at two baby fishes who played in and out a bunch of sea-weed. Above the sea-weed an anemone sat fatly.

"I suppose they're all just as much alive as we are," she said thoughtfully. "They marry"—I looked at my limpet with a new interest—"and bring up families and go about their business, and it all means just as much to them as it does to us."

"My limpet's business affairs mean nothing to me," I said firmly. "I

am only wrapped up in him as a sprinter."

"Aren't you going to try to move him again?"

"He's not quite ready yet. He still has his suspicions."

Celia dropped into silence. Her next question showed that she had left the pool for a moment.

"Are there any people in Mars?" she asked.

"People down here say that there aren't. A man told me the other day that he knew this for a fact. On the other hand, people in Mars know for a fact that there isn't anybody on the Earth. Probably they are both wrong."

"I should like to know a lot about things," sighed Celia. "Do you know anything about limpets?"

"Only that they stick like billy-o."

"I suppose more about them is known than that?"

"I suppose so. By people who have made a speciality of them. For one who has preferred to amass general knowledge rather than to specialize it is considered enough to know that they stick like billy-o."

"You haven't specialized in anything, have you?"

"Only in wives."

Celia smiled and went on, "How do you make a speciality of limpets?"

"Well, I suppose you—er—study them. You sit down and—and watch them. Probably after dark they get up and do something. And of course, in any case, you can always dissect one and see what he's had for breakfast. One way and another you get to know things about them."

"They must have a lot of time for thinking," said Celia, regarding my limpet with her head on one side. "Tell me, how do they know that there are no men in Mars?"

I sat up with a sigh.

"Celia, you do dodge about so. I have barely brought together and classified my array of facts about things in this world, when you've dashed up to another one. What is the connection between Mars and limpets? If there are any limpets in Mars they are fresh-water ones. In the canals."

"Oh, I just wondered," she said. "I mean"—she wrinkled her forehead in the effort to find words for her thoughts—"I'm wondering what everything means, and why we're all here, and what limpets are for, and, supposing there are people in Mars, if we're the real people whom the world was made for, or if *they* are." She stopped and added, "One evening after dinner, when we get home, you must tell me all about *everything*."

Celia has a beautiful idea that I can

explain everything to her. I suppose I must have explained a stymie or a no-ball very cleverly once.

"Well," I said, "I can tell you what limpets are for now. They're like sheep and cows and horses and pheasants and—and any other animal. They're just for us. At least so the wise people say."

"But we don't eat limpets."

"No, but they can amuse us. This one"—and with a sudden leap I was behind him as he dozed and I had dashed him forward another eighteenth of a millimetre—"this one has amused me."

"Perhaps," said Celia thoughtfully and I don't think it was quite a nice thing for a young woman to say, "perhaps we're only meant to amuse the people in Mars."

"Then," I said lazily, "let's hope they are amused."

\* \* \* \* \*

But that was nearly three weeks ago. Ten days later war was declared. Celia has said no more on the subject since her one afternoon's unrest, but she looks at me curiously sometimes, and I fear that the problem of life leaves her more puzzled than ever. At the risk of betraying myself to her as "quite an ordinary person after all" I confess that just at the moment it leaves me puzzled too.

A. A. M.

## THE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

IT was a seaside railway station, the arriving place of one of those health resorts where people flock in their millions to enjoy a little peace and quiet together. He, no doubt as a punishment for a misspent youth, was the station-master; she was one of those many kind ladies who come to meet their relatives and to make their arrival even more peaceful and quiet than such events usually are.

"Was that the train from London?" she asked him.

He temporized. "Have you asked a porter?" he enquired.

She nodded.

"And have you asked another porter?"

She nodded again.

"And then the foreman porter? And then a ticket collector? And then the inspector? And then a casual postman? And then did you come across your original porter and try him again?"

She admitted the list without a blush.

"And now tell me all about your dear lost one—a weak, helpless man, no doubt?"

"It was my husband," she explained.

"A medium-sized man, in a macintosh and a straw hat, of course?"





# FINANCIAL STRINGENCY AT THE SEASIDE: A GOOD PENNYWORTH.

She acquiesced.

"But none the less," continued the official, "a man of sterling worth? You do not think he can be in some lost property office *en route*, waiting to be called for?"

The suggestion was an attractive one, but was rejected. "Then," he said, "let us go and discuss this intimate tragedy in some less public spot."

He took her to his office and begged her to be seated. "Repose all confidence in me, Madam," he said, "for I am not without experience in husbands. Good fellows on the whole, with their gladstone bags and their pince-nez and their unmistakable respectability. But somehow they have not acquired the knack of arriving when they are expected. Yours is the seventh who has failed us by this train. True, the other six were coming from Liverpool, whereas the 6.30 has come from London, but that is no excuse for them or us."

"My husband is coming from London," she asserted, searching in her reticule for documentary evidence.

He looked out of the window, avoiding her eye. "In less than twenty minutes we have a nice fat competent train arriving partly from Birmingham, partly from Manchester, partly from Sheffield and partly from Birkenhead. There is even a dusty bit at the end which will have come all the way from

Scotland, though why I cannot say. It will be simply full of husbands; you wouldn't care to try it, at any rate to let us show it you?"

"But my husband," she repeated.

"Is essentially a London man? Madam, we do not wish you to take any of these husbands we shall show you if they do not suit your requirements; but do let us show them you."

"I know that my husband is coming from London," she persisted.

"Believe me, Madam," he protested, "I should not accuse you of being mistaken, even if your husband should prove to be in this train I recommend. He might have deceived you."

She refused to budge. "My husband's postcard says he is coming in the 6.30 train from London. The train has come and he is not in it."

The station-master asked to be allowed to see the postcard, not, he explained, because he didn't believe her, but because he would like to have his worst suspicions of his Company's inefficiency confirmed.

She handed it to him. He read the announcement, made briefly and without enthusiasm, of the husband's proposed arrival "by the 6.30 train to-morrow." The woman smiled with triumph; the station-master referred to the postmark. He did not smile triumphantly. He was too old a hand for that.

"Will you allow me to intercede as a friend for all parties?" he asked. "Give him and us another chance; go away now and give us all twenty-four hours to think it over. Then call again, and, if your patience is rewarded, be generous and forgive us all."

After some debate she was induced to see reason in the proposal and consented to take the lenient course. She rose to go.

"And if," said the station-master, showing her out, "if a train should arrive at 6.30 from London to-morrow and disgorge this husband of yours, won't you do us all a little kindness? Won't you make a point of telling the porter, all the porters, foremen porters, ticket collectors, inspectors, casual postmen and even myself? You have no idea what a change it would be for us to hear a lady saying, 'My husband ought to have come by this train, and he has!'"

## Our Loyal Statuary.

"An attempt was made by the fountain in Piccadilly Circus to head a procession for Buckingham Palace to pay homage to King George." — *Daily Mail*.

## Another Smart Arrest by the Police.

"Sergt. — found Mrs. — sitting in a pool of blood in a semi-conscious condition. The flow of blood was arrested, and a doctor summoned." — *Northern Echo*.



## OUR MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

(With acknowledgments to "The Musical Herald.")

I THINK I am a tenor, but after taking lessons continuously for six years from sixteen different masters I am still in doubt, and what is more, I am not quite certain whether I want to be. Did not somebody once say that a tenor was not a man but a disease? I am a healthy normal subject, and recently won the lawn-tennis singles at our local tournament. What puzzles me is my upper register. After reaching the top A, if I relax the wind pressure and slant the voice in a slightly backward direction towards the nasal cavities, I can produce a full rich B flat, or even C, with the greatest ease. My family do not like it, but family criticism is seldom satisfactory. Can you tell me whether this is a legitimate use of my vocal resources or not; also, whether the resinous quality of my voice is likely to be affected by my wearing stand-up collars of more than 2½ inches in height? I have read somewhere that starched linen is a bad conductor of sound.—MARIO JUNIOR.

ANSWER.—It is hard to tell whether you are a tenor or a forced-up baritone without hearing or seeing you. Tenors are generally short, stubby men with brief necks, while baritones are for the most part tall, spare and long-necked. It was HANS VON BÜLOW who said that a tenor was a disease, but he was a pianist and a conductor. Do not "grouse" if you can sing tenor parts and yet retain the volume and virility of a baritone. JEAN DE RESZKE began as a baritone and is said to have earned £20,000 a year. The nasal tone that you speak of, when it approximates to the whinnying of a horse or, better still, the trumpeting of an infuriated rogue elephant, is a most valuable asset, but should be used with moderation in the family circle. Do not say "resinous"; "resonant" is probably the word you mean. High stand-up collars are certainly to be avoided, as they constrict the Adam's apple and muffle the tone of the voice. A soft turn-down collar, such as those supplied by Pope Bros., is greatly to be preferred and imparts a romantic and semi-Byronic appearance highly desirable in an artist.

I am a railway porter with a good bass voice, and having read that the great Russian singer who has been appearing at Drury Lane began life in that position and is now paid at the rate of £400 a night I am anxious to follow his example, if I can obtain

adequate guarantees of success.—CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

ANSWER.—It is always dangerous to generalise from exceptional individual cases. Are you over six feet high, and have you corn-coloured hair and blue eyes, like CHALIAPINE? Again, Russian railway porters are in the habit of shouting the names of stations, not only in a loud voice, but with scrupulously clear articulation. Do not rashly abandon your career on the railway on the off-chance of a vocal Bonanza. Remember the words of the poet:—

O, ever since the world began,  
There never was and never can  
Be such a very useful man  
As the railway porter!

My voice is of good compass and volume, but it is lacking in the "rich fruity tone" which, according to popular novelists, is indispensable to the exertion of a magnetic influence on the hearer. Is it possible by diet to remedy this deficiency?—CONTIALTO.

ANSWER.—The use of an emollient diet is recommended by some authorities with a view to improving and enriching vocal tone. You might try a course of Carlsbad plums, Devonshire cream, and peach-fed Colorado ham. But it is easy to overdo the plummy tone, which is apt to become cloying.

Kindly explain the following terms taken from an article on *SCRIABINE* which recently appeared in a leading daily paper: *Psychical conjunctivitis*; *Katzenjammer*; *Cephaloedematous*; *Hokusai*; *Asininity*. What is the difference between the *portamento* and "scooping"? Why do opera singers show such a marked tendency to *emboupoint*? Am I wrong in preferring the cornet to any other wind instrument?—ANXIOUS ASPIRANT.

ANSWER.—This is not a general information bureau, but we will do our best. (1) *Conjunctivitis* is properly a disease of the eyes; "psychical conjunctivitis" would be a sort of mental squint. "Katzenjammer" is the German for "hot coppers." "Cephaloedematous" is not in the New Oxford Dictionary, but apparently applies to a sufferer from swelled head. *HOKUSAI* was a Japanese artist, and "asininity" is the special quality of the writer of the article from which you have taken these words. (2) "Scooping" is the vulgarisation of the *portamento*. (3) Operatic singers grow stout because they drink stout; also because much singing tends to expand the larynx, pharynx and thorax, as well as the basilico-thaumaturgic cavities of the *medulla oblongata*. (4) There is nothing criminal in preferring the cornet to any other wind instrument. Many pious people prefer MARIE CORELLI to MILTON.

## THE DOUBLE LIFE.

WHEN Araminta said that I must speak to the man next door about his black cat, I was greatly perturbed. It appeared that the animal had acquired the habit of spending the night in our house, and that Harriet didn't like it. I said that black cats brought good luck, and, anyhow, by night all cats were grey. Araminta replied that this one was as black as a bilberry and took fish. Walking out into the garden I began to meditate deeply.

Perhaps you do not immediately grasp what a terrible and dangerous thing it was that Araminta had requested me to do. Between next-door neighbours in the area of Greater London there subsist relations of an infinite delicacy. They resemble the bloom upon a peach. They combine a sense of mutual confidence and esteem with absolute determination not to let it get any further. Mr. Trumpington (Harriet vouched for his name) and myself were certainly acquainted. In a sense you may even say we were friends. If I happened to be murdered or assaulted by a footpad there was not the smallest reason to suppose that Mr. Trumpington would refrain from giving the police every assistance in identifying the criminal. Similarly, if Mr. Trumpington's house caught fire, it was certain that I should be one of the first to offer him the loan of our garden syringe.

As things were, what happened was this. Twice or thrice a week we nodded pleasantly to each other over the wall that divided our demesnes, through the interstices of our respective hollyhocks; once, only once, in a mad burst of irresponsible gaiety, Mr. Trumpington had gone so far as to murmur, "Good aft—" to me, and I had responded effusively, "—ernoon."

And now all this atmosphere of quiet sociableness was about to be destroyed through the paltry misdemeanours of a subfusc cat. For I had not the smallest doubt as to what would happen. Mr. Trumpington was a mild amiable-looking man. There was not the faintest prospect of his flying into a rage. He would not say, "What right have you to interfere with the private affairs of another man's domesticated fauna?" He would not ask me why I had inveigled his beautiful black cat on to my poisonous premises. No, we should talk together reasonably, amicably, and as man to man. Mr. Trumpington would promise to do all he could to give his cat pleasant, cheerful evenings at home, and I should agree that it was very hard to prevent a young cat from wanting to see a bit of life.



"Cats," we should say, nodding our heads wisely, "will be cats."

And then from cats we should pass on to dogs, to sport, to politics, to business, to heaven knows what. And the next day we should be compelled to pick up our conversation where we had dropped it. We should discuss our gardens and our family affairs. Things would go from bad to worse. All our privacy and peace would disappear. We might almost as well break down the wall that divided us at once. Possibly (thought of horror) his wife would call on Araminta . . .

Still pondering ruefully, I turned round at the bottom of the garden path, and behold, sitting on the party-wall between Mr. Trumpington's garden and mine, was the debateable cat. An impulse of murderous rage possessed me. I took an old golf-ball from my pocket and hurled it as hard as I could at the potential destroyer of my peace. The black cat was no sportsman. It dodged, and disappeared hastily on the Trumpington side. At the same moment from behind a large clump of hollyhocks I heard the sudden cry of a strong man in pain, followed by a stifled oath. I squatted down instantly behind a thick rosebush; then, rising to peer cautiously, I saw a most painful sight. I saw the horrible transformation which may be caused in the features of an ordinary and amiable man by an access of sudden rage and the impact of a brambled golf-ball on the end of the nose. I squatted again.

"Confound the infernal fool! Who did that?" said the face of Mr. Trumpington, looking through the hollyhock peepholes, the buds of which rapidly began to turn from a lightish pink to deep rose.

It is always a more dignified policy to ignore a man in a temper, so it was not until about ten minutes had elapsed, and silence reigned, that I crawled painfully away into safety.

About five minutes later a note was brought round by hand from next door. It ran as follows:—

"Mr. Trumpington will feel greatly obliged if Mr. Brown will prevent his black cat from constantly straying upon his, Mr. Trumpington's, flower-beds. He also requests that when Mr. Brown wishes to persecute his black cat he should not do so when the animal is sitting on Mr. Trumpington's wall, as this practice is attended with considerable risk to Mr. Trumpington's life and limbs."

I sat down and wrote a reply.

"Mr. Brown," I said, "greatly regrets that a golf-ball playfully thrown at Mr. Trumpington's black cat whilst sitting on his, Mr. Brown's, wall,

should have caused annoyance to Mr. Trumpington."

When I went out into the garden on the following day I could see Mr. Trumpington's head, tastefully framed in pink hollyhock buds, apparently following the spoor of a green-fly. He looked up almost at once and caught my eye, but made no sign of recognition. I breathed a sigh of relief. Thank heaven, I thought to myself, the worst has not happened. The danger that I feared yesterday has blown over. There is no immediate prospect of Mr. Trumpington and myself becoming boon companions. I strolled a little further down the path, and, still occupying its old strategic

position on the party-wall and licking its fur in the sun, I beheld the black cat.

As I approached him he smiled an ambiguous smile, and jumped down once more upon Trumpington soil. A wave of great friendliness for the unhappy quadruped swept over me. "Persecute," I thought; "not likely." I went indoors and, after a short consultation with Harriet, came out again carrying a small round fish-cake on a spoon. I lobbed it far and wide over the wall, and it fell noiselessly and quite in the middle of Mr. Trumpington's most buttony calceolaria-bed. Some time later I was rewarded by the sight of a black cat stealing with a look of grateful memory on its face towards the Trumpington back-door.



Customer. "BUT THAT'S A FEARFUL PRICE FOR SHRIMP-PASTE."

Grocer. "AH, BUT THESE ARE NORTH SEA SHRIMPS, MADAM."





"I'D GIVE THE GERMAN EMPEROR WOT; I WOULD, STRAIGHT. I'D PULL EVERY FEATHER OUT OF 'IS 'HELMET."

### THE RESTORATIVE POWER OF MUSIC.

My house, though in the eyes of the rate-collector fully occupied, has now for several weeks stood with an unmistakably vacant stare. My cook alone, with a young lady friend for company, dwells there. What our great ballad-writers call the patter of tiny feet is stilled. The seaside has demanded its toll, and I have for a time accompanied the evacuating host.

The other day, for a brief space, I returned home—a home which at the first glance seemed to be as I had left it. But as I approached I was confronted with a change. The gate, which in

normal times used to swing shakily on its hinges and keep on chattering against its post (in the vain effort to shut) whenever the wind was in its teeth, now leaned against an adjacent bush in listless inaction. One of its hinges had been broken. I learned the details of the tragedy from the gardener.

It was one of them I-talians, I gathered. Seeing, with the nice instinct of their race, that my house must be the abode of music-lovers—detecting this from various subtle signs invisible to me—they had drored their horgan through the gateway and up the grand carriage sweep which, leading to the handsome

portico entrance, is one of the outstanding features of all that well-situated and desirable double-fronted brick and carved stone residential property which recently I was wise enough to acquire for a mere song. Well, these I-talians had drored their instrument up the drive and played to the front door for ten minutes. The cook and her friend, I learned afterwards, heard them and, being satisfied to enjoy the entertainment without payment, had remained out of sight. For ten minutes they played, the man turning the handle, his wife smiling and bowing to the windows. Then, in the fine frenzy known to all great artists who are unrecognised, they drored it down again to the gate. The fine frenzy was proved by the fury with which the woman flung wide the portal that the horgan might be drored out. She flung it back too far, and the hinge, a soulless thing of cast-iron, snapped.

The gardener—no musician—who had happened to see them arrive, and, anticipating trouble, had been watching unperceived, hurried to the scene of the catastrophe.

"I knowed they was a-goin' to do it," he said, "the 'inge bein' in a bad way already. It's lucky there was a policeman 'andy. I said you'd 'ave the law of 'em."

"But I don't want the law of them," I protested.

"Well, they're going to pay for a new 'inge any'ow."

"Rather hard luck on them, isn't it? I can't make them do that."

"Don't you worry your 'ead, Sir," said the gardener. "It don't come out of their pocket. All these I-talians is run by one man. Millionaire, so they tells me. Any'ow, it's settled now."

"Well, perhaps it'll teach them to be more careful."

"I 'ope not, Sir," said the gardener. "'Ave another one or two of 'em in 'ere, and we'll get the gate so as it won't bang."

### Science for the Young.

"Aunt Phemie" in *The Globe* :—

"A hen is a bird and not an animal."

This official statement will come as a great surprise to all our feathered friends.

"He no longer on his return would proclaim to his brother that he had beaten old Major Waggett (his especial foe) by two up and three to play."—*Methuen's Annual*. And why not? Because his brother had just bought a shilling book called "Golf for the Beginner." However, he could still tell his Aunt Lavinia, who knew no better.





FOR FRIENDSHIP AND HONOUR.







**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 3.*  
—WHEN EDWARD GREY stood at Table to make momentous statement on position of Great Britain confronted by spectacle of Europe in arms, he faced a memorable scene. House crowded from floor to topmost range of Strangers' Gallery. LANSLOWNE, "BOBS," GEORGE CURZON and other Peers looked on and listened. Amongst them LORD CHIEF JUSTICE for first time obtained view of House from novel point of vantage.

Owing to spread of complications, supply of Ambassadors accustomed to repair to Diplomatic Gallery restricted. No room for Germany to-day. Absent, too, the popular figure of Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, familiar these many years in London Society. Russia, Spain, Sweden and Greece were there in the persons of their representatives; and Belgium, conscious that words about to be uttered were big with her fate.

The sight they looked down upon was strange and moving. Setting of scene worthy of drama which finds no full parallel in world's history. Keen eyes accustomed to study potentialities of nations discerned in the gathering a new portentous fact. A week ago to-day political parties in House of Commons preserved customary attitude of hostility. Across the floor they snapped at each other distrust and dislike. Long-brooding revolt of armed forces in Ireland had leaped into flame. Mob and military had come to blows. Victims of the affray lay dead in the streets of Dublin. In the House rancour between Unionists and Home Rulers increasingly bitter.

Here was opportunity for loyal and trusted friend on the Continent to play long-planned game. England's difficulty was Germany's opportunity. Swiftly, unscrupulously, taken advantage of.

Foreign Representatives to-day beheld a startling transformation. Party lines obliterated. LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, whose conduct throughout crisis has been splendidly patriotic, rallied his forces to the side of Ministers.

"Whatever steps they think it necessary to take for the honour and security of this country," he said amid burst of general cheering, "they can rely upon the unhesitating support of the Opposition."

This attitude, in full accordance with highest tradition of British Party

politics, not unexpected. Glad surprise followed when JOHN REDMOND assured the Government they might forthwith withdraw from Ireland every man of their troops.

"The coasts of Ireland," he added, "will be defended from foreign invasion by our armed sons. For this purpose Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join hands with armed Protestant Ulstermen in the North."

"The last time I saw rows of chairs brought in and set down on floor of the House for convenience of Members who could not find room elsewhere," mused the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking



IN A JUST CAUSE.

(SIR EDWARD GREY.)

on from one of the side galleries, "was in 1886, when GLADSTONE introduced his first Home Rule Bill. Twelve months earlier, under guidance of Land League, Ireland was in a parlous state. Coercion Act in full force. Jails thronged with patriots convicted under its rigorous clauses. Still there were left at liberty enough to maim cattle and shoot at landlords. If Germany had happened to step in at that epoch it would have been a perilous time for England. The House of Commons after many years' hesitation has offered to bestow Home Rule upon Ireland and this is Ireland's first articulate response. Her Nationalists range themselves with Ulster by the side of Great Britain threatened by a foreign foe."

*Business done.*—FOREIGN SECRETARY, amid prolonged cheers, announces that England means to stand by France in

the coming war, and will fulfil her Treaty obligations to Belgium.

*Tuesday.*—Rising from Treasury Bench PREMIER walked down House as if he were about to leave it by glass door. Reaching the Bar he halted and turned about to face crowded benches watching him with quickened anxiety. Grave events have within the last few days made him the Herald of War. What might be this new missive he held in his hand?

"A message from HIS MAJESTY," he said, "signed by his own hand."

Advancing to Table he handed document to the Clerk who passed it on to SPEAKER. All heads were bared as

Message was read. It announced that Proclamation would forthwith issue mobilising the Regular Army and embodying Territorial Forces.

This the significant supplement to statement made by PREMIER immediately on SPEAKER taking the Chair. It told how telegram had that morning been sent to German Government demanding assurance of maintenance of Belgian neutrality.

"We have asked," said the PREMIER as quietly as if he were mentioning request for early reply to a dinner invitation, "that a satisfactory answer shall be given before midnight."

House knew what that meant. On the stroke of midnight Great Britain and Germany would be at war.

A cheer almost fierce in its intensity approved the epoch-making challenge. The House knew that England's hands were clean; that she was spotlessly free from responsibility for the

slaughter and sorrow, the destruction of prosperous cities, the devastation of fruitful lands, the breaking-up of Empires, that might follow on Germany's final jack-booting of the emissary of peace.

Since the danger-signal was flung out by thrusting to the front the puppet figure of aged AUSTRIAN EMPEROR making ponderous attack on little Serbia, EDWARD GREY, representing a Ministry supported by a loyal Parliament and a united Kingdom, has night and day been tireless in effort to avert war. If yielded to, such interference would be fatal to plans, diligently elaborated in the dark over a period of months, probably a full year, by our old friend and frequent guest, the GERMAN EMPEROR.

Accordingly, after maintaining till last moment favourite disguise of peace-maker "on easy terms with Heaven,"



WILLIAM, innocent sufferer by "the menace of France," throws aside the cloak.

House of Commons' immediate response was to pass in five minutes all outstanding votes for Army, Navy and Civil Services amounting to £104,642,055.

*Business done.*—PREMIER announces dispatch of ultimatum to Berlin and imperative demand for answer before midnight.

*Wednesday.*—Benches less crowded than hitherto during week of tumultuous interest. Explanation forthcoming in fact that something like a hundred Members belonging to Territorial Service have buckled on their armour and responded to call of mobilisation.

PREMIER's announcement that "since eleven o'clock last night a state of war has existed between Germany and ourselves" hailed with deep-throated cheer. Its volume nothing compared with that which burst forth when he concluded statement with casual remark that to-morrow he will move a Vote of Credit for one hundred millions sterling. Had he mentioned the sum as an instalment paid in advance by Germany on account of war indemnity House couldn't have been more jubilant.

BYLES of Bradford uneasy in regard to Bill introduced by HOME SECRETARY authorising imposition of restrictions upon aliens in time of war or great emergency. Thinks it might cause inconvenience to worthy persons. Otherwise Government receive unanimous support for various legislative proposals rendered necessary by state of war.

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER reports conclusions arrived at in conference of leading bankers and manufacturers met at the Treasury to consider best way of grappling with unprecedented financial situation created by events of past fortnight. Happy thought to include in invitation his predecessor at the Treasury. In accordance with patriotic spirit obliterating party animosity, SON AUSTEN promptly accepted invitation. Gives valuable assistance to LLOYD GEORGE in recommending proposals to appreciative House.

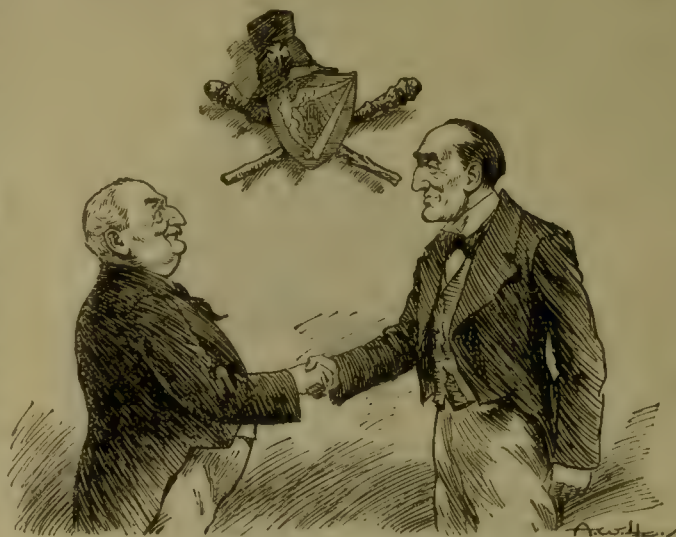
In short, whatever may be happening in Belgium or the North Sea, Millennium reigns at Westminster.

*Business done.*—Many Bills advanced by various stages.

*Thursday.*—In moving Vote of Credit for one hundred million sterling PREMIER wholesomely lets himself go in comment on the "infamous proposal" of Germany that for a mess of pottage (extremely thin) England should betray her ally, France. Crowded House loudly sympathised with righteous indignation.

Fresh burst of cheering when he pays finely phrased tribute to EDWARD GREY, as the "Peacemaker of Europe."

Captain Lord DALBYMPLE of the Scots Guards lends opportune gleam of martial splendour to bench where he sits arrayed in khaki uniform that has seen service in the Boer War. The PREMIER's eye catching a glimpse of it, he with great presence of mind



"ONE TOUCH OF POTSDAM..."

Sir EDWARD CARSON. "A marvellous diplomatist, this German Kaiser."

Mr. JOHN REDMOND. "Yes, he's made comrades of us when everybody else had failed."

asked for authority to strengthen the army by an additional half-million of men.

In its present mood the House denies him nothing.

*Business done.*—Vote of Credit for £100,000,000 granted with both hands.

*Monday, Aug. 10.*—House adjourned till Tuesday the 25th.

#### The Mad Dog of Europe.

"The dog, to serve some private ends,  
Went mad and bit the man."

The man recovered from the bite;  
The dog it was that died."

GOLDSMITH.

#### "SCHOOL PLAYGROUNDS.

THE PROPOSAL TO DECREASE THEIR SIZE  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES."

The Times.

And to increase it, we hope, to Mr. CHESTERTON.

## MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

(Constructed after the best models.)

### I.—AN ALPINE ADVENTURE.

(Concluded.)

[SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT:—Ralph Wonderson, the famous athlete, while on a mountaineering expedition in Switzerland, encounters Lady Margaret Tamerton, whom he has not seen since childhood. With her are her brother, Lord Tamerton; her cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener; and three Swiss guides. They combine to make an ascent of the Wetterhorn under Ralph's leadership. Early in the climb Ralph discovers that Sir Ernest Scrivener is none other than his own mortal foe, Mar-maduke Moorsdyke. A perilous traverse of a glacier has to be undertaken. All cross in safety except Sir Ernest, who makes imprudent remark which causes a line of overhanging seracs to collapse upon him and sweep him down the glacier. Ralph dives unhesitatingly to the rescue of his deadliest foe.]

RATHER than face a second traverse of the awful glacier the remaining members of the party continued the ascent. With shaken nerves they pressed on to the best of their ability, but it was nearly dark when they at length reached the summit, hoping to find another and easier route to the foot.

But luck was against them. A devastating blizzard enveloped them, and they lay huddled together behind a rock, chilled to the bone by the driving particles of ice and snow.

"There is no escape," said Lord Tamerton mournfully to his sister, Lady Margaret. "We must prepare to meet our deaths like true mountaineers."

"True fiddlesticks!" replied Lady Margaret with spirit. "Ralph will come back to us."

"Do you love him, Madge?" asked her brother.

"Yes," she replied simply.

"Then he will surely come back."

Even as he spoke a tall figure loomed out of the blizzard and raised his hat with cold formality.

"Your cousin is safe in the hospital at Interlaken," said Ralph, addressing Lord Tamerton with marked constraint. "He has merely sustained a fractured patella. With your permission we will now descend."

"What is the matter, Ralph?" cried Lady Margaret pleadingly; but, ignoring her question, he busied himself in tying on the rope.

The descent which followed is still spoken of with bated breath by the



Swiss guides, than whom there is no more generous body of men in the world.

Unerringly Ralph led his companions through arêtes, glissades, bergschrunds, rucksacs, gendarmes, vorwaerts, couloirs, aiguilles, never hesitating, never flinching from any obstacle, heedless, it seemed, alike of the raging blizzard and the ever-thickening darkness. At times he was obliged to carry the others one by one along razor edges of hard blue ice. At times he would cling precariously by one hand to a projecting splinter of rock, while with the other he lowered them all bodily into the depths of a crevasse, gripping his ice-axe meanwhile steadfastly between his teeth. Once at least he was compelled to hang downwards by his toes while he hewed steps beneath him in a perpendicular wall of ice. And through it all his face retained its stern impassivity and he addressed no word to his exhausted companions.

At length the most wonderful feat in the history of climbing was finished, and the party, weary but thankful, stood at the foot of the mountain.

The three guides fell on their knees before their rescuer, but he ignored them and turned his cold, hard gaze upon Lady Margaret.

"You are now safe," he said icily. "My presence is no longer necessary. Take the third turning on the left, the second on the right and the fifth on the left, and then ask again. Before I leave I ought perhaps to congratulate you upon your approaching marriage to your—er—amiable cousin;" and without waiting for a reply he was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alone, Ralph Wonderson sat upon a rock and reflected that no food had passed his lips since that hurried breakfast in the Fahrjoch Hut. Wearily he drew out a packet of sandwiches from his pocket.

A moment later he was racing back to his former companions. In his day he had been half-mile champion, but now he knocked a full minute off his previous best time.

He found the others as he had left them. Lady Margaret looked up with a glad cry as he flew round the corner. "Madge," he cried, waving the piece of newspaper which had been wrapped round his sandwiches,— "Madge, you can't marry him!"

Lord Tamerton leaped forward with a white face. "What do you mean?" he hissed; "You are mad. She must marry him, or the family is ruined."

"She can't marry him," repeated Ralph calmly. "Sir Ernest Scrivener alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke is married already! Read this."



### "BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS."

And he thrust the fragment of newspaper into Lord Tamerton's hand.

With a low cry of content Lady Margaret fell into her lover's arms. "Oh, my dear!" she murmured.

And as they stood clasped in a close embrace the clouds parted and far, far above them appeared the beautiful white summit of the Wetterhorn shining dazzlingly in the sunlight.

#### Spit for Spat.

Orator, in Hyde Park:—

"An' when the German Ambassador left St. Petersburg 'e spat in the Russian Ambassador's face. An' the Russian Ambassador in Berlin 'e spat in the German Ambassador's face."

#### In Order of Merit?

"Full reports of the Petersfield Gymkhana, Eastmeon Show, and Liphook Horticultural Exhibition and Sports, will be published in to-morrow's issue of the 'Hampshire Telegraph and Post,' which will contain also a complete record of news of the Great European War."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

The following letter was addressed to a Hong Kong chaplain by his orderly:—

"Pleas sur excuse me this morning for I ham sitting for my examining asion at the peak schools for my certificate sur and I will be down as soon as possible sur to deliver the letters sur And if I ant there before you go away sur put the keys under the steep's sur."

We feel confident he passed all right.



## ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

EVERY August Bank Holiday we have a short Mixed Open Tournament at our lawn-tennis club. It's quite a small, homely affair, but as our President, Sir Benjamin Boogles, always offers two valuable prizes (hall-marked), every member who can possibly enter does so. Each year hitherto the Tournament has been finished in the one day; but this year it is not finished yet—in fact, in one instance the first game of the first set is still undecided, and the winners in the other sets are anxiously awaiting the result in order that the second round may proceed before the end of the season. As I am one of the actors—I might almost say the protagonist—in this protracted drama, I will explain the position.

Wilbrooke, our crack player, who can easily give most of us forty and a bonus of five games in the set, and still beat us, recently became engaged to Pattie Blobson, who is a hopeless rabbit at the game, this being her first season. Not unnaturally she insisted on his entering the Tournament with her. I always enter with Joan, and though we are neither of us exactly rabbits it would be rather hard to find a zoological term that would fittingly describe our standard of play. Of course there is no handicapping in "Opens," and Joan and I usually reckon to be knocked out in the second round at latest, though we did once get into the third round owing to one of our opponents, a doctor, being summoned to a case in the middle of play.

Now this year we both thought our tennis would be over for the day after the first quarter of an hour, as we were drawn to play our first round against Wilbrooke and Pattie. However, I won the toss, and to that fact the subsequent *impasse* may be attributed. I elected to serve first, leaving Wilbrooke the choice of sides. The sun was not shining, so there was little in it from the point of view of light; but the east end of the court is just a trifle higher than the other, so he chose that.

I served first, and though I never peg them in to rabbits, I felt justified in sending down a medium-paced ball in my partner's interests. It pitched correctly, broke (unintentionally) and buried itself in Pattie's skirt.

Fifteen-love.

I banged my first ball to Wilbrooke with all my might. It fell within the Club precincts, but that's the best I can urge for it. My second was an easy lob, which he smashed, and, in spite of my efforts to give it a clear path, it caught me in the small of the back.

Fifteen-all.

My next serve to Pattie was a fault, which I followed up with an ordinary "donkey" drop, towards which she rushed in the impetuous fashion characteristic of the genuine rabbit, with the result that it bounced scathless over her head.

Thirty-fifteen.

I then got a fast ball over to Wilbrooke, but returning it was child's play to him, and he drove it like lightning down the centre-line before I had time to call "Leave it to you, partner."

Thirty-all.

Again I served Pattie a fault. At the second attempt the ball performed Blondin tricks on the wire of the net, and for one of those "moments big as years" I feared we had lost the game, the service to Wilbrooke being a mere formality; but fortunately the ball fell the other side of the net, and my third delivery Pattie tipped to the wicket-keeper.

Forty-thirty.

I now determined to send two—if necessary—fast ones to Wilbrooke on the chance that one might shoot and be unplayable. But my first ball went into the net, and the *locale* of the second can only be dimly surmised, for it went over the fence into the open country.

Deuce.

It was at this point that I began to realize that so long as I did not serve a double-fault to Pattie, Wilbrooke could never win the game, and when we had played nine more deuces I communicated the intelligence to Joan. Meanwhile, the other sets had all finished, and the players came up to see why we were still hard at it. At the twenty-fourth deuce the Tournament secretary remarked: "Last game, I suppose? Hurry up, we can't get on." I explained to him that this was only the first game of the set, and that similar prolongations were likely to recur when my partner served in the third game and I again in the fifth.

The news spread rapidly, and for a time we were the most unpopular quartet in the Club; but by the time we had reached our eighty-third deuce, and luncheon (the gift of Lady Boggles) was served, hunger and anger began to abate simultaneously, and the situation was discussed with humour to the exclusion of all other topics. At the end of the morning's play I was certainly feeling a trifle done up, but it says much for the recuperative properties of chicken galantine and junket that after the interval I felt quite invigorated and good for service *ad infinitum*. Efforts were made to induce us to toss for the set, but neither of us would consent to this, Wilbrooke maintaining that under

normal conditions I could not possibly win the game, and I arguing that under existing conditions—with which I was more intimately concerned—I could not possibly lose it, and therefore to toss would be a mockery. Thus there was no alternative but to play on.

I suggested to Joan that as her presence on the court was not strictly essential she should join in a friendly set with some of the other unemployed. But she would not hear of it. She wanted to be in at the finish, if there was ever going to be a finish, she said; and so we continued.

When we were summoned to tea (kindly provided gratis by Miss Vera Boogles) we had amassed 265 deuces, and though my right arm ached and my service was a trifle wobbly I was still scoring the vantage point (and losing it at once) with the utmost regularity. But the temporary cessation of hostilities, associated with about half-a-pound of Swiss roll and three Chelsea buns, served to restore me, and after tea we went at it again until half-past seven, when, with the score at 394 deuces, the net got tired and collapsed, and we adjourned.

We have since met on every available evening in our endeavours to bring the game to a conclusion; but the score is still deuce, and at that it will probably remain unless one of the following contingencies arises:—

(1) Pattie may improve so much with the constant practice that she will be able to return my service; in which case it will settle the game, for wherever we put the ball Wilbrooke is bound to get hold of it and drive or smash it so that we can't return it.

(2) I may serve Pattie a double-fault. But I am now in splendid training; my right biceps is like a cricket-ball, and I feel that I could serve all day without tiring. Besides, the quality of my service is improving, which counteracts, in a measure, the possible improvement in Pattie's game.

(3) We may get a bright sunshiny evening, when the sun will be straight in Wilbrooke's eyes; in which case, with my improved service, I may possibly get a fast ball over which he will be unable to see.

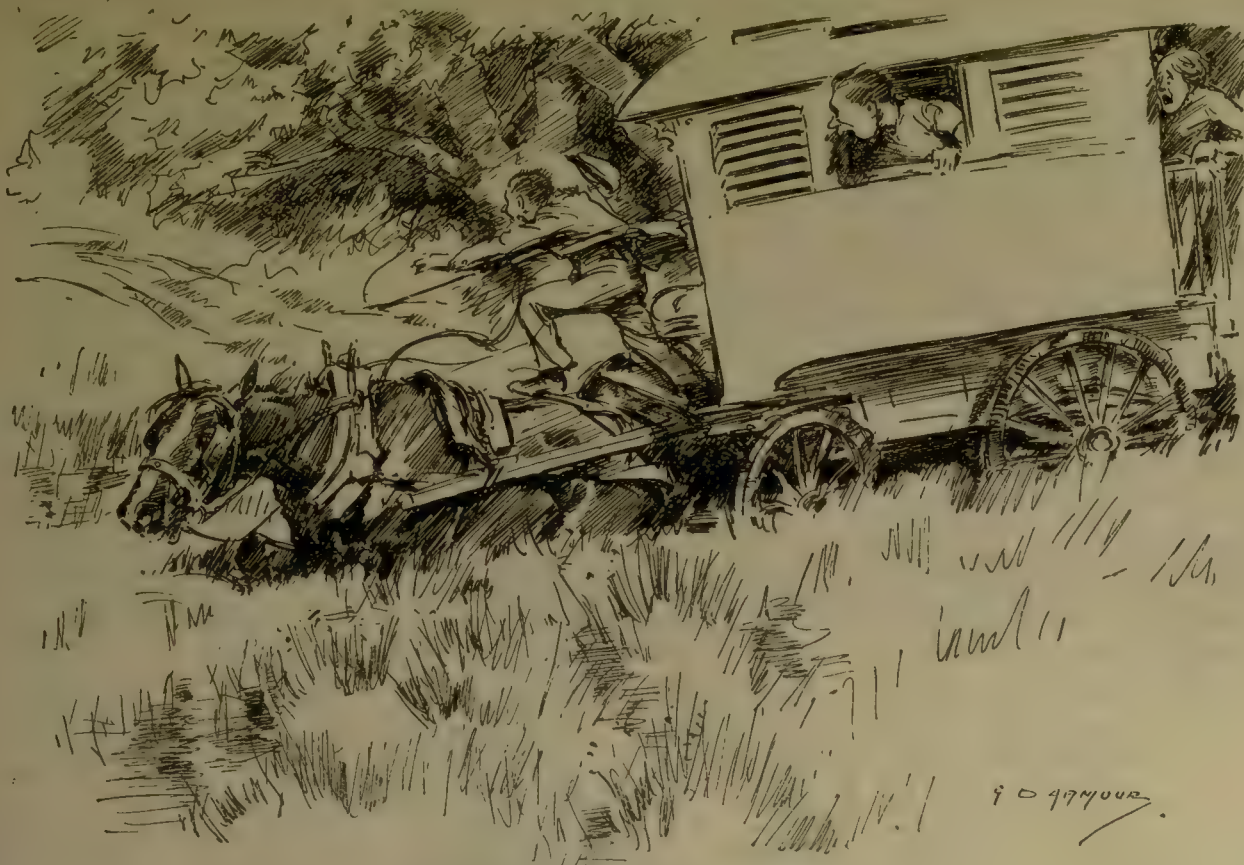
Anyway, it is now certain that I belong to the Bulldog Breed.

Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON as reported in *The Evening News*:—

"The last articles which we took on board were two gramophones with a large number of records and a case of hyacinth blubs."

The last-named are often mistaken for spring onions by those who come too near with their lachrymal nerves.





## A SONG FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As in the enervating luxury of peace, so in the stern stringency of war we have always a use, and a good use too, for the humourist. But he must be a jester of the right sort; not bitter nor flippant, not over boisterous nor too "intellectual." Humour for humour's sake is what we want, and in these anxious hours something to make us laugh quietly and unhysterically, if only by way of temporary relief. Mr. IAN HAY hits the mark about eight times in every ten in *A Knight on Wheels* (HODDEN AND STOUTON), which is not at all a bad proportion for three hundred and nineteen pages. He has some delightful ideas, which, happily, he does not overwork: a case in point is the brief but rapid career of *Uncle Joseph*, who employs the most criminal methods in order to attain the most charitable ends. The story is a simple one—youth, laughter and love; and the motor car plays an important but not a tiresome part in it. The author's attitude towards women is slightly cynical but very light-hearted, and clearly he loves them all the time: indeed, I think Mr. HAY, while alive to existing faults, loves everything and everybody. In return most people will be prepared to love him. And he deserves to be loved for the sake of a book which has a happy beginning, a happy middle and a happy end, together with lots of incidental laughter.

"There is a teacup storm in the Close, I hear. The Dean altered the time of closing the Minster for summer

cleaning or some such trifle, and did not consult the Chapter, which had already made its holiday arrangements." This sentence, chosen at random from *Quisquilliae*, the diary of *Henry Savile*, will do well enough to support my contention that *Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours* (MURRAY) is going to be a great boon to the cathedral cities of our Midland shires. Under the form of a narrative of social life in Sunningwell, Dr. WARRE CORNISH has elected to arrange his views on religion, art, literature, politics and the questions of the day, sometimes putting them into the mouths of his characters and sometimes into the note-book of the afore-mentioned *Henry Savile*, a leisured cripple whose disquisitions on letters and on people are, if a trifle rambling, at any rate delightfully critical and much more interesting and profound than certain others which flow periodically from the windows of cloistered retreats. Mr. *Henry Savile* quotes from the Classics perhaps a little too freely for the taste of a decadent age, and his friends, Dr. Ashford, Lady Grace, the bishop's wife, Olive, her niece, and Philip Daly, nephew of an archdeacon and parliamentary candidate for Sunningwell, would be a little more amusing if they were treated in a more Trollopian manner, and did not so faithfully discuss the burning controversies of the time. But, after all, the great excitement in *Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours* (and I really cannot advise any resident in—shall we say Mercia?—to be without it) is the chance it affords for such questions as: Who is the Dean? Does the author really mean Canon X? Are we living in Sunningwell, or it it L—? Even I myself, in this metropolitan backwater, have made one or two ingenious guesses, but wild taxicabs would not drag them from me.



At this time of day to attempt criticism upon a new novel by Miss RHODA BROUGHTON seems almost impertinent. The tens of thousands to whom she has given such pleasure before now would probably be willing to read anything that was put before them with the guarantee of her name. Fortunately in the case of *Concerning a Vow* (STANLEY PAUL) this confidence would be by no means misplaced. I can say at once, with my hand upon my reviewer's heart, that in freshness and vivacity and power of sprightly character-drawing here is a story that need fear comparison with none of its most popular predecessors. The vow of the title was that exacted by *Meg Champneys* on her death-bed from her sister *Sally*, binding the latter not to marry *Edward Branley*. *Edward*, in some fashion that was never made quite clear to me, had previously jilted both the sisters. But this all happened before the beginning of the book. In it poor *Edward* is made so pitiable and heart-broken a figure that I found it hard to credit his previous infidelities. However, most of the other characters detested him, and said that nothing was too bad for him; and as they themselves were delightful and quite human people I am ready to suppose that they had their reasons. Of course *Edward* and *Sally* were really in love all the time, and of course too they find resistance to this impossible; though I must own that their method of circumventing the vow reminded me dangerously of the young man who used a cigarette-holder because he had been told to keep away from tobacco. I speak flippantly; but as a matter of fact the story of *Edward* and *Sally* is not free from tragedy, very simply and movingly told. If *Concerning a Vow* does not add to Miss BROUGHTON's popularity it will only be because this is impossible; it certainly will do nothing to lessen it.

I think that Mr. W. R. TITTERTON is a little late in the day; his book, *Me as a Model* (PALMER), recalls happy memories of that past and already romantic period when *Trilby* was the talk of the hour and Paris the centre of all Bohemian licence. Mr. TITTERTON has the DU MAURIER manner, but his jocular skittishness, aided by asterisks, exclamation marks and suspensive dots, has curiously little behind it. It is not enough to-day to paint the gay impropriety of models and the devil-may-care penury of lighthearted artists. *Trilby* began the movement, *Louise* ended it, and Mr. TITTERTON is behind his day. I am glad, however, to learn that he was so splendid a model. The students at JULIEN's fall back aghast before his magnificent figure, and now, in every gallery in Europe, sculptures and paintings of Mr. TITTERTON are to be seen by the vulgar crowd, very often for no charge at all; and that, of course, is delightful for Europe. And, according to his title, that is doubtless the final impression that the author wishes to convey. I intend on my next trip abroad to search for Mr. TITTERTON in all the galleries. My only means of discovery are the pictures of the author with which his book is filled, and here, if the illustrator (a very clever fellow) is to be trusted, I am frankly puzzled by the attitude at JULIEN's

towards their model. There is very little in these illustrations to justify it.

If I am not mistaken, *The Jam Queen* (METHUEN) marks the first incursion of Miss NETTA SYRETT into humorous fiction. In that, or any, case, she has written a story which deserves a considerable success. *The Jam Queen* is to a large extent what would be called in drama a one-part affair. There are plenty of other characters, many of them drawn with much unforced skill, but the personality of the protagonist, the *Jam Queen* herself, overshadows the rest. *Mrs. Quilter* is an abiding joy. There have been plutocratic elderly women, uneducated but agreeable, in a hundred novels before this; but I recall few that have been treated so honestly or with so much genuine sympathy. Mind you, Miss SYRETT is no sentimentalist. Ill-directed philanthropy,



Barber (to victim). "WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE AEROPLANE AS A MILITARY ASSET?"

Girtonian super-culture, the simple life with its complexities of square-cut gowns and bare feet—all these come beneath the lash of a satire that is delicate but unsparing. Yet with it all she has, as every good satirist should have, a quick appreciation of the good qualities of her victims. Even *Frederick*, the pious, as contrasted with the flippant, nephew of aunt *Quilter*—*Frederick*, with his futile institute for people who want none of it, his blind pedantry, and his actual dishonesty in what he considers a worthy cause—even he is punished no further than his actual deserving. Perhaps in telling you that *Mrs. Quilter* has two nephews, an idle and an industrious one, I have told you enough of the scheme. It is, after all, no great matter. *Mrs. Quilter* must be the reason for your reading the book, and your reward. She is real jam.

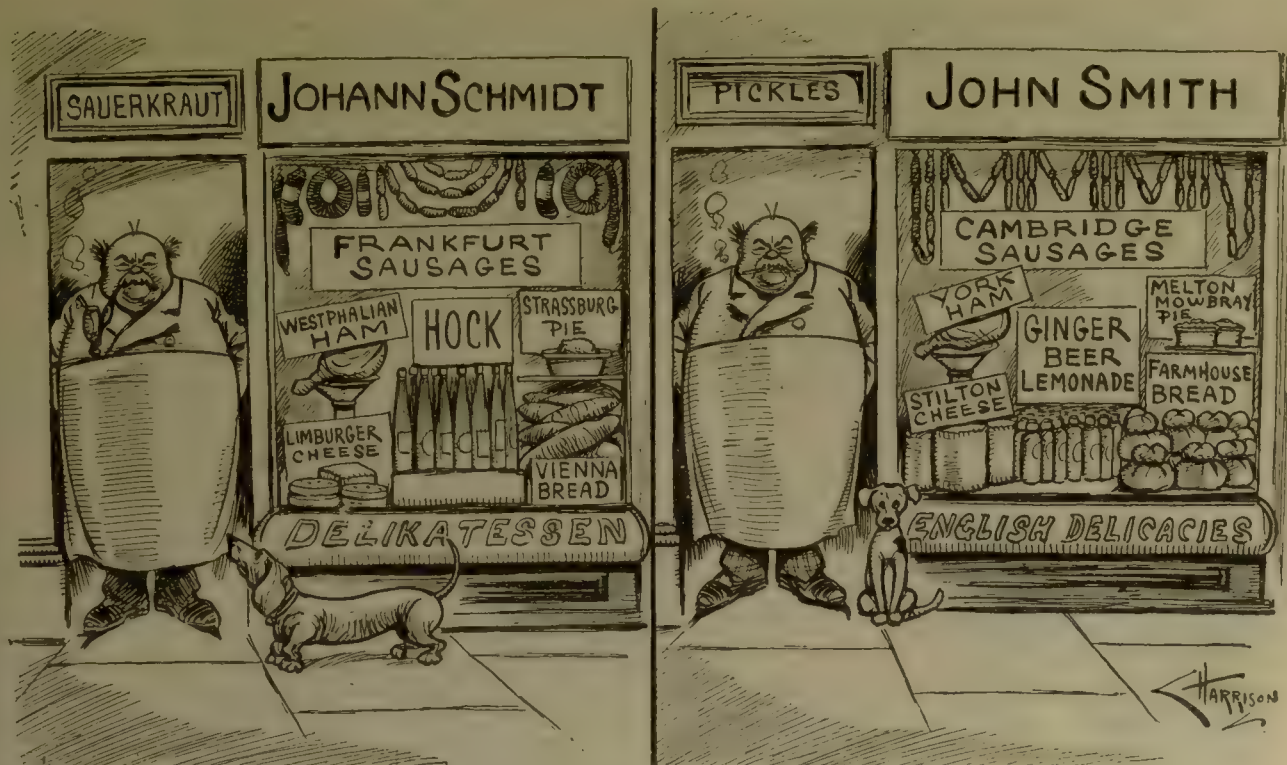
The tales Miss ETHEL DELL includes Within *The Swindler* (UNWIN) pleased me, Not by their thrills or interludes Of tenderness—these hardly seized me;

Not by their people, though the pack Were amiable and pleasant creatures, Barring the villains who were black And villainous in all their features.

By none of these my pulse was jerked Out of its normal calm condition, But by the plots, with which I worked A quite exciting competition; A point was mine if, at the start, I guessed the way a yarn was tending; Miss DELL's, if by consummate art She failed to use the obvious ending.

The first two tales she won on; three And four were mine; five hers; six, seven And eight I got hands down; and she Got square with nine and ten. Eleven Is still unwritten, and I bide Impatiently its birth, for that 'll Finally, so I trust, decide The issue of our hard-fought battle.





A QUICK CHANGE OF FRONT.

## THE NATURE OF A MORATORIUM.

"It's a big ship" (I could overhear Ethel's voice through the open nursery window). "I know perfectly well it is. It's one of the Cunarders."

"Well, you're quite wrong then" (this from Jack). "It was passed through Parliament. You can't pass a ship through Parliament."

"It's the sister ship to the *Lusitania*—so there!"

Joan's thoughtful voice intervened.

"I can tell you what it is," she said. "It's a place for burying people—a sort of big tomb where they put dead kings. There's one at Windsor."

Curiously enough I was myself at the moment rather puzzled as to what it was and how it worked.

"Do you know, William," I said to my host, "that you are owing me ten pounds and I've got to get home to-day, and I've no money?"

"Oh, but I shan't pay it now," he replied shamelessly.

"Why not?"

"I'm going to put a Moratorium on you. I don't know, of course, if that's quite the correct phrase. The thing is new to me. But at least I can see how it works. You had better try James. He owes you five, and he never reads the papers, so he may not have heard of it."

I went at once into the library, where I found James making up a parcel of three half-sovereigns to send to his bank. No one is going to accuse James of hoarding gold.

"About that fiver," I began.

"Ah, yes. I was just coming out to talk to you about that before you went," said he. "Now that I'm sending all this stuff to the bank I'm just afraid I may be a bit short. I'll tell you what I think we ought to do, you and I. I think we ought to enter into a temporary Moratorium. All the best people are doing it. Of course I don't know if that's the right phrase. But I begin to see how it works."

"It doesn't apply to sums under five pounds," said I severely.

"That's true. I admit it's a pretty narrow squeak. I just managed to get on board, so to speak. Still, as the debt is five pounds——"

"I'll take £4 19s. 11d.," said I, and held out my hand.

"That's not playing the game," said James. "Can't you see you're going to encourage all sorts of panic if you go about reducing debts in that sort of way? What is to become of British credit if a man in your position shows himself willing to accept sweeping reductions for the sake of getting hold of cash? I'm just a little ashamed of you."

"Well, I've got to get home to-day. The ticket costs over five pounds, and I've only got sixteen shillings."

"Nothing simpler, my dear fellow," said James cheerfully. "You ask the booking-clerk for a ticket—pick it up—cover him with a Moratorium (if that's the proper phrase) and hop into the train. The sixteen bob will come in for tips."

I went back to William and sat down. "The upshot of it is, William," I said, "that I can't go. You had better consider pretty carefully what you're doing. I don't think the Moratorium was intended to work in this sort of way. I've got to report myself at the War Office, and I can't go. You may think you're acting as a good citizen should. You may not be hoarding gold or hoarding food, but you are hoarding me."

"It doesn't apply to National Insurance payments," said William brightly, "if that's any help to you."

"It only goes on till the 4th of September," I reminded him, "and the bank rate was recently as high as ten per cent. and may easily go up again. You've got to pay interest on it, you know."

That was where I had him. "How will you take it?" he asked, thrusting a hand into his pocket.

"In new pound notes," said I.



## DIES IRAE.

To the GERMAN KAISER.

AMAZING Monarch! who at various times,  
Posing as Europe's self-appointed saviour,  
Afforded copy for our ribald rhymes  
By your behaviour;

We nursed no malice; nay, we thanked you much  
Because your head-piece, swollen like a tumour,  
Lent to a dullish world the needed touch  
Of saving humour.

What with your wardrobes stuffed with warrior gear,  
Your gander-step parades, your prancing Prussians,  
Your menaces that shocked the deafened sphere  
With rude concussions;

Your fist that turned the pinkest rivals pale  
Alike with sceptre, chisel, pen or palette,  
And could at any moment, gloved in mail,  
Smite like a mallet;

Master of all the Arts, and, what was more,  
Lord of the limelight blaze that let us know it—  
You seemed a gift designed on purpose for  
The flippant poet.

Time passed and put to these old jests an end;  
Into our open hearts you found admission,  
Ate of our bread and pledged us like a friend  
Above suspicion.

You shared our griefs with seeming-gentle eyes;  
You moved among us cousinly entreated,  
Still hiding, under that fair outward guise,  
A heart that cheated.

And now the mask is down, and forth you stand  
Known for a King whose word is no great matter,  
A traitor proved, for every honest hand  
To strike and shatter.

This was the "Day" foretold by yours and you  
In whispers here, and there with beery clamours—  
You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew  
Of loud Potsdamers.

And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern,  
When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice' token,  
Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in turn  
Yourself be broken. O. S.

## A DETERMINED ISLAND.

## II.

I CONTINUE this record of our daily lives at Totland Bay on August 12th. Before it appears in *Mr. Punch's* columns great and decisive events may have happened, but at present, except for some slight distractions as I shall relate, we are still calm and peaceful. When we think or speak of Belgium our faces glow, and we are all resolved, should the need arise, to do as Belgium has done, and to do it in the same resolute and unconquerable spirit. In the meantime we rush for the newspapers with a constantly increasing eagerness. At about 11 A.M. the whole of Totland Bay is filled with people reading their papers in the open air. Everybody bumps into everybody else, but nobody minds. A gentleman the other day set out in a canoe and read the morning's news to a party of swimmers, who appeared to be much invigorated by what they heard.

On Sunday night, just as we had finished dinner, we suddenly heard the report of a great gun from the fort at the Needles. The explosion was followed by three plaintive answering notes from a fog-horn. "They're firing at a ship," said someone, and out we all rushed to the nearest vantage-point, and even as we ran another gun went off and again the fog-horn answered with its bleat. The search-lights were striking great shafts of light along the Solent, and far away their beams outlined the shape of a big ship. She was still advancing on her course, when—Bang! another violent explosion shattered the night. This time it came from the fort just over the pier of Totland Bay. The echoes reverberated and rumbled, and the shot tore past close to the ship. Now she took the warning. There were no more appeals from the fog-horn. Slowly she turned and disappeared into the darkness. Possibly she had been at sea for a long time and knew nothing of the war. How she must have marvelled at this strange and dreadful welcome from the Isle of Wight. We went to our beds that night with a feeling of perfect security.

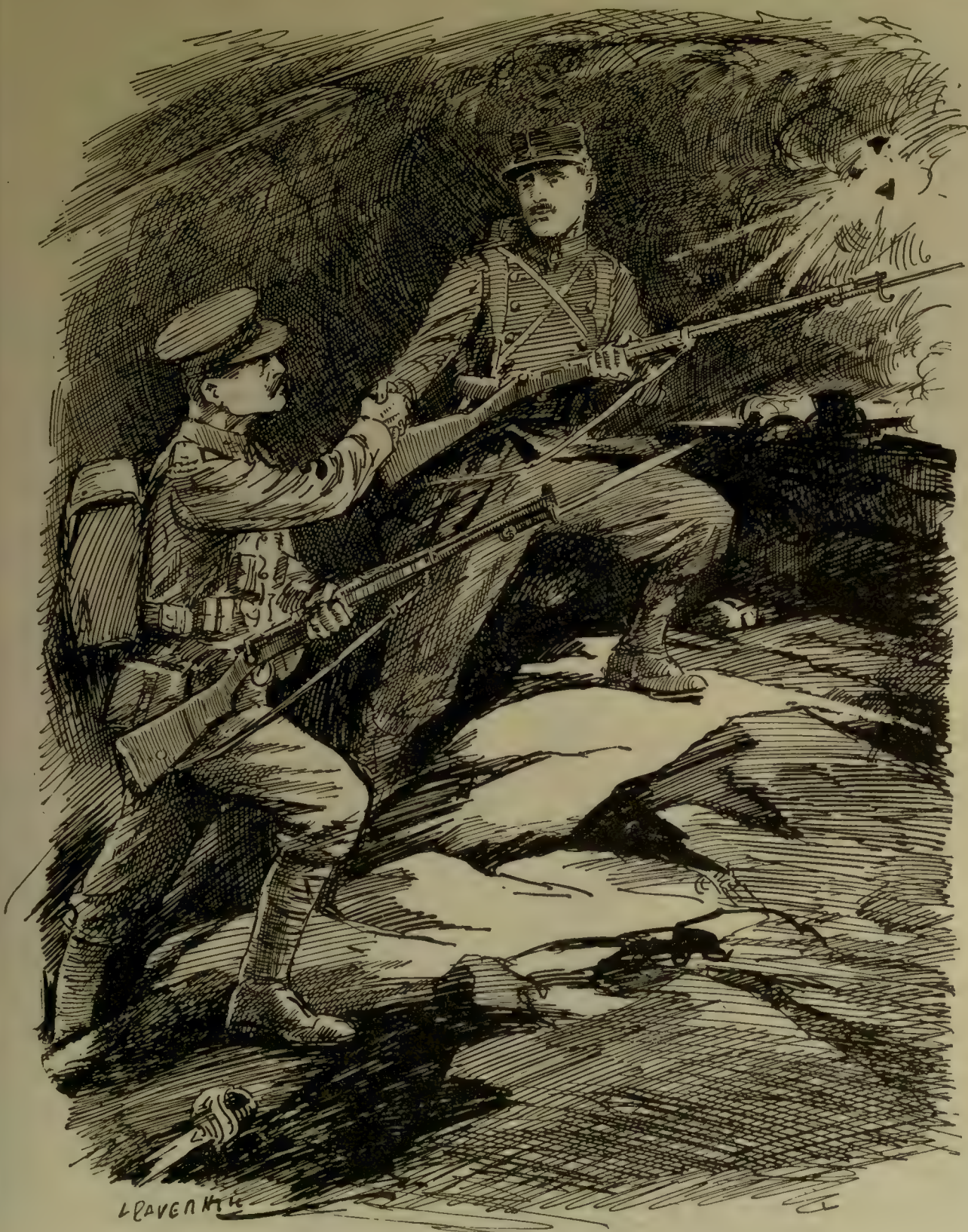
On land, too, we have had our excitements. Yesterday afternoon, when the heather-clad slopes of Headon Hill were crowded with picnickers, there was a sudden alarm of spies. Some men, reported to have been conversing in German, were said to have been peering into cracks in the ground and otherwise behaving in a most suspicious manner. The alarm was given, and almost instantly, springing as it were from the very bowels of the earth, came some half-dozen soldiers running with rifles and fixed bayonets. Amid the shouts of the children they spread about the heather in their hunt, but nothing came of it, for the "spies," though they were caught, turned out to be some Italians resident in Totland Bay and fervently British in their sympathies.

I mentioned last week that we had a children's maid, a German, in our household. Since then, in obedience to the Act, she has been registered as an "alien enemy." I took her by train to Newport for that purpose. On arriving at the station I hailed a fly. "Where to, Sir?" said the driver. "To the police-station," I answered, and the man broke out into a grin. "It isn't a serious offence," I added, but I doubt if he believed me. At the police-station, however, they were quite prepared for us, and in a very few minutes Maria Hasewitz—that is her eminently German name—had had all the particulars of her birth-place, her age, her height, and her personal appearance entered on a blue form by a jocose and affable sergeant. "Brown eyes, I think," said the sergeant; "height, five feet four inches; no beard or moustache, ha-ha. Now sign here and make a mark with your left thumb in this space. That'll pin you down; no escape after that, ha-ha." He produced a board covered with some black sticky substance, dabbed her thumb in it, dabbed it hard on the paper, and, lo, Maria Hasewitz had been registered and had undertaken not to move five miles from Totland Bay without a special permit.

At present this particular alien enemy is engaged, together with all the other available female members of the household, in making pyjamas for our soldiers. Wonderful deeds are being done all round me with scissors and needle and thread. A sewing-machine has been requisitioned. Button-holes are being manufactured with immense expedition. A good deal of "basting" is being got through. In my illimitable ignorance I had hitherto imagined that basting was something that you did to a joint of meat with a big ladle and some gravy. If you did it sufficiently the joint came out succulent, if not it became dry and you abused the butcher. However, we live and learn. Part, at any rate, of three suits of pyjamas that are to go to the Red Cross to-day has been severely and completely basted without either gravy or a ladle.

R. C. L.





WELL MET!

GREAT BRITAIN JOINS HER ALLIES IN THE FIELD.



## CHARIVARIA.

EVEN war has its humours. "In the midst of perfect peace the enemy surprises us," is a sentence from a proclamation not by the King of the BELGIANS but by the GERMAN KAISER.

WILHELM II. is said to be extremely annoyed in his capacity as a British Admiral that he is not being kept fully informed as to the movements of our Fleet.

The danger, of course, of a fondness for a place in the sun is that one may get burnt.

The coming generation would certainly seem to be all right. Even children are taking part in the fray. The Boy Scouts are helping manfully here, and at Liège the Germans, we are told, used nippers for cutting wire entanglements.

A vivid idea of the horrors of the return journey from the Continent to England after the declaration of war may be gained from the fact that a lady, in recounting her experiences in a contemporary, states that she was thankful to get back to Battersea.

General VILLA, it is stated, has now virtually proclaimed his independence of General CARRANZA, and hostilities are said to be imminent. We caution these gentlemen, however, that we are not prepared at this juncture to take a great deal of interest in their little war, and, if they take our advice, they will postpone it.

At the present moment, fortunately, one does not hear much of the sex war, but sex-pride compels us to draw attention to an account in *The Liverpool Echo* of a recent agricultural show, from which we learn that "in a class for cows, in which there was a score of entries, Mr. S. Sanday won with pedigree dairy bulls."

The news that a large number of yachts had been placed at the disposal of the Admiralty was, no doubt, responsible for a statement in *The Birkenhead News* of the 8th inst., to the effect that the Hoylake Town Band, consisting of Bavarians, in a moment of patriotic



GERMAN KAISER. "Donnerwetter! No wonder I've missed my appointment. The silly idiots have given me an 1870 time-table."

fervour during the crisis struck up "Der Yacht am Rhein."

Overheard in the heather of a grouse moor:—"What ho! The Moratorium."

In feline circles it is being pointed

unnecessary conflict." The KAISER'S address, KEIR, is Potsdam, Berlin (Germany).

We rejoice to hear that the thousand fresh herrings which a certain cosmopolitan financier purchased at the outbreak of the war to store up have one and all gone bad.

Paris now has a "Rue de Liège." And, in order to obviate any feeling of jealousy, a certain virulent microbe which has just been discovered by a Belgian scientist is, we hear, to be called the "Wilhelm Germ."

We trust that the Dutch are taking every precaution to protect the Palace of Peace at the Hague.

Brick-box, the Irish Guards' pet terrier, has been sent for the present to a dogs' home. In the event of their going abroad the Irish Guards hope to bring back with them a certain other dog who seems to have gone mad.

The British Isles have been defeated at Lawn Tennis, but we really shan't mind so long as we win the war.

"On shop after shop in Paris," says *The Evening News*, "is the notice, 'Maison fermée à cante du de départ du patron et les employés sous les drapeaux Français.'" Sorry, *Evening News*, but we cannot believe your statement in its entirety. We are afraid you did not get it confirmed by the Official Press Bureau.

According to the *St. Petersburg Gazette* the Germans have arrested the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE CONSTANTINOVITCH at Bad-wildungen. The Russian Government admits that the GRAND DUKE has published several volumes of verse.

According to a statement in *The Globe* "the German liner, *Belgia*, having run short of coal, put in at Newport (Mon.) to-day, and was seized as a prize. She has over £250,000 worth of food on board, including 400 tons of cheese, 73 German reservists, and also a large amount of specie." The last two items must, of course, be regarded as emergency rations.

An unfortunate misprint:—  
"WAR NEWS IN A FEW LIES."



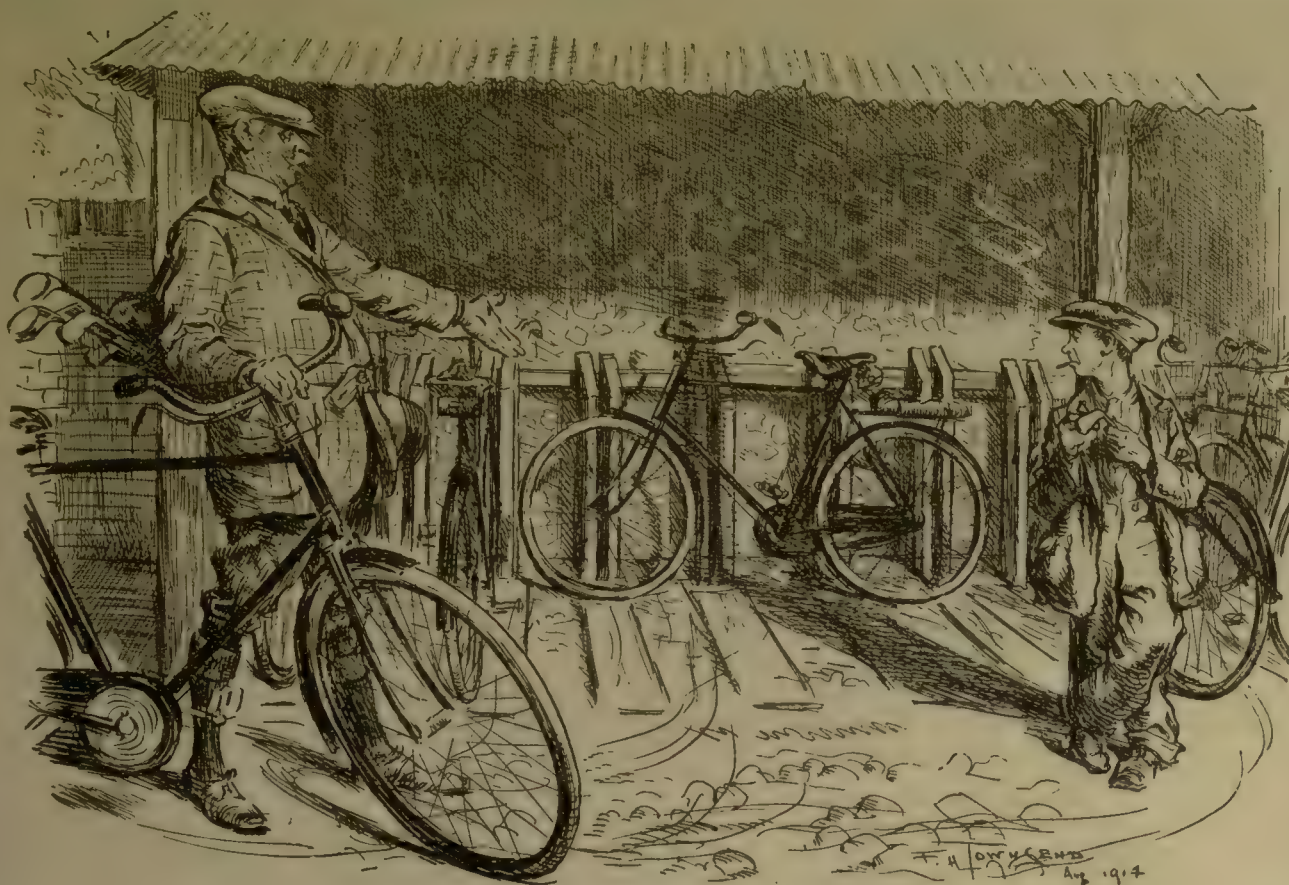
AT THE OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU.  
Mr. F. E. SMITH (against his gallant instincts). "Permit me, Madam."

out with some pride that not only are there Dogs of Wars but that Active Service Kits are being advertised very freely.

"We, as a party," says Mr. KEIR HARDIE in *The Labour Leader*, "surely have a right to make a special protest against this altogether useless and

seized as a prize. She has over £250,000 worth of food on board, including 400 tons of cheese, 73 German reservists, and also a large amount of specie." The last two items must, of course, be regarded as emergency rations.





### THE MONOPOLIST.

*Late Arrival (wishing to put his machine in bicycle rack). "WELL, UPON MY WORD, THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! CADDIE, WHO PUT HIS BICYCLE LIKE THAT?"*

*Caddie. "CAN'T SAY FOR SURE, SIR. THE KAISER, I SHOULD THINK."*

### HOW WAR IS "MADE IN GERMANY."

(Extract from the KAISER'S Diary.)

LETTER captured bearing mark of Venezuela Consulate at Berlin. Stamp not put on straight. Insult to me—therefore to the flag. Proceed to issue ultimatum to Venezuela. Venezuela omits to concede one of the 421 points raised. Declare war on Venezuela and publish address to my people:—"Owing to this wicked and determined challenge to Our nation, We have been forced, greatly against Our wish, into a quarrel with a powerful and designing enemy," etc., etc.

Consignment of Chicago sausages, arriving Hamburg, is found to bear label "The Best." Deliberate blow at German supremacy. Germany is the Sausage Queen. Ultimatum to United States. Reply unsatisfactory, so declare war. Speech to my people:—"Owing to this wicked," etc.

Despatch from Pomeranian farming district to effect that a Cochin-China hen has pecked at representation of German Eagle in picture-book. At once

issued ultimatum to Cochin-China demanding humble and complete apology, otherwise war would be declared. Received immediate reply, stating that as Cochin-China belongs at present to France I may save myself the trouble of a fresh declaration of war. Do so.

Read statement that "heat in neighbourhood of equator surpasses that of any other part of the world." See in this a direct challenge to our sovereignty. We are the hottest stuff in the world. Declare war on all countries abutting on equator. Speech to my people:—"Owing to this wicked," etc.

Hear South Pole Republic showing signs of activity. Involves serious menace to our pacific plans. Issue ultimatum. Hear later that President is a penguin. As, however, withdrawal of ultimatum is out of the question, have despatched warships. Speech to my people:—"Owing to this wicked," etc.

Having five minutes before lunch, declare war on Spain, Portugal, Tibet, Lapland and the Principality of Monaco. Reasons and ultimatums to follow.

Declare war on Bosnia and Herzegovina, but subsequently remember that these territories were recently absorbed by my ally. Undignified to cancel ultimatum, so declare war on said ally.

Make painful discovery that, in spite of overtime at Imperial printing works, I am out of ultimatum forms. Urgent instructions have been sent to hasten delivery of forms, which are of course so printed that only the name of the offending country has to be filled in.

\* \* \* \* \*

Apparently no more countries remain to be challenged. Must find some at all costs.

Sudden inspiration. Have issued ultimatum to my own country that, if she does not find fresh countries for me to fight before midnight, war will ensue.

Midnight. No new countries found. I declare war on Germany.

### The Journalistic Manner.

"Every inch of Belgium will be fought for foot by foot."—Daily Telegraph.



## THE OLD ORDER CHANGES.

A THOUSAND years ago I won a cup for jumping. It was not a very good cup, but then it was not a very good jump. Such as the cup is, however, it stands on a shelf in my library, and I have ways of directing the attention of visitors to it. For instance, if a collector of old prints is coming to dinner, I hang my oldest print just above the cup, ready for him; we take our or better, his—cigars into the library, and I say, "Oh, look here, I picked this print up last week; the man said it was a genuine Eyre and Spottiswoode; you might give me your opinion." He gives me his opinion . . . and then his eye wanders down. I see him reading the inscription on the cup.

The inscription says: "Long Jump, 1739," or some such date. "First Prize, won by—" and then my name very big and splendid. Underneath comes the school crest, followed by the motto, "*Dat Deus Incrementum*," though I have never jumped any further since. Its shape is the ordinary sherry-glass shape. It is my only cup, and I am proud of it.

I look up as I write, and I see the—by the way, I don't know if you have ever tried "looking up as you write." It is a common thing for reflective writers to say they do, but you should never believe them. It is impossible to write properly when looking somewhere else. What we do is to stop and slew our necks round, and then take a fresh dip in the ink. Well, slewing my neck round as I stop writing, I see my precious cup standing on its shelf, and . . . horror! It is standing upside down!

This comes as a surprise to you, but it is no surprise to me. The thing has been going on for months. It is months ago that I first spoke to Celia about it.

"It's Jane," she said. "She always puts it like that when she's been dusting."

"Yes, but what for? Just to catch the eye?"

"I suppose because you always stand glasses upside down when you've cleaned them—to keep the dust out."

"But if she'd only think a moment she'd see that I don't drink out of this, and that glasses don't have 'First Prize, won by —'"

"Jane isn't here to think, she's here to work."

This seemed to be a distinction drawn between Jane and me.

"You see what I mean," I said, "don't you? It's very difficult to read the cup upside down. A stranger

mightn't know who—er—who had won it."

"But don't you always turn it back again? I do, if ever I see it."

"Yes, but—but— Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

I went back to the library. It was difficult to explain why I minded; because, after all, to fill a pipe, light it and sit down to work every morning is very little less trouble than to turn a cup round, fill a pipe, light it and sit down to work every morning. Anything regular soon gets taken for granted. And yet I was annoyed. I think it was the silliness of standing a First Prize upside down which annoyed me. That and the apparent difficulty of getting into communication with Jane about it.

For it was difficult. One day I went very humbly to Celia and said—

"I know I'm a baby about it. Forgive me. But it's getting on my mind. Do tell Jane about the cup."

"It's awfully hard," she said, after a little thought. "You see, it's such a very, very small thing that it never seems quite the right moment for it. And if, after I'd told her, she said 'What?' I couldn't possibly say it again."

"You must be very articulate the first time. Lead the conversation slowly round to long-jumping or the difficulty of reading on your head, and then casually but articulately—"

"Well, we'll see," said Celia. "Of course, if I ever caught her doing it, I'd tell her. Perhaps I shall."

Well, we saw. We saw that the thing still went on. The direct approach to Jane was evidently impossible. So I tried sarcasm.

Sarcasm, directed into the blue in the hope of hitting the person you want, may not be effective, but it does relieve the feelings. I had a thoroughly sarcastic morning all to myself. My deadly irony took the form of turning everything in the library upside-down. The cup was in position already; I turned up two pewter mugs (third prizes in Consolation Races), the flower bowls, the cigarette box, the lamp, a stool, half-a-dozen pictures, two photographs and the mahogany clock. They all stood on their heads and sneered at Jane. "Why don't you do the thing properly while you're about it?" they said to her. I felt extremely well after I had finished.

Celia stood in the door and gurgled to herself.

"You baby," she smiled.

"On the contrary," I said, "I have made a dignified yet subtle protest. You wouldn't move in the matter so I had to do something. I flatter myself

that a sense of her past silliness will rush over Jane like a flood when she comes in here to-morrow morning."

"If Jane's flooded at all," said Celia, "it will be with the idea that the master's mad. But I don't think she'll notice it particularly."

Next morning everything was right side up again—except the cup.

"It's no good," I told Celia; "she is obviously determined. Perhaps it means more than we think to her to have that cup upside-down. Its beauty, the memories it brings back, the symbolism of it, these things touch some hidden spring. . . Still I am master in my own house." And I turned the cup round again. . . .

Another month passed and I could bear it no longer. Yesterday I made up my mind. I would speak to Jane myself. I turned my First Prize the right way up, and then looked for Celia.

"Celia," I said firmly, "where is Jane?"

"She's gone out," said Celia softly. "Her—her man goes off to-day."

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later, with bands playing and people cheering, they wheeled out of barracks, brown and businesslike. Jane was in the front somewhere, waving her handkerchief—not such a silly Jane, after all. And at the back, very proud for her, Celia and I stood silent, with a something in the throat that had come there suddenly. . . .

And this morning the cup was upside-down again. Well, well, if she likes it that way, that way let it be.

But take warning, O Jane! When your man—here's luck to him!—comes back, then I shall assert myself once more. My cup, "Long Jump, 1739, First Prize," shall stand the right way up; either that or you leave my service. I am determined about this. . . .

Meanwhile we can share the daily paper. A. A. M.

"Dear Mr. Punch,—You may remember that QUEEN VICTORIA recorded in her *Journal in the Highlands* that 'Vicky sat down on a wasps' nest.' 'Vicky,' of course, was destined later to be the mother of WILHELM II. Can we not see in the present situation rather a remarkable example of heredity?—Yours, etc., MEDICO."

From a *Daily Chronicle* special correspondent:—

"A little meat and plenty of vegetables take one a long way—lettuce, soup, eggs, en surprise, peas, dessert, voila—even the very poor can afford such a dinner in Brussels."

A seven-course dinner is certainly more than we can afford in England.





### "IT'S AN ILL WIND . . ."

*Old Cock Grouse. "I SEE THEY'VE ALL GONE SHOOTING EAGLES."*

#### THE PRIVATE VIEW.

I TAKE train home every evening from one of our best stations. Crowned heads fairly tumble over one another there in their anxiety to get a first glimpse of London. Personages are matters of daily arrival.

The other night I reached my station just as a Personage was due. A drive led from his platform to the outside world. On one side of it were lined up the public six deep. On the other side of it was the left luggage office. Four policemen saw to it that no person crossed to the other side except on business.

I began crossing.

"Not that side," said Robert, "unless you want the left luggage."

"The left luggage," I explained, "is my one desire."

I crossed.

The clerk was unusually prompt.

"What 's yours?" he said.

"Since you ask," I replied, "I could do with a small stout; or, alternatively, a sherry and bitters."

He kept silence, but with a touch of urgency in it. It is hard to temporize when confronted with a businesslike silence. Yet my view of the drive was worth fighting for.

"I might leave my watch," I continued after a brief hesitation, "but the fact is I left it last week with my only godson. Have you a godson? You know what they are—always wanting something."

"Come along, now," said the official brusquely. Robert, too, was becoming restive.

"Very well; I will deposit my hat. You will be careful with it, won't you?"

He accepted my hat untenderly.

"What name?"

"George," I said; "but they call me 'Winkles' at home."

He was a man not easily moved. He wrote down "George" without hesitation on a bit of pink paper and asked for twopence as he gave it to me.

Just then, to my great relief, the Boat Express arrived. I searched in all my pockets and at last found half-a-sovereign.

I told you he was a man not easily moved. He gave me nine-and-tenpence without a word, but with more half-pennies than was quite nice.

There was a stir in the crowd. I must hang on yet a little, or give it up, or stand six deep. I cannot stand standing six deep. But it is the duty of every citizen to welcome Personages.

Then I bethought me of my pink paper.

I summoned the man who was not easily moved and presented it. "The deposit," I explained, "was a hat—a felt hat—I cannot be sure of the size, but at a guess I should put it somewhere between 7 and 8."

But he had already retrieved it.

I took it and replaced it on my head as I turned in the nick of time to take it off to the Personage. He gave me a very sweet smile, the memory of which I cherish so fondly that I am loth to attribute it to the fashionable dent I subsequently discovered in my bowler.

In the present restriction of Sport we sympathize with that section of the Press which makes it a speciality. However, there are outlets; and one of our Sporting contemporaries has burst forth into history, as follows:—

"Once again England is faced with a crisis. There has been nothing like it since Alexander the Great buried his boats and crossed the Rubicon."

#### An Infant Prodigy.

"Although only in his 41st year Mr. F. E. Smith is a Master of Arts . . ."

*Pall Mall Gazette.*





Medical Officer. "SORRY I MUST REJECT YOU ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR TEETH."

Would-be Recruit. "MAN, YE'RE MAKING A GRAN' MISTAKE. I'M NO WANTING TO BITE THE GERMANS, I'M WANTING TO SHOOT 'EM."

### A FIRST CHARGE.

*Mr. Punch's* appeal is once more for the children. Most earnestly, and with great confidence, he begs his readers to care for those little ones whose fathers and brothers are serving under the Flag for our country's honour and the defence of our homes, or may suffer through loss of work. All gifts to the National Relief Fund should be addressed to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, at Buckingham Palace.

### A PLEA FOR PEGASUS.

Ye mobilisers of that other arm

Whose might is famed superior to the sabre's,  
Who furnish forth the wherewithal to charm

The Special Correspondent to his labours,  
And by whose enterprise we're daily fed on  
Reports of Armageddon,

List to my plaint. It is not that I tire

Of those despatches—picturesque effusions—  
Which by the witness of a later wire

Are proved to rank among the Great Illusions;  
Though much to be deplored, such news, I'm willing  
Freely to own, is thrilling.

But when your pages, shrunk through the scare

Of that worst blow of all, a paper famine,  
Dispense exclusively Bellona's fare,

And, failing battle tales, you simply cram in

Facts about spies, commodities and prices,  
I writhe beneath this crisis.

I can support the other pains of war:

Transport disorganised and credit shaken,  
The fear of hunger knocking at the door,

And threepence extra on a pound of bacon;  
In fact, I'd be the most resigned of creatures  
If you'd compose your "features."

Could you not lift a corner of the mask

That makes these solemn days so much more  
solemn?

A very little ray is all I ask

To light the utter darkness—say a column  
Of "stories" which your slang describes as "snappy;"  
With these I could be happy;

With these my topic Muse I might entice;

But war has left her mute, and me despairing.  
They call for horses; must I sacrifice

The steed with whom I've taken many an airing?

Poor Pegasus—and none too well-conditioned!  
Must he be requisitioned?

From parallel columns in *The Evening News*:—

"Haalen is forty-five miles north-west of Liège; it is fifty miles east of Brussels."

"The centre of the battle was at Haalen (thirty miles north-west of Liège and thirty miles from Brussels)."

This is simply to deceive the Germans.





## THE WORLD'S ENEMY.

THE KAISER. "WHO GOES THERE?"

SPIRIT OF CARNAGE. "A FRIEND—YOUR ONLY ONE."









Fond Mother (full of war news). "DON'T GO TOO FAR OUT, GIRLS. YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WITH ALL THIS FIGHTING GOING ON."

## MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

### II.—THE ISLAND CUP RACE.

COWES week was drawing near to its brilliant climax. Through the blue waters of the Solent a swarm of palatial steam yachts, saucy outriggers, graceful cutters and wasp-like motor boats jostled one another in their efforts to gain safe anchorage after the strenuous excitement of the day's racing. Everywhere could be heard the clank of mooring chains, mingled with the full-flavoured oaths of sailor men.

Gradually silence fell upon the scene, broken only by the melodious murmur of numberless gramophones and the soft strains of the band of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

As the sun descended lower beneath the horizon the dusk deepened, and presently thousands of Chinese lanterns twinkled through the gloom from mast and yard-arm. Lady Margaret Tamer-ton, leaning idly against the barnacle of her brother's yacht, the *Seamaid*, drank in the beauty of the night with deep inhalations.

The voice of young Lord Tamerton at her side at last broke the spell of silence.

"Madge," he said softly, "Wonderson has not yet arrived. If he doesn't come, our chances of winning the Island Cup to-morrow are practically hopeless."

"Don't worry, Fred," replied Lady Margaret. "Ralph never fails . . . Listen, he is coming now."

And, indeed, the muffled beat of oars was heard approaching from the darkness. Soon a slim white boat came gliding up to the prow of the *Seamaid*. Ralph Wonderson, a tall athletic figure in his immaculate flannels and straw boater, poised himself on the gunwale, gathered himself for a spring, and leaped with the agility of a cat to the bowsprit of the yacht. Sliding rapidly down this, he nodded easily to Lord Tamerton and clasped the beautiful figure of Lady Margaret in his arms.

"S-sh!" he whispered warningly, laying his fingers on her lips, as she would have spoken. "Nobody must know I am here till to-morrow. That is why I came aboard like that. Listen. Your cousin, Sir Ernest Scrivener, *alias* Marmaduke Moorsdyke, is here, and is plotting to kidnap you. There is a traitor somewhere on this yacht who supplies him with all information. The attempt is to be made to-night."

"To-night!" murmured Lady Margaret in horror. "What am I to do? His ingenuity is dev—er—fiendish."

"It shall be baffled," replied Ralph reassuringly. "I have thought it all out. It would be dangerous for you to leave the yacht because, in view of to-morrow's race, neither your brother

nor I could accompany you. There is only one place on board where you can pass the night in assured safety—the crew's-nest."

"The crew's-nest," repeated Lady Margaret, clapping her hands. "What fun! I shall be rocked to sleep beautifully, and of course they will never think of looking for me there."

"Come," said Ralph, taking her hand. "There is no time to lose, and none of the crew must be allowed to see you. We don't know whom we can trust."

Snatching her in his arms, he carried her easily up the frail rigging, his mountain training showing in every step he took. Five minutes later he returned alone and dropped noiselessly to the deck. He looked round cautiously; there was nobody in view except Lord Tamerton.

"It's all right, Fred," he whispered. "Let us turn in."

They descended the broad staircase arm-in-arm. No sooner had they disappeared than a dark figure crept with a low chuckle from underneath a coil of rope and dropped silently over the yacht's counter.

A phosphorescent gleam disturbed the darkness of the water.

Early next morning Ralph Wonderson ran nimbly up the rigging of the *Seamaid*, carrying a tray loaded with



toast, eggs, tea and marmalade. He tapped at the door of the crow's-nest. There was no response. After a pause he tapped again and cautiously pushed open the door. The crow's-nest was empty!

"Betrayed," cried Ralph, clapping his hand to his forehead. A moment later two soft-boiled eggs devastated the snowy whiteness of the *Seamaid's* deck.

Despite their precautions, Lady Margaret had been spirited away during the night. As soon as he had recovered from the shock of the discovery, Ralph ran to Lord Tamerton and acquainted him with the terrible news. There was a period of agonised and fruitless discussion.

"Wait! I have an idea," exclaimed Ralph presently. He pressed an electric bell, and a steward appeared almost simultaneously.

"Jenkins, fetch me a race card," said Ralph.

"Yes, Sir," replied the steward. "I anticipated your request and have it here."

Ralph and Lord Tamerton bent their heads over the card.

"See," said the former. "It is as I hoped. Among the entries for the Island Cup we have the *Watersnake*, owner Sir Ernest Scrivener. He will sail her himself, that is certain. It is equally certain that he has Madge on board. If I know anything of him he will not let her out of his sight. Fred, by yonder centre-board I swear that before the race is over we will win her back."

**Bang!** It was the signal for the competitors to line up for the great race for the world-famous Island Cup.

Of all the thousands who pressed themselves against the straining booms none realised that the race was for a prize far more precious than a mere cup of gold valued at two thousand guineas.

The *Watersnake* was in front, a clear hundred yards separating her from the pursuing *Seamaid*. All the other yachts lagged hopelessly in the rear.

Scattering the foam at their bows, the two boats rushed along the blue lane of clear water which lay between the booms. Ralph, at the wheel of the *Seamaid*, gazed anxiously forward. Could they do it?

"Let loose the spinnaker," he commanded gruffly. "Haul on the signal halyard. Lower the keelson."

The orders were swiftly executed, and the *Seamaid* leaped forward with a bound. The distance between the two vessels rapidly lessened.

"Fred," said Ralph, "you must take the wheel for a time. I'm going forward to board the *Watersnake*."

Lord Tamerton obediently grasped the wheel, while Ralph ran forward and crept along the bowsprit. The intervening space was now very small. Bracing himself for the effort, he shot through the air and landed upon the deck of the *Watersnake*. The first object which met his gaze was Lady Margaret, her wrists bound, lying beside the barnacle.

Sir Ernest Scrivener uttered a horrible oath as he recognised the features of his successful rival. For an instant he loosened his grasp on the wheel. The vessel yawed in her course and he was compelled to seize the spokes again.

Before Scrivener could command his

critical moment, Ralph, with a mighty effort, pushed down the wheel.

A bare three inches parted the *Watersnake* from the winning post when the slight shudder ran through her which told that the prow of the *Seamaid* had touched her stern. The bump had been made; the race was won.

Ralph Wonderson stood with the magnificent Island Cup in his hand, filled to the brim with bubbling champagne.

"To the restoration of the fortunes of the house of Tamerton," he said as he raised it to his lips.

## THE VIKING SPIRIT.

[The week-end was dull and much rain fell, but this did not spoil the visitors' pleasure. The sight of the sea in a turbulent mood was a great attraction.]—*Seaside note in daily paper.*

It has rained for a week down at Shrimpton;

'Tis zero or less in the shade;

You can paddle your feet in the principal street

And bathe on the stony parade;

But still on our holiday pleasures

No thoughts of discomfort intrude,

As we whisper, "This sight is a bit of all right,"

For the sea's in a turbulent mood.

There's nobody harks to the pierrots;

For music we don't care a straw;

And the "comic" in vain chants the usual strain

Concerning his mother-in-law.

Unbought are the beach's bananas;

Our souls are all far above food;

Not a man of us dreams of consuming ice-creams

When the sea's in a turbulent mood.

You may prate of the fervour of Phœbus

Of days that are calm and serene,

When a tint as of teak is imposed on the cheek

That is commonly pallid (when clean);

But *we* have a taste that's æsthetic;

Mere sunshine seems vulgar and crude,

As we gather to gaze with artistic amaze

On the sea in a turbulent mood.

*The Beekeepers' Record*, referring to the photograph of a group of prominent beekeepers, says:—"Mr. Dadant's well-known features are easily spotted." We are sorry, but a little cold cream will sometimes do wonders.



The Turkey Buzzard (to the Sea Eagle). "You may call yourself a Turkey Buzzard if you like, but they'll still know you by your white feather."

wits sufficiently to shout an order to his crew, Ralph had caught up Lady Margaret in his arms and dashed to the side of the vessel. Deprived of his skilled command, the *Seamaid* had dropped behind; it was impossible to leap back to her decks.

Without hesitation, Ralph dived into the water, and still supporting the now unconscious form of Lady Margaret, swam rapidly towards the yacht. Two minutes later he was gripping the wheel and concentrating all his immense will power upon the task of winning the race.

Inch by inch the *Seamaid* crept up to her rival. Despite all Scrivener's efforts, the gap grew less and less.

And now the winning post was close at hand. Could it be done? Could it be done? The frantic spectators behind the boom shouted themselves hoarse. Lord Tamerton bit his thumbs till the blood ran.

Nearer drew the *Seamaid*. Nearer and nearer. Nearer still. At the



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"For Nuts."—The origin of this curious phrase to indicate incompetence in any pursuit or pastime—e.g., "He can't play for nuts," etc.—is obscure; but its antiquity is incontestable. Thus one of the fragments of ENNIUS runs: "*Nucibus non ludere possum.*" Perhaps the most plausible theory is that which views the phrase as a heritage from our simian ancestors, among whom nuts were the common medium of exchange. On this assumption a monkey—whether gorilla, chimpanzee, baboon or orangutan—who was described as unable to do anything "for nuts," i.e., for pecuniary remuneration, was obviously inefficient. Another explanation, which we believe is supported by Mr. EUSTACE MILES, scouts the notion of an ancient origin of the phrase and fixes the *terminus a quo* by the recent introduction of vegetarian diet. Nuts being a prime staple of the votaries of this cult, a person who cannot do anything "for nuts" means, by implication, a carnivorous savage who is incapable of progress. Lastly, there remains the ingenious solution that the phrase as commonly employed involves a misspelling. It ought to be "four nuts," and playing four nuts was an ancient but simple game, which may be connected with the cognate phrase about knowing or not knowing "how many beans make five."

POLLY PERKINS: WAS SHE A REAL PERSON?—A careful search in the registers of Paddington in the early and mid-Victorian period reveals so many Mary Perkinses as to render the task of identification peculiarly difficult. It will be remembered, however, that the heroine of the famous ballad is described as not only "little," but "pretty;" indeed, she is spoken of as being "as beautiful as a butterfly and as proud as a queen." So far, however, these clues to her appearance have yielded no solid results. The representatives of the famous family of brewers have been unable to throw any light on the subject, and an application to the managing director of the London and General Omnibus Company has also proved unproductive. (Polly Perkins "married the conductor of a twopenny 'bus.") Her brilliant appearance suggests a possible relationship with Dr. PERKINS, the famous pioneer of the aniline dye industry; but this, as well as the theory that she was a descendant of PERKIN WARBECK, is mere surmise.

THE FIRST MAN WHO ATE AN OYSTER.—The most widely circulated account of this feat is that which ascribes it to the notorious Roman epicure Publius



## THE OLD REFRAIN.

First Old Lady. "MY DEAR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS WAR? ISN'T IT TERRIBLE?"

Second Old Lady. "AWFUL! BUT IT CAN'T LAST LONG; THE POWERS WILL SURELY INTERVENE."

Esurius Gulo, who was nicknamed Bellipotens from the rotundity of his figure. According to the account given in the *Gastronomica* of Voracius Bulbo (ii. 18) Gulo was always making daring experiments, and, when bathing at Baiae on a very hot day, and seeing a bivalve which had rashly opened its jaws in the sun, he dexterously inserted a stone and conveyed the contents to his mouth on the point of the pin of his *fibula*. He was subsequently created a proconsul by NERO. The only drawback connected with this account is the fact that oysters were recognised as delicacies in Rome at least a hundred years before NERO. It is right to add that the genuineness of Bulbo's *Gastronomica* has been seriously impugned, the best authorities (including FRANCATELLI) being convinced that the treatise was the work of a sixteenth-century *farceur* who belonged to the royal house of Paphlagonia.

PARLOUR PATHOS, SPECIMENS OF.—The best specimens of this interesting emotional product are to be found in the words of Royalty Ballads. A good instance is to be found in the following choice quatrain:—

Nature cares not whence or how,  
Nature asks not why;  
'Tis enough that thou art thou,  
And that I am I.

COMPARATIVE COUPLETS.—The correct form of this literary disease is as follows:—

A chair without a leg  
Is like a hen without an egg.

But it is emphatically not to be encouraged, as excessive indulgence in the habit has been known to lead to the break-up of happy homes.

NAMES OF GOLF CLUBS.—The latest addition to the list is, so far as we are aware, the "Sammy," but efforts are being made to induce the St. Andrews authorities to sanction the "Biffy," a



combination of the jigger and the baffy, and the "Duncher," a powerful weapon for extricating the ball out of rushes, tar and other viscous lies.

**THE JUGGINS FAMILY.**—This family claims descent from Joskin ap Gwyggan, the last native prince who ruled in Dwffryn. The earlier lines in the descent are doubtful. The various families claiming to spring from Joskin adopted different patronymics in the fifteenth and succeeding centuries, amongst which may be noted Joskins, Gherkin, Guggenheimer, and Gaga.

#### MIDDLECOMBE v. PADDLEWICK.

I.

*Philip Renwick to Charles Holcombe.*

Room 99, X.Y.Z. Offices,  
Whitehall,  
8th August, 1914.

DEAR CHARLIE, — Can you possibly turn out for us on Thursday next v. Paddlewick? We lost to them rather heavily in May last and are anxious to give them a sound beating. Their fast bowler is playing for them again, I hear, and we absolutely rely on your help. Can you get off for the day?

Yours ever, P. R.

II.

*Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick.*

Room 83, P.Q.R. Offices,  
Lombard Street,  
9th August, 1914.

MY DEAR PHIL, — Thanks for yours. Will try to manage it next Thursday, but am doubtful. My chief, though a capable official, is no sport, and I anticipate difficulties. I had a day off only two weeks ago for cricket. Will do my best.

Thine, C. H.

III.

*Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick.*

P.Q.R.  
10th August, 1914.

MY DEAR PHIL, — Awfully sorry; no luck re Thursday. Boss hopeless. I broached the matter this morning (without actually asking for permission), but I fear the worst. You had better get another man for the Paddlewick match. So sorry.

Yours ever,

CHARLIE HOLCOMBE.

IV.

*Philip Renwick to Charles Holcombe.*

X.Y.Z.  
10th August, 1914.

MY DEAR CHARLIE, — We shall be absolutely in the cart without you.

They've got an awfully hot fast bowler. Bartram now tells me he can't possibly turn out, and you are the only really decent bat I know. We simply can't lose to Paddlewick again — we shall never hear the last of it. (No one need know that you don't play regularly for Middlecombe.) Do try your best, old man. Mightn't your Aunt Martha be seriously ill? Yours ever, PHIL.

V.

*Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick*  
(wire).

Aunt Martha dying. All well. Boss

But if you should hear of a good berth going anywhere I should be extraordinarily grateful.

Yours ever,

CHARLIE HOLCOMBE.

P.S. — It was doubly unfortunate (in a way) that I should have scored a six and three fours in one over from his bowling.

#### OLD STYLE AND NEW.

I.—OLD STYLE.

*He.* Has anyone seen the paper?  
*She.* I haven't.

*He.* Didn't it come this morning?

*She.* Very likely not. The boy often forgets it. You're the only person who ever looks at it.

*He.* Well, I suppose I must wait till I get to the Club; but I dare say there isn't anything that matters in it.

Or

*She.* Have you done with that paper, my dear?

*He.* Absolutely; there's nothing in it. There never is. I can't think why we waste money in taking it.

*She.* Then perhaps I may have it for a pattern?

*He.* Why, certainly. I've no use for it.

II.—NEW STYLE.

*The whole family (all together).* {  
Has the paper come yet?  
What's the news?  
Where's the paper?  
What about Liège?  
I say, where's the paper?  
Isn't the paper here yet?  
What's the matter with the people?

Or

*The whole family (all together again).* {  
I say, father, you might read quicker.  
Can't you tear it in half?  
Do tell us the news.  
Do read it out loud.  
What about Liège? Quick!  
Oh dear, why don't we have ten copies of it?



*The Patriot.* "HOARD MY GOLD! I'D STARVE FIRST!"

absent Thursday, so can explain to him afterwards. HOLCOMBE.

VI.

*Philip Renwick to Charles Holcombe*  
(wire).

Good boy. Funeral 11.30. Train  
Paddington 10.5. Lunch 1.30. Draw  
6.30. PHILIP.

VII.

*Charles Holcombe to Philip Renwick.*

Room 83, P.Q.R. Offices,  
14th August.

MY DEAR PHIL, — I regret that I was forced to leave somewhat hurriedly after the game last night. I have nothing to add to what I told you at lunch as to the identity of the Paddlewick Spofforth with my chief, of whose sporting talent I was in ignorance.

"The 'Daily Telegraph' Algeciras correspondent, wiring yesterday, says news from Gibraltar reports a naval fight off the Canaries. One of the latter was sunk and the other captured and brought to Gibraltar."

*Liverpool Evening Express.*

Our own canary protests indignantly at this treatment of its allies.

In order to be in the very admirable fashion the L.C.C. has decided, we understand, to change the name of Jermyn Street to Jellicoe Lane.





### THE LOCAL TOUCH.

*East Anglian.* "TELL YOW WHAT THAT IS, SIR: THAT THERE KAISER 'E 'ONT NEVER BE SATISFIED UNTIL 'E'S RUINED MUDBOROUGH."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. DORNFORD YATES, whose name I seem to recall as a contributor to the magazines, has written a book of the most agreeable nonsense which he has called *The Brother of Daphne* (WARD, LOCK). For no specially apparent reason, since *Daphne* herself plays but a small part in the argument, which is chiefly concerned with the brother and his love affairs. This brother, addressed as *Boy*, was a bit of a dog, and an uncommonly lucky dog at that. The adventures he had! He apparently could not go out for the simplest walk without meeting some amiable young woman, divinely fair and supernaturally witty, with whom he presently exchanged airy badinage and, towards the end of the interview, kisses. What distressed me a little at first, till I tumbled to the spirit of the thing, was the discovery that the charmer was always a fresh one, and in consequence that these osculations had, so to speak, no matrimonial significance. Perhaps, however, *Boy* recognised an essential similarity in each of his partners. He may, for example, have been deceived by the fact that they all talked exactly the same Dolly dialogue—light, frothy and just a little more neatly turned than is the common intercourse of mortals. You know the kind of speech I mean. It is vastly pleasant and easy to read; but I must decline to believe that any young man could have the amazing fortune to meet fifteen pretty girls who all had the trick of it. Still, that by no means lessened my enjoyment of an entertaining volume, notice of which would be incomplete without a word of praise for the illustrations of Mr. C. W.

WILMSHURST, a favourite black-and-white artist of mine, whose name is unaccountably omitted from the title-page.

If DOROTHEA CONYERS knew as much about English syntax as she does about Irish, and were as certain in the handling of a story as she is in the conduct of a horse, *Old Andy* (METHUEN) might be taken at a single refreshing gallop. As it is, I advise the reader to tackle it piecemeal, a brisk run here and there, followed by a considerable breather. For the novel is put together in a scrambling fashion, being full of repetitions of almost identical scenes and making very little definite way in a forward direction. There are the usual Irish peasantry and farmers who worship the horse for pecuniary and sentimental reasons, as the Israelites worshipped the golden calf; the usual hunting people, who either ride straight and are grimly sarcastic or talk very big and go for the gates; and the usual English visitors, who astound by their guilelessness and simplicity when confronted by aboriginal horse-copers and native bogs and stone-walls. If cubbing be included, I should be afraid to say how many meets are described in this book, or how many hunt-breakfasts and heavy teas in Irish interiors—interiors of cottages, of course, I mean—resulting in how many tricky deals and harmless tosses in the heather and the mud. But if you follow my lead there is plenty of pure joy in *Old Andy*, and the most and the best of it perhaps is to be found in the remarks of grooms, servant-girls and casual country folk, who as often as not have no kind of connection with the thread of the tale. "'If meself an' the Masther wasn't rowlin' rocks all the day yestherday, he would be within long ago," replied





### A BRAVE MAN.

"LARGE LAGER, WAITER."

the covert keeper." "If there is one rabbit with a skinned nose there's a hundther, an' they runnin' by mistake to the door they're used to be at." Such scattered flowers of speech abound in a book whose very want of construction is perhaps symbolical and a reflection of the charming incoherence of the Irish mind.

It is my painful experience that, when a novelist sets out to write a tale of English country life, the better he is at the job the more sombre is the finished product. Mr. GEORGE STEVENSON is very good indeed at his job; he has sincerity and power, and a certain austere aloofness that will take him far; and the result is that *Jenny Cartwright* (LANE) is about as gloomy a story as ever I read. Above everything else, what I noticed about this book was its freedom from all straining after effect. Whatever takes place, I fancy Mr. STEVENSON saying, do not let us be sentimental about it. Half the characters in the book seem to come by violent ends; of the two chief women, one commits suicide and the other is hanged. Mr. STEVENSON, one can only suppose, speaks of life as he finds it. There are really two stories, that of *Beatrice Barrington*, the faithless wife of *Sir Philip*, and the dreary mockery of life up at The Court, with its hatreds and subtleties, its crippled master, frightened children and spying servants. This is the county as the author sees it. Linked with this is the life of the farm, where *Jenny* is brought up by an uncle who hates her; where she tends his bedridden wife; where her cousin *Beatrice* goes wrong; where *Beatrice's* betrayer is killed in an accident, and her baby falls into the fire; and where finally the dour uncle himself, after shooting the young squire who has offered dishonourable addresses to *Jenny*, allows her to pay the penalty of his crime. There is undeniable strength about the book and it holds

the attention; but I dispute the right of anyone to call it cheerful.

CYNTHIA STOCKLEY has the writing quality in her; she can both see and feel; she can do man-talk with a plausibility beyond the reach of most of her sex; and she works with a refreshing dash and freedom. With a certain carelessness also sometimes; as thus: "The other, turning to run, got a shot in his leg that put him out of business, but in spite of which he managed to crawl away." And there are little kakophonies, such as: "He was loved, openly and gladly, back." The work is good enough to make worth while the cleansing of these defects. The author certainly puts into a short story more thought and characterisation than is common in these days of half-hours with even the best authors through the medium of magazine pot-boilers. *Wild Honey* (CONSTABLE) is the title of the first (not quite the best) of an excellent bunch. It sums up the bitter-sweet of South Africa, which is the setting of all these stories of love, adventure, horror and the wild. They give a strong impression of fidelity of draftsmanship, though here we know so little that is intimate of the dark continent that we cannot judge how far actual occurrences are based on fact or probability. But CYNTHIA STOCKLEY has some of the mysterious qualities of a possible South African laureate. Perhaps she will contrive to put away a little weakness for tall and scornful aristocratic women; but, in any case, I can commend her book confidently to all intelligent beach-haunters.

"The price of bread has just been fixed by the authorities at 32 centimes the kilometre."—*Globe*.

So you can get a couple of yards of French roll for about half-a-farthing. Not bad for war-time.



# CHARIVARIA.

AN eclipse of the sun took place on Friday last. It is supposed to have been an attempt on the part of the sun to prevent the Germans finding a place in it.

South Africa has now declared with no uncertain voice that she intends to fight under the British Flag, and the KAISER'S vexation on realising that the money spent on a certain famous telegram was sheer waste is said to have been pitiable.

We hear, by the way, that HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY is also extremely annoyed that so many English people should be resuming their summer holidays at the seaside. This is considered a slight on the power and ubiquity of the German Navy.

Some idea of how well the secret of their ultimate destination was kept even from the soldiers of our expeditionary force may be gathered from the fact that their favourite song on arriving in France was "It's a long way to Tipperary."

The German newspapers no doubt perceive in this a reference to our Civil War in Ireland.

We are glad that the lie about the cutting-up of the Black Watch has been scotched. May they yet live to be "The Black Watch on the Rhine."

A gentleman writes to *The Observer* to mention that an American surgeon, on bidding him farewell the other day, remarked, "Blood is thicker than water." This statement, coming from a medical man, who ought to know, is extremely valuable.

"THE GOEBEN'S INGLORIOUS SCUTTLE."  
*Daily Mail.*  
Yes, and now full of Turkey's coal.

The London Museum is open again. The Curator, we understand, would be glad to add to his collection of curiosities any Londoner who is still in favour of a small Navy.

The Devon and Somerset stag-hounds have stopped hunting, and there is said

to be a movement on foot among the local stags in favour of passing a vote of thanks to a certain mad dog.

Which reminds us that that rare spectacle, a smile on the face of an oyster, may now be seen. It has been decided that the Whitstable oyster feast shall not be held this year.

The Duc D'ORLÉANS has sent back to the AUSTRIAN EMPEROR the collar of the Golden Fleece which His Majesty conferred on him in 1896. One can understand a Frenchman objecting to being collared by an Austrian.

It is, as is well known, an ill wind that blows no one any good. As a

"Cambridge public-houses," we read, "are to close at 9 P.M." Such donations are still up for the Long Vacation are said to be taking it gamely in spite of the inconvenience of accustoming themselves to the new regulation.

Every day one has fresh examples of how the War is putting an end to our internecine rivalries. For instance, *The Daily Mail* is now issuing the "Standard" History of the War.

Some of our contemporaries are referring to the Germans as "Modern Huns." We would point out that, as a matter of fact, they are not real Huns. They are wrong Huns.

"Thousands of young men without ties," complains a writer in *The Express*, "remain indifferent to the call of their country." We are afraid that this is true not only of those without ties, but also of some who wear expensive cravats.

"The idea is to make it possible for every individual to register for himself a number at the General Post Office. . . . All you do is to address him, say: '105051, care General Post Office,' and the officials look up 05051's latest address and forward the letter."

We fear that this is just what they would do.

"The members of Caldicot Wesleyan Church Sunday School had their annual summer tea on Tuesday in a field kindly lent by Mr. W. Howard of Church Farm."

This comes under the heading "War Items" in *The Newport Evening Post*. On applying to the Official Press Bureau, however, we were unable to obtain from Mr. F. E. SMITH any confirmation of the rumour.

"The Chairman put the vote, and there being no answering cries of 'I' declared the vote carried *nomine contra licentia*."  
*Birmingham Daily Post.*

After which the proceedings closed amid approving shouts of "I."

"A large firm of contractors to hotels points out that a prominent form of waste is eating too much."—*Times*.

Conversely, eating too much brings on a prominent form of waist.

Motto for debtors: *Moratorium, te salutamus.*



## FAIR LOOT.

*John Bull, A.B.* "WELL, I DIDN'T START OUT FOR THIS; BUT THERE CAN'T BE ANY HARM IN PICKING UP A GOOD THING."

result of the War the proceedings of the British Association are not being reported at their usual length in our newspapers.

Another little advantage arising out of the War seems to have escaped notice. Owing to the fact that such Germans as are left among us eat much more quietly than formerly in order not to attract attention to themselves, it is now possible to hear an orchestra at a restaurant.

The horse-race habit is, we suppose, difficult to shed. A newsvendor was heard shouting the other day, "European War. Result!"

"An artist who called at a famous firm of etching printers," a contemporary tells us, "found the men were away printing bank-notes." We trust that they were authorised to do so.



## THE CALL OF ENGLAND.

[Every lover of England is bound to give what he can spare—and something more—for the help of those who may suffer distress through the War. Gifts to the National Relief Fund should be addressed to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, at Buckingham Palace.]

COME, all ye who love her well,  
Ye whose hopes are one with hers,  
One with hers the hearts that swell  
When the pulse of memory stirs;  
She from whom your life ye take  
Claims you; how can you forget?  
Come, your honour stands at stake!  
*Pay your debt!*

By her sons that hold the deep,  
Nerves at strain and sinews tense,  
Sleepless-eyed that ye may sleep  
Girdled in a fast defence;—  
By her sons that face the fire  
Where the battle-lines are set—  
Give your country her desire!  
*Pay your debt!*

He that, leaving child and wife  
In our keeping, unafraid,  
Goes to dare the deadly strife,  
Shall he see his trust betrayed?  
Shall he come again and find  
Hollow cheeks and eyelids wet?  
Guard them as your kith and kind!  
*Pay your debt!*

Sirs, we should be shamed indeed  
If the bitter cry for bread,  
Children's cries in cruel need,  
Rose and fell uncomforted!  
Ah; but since the patriot glow  
Burns in English bosoms yet,  
Twice and thrice ye will, I know,  
*Pay your debt!*

O. S.

## A DETERMINED ISLAND.

III. August 19th.

DURING this season of splendid weather you may be sure that we in Totland Bay have not been idle. We swim, men, women and children, and we perform great feats of diving from the moored rafts which the authorities have kindly provided for that purpose. And we toil off on the usual picnic parties and inhale great draughts of health as we lie on our backs on the heather-clad slopes of the hill. But even while we pursue these simple pleasures our thoughts are with the great warships in their ceaseless vigil in the North Sea or with the gallant fellows who slipped away under cover of the night and are now taking their place in the fighting line with our French and Belgian friends. England, too, it seems, can perform a great operation of war on sea and land, and can do it with a swiftness, a precision and a silence that no other nation could surpass. So we hold our heads high and are proud to reckon ourselves the fellow-countrymen of JELlicoe and KITCHENER. We have begun well. May we have strength and resolution to endure without faltering to the end.

I am glad to say that the sewing brigade, which I mentioned in my last, shows an ever-increasing activity.

All good female Islanders are busy about the manufacture of pyjamas for the soldiery. One of the marks of patriotism amongst our ladies is the possession of a pair of pyjama legs. No picnic party is complete without them. When the men light their cigarettes the women bring out their pyjamas and add stitch upon stitch. Pyjama legs are awkward things in a breeze, being apt to flap about, but they are resolutely tucked round arms or otherwise restrained, and the needle continues its deft work in spite of all difficulties. Pyjama jackets, too, are of course made in the proper number, but they are not so dramatic in their movements as the legs, and I have not noticed them so much.

I revert once more to KITCHENER's triumphant feat in transporting our army to France. We are not very far from Southampton, whence some of the troops must have sailed, but beyond the merest vague rumours we heard nothing. One lady, a fortnight ago, had word from some one that a Belgian *padre* had seen trucks full of British soldiers in Belgium. A gentleman had heard from a school friend of his daughter that motor-buses of the General Omnibus Company had been seen in Brussels in all their bravery of scarlet, apparently bound (if their painted announcements might be trusted) for Cricklewood *via* Brussels with a full complement of soldiery and stores. Another lady knew, she said, that her nephew, an officer, had already sailed for an unknown destination. These were the reports, and they left us all guessing.

I am still in trouble about my tame alien, the children's maid, Maria Hasewitz. Her permit, obtained at Newport with some labour, authorises her to reside at Totland, but not to move more than five miles from the limits of that place. Having decided to leave Totland with family and household on Monday I have suddenly been brought up against the stone wall of Maria's alienship. It was obviously necessary to secure permission for this forlorn German girl to travel home with us. The idea of dropping Maria into the sea five miles from here could not be entertained, in spite of the fact that she is technically an enemy. So I applied, stating the facts, to the Chief Constable, who, with a promptitude and a courtesy which I desire to acknowledge, sent a sergeant to interview me. Struggling against that sense of general and undefined guilt which the propinquity of a police officer always inspires and striving to assume an air of frank and confident honesty, I approached the sergeant and learnt from him that, this being a prohibited area, the Chief Constable could not give the required permission to travel without the express authority of the HOME SECRETARY, to whom he begged to refer me. I urged that it would be a profound relief to the Chief Constable to get rid even of an alien so harmless as Maria; but this plea the sergeant at once put aside. I have therefore written to the HOME SECRETARY. If he refuses I wonder what will happen to Maria.

P.S.—The Home Office has replied authorising Maria to embark at Ryde and land at Portsmouth. This is like telling a Londoner to embark at Hull and land at Bristol on his way to Windsor. I have telegraphed.

Later.—The Home Office permits Maria to embark at Totland and land at Lymington. All is at last well.

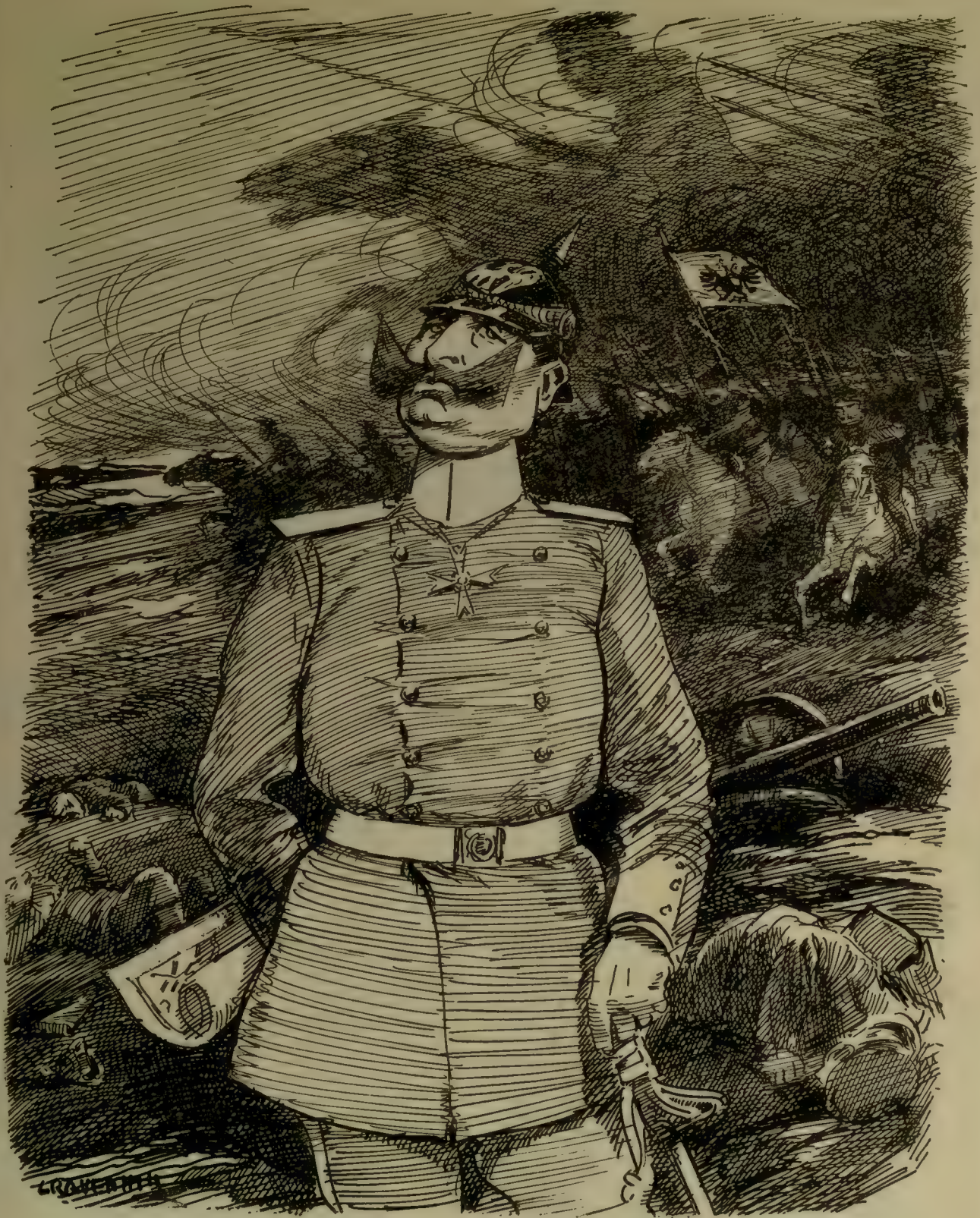
R. C. L.

Extract from "Notes from an Alsatian Valley" in *Chambers' Journal* :—

"As a last word about this charming country, may I point out its advantages as a holiday playground? It offers attractions of many kinds to the sportsman. . . . The climate . . . remains singularly warm right up to the end of October."

Rather too hot a playground for holiday-makers just now.





## THE COMING OF THE COSSACKS.

WILHELM II. "WHAT IS THIS DISTANT RUMBLING THAT I HEAR? DOUBTLESS THE PLAUDITS OF MY PEOPLE!"









*Zealous Policeman (on German Spy duty, having got motorist's name and address, etc., and received, in answer to his further question, "And is this lady your wife?" a torrent of oaths very much in the vernacular). "Oh! PASS ALONG; YOU'RE A BRITISHER ALL RIGHT."*

## THE NEW NEWS.

WHILE cordially endorsing all the deserved tributes that have lately been paid to the tact and loyalty of our daily Press, we venture to express a hope that the practice of printing every kind of contradictory war report will not become of universal application to other forms of intelligence.

Imagine, for example, being confronted with this kind of thing in the Cricket specials:—

### KENT v. LANCASHIRE.

#### THE GREAT MATCH BEGUN.

A telegram from Canterbury, dated 11 A.M., Aug 18th, states that the great match has actually begun. No details are given.

#### AMAZING LANCASTRIAN VICTORY.

Rumour's Agency learns that the resistance of Kent has everywhere been entirely overcome; no fewer than forty-three of the home side have been dismissed for sixteen runs. Twenty-nine wickets fell before lunch.

*Maidstone, Aug. 19. [Delayed in transmission].*—The team has arrived

in Canterbury. Captain TROUGHTON, in a stirring address, pointed out that hostilities had been forced upon the county, which however would not be found unprepared. The greatest enthusiasm prevails among the team, who are in capital health. WOOLLEY especially was never in better form.

#### STARTLING REPORT.

A private telegram received in Liverpool states that SHARP took seventeen wickets for no runs in eleven minutes. Up to the time of going to press this had not been officially confirmed.

*Dover.*—No credence is attached here to the reported success of Lancashire. It is pointed out that in any case the figures given must be greatly overestimated, not more than eleven men being employed on either side. Most probably the casualties include both umpires and spectators, and these losses would have no real effect on the game.

*Manchester.*—It is confirmed here that WOOLLEY has resigned.

*Canterbury, noon, Aug. 18. (From our Special Correspondent.)*—At last I am able to send you definite informa-

tion. Amidst a scene of breathless enthusiasm the two Captains prepared to toss. A roar of cheering soon afterwards proclaimed that the coin had declared in favour of—

[Message breaks off here and has evidently been censored.]

Folkestone unofficial wires state that at lunch the scores stood—Kent all out 463: Lancashire 14 for 2 wickets (both taken by WOOLLEY).

#### STOP PRESS.

The Press Bureau have just issued a statement that no play has yet been possible in the Kent v. Lancashire match on account of rain.

"Pingoism in Japan may be matched by Jingoism here."—*Pittsburgh Press.*

Pingoism should be carefully distinguished from pongoism.

#### "SILENCE OF THE BRITISH VIRGIL.

The awful silence of the British virgil in the North Sea is unbroken still."

*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

We are glad to see our old friend VIRGIL spoken of as British. It is, no doubt, the writer's forcible way of indicating Italy's sympathy.



## OUR WAR MAP.

I HAVE bought a war map. My newspaper told me to, and I did. It came yesterday with a host of little coloured flags on pins.

Helen and I surveyed it critically.

"Why, it's only an ordinary map of Europe," she said disgustedly.

"It won't be," I said, "when we've stuck the flags in."

I removed a picture and pinned the map to the wall.

"First of all there's Belgrade," I said.

"Where?" asked Helen eagerly.

"Er, er—somewhere round here, I know. . . . I do believe they've forgotten to put it in. . . ."

Gladys (who is only ten) found it for us eventually, and we arranged a very fine battle there with a river in between.

The Meuse was easier. We infested its banks with our hosts and fixed a splendid array of troops all along the Franco-German frontier. Next we invaded Germany and Austria from the other side with several Russian armies and put some local troops to meet them. Without boasting, I think I may say the result was very pretty. But to our dismay we found we had a number of armies left. Helen said they must fight somewhere.

"You can't keep all those troops idle," she said. "Look at the waste of good material."

"That's true," I admitted.

"Perhaps my newspaper can help."

It did indeed contain enough rumours of battles to dispose of all our flags and a few dozen besides, but at the same time it urged me to accept unofficial statements with the greatest reserve. Mr. F. E. SMITH, it declared (it was a Liberal print; such are the vicissitudes of war) was the only reliable authority. Helen and I decided we could accept information from him alone. But Mr. SMITH gave us no help. I was worried for the moment, I admit; here were all these armies left in the envelope with nowhere to go to.

Then I had an inspiration such as comes to a man but seldom in a lifetime. The Fates should decide.

I pushed the furniture out of the way, led Helen to the other side of the room, blindfolded her, and thrust a British army into her hand.

"The idea is to walk across the room without looking and stick it



German Bird. "I SEE IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT EAGLES."

somewhere on the map," I explained. "Scandinavia and the Peninsula are out of bounds until we hear further from the KAISER. If you hit them you have another prod."

Helen planted her army near Moscow.



The Hohenzollern (mezzaphonically). "TAKE COURAGE, MY BRAVE GERMANS. YOUR KAISER IS PREPARED TO SACRIFICE A MILLION OF YOU."

I took a Servian flag and planted it in the North Sea.

The game was very exciting while it lasted. I consider that I won it by placing a French force in the environs of Vienna, an extraordinarily good move. My newspaper would have been glad of the suggestion, I am sure.

Gladys was handicapped by her height, but, taking everything into consideration, I think she arranged some quite nice struggles in Sicily and the Principality of Monaco.

Wilkinson came in after dinner. He collects the latest rumours and edits them really well. Usually Helen and I find it wise to accept all his statements without a murmur, but yesterday I disagreed with him.

"I'm sorry," I said gently, "but I don't think you've got things quite right. This is more like the position of things at present," and I waved my arm in the direction of our war map.

When at last he regained speech he made some remarks which might have given offence to people less sure of themselves than I.

"No," I said, "I do know the flags of the nations, and so does my wife. But I must beg you to keep that map a secret. You see, I have a friend in the inner circle who has given me some information of which the outside world knows nothing. I can rely on your discretion, I am sure."

"Of course, my dear fellow." He seemed dazed and strangely silent. He had one long last look at the map and departed muttering to himself: "A Belgian fleet off the Outer Hebrides! French troops in Nijni Novgorod!! A Montenegrin squadron menacing Mitylene!!!"

It is strange how strong the force of habit is. I went to the City as usual to-day. At lunch I met Collins, who told me he had it on very good authority that there was an Austrian fleet bombarding the forts along the Mersey and that a combined force of French and Russians had crossed the Dutch frontier from Arnheim and was advancing on Berlin.

I hurried home to record these new developments on my map, and was compelled, through shortage of flags, to displace the Servian fleet from the North Sea and Gladys's Belgian contingent from Monte Carlo.

### Another Impending Apology.

"500,000 copies of 'With the Flag to Pretoria' were sold a few days after publication and thousands were disappointed."—Advt.



## IN THE CITY.

BECAUSE beneath grey Northern skies  
Some grey hulls heave and fall,  
The merchants sell their merchandise  
All just as usual;  
Our cargoes sail for man's content  
The same as yesterday,  
And war-risk's down to 2 per cent.,  
The underwriters say.

The clerks they sit with page and pen  
And fill the desks a-row,  
Because outside of Cuxhaven  
There's them to make it so;  
We go to lunch, as natural,  
From one o'clock till two,  
Because outside of Kiel Canal  
There's those that let us do.

We check and add our pass-books up  
Or keep our weekly Boards  
Unhampered by the works of Krupp  
And all the KAISER'S swords;  
At five o'clock we have our tea  
And catch our usual bus—  
So thank the LORD for those at sea  
Who guard the likes of us.

THE COWARDLY CONSUMERS  
CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY.

The C.C.C.C. has been formed to  
provide for the wants of unpatriotic or  
panic-stricken persons in all parts of  
the country.

## WRITE TO US TO-DAY.

WE HAVE MADE COMPLETE ARRANGEMENTS  
FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

A FULL DINNER-TABLE FOR YOU  
WHILE OTHERS STARVE.

**HORS D'ŒUVRES.**—Ensure your *hors d'œuvres* by allowing us to turn your bath into a sardine tank. Your basement too should make an excellent oyster bed. We would flood it for you.

**SOURS.**—The mock turtles we supply are quite tame, and while waiting to be made into soup should keep your children amused. We also deliver Salted Oxtail by the furlong. Send for patterns.

**FISH.**—Try one of our Frozen Whales and assure your fish course for the next six months.

**JOINTS.**—Sheep-folds (with sheep) supplied at shortest notice to fit your tennis court, or you might order one of our Handy Styes, which have accommodation for half-a-dozen pigs (congenial company) and are suitable for erection in a corner of any flat or private residence.

**SWEETS.**—Our "one ton" plum puddings placed in position on your premises by our own cranes.

## READ OUR TESTIMONIALS.

A Grateful Customer writes:—"Your trans-



## A FAUX PAS.

London Hawker (addressing obvious Teuton). "WEAR YER FLAG, SIR."

formation of my boudoir into a hen-pen is quite admirable, and enables us to face the future with complete calm. As your circular reminds us, one feels more comfortable about one's country when one is safe oneself."

Another writes:—"Many thanks for prompt attention. The night-nursery makes an excellent cow-house, and the two cows used the passenger-lift with perfect success."

WRITE US FOR QUOTATIONS  
FOR ANY QUANTITY OF PROVISIONS  
REQUIRED.

So long as the order is large enough we will execute it. No orders for less value than £50 accepted.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our Hoarding Department has prepared a neat stocking capable of holding 750 sovereigns. Please ask to see one.

All goods are delivered in our own heavily armoured pantechonics.

A charming miniature White Feather, suitable for personal adornment, will be presented to all customers.

Take no notice whatever of any warnings in the newspapers not to buy largely. Think of yourselves. It is only you who matter. Buy now; buy quantities.

From the regulations governing special constables:—

"A special constable guilty of misconduct may be suspended from duty, and, if so suspended, shall forthwith give up his warrant card, truncheon, armlet, and whistle to the police officer suspending him."

What tune must he whistle to him?

"Admiral Jellicoe has a reputation for thoroughness in the naval service, but a story which shows his kindly nature was told to me to-day (says 'F.' in the 'Citizen'). A defence boom was being constructed at Sheerness, and the admiral was dissatisfied with it. He told the officer in command of some defects, and said it was not so good as the boom at Portsmouth."

We feel sure there must be even better stories about him than this.



## "THEY ALSO SERVE."

JEREMY threw away the stump of his after-dinner cigar and began to light another one.

"Where's the economy of giving up smoking when you've got lots of cigars in the house?" he asked.

"Oh, Jeremy," said his wife, "who says you ought to?"

"The Vicar. He only smokes one non-throat cigarette a day himself. I told him he ought to give that up, but he said it was different. I say, it will want rather a large soldier for that shirt, won't it?" He sat on the arm of his wife's chair and began to play with the sleeve.

"Jeremy, can't you find something to do?"

"Yes." He went out and returned with his golf clubs, which he began to polish lovingly. "I think I shall have a round to-morrow. If FRANCIS DRAKE played bowls when the Spanish Fleet was in sight, I don't see why Jeremy Smith shouldn't play golf when the German Fleet is out of sight."

"I thought you said you weren't going to till the war was over?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't. Golf keeps us fit, and it is the duty of every Englishman to be fit just now."

"But you really play golf because you like it."

Jeremy looked up at her in surprise.

"Really," he said, "I don't see why I shouldn't like doing my duty."

"Oh, Jeremy!" sighed his wife.

"You know I didn't mean that."

"I know exactly what you meant."

He dropped his clubs and began to pace the room. "You're filled with the idea that the only way a man can serve his country is by doing something he absolutely detests. That's why you made me a special constable." He stopped and glared at her. "A special constable! Me!"

"Darling, it was your own idea entirely."

"You said to yourself, 'There are men who would make excellent special constables—men with red faces and angry moustaches who take naturally to ordering other people about, men who instinctively push their way into the middle of a row when they see one, men with a lust for gore, great powerful men who have learnt ju-jitsu. But the fact that they'd all rather like it shows that it can't really be their duty to join; they wouldn't be making a big enough sacrifice. The men we want are the quiet, the mild, the inoffensive, the butterflies of life, the men who would simply loathe being special constables, the men who would be entirely useless at it'—and, having said this

to yourself, you looked round and you saw me."

Mrs. Jeremy smiled and shook her head at her husband, sighed again, and returned to her work.

"And so now I'm a special constable, and I wear a belt and a truncheon, and what good do I do? Baby loves it, I admit that; Baby admires me immensely. When Nurse says, 'If you're not a good girl the special constable will be after you,' Baby shrieks with delight. But officially, in the village, I am useless . . . Oh but I forgot, I arrested a man this morning."

"Jeremy, and you never told me!" said Mrs. Jeremy excitedly.

"Well, I wasn't quite sure at the time whether I arrested him or he arrested me. But in the clearer light of evening I see that it was really I who was doing the arresting. At any rate it was I who had the belt and the note-book."

"Was it a German spy?"

"No, it was old Jack, rather drunk. I arrested him for being intoxicated on a bridge—the one over the brook, you know, by Claytons. He put his arm round my neck and we started for the Haverley police-station together. I didn't want to go to the police-station, because it's three miles off, but Jack insisted. . . . He had me tight by the neck. I couldn't even make a note."

"Wasn't he afraid of your truncheon?"

"My darling, one couldn't hit old Jack with a truncheon; he's such a jolly old boy when he's sober." Jeremy played nervously with his wife's scissors, and added, "Besides he was doing things with the truncheon himself."

"What sort of things?"

"Conducting the *Marseillaise* chiefly—we marched along in time to it." A smile spread slowly over Jeremy's face as the scene came back to him. "It must have looked splendid."

"How dared he?" said Mrs. Jeremy indignantly.

"Oh, well, if you make your husband a special constable you must expect these things. I consoled myself with the thought that I was doing my duty . . . and that there was nobody about. You see, we made a *détour* and missed Haverley, and when we were nearly home again he left me. I mean I released him. You know, I'm not what I call a *good* special constable. I did what I could, but there must be more in it than that."

Mrs. Jeremy looked up and blew a kiss to him.

"However," he went on, "I dropped in on him this evening and made him sign the pledge."

"Well, there you are; you *have* done some good."

"Yes, but I hadn't got my truncheon on then. I spoke as Jeremy Smith, Esq." He put a brassey to his shoulder and said, "Bang," and went on, "I should be no good at all at the front, and Lord KITCHENER would be no good trying to paint my water-colours, but all the same I scored an inner last night. The scene at the range when it got about that the President had scored an inner was one of wild enthusiasm. When the news is flashed to Berlin it will give the GERMAN EMPEROR pause. Do you know that the most unpatriotic thing you can do is to make shirts for the wounded, when there are lots of poor women in the village who'd be only too glad of the job? Like little Miss Merton. And yet you think to get out of it by making your husband a special constable."

Mrs. Jeremy put down her work and went over to her husband and knelt by his chair.

"Do you know," she said, taking his hands in hers, "that there isn't a man, woman or child in this village who is idle or neglected or forgotten? That those who wanted to enlist have been encouraged and told how to, and that those who didn't want to have been shown other ways of helping? That it's all been done without any fuss or high-falutin or busy-bodying, and chiefly because of an absurd husband of mine who never talks seriously about anything, but somehow manages to make everybody else willing and good-tempered?"

"Is that a fact?" said Jeremy, rather pleased.

"It is. And this absurd husband didn't understand how much he was helping, and he had an idea that he ought to do something thoroughly uncomfortable, so he ordered a truncheon and gave up golf and made himself quite miserable . . . and then put it all on to his wife."

"Well, why didn't you stop me?" said Jeremy helplessly.

"I wasn't going to be a drag on you; if you'd volunteered for a submarine I should have said nothing."

"I should be useless in a submarine," said Jeremy thoughtfully; "I should only fall over the white mice. But I really thought you wanted—Why then," he cried happily, "I might play golf to-morrow, you think?"

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Jeremy.

Jeremy took up his brassey and addressed an imaginary ball.

"Sir Jeremy Smith playing golf in a crisis," he said. "Subject for historical picture." A. A. M.





### A DESPERATE MEASURE.

*West Country Skipper (stationary in small Cornish port and ignorant of our Navy's control of the sea). "IF I PUTS OUT AN' GOES EAST I BE SUNK BY T' GERMANS, AN' IF I GOES SOUTH I BE SUNK BY T' AUSTRIA-UNGRIANS. IT DU SEEM AS 'OW I WERE BEST TO BIDE WHERE I BE AN' GI' T' OLD SHIP A COAT O' PAINT!"*

### THE WATCH DOGS.

MY DEAR BILL,—It is now upwards of a fortnight since we were torn asunder, I being taken away to cope with the Germans and you being left at home to protect our property against the predatory attacks of our landlady. I imagine you would like to know how things are going with me, but please don't trouble to answer, for I don't in the least want to know how things are going with you. No one does, my boy; you are what we refer to as a *something* civilian. You must forgive us, Bill; it is one of the too few pleasures in the life of the mobilized Territorial.

Has that rosy, well-groomed body of yours ever sought repose on the tessellated floor of a public hall? Has it ever washed itself in an enamel mug? Has it ever set out on a round of visits with luggage limited to 35 lbs., inclusive of its bed? No, nor had mine before;

and yet it doesn't seem to suffer much harm from the experience. What is more, we are beginning to find scope for little luxuries even in this narrow compass; there are mess tins, for instance, of the larger sort in which one may, with a little ingenuity, have a complete bath.

When I set off last Tuesday week, with my chest out and my eyes right, I only got as far as the Infants School round the corner, where my company was foregathered. Here we spent our time, the hundred odd of us, getting together the necessaries of life: the most formidable of these was undoubtedly the housewife. I confess to a faint heart when I think of myself darning my socks in off moments between battles.

From the Infants School we went to the Town Hall to join the Battalion, and the thousand of us marched to our war station, some thirty miles away,

I hope I looked like a soldier as I stepped out, but I felt more like a general stores with all my stock hanging in my shop window. Next time I do this sort of thing I'm going to have a row of pegs on my back and an extra storey in my head-gear for oddments. There is no denying that the whole arrangement is an efficient one, the only failure being the cellar equipment. It seems to me that the War Office ought to have discovered some shady nook about the human body where one's drinking water could be kept cool. Also I think they have wasted space by not utilizing the inside of one's field-glasses for the carriage of something or other. A combination sword and razor would also be an economy.

We increased in numbers as we progressed. At our war-station we joined the Brigade, making us four thousand in all, and from there we joined the





### HOW WE SAVED THE HARVEST AT SLOSHINGTON-ON-SEA.

Division, becoming about sixteen thousand. If we go on at this pace, we shall be getting into the millions soon, and then I think somebody's meals *must* be overlooked. There's bound to be some limit to the capacity of these organizing people, although it certainly hasn't appeared yet. They moved our Brigade two hundred miles by train with less shouting and fuss than is usual with the single British family mobilising for its seaside resort. Their system of train-catching however is worth mentioning.

Section Commanders were told to have their section ready by six-thirty. That was the order issued by us Lieutenants responsible for half-companies. We had been told to be ready by seven o'clock, under a threat of execution on the following dawn. Hence the margin of half an hour. We took our orders from our Captains, who had them from the Majors, who had them from the Adjutant, who had them from the C.O., who had them from the Brigadier, who had them from goodness knows where. Every rank is prepared to be shot, if need be, but desires, if possible, not to have it happen at dawn; so each officer, taking his order from his superior, puts on his margin before instructing his inferior.

The Brigadier came round this morning to have a look at a guard. He found our one and only T. B. Ponks doing sentry. "Turn out the guard,"

was the order. "Eh?" was the response. "Where is the guard?" asked the flushed suite. "A dunno," said T. B. The suite was inclined to be fussy, but our Brigadier is essentially human. "Where are the other lads?" he asked genially. "They 'm in theer," said T. B., pointing to the entrance with no particular enthusiasm. The Brigadier and his staff made as if to enter. "'Ere, you," called T. B., now galvanized into activity, "you can't go in theer," and he barred the way. We have since been lectured on the elements of military ceremonial, but at the same time we have been asked to volunteer as a unit for the fighting line if need be. I think the Brigadier has his doubts as to how T. B. and his sort will impress the Allies, but feels quite confident of their manner towards the enemy. It was the same T. B. who, being sent by the magnificent Lieutenant d'Arcy to summon Lance-Corporal Brown, was overheard calling, "Hi, Mr. Brown, d'Arcy wants yer."

I must break off here, for I have had an intimation from Private Cox that now is my opportunity to see his bare feet. A fortnight ago I might have hesitated to accept this kind invitation; to-day I insist upon his bringing them along at once. In fact, my hobby in life is other people's feet; I have fitted a hundred pairs of them with socks and with boots, and I have assisted personally at the pricking of their blisters

and the trimming of their excrescences. What a fall from our intellectual heights! But so it is with us, Bill; if we can once get those boys' feet in sound marching order, all the nice problems of the human soul which we used to canvass may go to the— But I suppose that I must reserve that word for military use.

By the way, when the battalion was asked to volunteer, the men only raised one point. They didn't trouble themselves about the work or the risk of it, but they wondered whether anybody really *would* look after their homes and dependants when the excitement had died down a little. Their scepticism may be due to a certain music-hall comedian who used to declare as follows:—"And if, gentlemen, this glorious old country of ours shall ever be involved in war, I know, I say, gentlemen, that I know, there is not a man in this hall to-night who will fail to turn out and see the troops off."

But to-day things are different, and these boys of ours, a noisy, troublesome and magnificent crew, need have no fear about the homes they leave behind them.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"WANTED.—Girls to sort nuts."

Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."

The object is to find if there are any without grease on their hair.





THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."







## FELINE AMENITIES.

THANKS to the courtesy of the Editor we are able to publish the following selections from the stories about cats sent in for the prize competition organised by *The Scottish Meekly*. The first received a complete edition of the sermons of Dr. Angus McHuish, the second a mounted photograph of Sir Nicholson Roberts, and the third a superb simulation gold pencil-case.

### THE LIFE-STORY OF A WILD CAT.

Here is a true story of a wild stray cat which I hope may interest your readers. Some years ago I lived with my parents (my father being a retired manufacturer of artificial eyes) on the banks of the river Dodder, near Dunderum. In the back-garden there was an old summer-house, where we used to store cabbages, disused kippers, Carlsbad plums and other odds and ends, and here a stray cat took up his abode in an empty porter cask during the latter part of January, 1901. He was of some rare breed and very beautiful in appearance—a blend between a mar-madillo and a young loofah—but so savage that no one dared to touch him. During the cold months of the year we placed bottles of stout in the summer-house for him, the corks of which he drew with his claws, which were remarkably long. In the summer-time he used to forage for himself, subsisting mainly on roach, with an occasional conger-eel which he caught in the Dodder. One day early in April, 1902, the cat—whom we called Beethoven, because of his indulgence in moonlight fantasias—came to the back door mew-ing, and on opening the door my father found that it had lost an eye—probably in a fight—and evidently wished him to supply the loss artificially, which he did. I have never heard a cat purr so loudly as Beethoven did on that occasion. After that he completely lost his shyness and became quite one of the family, singing in the choir on Sundays and contributing to the larder during the week by his skill as a fisherman. He lived with us until a few months ago, when he unhappily died through inadvertently swallowing a cork. He is buried in our garden, and on the stone are inscribed the following lines composed by my mother—

Here lies Beethoven in his grave,  
No earthly power could him save;  
An envious cork blocked up his breath  
And that was how he met his death.

MRS. PULLAR LEGGE.

Marine Villas, Brondesbury.

### CAT OR CHAMELEON?

Piffles was a splendid pink Circassian



### THE MISFORTUNE OF WAR.

Tired Tim. "ERE, I DON'T AEF LIKE THE LOOK O' THIS, BILL."

Work-shy Willy. "NO, MORE DON'T I, MATE. CUSS THAT THERE KAISER!"

—perfect in colour and shape, with glorious topaz eyes. But the extraordinary thing about him was a gift that he had for changing his colour. Thus my uncle, an old Anglo-Indian who always drank a bottle of Madeira after dinner, declared that from 10 P.M. onwards Piffles invariably seemed to him to be a bright crimson with green spots. Another peculiarity of Piffles was that he always followed the guns out shooting, and used to retrieve birds from the most difficult places. He practically ruled the household, took the boys back to school after the holidays, attended family prayers, and was learning to play the pianola when he was unfortunately killed by a crocodile which escaped from a travelling menagerie.

(Miss) IVY WAGG.

The Oaks, Long Boughton.

### A FELINE PRACTICAL JOKER.

Last year I had a cat who, whenever she was offended, used to go to my bedroom and throw various articles out of the window. I was constantly finding purses, powder-puffs, artificial teeth, safety-pins, hymn-books, etc., on the lawn, and never suspected the culprit until she was caught in the act.

She also had a habit of sitting on the top of the front door and dropping golf-balls on the head of the postman, whom, either for his red hair or his Radical opinions, she disliked bitterly.

She would eat and drink anything, including ice- pudding and green Char-treuse, and was always peculiarly cheerful on Thursday evenings, when *The Scottish Meekly* reaches our house.

D. MONK HOWSON.

Steep Bank, Grogport.



## THE SCRATCH HANDICAP.

"WHAT do you do?" asked Charles, "when people want you to play lawn-tennis?"

"Sometimes I play," I said. "Sometimes I send Sophonisba. Sometimes I tell them that my head-keeper is away and I am obliged to look after the lop-ears. What happens to you?"

"Well, you know what lawn-tennis is like nowadays. In the bygone butter-pat era I could hold my own with the best of them. Golf had hardly come in, and when one wasn't playing cricket, and the spilliken set had been mislaid, and tiddley-winks was voted too rough, a couple of sets or so was rather fun. Soft undulating courts, very hard to keep a footing on, and plenty of sticks and leaves to assist one's screws, and patches of casual whiting here and there so that you could say that it wasn't a fault but hit the line. Now all that is changed. Panther-limbed, hawk-eyed young persons leap about the lawn dressed in white from top to toe. They play on fast and level lawns, entirely circumscribed by a kind of deep-sea trawling apparatus. They want you to hit hard and well. I have only two strokes when I hit hard. One of them pierces the bottom of the seine or drag-net fixed across the fairway, the other brings the man round from the next-door garden but two to say that his cucumbers are catching cold. And then I do not understand their terms. What is a 'fore-hand drive'? It sounds like the

coaching Marathon. And how do you put on top spin? Do you wind your racquet round and round the ball and then pull it away suddenly, or what? And cross-volleys—what in the world are they?"

"Goodness knows," I said. "My own volleys are the best-tempered little chaps alive. But, hang it! no one can force you to play lawn-tennis if you don't want to."

"Can't they?" said Charles. "That's just the point. They do. They say to me, 'You play golf and cricket; of course you can play tennis. Easiest thing in the world.' Swish! swish! they go, making a ferocious cross-hand

top-lead from baulk with their umbrellas. 'That's how to do it. You'll soon get into the way of the stroke.' 'That's just what I'm afraid of,' I say, leaping nervously on to the table. But it's no good. 'Come round next Saturday afternoon,' they say, 'we shall be expecting you,' and pass rapidly into the night before I can refuse."

"One can always have a sick headache," I reminded him.

with a dreamy smile. "You know the Jenkinsons. You know how keen they are on tennis and how proud of their court. I did everything I could to save them, but they would have me. I said I had no racquet except the one I had used for landing trout in the spring, and they told me I could get it restrung. I said I had no shoes, and they told me any shoes would do. I couldn't tell them I had no flannels, because they wouldn't have believed

me. So I went. I wore an old blue cricket cap on the back of my head: I wore long white trousers not turned up, and I wore brown shoes."

"And your racquet?" I asked.

"I borrowed a real tennis-racquet," replied Charles; "one of those narrow, rather wistful-looking things, with a kink in its head. I thought it would complete the languid artistic effect and help to convince them. It had rained a good deal in the morning, and I rather hoped we might spend the time looking at the conservatory and have muffins for tea. But no. When I reached the house I found that they had decided to play. They laughed at me a good deal, of course—at my cap, and my racquet, and my trousers, and my brown shoes. When we had taken up our stations in the arena they told me I was to serve first. I sent the ball high up into the air underhand and ran swiftly to the net." He paused melodramatically.

"Go on," I said. "Was it the solar plexus or the eye?"

"No," he answered sadly,

"I was unwounded; but that was the last stroke I played. When I served that service they laughed at me again, but when I ran to the net they ceased to laugh. They said they could easily find someone else to complete the four. They pressed me to sit and watch for the remainder of the afternoon. Indeed, they were quite firm about it."

"I don't understand," I said. "Was it your face that frightened them in the blue cap?"

"Not so much my face," he answered gently, "as my feet."

"What was the matter with them?"

"There are big nails," he said softly, "in my brown golf shoes."



"BETTER 'AVE ONE AND READ ABOUT IT NOW, SIR; IT MIGHT BE CONTRADICTIONED IN THE MORNING."

"I did that once," said Charles. "I had been asked to play in a tournament, and at dinner the next evening I sat next to the girl who ought to have been my partner in the mixed handicaps, and we had meringues. No, it isn't safe, and besides one might always want to play golf. I think the best thing is to go once and trust to one's own skill not to be asked again. Anyhow, I don't believe the Jenkinsons will give me another invitation for some time."

"What happened?" I asked. "I suppose when they've sewn up the net and bought new balls—"

"No, it wasn't that," he answered,





Trooper. "COME ON BEHIND HERE AND TRAVEL WITH US, JIM!"

Jim (from horse-box). "NOT MUCH. NONE OF YOUR THIRD-CLASS FOR ME."

### FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

It is a strange thing that, much as women have entered the writing lists with men, there is one branch of literature which they rarely attempt. Take away Mrs. BROWNING and CHRISTINA ROSSETTI and you will scarcely find a love poem by a woman, or, at any rate, a love poem which takes the woman's point of view. Probably many of the most cherished sentimental songs which wake the echoes of the drawing-room and conservatory are the work of women; but they write as men. It is always the masculine aspect which is set before the public; the beloved is always feminine. And yet marriage statistics show that precisely as many men have married as women. But during the preliminary period of exalted emotion any love poetry that was written was written by the men.

Surely, as the advancement of woman proceeds, and she adds territory upon territory to her kingdom, she will redress the balance and write love poetry too.

A very few changes in certain of the classic lyrics indicate how near the two varieties of love poems can be: male and female. Thus, why should not "he" as well as "she" have dwelt among untrodden ways? Why should not "he" have walked in beauty like the night? POE wrote magically about ANNABEL LEE; why should not one of his female relatives, for example, have written in a similar strain? Something like this:—

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a gentleman lived whom you may know  
By the name of Hannibal Lee;  
And this gentleman lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

Women must see to it that men do not have it all their own way for ever. LONDON was moved to a perfect lyric by love of ROSE AYLMEER. Is the following any less perfect?

Ah! what avails the sceptred race?  
Ah! what the form divine?  
What every virtue, every grace?  
George Aylmer, all were thine.

George Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

George is of course not the only name, nor is Aylmer. The adaptrix, however, must be careful that the Christian name is a monosyllable and the other a dissyllable.

Again, in the following feminine version of a Shakespearean song the name is subject to alteration:—

Who is Bertie? What is he  
That all the girls commend him?  
Handsome, brave and wise is he;  
The heavens such grace did lend him  
That he might admired be.

Examples might be adduced from many poets, but two more will suffice. A female TENNYSON might have begun a song in the following terms:—

It is the youthful miller,  
And he is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the pencil  
That trembles on his ear:  
For 'midst his curls by day and night  
I'd touch his neck so warm and white.

Finally, let us look at the very prince



of love poets—ROBBIE BURNS. Two of his most famous songs might as well have been written of swains as maidens. Here is one in which in the most natural way in the world lassie becomes laddie, and Mary, Harry:—

Go, fetch to me a cup o' tea,  
And take it from a silver caddie,  
That I may drink a health to thee,  
A service to my bonnie laddie!  
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,  
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,  
The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,  
And I maun leave my bonnie Harry.

Is that injured by the change? Not a bit. And here is another in which we have successfully introduced a variation of the original name:—

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie laddie lives,  
The laddie I lo'e best.  
There wild woods grow, and  
rivers row  
By many a fleecy flock,  
But day and night my  
fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jock.

After reading these famous stanzas in their amended form our women poets may perhaps take heart and emulate them: to the immense delight of their *fiancés*, who like to be wooed as well as to woo, and have never shied very much at adulation.

## MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

### III.—THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY.

For weeks past the press—

had discussed little but the coming boxing contest between Smasher Mike and the famous heavy-weight champion, Mauler Mills, for a purse of £20,000 and enormous side stakes. Photographs of the Mauler in every conceivable attitude had been published daily, together with portraits of his wife, his two children, his four maiden aunts and the pink-eyed opossum which he regarded as his mascot. Full descriptions of his training day by day, with details of his diet, his reading, his amusements and his opinions on war, divorce, the clergy and kindred subjects, testified to the extraordinary interest taken by the public in the titanic struggle.

But with regard to Smasher Mike the newspapers were at a loss. *The Daily Flash* indeed declared him to be the son of a popular Cabinet Minister, and triumphantly published photographs of Downing Street, the Woolsack, the Ladies' Gallery and Black Rod. *The*

*Daily Rocket*, on the other hand, described him as a herculean dockerman, discovered and trained by a syndicate of wealthy Americans, and issued photographs of Tilbury Station, Plymouth Hoe and the Statue of Liberty in New York harbour. The fact remained that the identity of the daring challenger was a well-kept secret.

Mauler Mills was too experienced a pugilist to be perturbed by the mystery surrounding his adversary. The stakes had been handed in, and the purse of £20,000, in one pound-notes, had formed a full-page illustration in *The Trumpet*, with a photo of the Mauler eating gooseberries inset. Content with this knowledge, he trained faithfully and well, treated the interviewers with great courtesy, and publicly announced that



Burglar (to his mate). "SEE WOT PEOPLE GITS FUR BEIN' UNPATRIOTIC! IT'S A PURE TREAT TO GIVE THESE 'ERE GOLD 'OARDERS A LESSON."

Smasher Mike would be knocked out early in the third round by means of a left hook to the jaw.

The betting on Mauler Mills was a hundred to one.

Young Lord Tamerton was in desperate straits. The estate to which he had succeeded at the age of ten had been administered during his minority by a fraudulent executor, who had absconded to South America with his ill-gotten wealth. Matters had since gone steadily from bad to worse, and the young peer was now face to face with utter ruin.

An effort had been made to retrieve the family fortunes by the marriage of his sister, the beautiful Lady Margaret Tamerton, to her cousin, the wealthy Sir Ernest Scrivener, but the providential discovery that the latter was already married under the *alias* of Marmaduke Moorsdyke had prevented the match. Since then Sir Ernest had

been their implacable and relentless enemy, and his desperate attempt to kidnap Lady Margaret had only been frustrated by the skill and courage of the famous athlete, Ralph Wonderson.

Lord Tamerton was seated at a grand piano, playing BACH and moodily reflecting on these matters, when Ralph Wonderson himself entered the room, vaulting lightly over piano and performer as he did so.

"What's the matter, Fred?" he asked. "You look blue."

Lord Tamerton dramatically threw £8 4s. 6d. on the table.

"This morning I pawned the Island Cup, which you won for us," he said bitterly. "That is the result, and that is what stands between me and starvation." His voice broke, "And—and between Madge and starvation," he added.

Ralph laughed gaily. "I'm not rich," he said, "and if I were I don't suppose you'd accept money from me. But I came here purposely to put you in the way of making it. Wager as heavily as you can on Smasher Mike. The odds are a hundred to one against him. I can introduce you to a man who will consider your name sufficient security for a loan of £5,000. That will bring you in £500,000, which should secure you at any rate from absolute privation. As for little Madge—well, I have a bare £8,000 a year, but if—"

A light step was heard behind him, and a small hand stole into his own.

"I would marry you," said Lady Margaret, "I would marry you if it were only £7,000."

As the lovers gazed fondly into each other's eyes, a sinister figure emerged from the grand piano and slipped out noiselessly through the open door.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### Sad Case of Cannibalism by Robert.

"Milton scarcely heard her. He was too intent upon wondering how Robert came to be dining tête-à-tête with the one-time Adeline Goodrin, and—if the truth be told—upon that amazing woman, herself."

"Daily Mail" feuilleton.

### From Chemistry of Plant Products:—

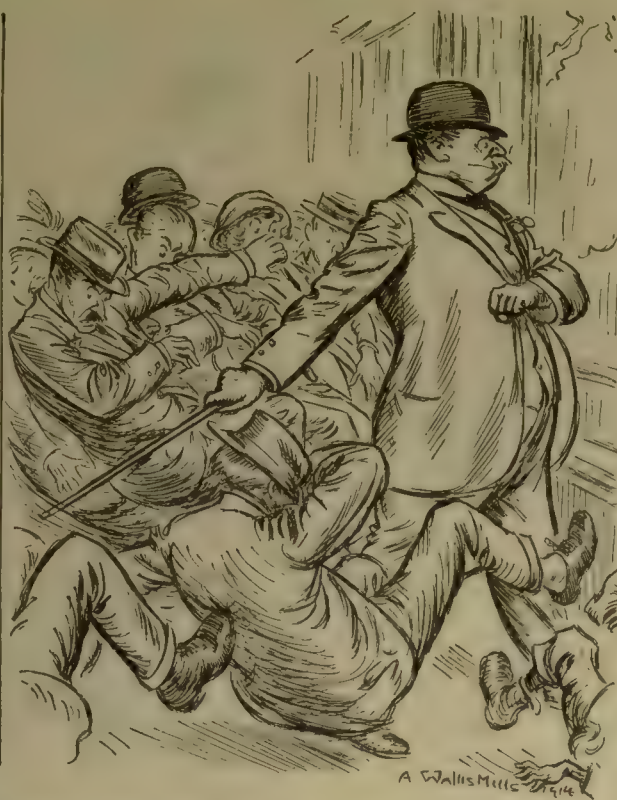
"D'Arbarnot concludes that starch, and presumably also sugar, may or may not be essential for the formation of chlorophyll."

We came to the same conclusion long ago.





Excited Veteran. "THE ALLIES WILL PROBABLY REACH HERE



AND THEN SWEEP ROUND WITH A SUDDEN FLANKING MOVEMENT."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE heroine of *Alberta and the Others* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) was the eldest of an orphaned family of girls and boys who were finding life a little boring in an English village; and when an unexpected legacy made her mistress of a couple of town lots in a place called Sunshine, in Western Canada, nothing would content her but to emigrate with the whole tribe—reinforced by a delightful *Aunt Mary* and an animal known as the Meritorious Cat—to the Land of Promise. The book is the history of how they got on there. Naturally, from the circumstances of their start and the giddy altitude of *Alberta's* hopes, you will be prepared for its being, to some extent at least, a story of disillusion. Miss MADGE S. SMITH, who wrote it, says that it is all true; and indeed there is much in the tale that stamps it as the outcome of personal experience. This being so, I could wish that her attitude in the matter had been a little less uncompromisingly English. In many ways the language and general outlook of the daughter of an Oxford don will no doubt differ considerably from that of a Canadian-born inhabitant of a prairie township; but that is no good reason for assuming an air of patronage. However, this defect, though it exists, is not so pronounced as to spoil one's enjoyment of an entertaining record, written, as the publishers say, "in high spirits throughout," and having, I fancy, just this much fiction mingled with its obvious fact, that it ends with a general pairing off and the prospect of three weddings—which seems, as *Lady Bracknell* observed in a similar connection, "a number considerably above the average that statistics have laid down for our guidance." But at least it is the *amende honorable* to the Land of Promise.

From the cover of *A Tail of Gold* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I gather with respectful interest that its author, Mr. DAVID HENNESSEY, recently won four hundred pounds with another story in open competition. I did not read the story in question, but in view of its satisfactory financial result I may be permitted to express a hope that it was considerably better work than the present volume. Let me be entirely fair. *A Tail of Gold* has some pictures of Australian mining life that are not without interest; but I am bound to add that a careful and sympathetic perusal has failed to disclose any other reason for its existence. The plot, so far as there is one, concerns the chequered career of a certain *Major Smart*, who seems to have been by no means all that a major should be. Amongst other unpleasing peculiarities, he was apparently possessed of a fetish that brought misfortune or death to all who were associated with him. These results were in the main involuntary; but it is only just to add that *Smart* was not above assisting nature to take her course. Thus, some years before the opening of the story, he had deliberately buried one poor lady alive in a cave containing sulphide of mercury. Never ask me why. I am as muddled by this as I am over his further conduct in leaving with the corpse every possible clue in the way of letters and ciphers that could bring his guilt home to him. In any ordinary novel he would have been convicted in a few chapters; but *A Tail of Gold* wags (if I may use the term) so leisurely, and its action is so much impeded by false starts and repetitions and general haphazardness, that there is no telling how long it might not have continued but for the limitations of volume form. No, I can't pretend I liked it much.

Madame ALBANESI, in *The Cap of Youth* (HUTCHINSON), cannot be accused of excessive kindness to her own sex, for





### THE NORTH SEA PERIL.

"BY JOVE, I PITY THE GERMANS IF SHE GETS HOLD OF 'EM!"

the charming women of the book are almost snuffed out by two poisonous females, *Lady Bollington* and *Lady Catherine Chiltern*. Indeed these ladies are a little too much of a bad thing, and, not for the first time, I am left thinking how wonderfully Madame ALBANESI's novels might be improved if she could persuade herself to bestow an occasional virtue upon her wicked characters. The heroine, *Virginia*, escaped from the hands of one of the pair only to fall under the thumb of the other. I must admit, however, that *Lady Catherine* had some reason to be angry at having *Virginia* suddenly dumped upon her as a derelict daughter-in-law. Why *Brian Chiltern* married in haste and then left his wife to endure such impossible conditions you must find out for yourself, but I fancy you will agree that his delicacy of feeling amounted to sheer stupidity. Nevertheless this story is bound to be popular, and I should have had no complaint to make if I did not feel that its author has it in her to do better work.

Even readers to whom American humour is generally a little indigestible may glean some smiles from *Penrod* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), provided that it is taken in small doses and not in the lump. If this book were to be considered a study of the normal American boy I should cry with vigour, "Save me from the breed," but as a fanciful account of a thorough and egregious imp of mischief I can, within limits, offer my congratulations to Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON. The triumph of *Penrod* lies in the fact that, although he brought woe and tribulation to his relations and exasperated his friends to the point of insanity, it is nevertheless impossible to suppress an affection for him. Ofttimes and hard his father chastised him with rods, but *Penrod* merely accepted these beatings as the price that had

to be paid for leading an adventurous life, and showed not the smallest signs of repentance. Yes, I like *Penrod*, though I have not any great desire to meet him in the flesh. It grieves me, however, that such a character as *Mr. Kinosling* should have been dragged in by the heels. If fatuous clerics are worth any novelist's attention they certainly are not worth Mr. TARKINGTON's, and the only effect *Mr. Kinosling* had upon me was to fortify my conviction that it is far easier to begin a book of humour than to finish it.

### EN PASSANT.

LOUD swells the roar of traffic in the street,  
The motor-buses rumble on and wind  
Their plaintive warnings as they come behind  
Faint folk who dally, dazed by summer heat;  
The reckless taxis seem a deal too fleet  
To country cousins nervously inclined,  
And raucous news-boys fret the curious mind  
With spicy rumours of the foe's defeat.

But suddenly a hush falls everywhere:  
Stopp'd is each taxi with its languid load,  
And, as the City's silence deeper grows,  
Only a barrel-organ churns the air  
While Peggy (in the middle of the road)  
Pauses to put some powder on her nose!

Mr. Chaplin as an Apache.

"RETIREMENT OF MR. HENRY CHAPLIN.

SAFETY OF THE STREETS."

The Times.



## CHARIVARIA.

REPORTS still continue to come in as to the outbursts of rage which took place in Germany when the news of our participation in the War reached that country. Seeing that we had merely been asked to allow our friends to be robbed and murdered, our interference is looked upon as peculiarly gratuitous. \*

We hear, by the way, that the Germans, who hold Kiaochow on a long lease, appealed unsuccessfully to Leaseholders' Protection Societies all over the world to intervene in defence of their interests. \*

We understand that a new version of the KAISER's famous "Yellow Peril" cartoon (it bore the inscription, "Nations of Europe, protect your property!") is in preparation at Tokio, in which a jaundiced KAISER is delineated as the Yellow Peril. \*

Those persons who complain that the Allies are too frequently on the defensive forget that it is very difficult to be as offensive as the Germans. \*

The report that among the troops which entered Brussels was a bear dressed up in infamous taste to represent the King of the BELGIANS is denied in Germany. It is quite possible that he was merely one of the Prussian officers. \*

The *Giornale d'Italia* reports that, at a meeting of cardinals held at Rome, it was decided to issue an appeal to the belligerents to agree to a truce pending the election of a new Pope. It is thought, however, that the KAISER will refuse even such a reasonable request as this. \*

It is rumoured that WILHELM II. has despatched all his British uniforms to KING GEORGE. This, anyhow, should be remembered to his credit. He did not wish to disgrace them. \*

The temptation to call the KAISER names is, of course, almost irresistible, but we are rather surprised to come across the following head-lines in our serious contemporary, *The Observer*:—

"BRUSSELS—AND AFTER.  
THE GERMAN SWEEP."

There would seem to be no end to the social horrors of the War. The Teuton journal *Manufakturist* is now prophesying that one of its results will be the substitution of German for French fashions. \*

The title of "The King of Prussia," one of the oldest licensed houses at Barnet, is to be altered. Every effort, we understand, is being made in Germany to keep the news from the KAISER. \*

People must not come down too heavily on KEIR HARDIE. We honestly

the Zoo at the White City by the military authorities. In Berlin, no doubt, this will be taken to signify that our heavy cavalry mounts are giving out. \*

The Committee of the Masters of the Foxhounds Association have decided that, while regular hunting will be impossible, they consider it would be most prejudicial to the country in general if it were allowed to lapse altogether. In this, we understand, the Committee and the foxes do not see eye to eye, the latter taking the view that hunting men ought now to devote their entire attention to more important matters. \*

"GERMANS DRIVEN BACK FROM ANTWERP" read an indignant old lady. "Driven, indeed!" she exclaimed; "I'd have made them walk!" \*

The statement issued to the Press by Messrs. SUTTON AND SONS to the effect that large supplies of bulbs from Holland are now being delivered at Reading in as good a condition as ever has, we hear, had a distinctly steadying effect on the country at large. \*

From Hoylake comes the news that certain persons who live in a street there called Prussia Road have petitioned the Urban District Council for a change of name—and it is rumoured that the Council, with a view to saving the ratepayers' pockets, have hit upon the ingenious idea of obliterating the first letter only of the present name—thereby also paying a well-deserved compliment to a

distinguished ally. \*

A clerk who left a month ago for a week in lovely Lucerne and has only just been able to get back found his employer (a merchant with a strain of German blood in his veins) quite angry. "I have half a mind to dismiss you for exceeding your leave," he said. "However, you are useful to me. Only please understand that you have now had your holiday for the next three years as well."

"A sow has given birth to a freak of nature. The animal's face is almost human in appearance, it has neither eyes nor nostrils, but a nose like a fish."

*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

This is like none of our friends.



["Special constables who can speak German are particularly required."—*Daily paper.*]

Special Constable (having cornered his man). "SPECHEN SIE DEUTSCH?" Suspect. "NEIN! NEIN!"

believe that he honestly believes that his little views are right. That's what makes his case so sad. \*

The Dominican Revolution, it is announced, has ended. It is supposed to have been unable to stand the competition of the bigger war. \*

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to whether those persons who are in want of a holiday should take it as usual or not. The "Take your Change" movement may be quite right for women and children; but the "Leave your Change" movement is better still. \*

According to *The Evening News* three elephants have been requisitioned from



## THE AVENGERS.

(To our Soldiers in the field.)

Not only that your cause is just and right—

This much was never doubted; war or play,  
We go with clean hands into any fight;

That is our English way;—

Not this high thought alone shall brace your thews

To trample under-heel those Vandal hordes  
Who laugh when blood of mother and babe imbrues  
Their damned craven swords.

But here must be hot passion, white of flame,

Pure hate of this unutterable wrong,  
Sheer wrath for Christendom so sunk in shame,  
To make you trebly strong.

These smoking hearths of fair and peaceful lands,

This reeking trail of deeds abhorred of Hell,  
They cry aloud for vengeance at your hands,  
Ruthless and swift and fell.

Strike, then—and spare not—for the innocent dead

Who lie there, stark beneath the weeping skies,  
As though you saw your dearest in their stead  
Butchered before your eyes.

And though the guiltless pay for others' guilt

Who preached these brute ideals in camp and Court;  
Though lives of brave and gentle foes be spilt,  
That loathe this coward sport;

On each, without distinction, worst or best,

Fouled by a nation's crime, one doom must fall;  
Be you its instrument, and leave the rest  
To God, the Judge of all.

Let it be said of you, when sounds at length

Over the final field the victor's strain:—  
"They struck at infamy with all their strength,  
And earth is clean again!" O. S.

## HOW GERMANY CAME OFF.

(Extracts from a diary kept at intervals by a very special correspondent in the Dardanelles.)

GOEBEN arrives Dardanelles. Announcement of sale to Turkey and of disembarcation of German crew.

Goeben still in Dardanelles. Having been disposed of to Turkey, the ship again disembarked her crew.

Goeben continuing in Dardanelles, the disembarcation of German crew, which was completed three days ago and again yesterday, began again to-day and was carried out successfully.

The Goeben still being at anchor in the Dardanelles, it was decided to carry out a disembarcation of her German crew on a scale surpassing all previous efforts.

The Goeben continues in the Dardanelles. Owing to the remarkable expertness which her crew has acquired, it was possible to carry out three disembarcations this afternoon. The officer commanding, indeed, proposes shortly to issue a challenge to ships of all nationalities for the Open Disembarcation Championship of the World.

The Goeben remains in the Dardanelles. In response to a pressing request from great masses of the Turkish population, who have been unable before to witness the ceremony, it has been decided again to disembark the German crew, and, beginning to-morrow at 10 A.M., the impressive spectacle

will be gone through at regular intervals of an hour throughout the day. All the railway companies have announced cheap excursions, and there can be no doubt that these disembarcations will easily surpass all earlier ones.

The German crew of the Goeben are agitating for an eight-hour day.

Instructions having reached the crew of the Goeben to return to Germany, a magnificent Farewell Disembarcation took place last night. At its conclusion sympathisers presented an illuminated address bearing the following inscription: "To the crew of the Goeben on the occasion of their final disembarcation before leaving for the Fatherland."

Later.—Arrival of the crew of the Goeben at Kiel. Great popular enthusiasm. KAISER orders a Special Disembarcation to take place before entire Fleet, a duplicate cruiser (in the regrettable absence of the Goeben) being lent for the purpose.

## THE TRUCE.

PEACE reigns in the club-house on the links. The young men have nearly all gone, and Morris, our veteran "plus two" member, who generally only condescends to go round with the pro. and one or two choice players, is eager for a match with anyone. Only you must play for five shillings for his wife's branch of the Red Cross Society.

In the smoke-room over our pipes—cigars are considered wasteful and bad form—the old conversational warriors look at one another. I glance across at Sellars, a member of that loathsome, I should say highly admirable, institution, the National Liberal Club. It is not six weeks since I denounced him as a pestilent traitor because he demanded, for some reason that escapes me, the blockade of a city called Belfast. And, if I remember, he alluded to me as a traitorous tamperer with the Army. But now I praise the admirable patriotism of JOHN REDMOND; I eulogise the financial genius of LLOYD GEORGE; I grow fervid as I rhapsodise about WINSTON.

Then Sellars interposes, "My dear fellow, why do you forget the splendid abnegation of Sir EDWARD CARSON? As for LLOYD GEORGE he may have done well, but hasn't he AUSTEN at his elbow all the time? Talk about WINSTON if you like, but, after all, he has only muzzled the German fleet. F. E. SMITH has done a far more wonderful thing. He has muzzled the British Press."

Peace! It is wonderful. Only at the back of my mind there is one sad thought which I strive to put away from me. Suppose a General Election comes whilst the war is still on. I, as a patriot, shall have to vote for the splendid Government. It will be Sellars' duty and joy to support our splendid Opposition. And, if we all act in the same way, we shall have those wretched—what funny slips one's pen makes!—those adorable Radicals back in power for another five years.

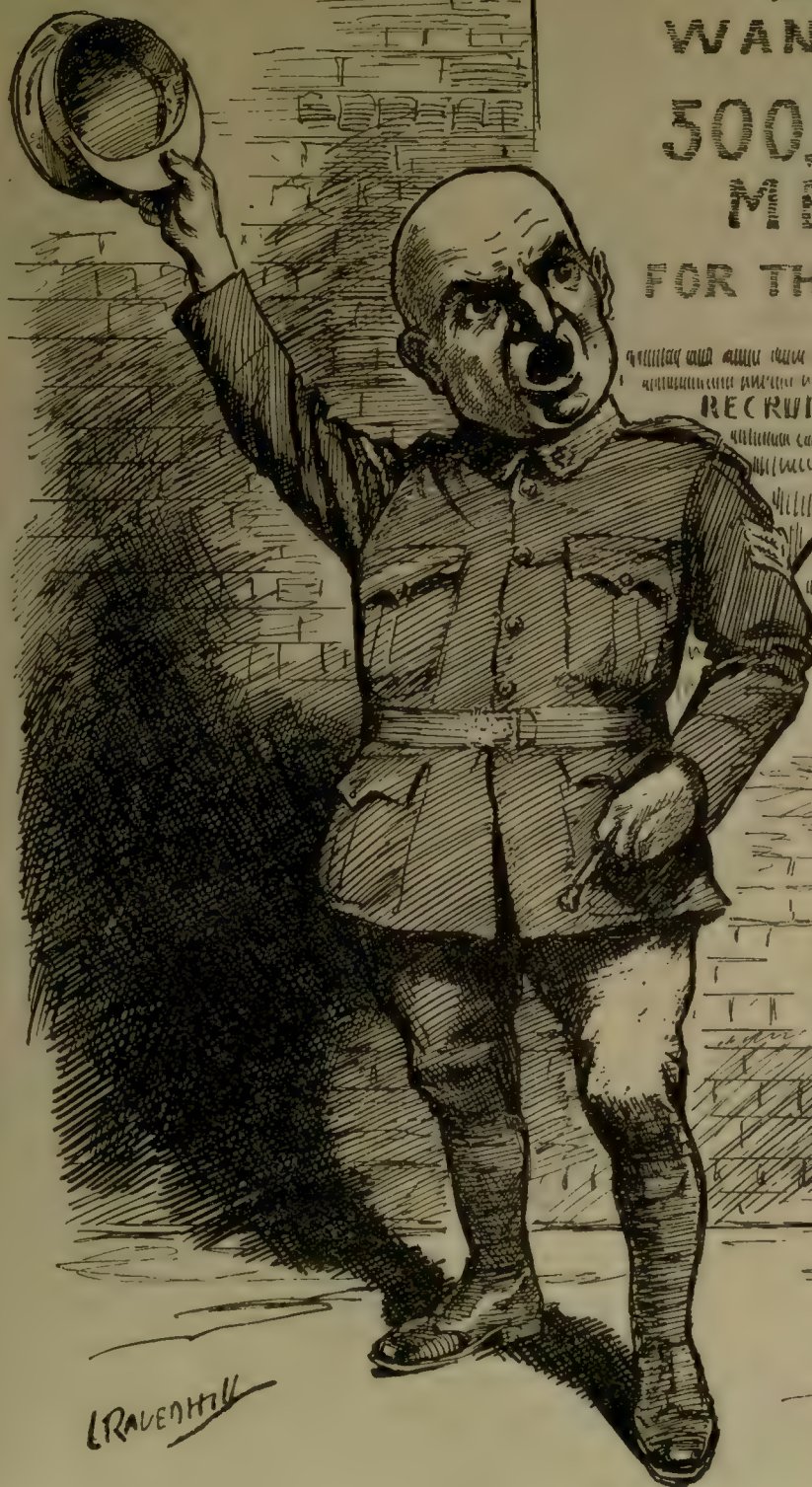
But when the war is over and we see a free Europe I promise myself one reward. The night when peace is proclaimed I shall seek out Sellars and tell him just what I think about LLOYD GEORGE; and I haven't the slightest doubt that he will celebrate the occasion by some venomous abuse of BONAR LAW.

You see at present we are handicapped; we are just Englishmen.

## Another Impending Apology.

"The first editor of GOLFING was Mr. Thomas Marlowe, who is now editor of the Daily Mail. On the other hand, there have been several editors of GOLFING who have since risen to positions of distinction."—Golfing.





**WANTED**  
**500,000**  
**MEN**  
**FOR THE ARMY**

**RECRUITING OFFICE**

**KITCHENER**

*L. RAVENTHILL*

**TO ARMS!**

RECRUITING-SERGEANT PUNCH. "NOW, MY LADS, YOUR COUNTRY WANTS YOU. WHO'S FOR THE FRONT?"









### UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

"NOW MIND, MARY, IF A SENTRY ASKS YOU WHO YOU ARE, YOU MUST IMMEDIATELY ANSWER, 'FRIEND.'"

"YES, 'M, BUT WHAT AM I TO SAY IF HE ASKS ME HOW BABY IS?"

### THE ATTACK ON GERMAN TRADE.

THOSE mistaken persons who maintain that "music has no frontiers" have been sharply rebuked by the patriotic action of the management of certain concerts, who boldly opened the season by expelling all German music from their programmes. It is all very well to say that this is confounding the Germany that we honour and admire with the Germany of the other sort, of which we have had more than enough. The step has been taken on the highest patriotic grounds, and although the ban has been partially removed since the season began, it is clearly indicated that this conciliatory attitude will only last so long as the main German fleet continues to skulk behind the defences of Kiel. If there is any aggressive movement, then let it be understood that TSCHAIKOWSKI'S *Pathétique* Symphony will be worn threadbare by nightly repetition sooner than that we should have any truck with BRAHMS, WAGNER or BACH.

Already the occupation of Brussels has caused the scratching (at the very last moment) of the SCHUMANN concerto.

Of course there is more in it than meets the eye. If all German music is eliminated there are bound to be prodigious gaps which must be filled up somehow. Very well. The result can only be a new state of activity in the home composing industry. This is no time for giving away secrets, but perhaps we may be allowed to say that the continued attendance last week of Sir HENRY WOOD at the offices of the Board of Trade can only mean that he too is taking his part in a comprehensive and well-considered plan for making war on German industries. Now is the time for the native producer to get to work. Germany must once and for all be ousted from this market. There need be no difficulty in obtaining samples, and we look to British industry and enterprise to do the rest.

We are not sure that neutrals should be allowed into this thing. An exception might be made in the case of Italy,

but, apart from her, we should limit the exotic features in our programmes to the works of our allies in the field. It might give a needed fillip to the national music of Japan.

### How it strikes our Contemporaries.

"Yesterday's eclipse of the sun was itself eclipsed by the world shadow. Shortly after noon a large inky blot obscured nearly three-quarters of the sun's surface and a violet haze hung over London, but very few people were heeding the phenomenon in the sky. The hawkers, even, were too busy selling patriotic favours to offer smoked glasses."—*Daily Mail*.

"Londoners did not permit the war to eclipse the eclipse. The hawkers' cry, 'Smoked glass a penny,' was heard everywhere, and there was a ready sale for the pieces of glass which enabled one to view the darkening of the sun."—*Daily Mirror*.

The allies should come to a better agreement than this.

"Spies Output Down Again," says a contemporary, and we were just going to congratulate the authorities when we discovered that it referred to a Petroleum Company.



## THE FATAL GIFT.

PEOPLE say to me sometimes, "Oh, you know Woolman, don't you?" I acknowledge that I do, and, after the silence that always ensues, I add, "If you want to say anything against him, please go on." You can almost hear the sigh of relief that goes up. "I thought he was a friend of yours," they say cheerfully. "But, of course, if——" and then they begin.

I think it is time I explained my supposed friendship for Ernest Merrowby Woolman—confound him.

The affair began in a taxicab two years ago. Andrew had been dining with me that night; we walked out to the cab-rank together; I told the driver where to go, and Andrew stepped in, waved good-bye to me from the window, and sat down suddenly upon something hard. He drew it from beneath him, and found it was an extremely massive (and quite new) silver cigar-case. He put it in his pocket with the intention of giving it to the driver when he got out, but quite naturally forgot. Next morning he found it on his dressing-table. So he put it in his pocket again, meaning to leave it at Scotland Yard on his way to the City.

Next morning it was on his dressing-table again.

This went on for some days. After a week or so Andrew saw that it was hopeless to try to get a cigar-case back to Scotland Yard in this casual sort of way; it must be taken there deliberately by somebody who had a morning to spare and was willing to devote it to this special purpose. He placed the case, therefore, prominently on a small table in the dining-room to await the occasion; calling also the attention of his family to it, as an excuse for an outing when they were not otherwise engaged.

At times he used to say, "I must really take that cigar-case to Scotland Yard to-morrow."

At other times he would say, "Somebody must really take that cigar-case to Scotland Yard to-day."

And so the weeks rolled on . . .

It was about a year later that I first got mixed up with the thing. I must have dined with the Andrews several times without noticing the cigar-case, but on this occasion it caught my eye as we wandered out to join the ladies, and I picked it up carelessly. Well, not exactly carelessly; it was too heavy for that.

"Why didn't you tell me," I said, "that you had stood for Parliament and that your supporters had consoled you with a large piece of plate? Hallo, they've put the wrong initials on it. How unbusiness-like."

"Oh, *that*?" said Andrew. "Is it still there?"

"Why not? It's quite a solid little table. But you haven't explained why your constituents, who must have seen your name on hundreds of posters, thought your initials were E. M. W."

Andrew explained.

"Then it isn't yours at all?" I said in amazement.

"Of course not."

"But, my dear man, this is theft. Stealing by finding, they call it. You could get"—I looked at him almost with admiration—"you could get two years for this;" and I weighed the cigar-case in my hand. "I believe you're the only one of my friends who could be certain of two years," I went on musingly. "Let's see, there's——"

"Nonsense," said Andrew uneasily. "But still, perhaps I'd better take it back to Scotland Yard to-morrow."

"And tell them you've kept it for a year? They'd run you in at once. No, what you want to do is to get rid of it without their knowledge. But how—that's the question. You can't give it away because of the initials."

"It's easy enough. I can leave it in another cab, or drop it in the river."

"Andrew, Andrew," I cried, "you're determined to go to prison! Don't you know from all the humorous articles you've ever read that, if you *try* to lose anything, then you never can? It's one of the stock remarks one makes to women in the endeavour to keep them amused. No, you must think of some more subtle way of disposing of it."

"I'll pretend it's yours," said Andrew more subtly, and he placed it in my pocket.

"No, you don't," I said. "But I tell you what I will do. I'll take it for a week and see if I can get rid of it. If I can't, I shall give it you back and wash my hands of the whole business—except, of course, for the monthly letter or whatever it is they allow you at the Scrubbs. You may still count on me for that."

And then the extraordinary thing happened. The next morning I received a letter from a stranger, asking for some simple information which I could have given him on a post-card. And so I should have done—or possibly, I am afraid, have forgotten to answer at all—but for the way that the letter ended up.

*"Yours very truly,*

ERNEST M. WOOLMAN."

The magic initials! It was a chance not to be missed. I wrote enthusiastically back and asked him to lunch.

He came. I gave him all the information he wanted, and lots more. Whether he was a pleasant sort of person or not I hardly noticed; I was so very pleasant myself.

He returned my enthusiasm. He asked me to dine with him the following week. A little party at the Savoy—his birthday, you know.

I accepted gladly. I rolled up at the party with my little present . . . a massive silver cigar-case . . . suitably engraved.

\* \* \* \* \*  
So there you are. He clings to me. He seems to have formed the absurd idea that I am fond of him. A few months after that evening at the Savoy he was married. I was invited to the wedding—confound him. Of course I had to live up to my birthday present; the least I could do was an enormous silver cigar-box (not engraved), which bound me to him still more strongly.

By that time I realised that I hated him. He was pushing, familiar, everything that I disliked. All my friends wondered how I had become so intimate with him . . .

Well, now they know. And the original E. M. W., if he has the sense to read this article, knows. If he cares to prosecute Ernest Merrowby Woolman for being in possession of stolen goods I shall be glad to give him any information. Woolman is generally to be found leaving my rooms at about 6.30 in the evening, and a smart detective could easily nab him as he steps out.

A. A. M.

## FORTUNE'S FAVOURITE.

DEAR maiden of the sunny head

And cheeks of coral hue,

The lips of rarest ruby red,

The eyes of Oxford blue,

And other charms I've left unsaid . . .

Ah, how I envy you!

Heedless of half a world at war

You neither strive nor cry;

Though danger knocks at England's door

There's laughter in your sky:

You ask not what she's fighting for,  
Nor reck the reason why.

You little guess, you never will,

The force that nerves this fist

To toil away for you until

My mind is like a mist;

The lack of money for the mill,

The growing dearth of grist.

Ah, since amid a world grown wild,

And horrors still half told,

Peace has her palace round you piled,

By all the gods I hold

You are a very lucky child,

My little Nine-months-old.





Officer Commanding Squad (about to cross Waterloo Bridge). "ALT! BREAK STEP! LARGE COLUMNS OF TROOPS WHEN CROSSING BRIDGES IS COMMANDED TO 'BREAK STEP' SO THAT THE UNISON OF THEIR TREAD MAY NOT DANGEROUSLY THREATEN THE STERILITY OF THE BRIDGE."

### A CANDIDATE FOR THE FORCE.

"I WANT to enrol myself as a Special Constable," I said to the man in mufti behind the desk.

"Well, don't let me stop you," he remarked. "The Police Station is next door. This is a steam laundry."

A minute later I began again:—

"I want to enrol myself as a Steam Laund—that is to say, as a Special Constable."

"Certainly, Sir," said the Inspector in charge. "Your name and address?"

I opened my cigarette-case and placed a card on the desk.

"The name of the house is pronounced *Song Soocce*," I said, "not, as spelt, Sans Souci."

The Inspector handed me back the card. It was a cigarette-picture representing the proper method of bandaging a displaced knee-cap. I rectified the error, and he entered the information in a book.

"I must ask if you are a British subject?" he inquired.

"You might almost describe me as super-British," I replied. "There is

a tradition in my family that my ancestors were on Hastings Pier when the Conqueror arrived."

"Thank you. That will be all."

"You don't want me to give references, one of which must be a clergyman or a J.P.? You don't require me to state previous experience, if any, or any details of that sort?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "That'll be all right. You are no doubt familiar with squad drill?"

"Splendid! I had no idea it was used in the Force."

"Right turn—left turn—about turn—form fours—and so on?"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but what did you call that?"

"Squad drill, Sir."

"O-o-h! I thought you said 'quad-rille.' But I know the turns. Right turn, I turn to the right; left turn, I turn to the left; about turn, I turn just about, but not quite; form fours, I form—excuse me, but how does one man form fours?"

"There will, of course, be others," replied the Inspector. "You'll soon pick it up. And please state at what

hours of the day you would be prepared to take duty."

"Well," I said, "I've practically nothing to do from the time I get up—half-past ten—until mid-day. I could also manage to spare half-an-hour between afternoon-tea and dinner. And I could just drop in here about eleven at night to see if things were going along all right. Now, if you'll kindly fetch me a bull's-eye lantern, a life-preserver, a bullet-proof tunic, some indiarubber boots, a revolver, and a letter of introduction to some of the most skilful cooks in the neighbourhood I can put in one crowded hour of joyous life before I'm due on the links."

"Just a moment," said the Inspector. "I don't want to discourage you, but kindly cast your eye over these paragraphs;" and he handed me a printed circular. "You will see that it will be necessary for you to perform four consecutive hours' duty."

"Good heavens," I exclaimed, "I don't think I shall be able to manage that. I'm in the middle of an important jig-saw; I'm expecting a new motor-car to arrive any minute; and I



have a slight head-cold. However, if my country calls me, I will see what can be arranged."

I noticed the Inspector's look of admiration at my bull-dog resolution, so to hide my blushes I perused the circular.

"I see," I said, "that we are each supplied with 'one armlet.' What's an armlet?"

"A badge that goes round your arm."

"Of course! How stupid of me! Just like a bracelet goes round one's—no, that won't do. Just like a gimlet goes—no, that doesn't either. I can't think of a simile, but I quite understand. Then we have 'one whistle.' What's that for? To whistle on if I feel lonely?"

"To summon assistance if you should require it."

"I have an idea that my whistle will be overworked. Shall I be able to get a new one when the original's worn out?"

The Inspector thought there would be no difficulty in my getting re-whistled.

"One truncheon," I continued. "That, of course, is to trunch with. One truncheon, though, seems rather niggardly. I should prefer two, one in each hand. 'One note-book'—is that for autographs and original contributions from my brother Specials?"

"For noting names and addresses and details of cases," explained the Inspector. "For instance, if, when on duty, you saw Jack Johnson committing a breach of the peace you would—"

"Blow my whistle hard—"

"Certainly not. You would take his name and address and note it down."

"And if he refused it I could then whistle for help?"

"No, you would at once arrest him."

"What's the earliest possible moment at which it would be etiquette to blow my whistle?"

"When he offered resistance. Then you could whistle."

"No, I couldn't," I said, "not unless my equipment included one pair of bellows. Do you mean to tell me that I should be expected to arrest a man of infinitely superior physique to my own with no other weapons than one armlet, one whistle, one truncheon and one note-book? Surely I should be allowed to run for the Mayor and get him to read the Riot Act? If not, I can only say a policeman's lot is—"

"Not a happy one?" put in the Inspector.

"I was going to say a policeman's lot is a lot too much. Would you kindly cross my name off your list?"

"I crossed it off some minutes ago," replied the Inspector.

## THE WATCH DOGS.

### II.

DEAR CHARLES,—Another letter from the back of the front for you. You will be glad to hear that your Terrier is settling down in his temporary kennel and sharpening his teeth in due course. The time will come when you may look on your gift dog in the mouth and be not disappointed, we hope, by the view.

We received orders a day or two ago to take up our beds and walk; that is, a couple of officers and a hundred odd of the men were told off to execute a flank movement on a neighbouring township where there is a range, and do our damndest with the poor old targets. So we put our oddments in our pillow-case, rolled up our bedrooms into a convenient bundle and trekked. We were assured that we should be back at our base within the week, but we have learnt to take no chances. We have but one form of movement, the *tout ensemble*.

It is quite refreshing to step, over a hundred strong, into a village with no pre-arranged scheme of board and lodging. Like every other wanderer in a strange part, we turn first to the policeman. We march towards him at attention; we call a halt at the base of his feet, and then, with the courtesy of the gentleman and the brevity of the soldier, we inform him that we have arrived. The next development is up to him.

It is not to him, however, that we owe our temporary rest. It is to that irrepressible and indefatigable unit, the Boy Scout. Charles, I believe we'd all be lying out in the rain at this moment but for that assistance. The equipment of the Boy Scout on billeting duty consists of a piece of white chalk and a menacing demeanour. Thus armed, he knocks at every likely door, wishes the householder a good morning and registers on the door-frame the number of men that may be left till called for within, even while the policeman is still endeavouring to explain the international situation and the military exigencies to the slow-thinking rustic. Many formidable obstacles lie in our path, we know, but we are comforted by the thought that the Boy Scout isn't one of them. If, in the next generation, Britain continues to exist as a nation and not as a dépôt for the training of waiters in the Berlin restaurants, then indeed we shall have something to rely on in these adaptable young fellows.

The host upon whom we officers were thrust was quite polite as long as our Boy Scout stood by, but, left to himself, turned out crusty. He was

rather too old to turn into the perfect hotel proprietor all in a minute, and, as he put it, "he couldn't see his way" to do this and that for us. He was prepared to do all he had to do, but no more. Unfortunately we were not as well up in the regulations as our youthful and now departed protector. So we went out and did a bit of billeting on our own. It is an odd experience, this knocking at somebody's door and, upon being asked what one has come for, answering, "To stay." For ourselves we thought that the Rector would be a good man to experiment on. These parsons are used to being victimised and are known not to be too harsh upon the delinquent. So off we went to the Rectory, significantly handling our hilts and twirling our military stubbles. But the essence of war is surprise, and it was the Rector's wife who confronted our attack.

I said, upon enquiry, that I couldn't say what we wanted but placed myself unreservedly in my colleague's hands. I then took a pace to the rear and prepared to retire in good order. Robertson's whole efforts were concentrated on refraining from taking off his cap, as behoves a gentleman, but not an officer, and the Rector's wife remained amiable but on the defensive. Charles, our position was a hopeless one and our careers had concluded then and there but for the arrival of the ally. Boy Scouts are as tactful as they are forgiving; he accepted our explanation and apology to himself and he explained for us and apologised to the Rector's wife. It was little he had to say, for never was a less reluctant and more efficient billettee. This kind lady has not only made our sojourn one long series of simple luxuries, she has been through the whole of our kit and washed and repaired the lot. Think what you may about the Church when you are a civilian in affluence, but when you are a soldier in distress turn to it first for succour.

Lastly, a minor incident of a regrettable nature. Halting on the march yesterday for our transport to catch up (our transport is known as Lieutenant Pearson's Circus) I discovered one of our dusty thirsty warriors having made his illegal entrance into a public-house by an emergency door. There he stood with a glisten in his eyes and his hand just about to grasp the pewter pot! Out he went under sentence of death by slow torture, and there was I left, with a thirst such as I have never before believed to be possible, alone with a pewter pot, with the foam just brimming over the top . . . alone, unseen, undiscoverable . . .

Your fallen Friend, HENRY.





### THE LANGUAGE OF THE HOUR.

Irate Lady (firing Parthian shot after marital misunderstanding). "YER—YER BLOOMIN' OOLAN!"

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE Autumn publishing season will undoubtedly be affected by the war, several firms having decided to withhold most of their forthcoming books. Messrs. Odder and Thynne, however, being convinced that the reading public cannot subsist entirely on newspapers, have with great public spirit resolved to publish their full programme, which is unusually full of works of interest.

The foremost place in their list is allotted to Principal Toshley Potts's volume of essays, which bear the attractive title of *The Hill of Havering*. Principal Potts was recently hailed by Sir NICHOLSON ROBERTS as "the Scots A. C. Benson," and this felicitous analogy will, we feel sure, be triumphantly vindicated by the contents of this epoch-making work, which by the way is dedicated to Dr. Emery Cawker, of the University of Brashville, Ga.

Another work of outstanding signifi-

cance is a volume of poems, entitled *Kailyard Carols*, from the accomplished pen of Mr. Alan Bodgers, whom Mr. DAVID LYALL, in a three-column article in the *Penman*, recently declared to be the finest lyric poet since SHELLEY, and Mr. LYALL seldom makes a mistake. Mr. Bodgers, it may be added, is the sub-editor of the *Kilspindie Courant*, and has a handicap of twenty-two at the local golf club.

Very welcome also is the announcement that Professor Hector McGollop has undertaken to edit a series of *Manuals of Moral Uplift*, to which he will contribute the opening volume on *The Art of Uction*. Other contributors to the series are Dr. Talisker Dinwiddie, Principal Marcus Tonks and the Rev. Bandley Chadd.

In the department of fiction the most remarkable of the novelties promised by Messrs. Odder and Thynne is *The Nul's Progress*, by Mr. EWAN STRAW. It will be remembered that in a four-column review of Mr. STRAW's last

book, *Nothing Doing*, which appeared in the Xmas number of the *Book Booster*, Sir CLEMENT SHORTHOUSE declared that this talented fictionist combined the lilt of FRANK SMEDLEY (the author of *Frank Fairleigh*) with the whimsicality of BARRIE and the austere morality of ANNIE SWAN. Otherwise we may be sure the firm of Odder and Thynne would never have published a work with so risky a title.

### Perhaps.

Of wolves that wear sheep's clothing  
The world has long been full,  
But I've a special loathing  
For one in Berlin wool.

Although the wool may cover  
Not more than half the beast,  
Perhaps when all is over  
He'll be entirely fleeced. W. W.

"MAGNIFICENT BEQUEST TO THE LOUVRE.  
Sunspot Visible to the Naked Eye."  
*Times.*

France seems to have acquired Germany's spot in the sun.





*Ethel (in apprehensive whisper which easily reaches her German governess, to whom she is deeply attached). "MOTHER, SHALL WE HAVE TO KILL FRÄULEIN?"*

### REASONING IN THE RANKS.

[Several journals have pointed out that the type of recruit now offering himself is in a high degree capable of reasoning and initiative.]

"Now I want any of you who are puzzled about anything to ask questions about it," said the instructing sergeant-major. . . and anon:

"Right about, Number 3 of the front rank! There is no such thing as left about turn. Squad, form——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Number 3, "but why do you say that there is no such thing as left about turn?"

"Because there isn't," said the sergeant-major unsympathetically.

"But, my good man," urged Number 3, "there must be. I've just done it. Why, look here!"

He did it again.

"Such a movement is not in the drill-book," said the sergeant-major curtly.

"But," protested Number 3, "you told us yourself only yesterday that very few of the total possible commands are in the drill-book. For instance, there

is no provision for lining a railway embankment, often, I understand, a salutary and even vital evolution."

The sergeant-major considered.

"There's no use," he said at last weightily, "avin' two ways of doin' anything when one will do. It is generally considered that right about turn is enough ways of turning about for any one man."

"By all means," admitted the recruit generously, "let us be frugal. Frugality is the mainspring of efficiency. One way of turning about is ample for me. But why right rather than left?"

"Because right's right, and that's all there is to it," said the sergeant-major, who was tiring of the argument.

"Exactly," admitted Number 3, "and left's left, and that leaves us just where we started. Now if the War Office had tossed up and made a general decision in favour of right I could understand the position. But my impression is that this is not so. Thus, if I were to step off with the right foot——"

"Shut your face," said the sergeant-

major, "and do what you're told. Squad! A-bout——Turn!"

"Reasoning," observed Number 3, "is lost upon yonder survival of the old school of stereotyped militarism. The hour for initiative has arrived."

And by way of protest he executed a neat left about turn.

### GUNS OF VERDUN.

GUNS of Verdun point to Metz  
From the plated parapets;  
Guns of Metz grin back again  
O'er the fields of fair Lorraine.

Guns of Metz are long and grey  
Growling through a summer day;  
Guns of Verdun, grey and long,  
Boom an echo of their song.

Guns of Metz to Verdun roar,  
"Sisters, you shall foot the score;"  
Guns of Verdun say to Metz,  
"Fear not, for we pay our debts."

Guns of Metz they grumble, "When?"  
Guns of Verdun answer then,  
"Sisters, when to guard Lorraine  
Gunners lay you East again!"





### AT THE POST OF HONOUR.

LIBERTY (to Belgium). "TAKE COMFORT. YOUR COURAGE IS VINDICATED; YOUR WRONGS SHALL BE AVENGED."







**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Lords, Tuesday, Aug. 25.*

—After fortnight's recess Parliament meets again. Scene mightily changed. At time of adjournment country on brink of war. Now in thick of it.

Contrary to custom interest centred in Chamber at this end of corridor. Man of the moment is the tall strongly-framed figure that enters on stroke of appointed hour and marches with soldierly step to Ministerial Bench. This is KITCHENER, Secretary of State for War, primed with message from the Army which, making its first stand at Mons, had a baptism of fire that lasted thirty-six hours.

With characteristic modesty the new Minister seated himself at lower end of Bench. CREWE presently arriving signalled him to come up higher. Accordingly seated himself next to LEADER OF HOUSE. Thence rose at half-past four to make his maiden speech, a deliverance effected under rarely momentous circumstances. Brought with him one of those "scraps of paper" which the KAISER scorns when they contain such trifling matter as a solemn treaty with a neighbouring nation. On this KITCHENER, more at home on the battlefield than in a place where a man's business is to talk, had written his speech.

It was brief, manly, simple. Made haste to point out that, though associated with the Cabinet, holding high office in the Government, his appearance on the Ministerial Bench did not imply that he belonged to any political party.

"As a soldier," he said, "I have no politics."

House startled to hear him add that his occupation of the post of Secretary of State for War is temporary. Terms of his service are those of the recruits for the new Army. He is engaged to serve during the war. If it lasts longer than three years, then for three years only.

Faced by grim suggestion that the war just opening may last for three years, a deeper gravity fell over listening House. KITCHENER pre-eminently a man who knows what he is talking about. And here he was in level tones, unruffled manner, taking into account the contingency of the war lasting three years.

That this was no idle conjecture, rather a well-thought-out possibility intelligently provided for, appeared when he went on to describe how the contingency must be faced. The enemy had already brought his full resources into the field. It was a maximum which,

after a succession of days like last Sunday, must necessarily diminish. On the other hand, whilst we have put a comparatively small force afoot, there is behind it, at home and in the Colonies, a vast reserve which, diligently trained and organised, will steadily reinforce the fighting line. In the course of six or seven months there will be a total of thirty divisions, continually kept up to full fighting strength.

Nor was that all.

"If," said the soldier-Minister, "the war be protracted, and if its fortune be varied or adverse, exertions and sacrifices beyond any already demanded will



ANOTHER "SCRAP OF PAPER."  
(K. of K.)

be required from the whole nation and Empire."

Ominous words increasing prevalent gloom. At least satisfactory to know that in his official communications KITCHENER will always cheer us by presenting to closest view the worst that has actually happened or is possibly in store.

*Business done.*—KITCHENER makes his maiden speech.

*House of Commons, Wednesday.*—No one looking in on House this afternoon would imagine that the country is engaged in an armed fight, issues of which will in one direction or another transform the aspect of Europe. Atmosphere unruffled. "Business as usual" the order of the day.

Pretty full attendance considering House has with brief intervals been in session since February and meets again at what in normal times would be period of full recess. PREMIER on

Treasury Bench at opening of sitting. Having answered a few questions, withdrew to his private room and was no more seen.

LOYD GEORGE, left in charge, moved through various stages series of emergency measures.

On Currency and Bank Note Bill question of design of new twenty-shilling and ten-shilling notes came up. Some disrespectful things said of it. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER admitted its imperfection but pleaded that in the hurried circumstances of the day it was the best that could be done. Exception especially taken on score that the design made forgery easy. Here the CHANCELLOR differed.

"I have been told by an expert in these matters," he said, with the pleased air of one recalling the dictum of a respected friend, "that the plainer the design on a note the more difficult it is to forge it."

All the same the notes are to be called in and replaced.

*Business done.*—Second reading of Bill giving Government blank cheque for meeting expenses of war carried without debate or division.

*Thursday.*—PREMIER's surpassing gift of speech, equally concise and eloquent, never more brilliantly displayed than this afternoon. Proposed Resolution conveying expression of sympathy and admiration for heroic resistance offered by the Belgian Army and people to wanton invasion of their territory. In speech that occupied less than ten minutes in delivery the PREMIER, himself moved to loftiest pitch of righteous indignation, touched deepest feelings of a crowded House.

Referring to Great Britain's intervention in "a quarrel in which it had no direct concern," he pointed out that the country threw away the scabbard only when confronted by necessity of choice between keeping and breaking solemn obligations, between the discharge of a binding trust and a shameless subservience.

A deep-throated cheer approved his emphatic declaration, "We do not repent our decision."

Cheers rang forth again when in another fine passage he said, "The Belgians have won for themselves the immortal glory which belongs to a people who prefer freedom to ease, to security, even to life itself. We are proud of their alliance and their friendship. We salute them with respect and honour. We are with them heart and soul."

Difficult to follow outburst of genuine eloquence like this, delivered with thrilling force. BONAR LAW in equally brief speech voiced hearty acquies-



cence of Opposition in Resolution. JOHN REDMOND, associating Ireland whole-heartedly with it, made practical suggestion, that, instead of lending Belgium ten millions as proposed, we should hand the money over to her as a free gift, an instalment of a just debt.

*Business done.*—More Emergency Bills advanced by stages. Ominous hint of fresh taxation dropped by CHANCELLOR.

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE WAR SPIRIT

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There was a big party of us at the Clackmannans' Scotch place, Blairbinkie, when all these fearful things began to happen—and now where are we all? The Flummery boys and ever so many more of the party are at the front with their regiments. The Duke of Clackmannan is at the head of the Clackmannan Yeomanry. Norty's gone off to help take care of the East coast, and it's lucky to have *him* helping to protect it and keep watch, for if there's *anybody* who could see things coming sooner than anybody else it's Norty!

Stella, Beryl, Babs and your Blanche are all back in Town, and when we're not taking lessons in nursing we're sewing at flannel. I make Yvonne do my hair quite, *quite* plainly, and I'm giving my jewels to my country. I've already given my dear collar of pearls. I gave that first because I love it best of all my jewels, because it can *never* be replaced, and because pearls suit me better than *any* other stone.

All our first fingers are covered with pricks and look immensely horrid, but we glory in it and won't even put any cold cream on them! As I said yesterday afternoon, when we were all sewing away at flannel, if *any* woman, I don't care *who*, offered me her hand and I saw that the first finger was *smooth* I'd refuse to take it! Beryl must needs weigh in with, "But, my dear Blanche, she wouldn't offer you her *left* hand! It's the *left* forefinger that gets punished in needle-work." "The principle

is the same," I answered coldly. "And besides, some people are left-handed." Beryl has decent qualities, I know, and one doesn't want to find fault with anyone just now, but she was

Blairbinkie who, before we were at war, talked *fervidly* of what he should do for his country if trouble came. I had not liked Hector Swankington the least little bit before that, but when he said that, in the event of war, he would raise a troop at his own expense, call it "Swankington's Horse" and lead it himself "wherever the fighting was hottest," I thought I'd not done him justice. So I listened to him and approved and encouraged the plan. And then the storm burst and we all scattered. The other morning I met him in the Park when I was taking my early walk. He asked if I would dine with him some evening at the "Iridescent," and I said it was not a time for dining at restaurants. "No," he agreed, "it certainly isn't now all the French cooks are gone; and what an idiotic idea this is about reducing the number of courses at dinner! Silly rot, I call it!"

I ignored this and asked, "What about 'Swankington's Horse'?"

"Oh! that's all off," he said

huffily. "I wrote to the authorities about raising the troop, asked what State recognition I should get, and enclosed a drawing of the hat I meant to wear as leader—a ripping scheme, turned up at one side and with a bunch of feathers. All the answer I got was a few brief words of acknowledgment and a request to set about it at once and report myself somewhere or other. Not a word of the State recognition I was to receive, and the drawing of the hat returned with 'Not approved' scrawled across it.

So I've chucked the whole business. And now don't let us talk of that any more!"

I gave him my freezing look (you've never seen my freezing look, dearest—it's *terrible*!) and I said with a little calm deadly manner that I very, *very* seldom use, "I've no wish to talk to you of *that*—or of anything else—ever again." And I left him.

The party at Blairbinkie that scattered almost as soon as it assembled was by way of being a farewell to the old place, for the Clackmannans had virtually sold it to a



GERMAN KAISER. "We are not satisfied with Our moustache; it seems to need support on the Eastern side."

always like that—and her *hemming*, dearest!

Babs is wild to go to the front, but I say she'd be only a nuisance until she knows more about nursing. Someone told me the other day, *a propos* of untrained women going to the front and hindering instead of helping, that during the last war a poor dear in one of the hospitals had his hair parted fifty times in an hour by *fifty* different people, and nearly got brain-fever.

There was a man in the party at



FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION.





The Lady of the House. "JUST THE PERSON I WANTED TO SEE. I'VE STARTED TEN COMMITTEES IN CONNECTION WITH THE WAR AND I WANT YOUR HELP." Visitor. "MY DEAR! I'VE JUST STARTED TWELVE AND I SIMPLY COUNTED ON YOU!"

Mr. Spragg, of Pittsburg. He was going to have the old castle taken across in bits and set up again in Pennsylvania; and he was taking all the family portraits, the mausoleum, the old trees in the park and the stags at a valuation, as well as the village itself with all its cottages and people, in order that the castle might have its proper setting out there. There were two more things he wanted included in the bargain—a village idiot and a family ghost ("hereditary spectre," he called it).

Ah, my dear! all this belongs to the happy old days of a hundred years ago, when we were all three or four weeks younger. The man from Pittsburg, so far from being able to buy Blairbinkie, hardly knows where to look for his next meal, and as for shipping castles and trees and mausoleums and village idiots and family ghosts across the Atlantic he only wishes he could get himself across, even if he had to work his passage!

Josiah is at the uttermost ends of the earth. He went in June, about

rubber-mines or oil-concessions, I'm not sure which. I had a cable from him the other day from a place that began with "Boo" and ended with "atty"—I forget what came between. He told me not to be anxious, that he'd get back when and how he could. My answer was, "Not anxious. Wherever you are you'd better stay there, or you may get taken prisoner by those creatures, and then I'd never forgive you!"

Talking of prisoners reminds me of a rumour about the Bullyon-Boundermers. They were cruising somewhere in their new big steam-yacht when war broke out, and now there's a report that the enemy have taken the yacht and turned it into a cruiser; that the Bullyon-Boundermere people are prisoners on board, and that they're making her wash dishes and forcing him to work as a stoker or a bulkhead or some fearful thing of that kind! This is not official, my dear, but I give it you for what it's worth.

I called a little meeting here yesterday about a scheme of mine. Beryl

and Babs and your Blanche and several more of us are really crack shots, and I want to form us into a band of rifle-women and ask the Powers that be to let us guard some important place—a bridge or a bank or a powder magazine. We should wear a distinctive uniform, and we wouldn't let anyone come near! Babs said she hoped the uniform would be smart and becoming, but I soon shut her up. "This is not a time to think of cut or colour," I told her. "Myself, I shouldn't care how my uniform was cut—even if the shoulder seams were at the elbows. And as for colour I'd wear grass-green, though it's a colour in which I look a mere fiend, if it would help my country!" And Beryl and Babs cried and kissed me.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The Suez Canal has brought St. Helena much closer than in Napoleonic days."

T.P.'s Weekly.

In the same way the opening of the Panama Canal has made Heligoland much more adjacent than in Lord SALISBURY's days.



## ODE TO JOHN BRADBURY.

(The new notes for £1 and 10s. are signed by  
JOHN BRADBURY.)

WHEN the Red KAISER, swoll'n with impious pride  
And stuffed with texts to serve his instant need,  
Took Shame for partner and Disgrace for guide,  
Earned to the full the hateful traitor's meed,  
And bade his hordes advance  
Through Belgium's cities towards the fields of France;  
And when at last our patient island race,  
By the attempted wrong  
Made fierce and strong,  
Flung back the challenge in the braggart's face,  
Oh then, while martial music filled the air,  
Clarion and fife and bagpipe and the drum,  
Calling to men to muster, march, and dare,  
Oh, then thy day, JOHN BRADBURY, was come.

JOHN BRADBURY, the Muse shall fill my strain  
To sing thy praises; thou hadst spent thy time  
Not idly, nor hadst lived thy life in vain,  
Unfitted for the guerdon of my rhyme.  
For lo, the Funds went sudden crashing down,  
And men grew pale with monetary fear,  
And in the toppling mart  
The stoutest heart  
Melted, and fortunes seemed to disappear;  
And some, forgetting their austere renown,  
Went mad and sold  
Whate'er they could and wildly called for Gold!

"Since through no fault of ours the die was cast  
We shall go forth and fight  
In death's despite  
And shall return victorious at the last;  
But how, ah how," they said,  
"Shall we and ours be fed  
And clothed and housed from dreary day to day,  
If, while our hearths grow cold, we have no coin to pay?"

Then thou, where no gold was and little store  
Of silver, didst appear and wave thy pen,  
And with thy signature  
Make things secure,  
Bidding us all pluck up our hearts once more  
And face our foolish fancied fears like men.  
"I give you notes," you said, "of different kinds  
To ease your anxious minds:  
The one is black and shall be fairly found  
Equal in value to a golden pound;  
The other—mark its healthy scarlet print—  
Is worth a full half-sovereign from the Mint."

Thus didst thou speak—at least I think thou didst—  
And, lo, the murmurs fell  
And all things went right well,  
While thy notes fluttered in our happy midst.  
Therefore our grateful hearts go forth to thee,  
Our British note-provider, brave JOHN BRADBURY!

R. C. L.

"BELGIUM.—Can any member let me know as to what kind of weather to expect in Belgium towards the end of October, and as to the condition of the roads? I and my wife propose going a tandem tour at that time in the Ardennes, Luxembourg, etc. Are most of the hotels shut for the season at that time? Would the north of France be preferable?—G. J."—*C. T. C. Gazette*.

This gentleman is evidently particular. We are half afraid he will not get quite what he wants.

## THE COLUMN OF ADVENTURE.

EVEN *The Times'* "agony column," my staple reading during toast-and-marmalade, suffers from the all-pervading war. Old friends have dropped out of the column on its war march. No longer does the Young Gentleman yearning for the idyllic life call on the charitable to provide him with a year of perfect ease, comfort and luxury. I had hoped to meet him some day, to draw out his confidences, perchance to edit his memoirs. "My Cheek is My Fortune" would be a catchy title. But apparently the War has put him out of business. The idyllic life has gone. Another victim.

His place is being filled by the Sportsman, eager to be up and shooting—partridges. "Either singly or with a house party," he offers. He asks only for board, lodging and ammunition. These provided, he is willing to go for the enemy all September and October.

Another Sportsman, humbler in aspiration, is prepared to specialise on rabbits. He is ready to continue the fight until "Peace terms dictated in Berlin by Allies."

There has also arisen the Professional Rescuer. He offers to go abroad—for a cash consideration—and smuggle back stranded relatives. He does not give particulars of personal appearance, but one may imagine him as essentially Williamlequeuish—small dark moustache, super-shrewd eyes, Homburg hat, a revolver in every pocket, speaking six languages more fluently than the natives, and on terms of intimacy with half the diplomats of Europe. He would open his conversation with a casual: "The last time I was chatting with the KAISER (I shall, of course, cut him in future). . . ."

Another occupation has been called into being by the War. It is that of Berth-Snatcher. He is apparently a City man who has realised all his securities and invested them in berths and staterooms on Atlantic Liners. These he now offers "at a small bonus"—exact amount unstated.

Also interesting is the occupation of Amateur Adviser. He has much well-intentioned advice to offer to all and sundry: "To the War Office. It is hoped that something is being done regarding," etc. Or: "Japan, our Ally, could easily lend us half a million men."

Presumably the Amateur Adviser has been denied place in the correspondence columns.

The Young Hungarian Nobleman, whose remittances have been stopped by the war, is reminiscent of the original yearner for the idyllic life. "Is supposed to be of good appearance," he states with obtrusive modesty.

But the romantic halo around these young aristocrats is rather tarnished by the Young French Vicomte. When he advertises that he "would thankfully accept some clothes from English or American gentlemen," one suspects a snug little second-hand business somewhere in savoury Soho.

From a letter in *The Bristol Evening Times*:—

"Only last evening I was passing through one of our main thoroughfares, and saw seven or eight Territorials taking refreshment in a the backbone. I ask in fairness, Is this the backbone. I ask in fairness, is this patriotic?"

In fairness we reply, It is neither.

"The old Latinist has it, 'Deos vult pedere prius dementas.'"  
*Manx Chronicle*.

How one's Latin slips from one with advancing age! But he must have been very old.

"The Scheldt can easily be damned."—*Daily Chronicle*.  
So can the KAISER, but it isn't enough to say so.



# THE HEROES.

ONCE upon a time, many years ago—how many I cannot say, but certainly it must have been before the Christian era—there lived a sublime Emperor. After being for long the warmest, if platonic, friend of Peace, and forcing the world to listen to his loud protestations of fidelity, he suddenly surprised his hearers by declaring war.

It was shortly after the opening of hostilities that he was seated on his throne presenting awards of merit to the bravest of his brave soldiers. The hall was filled with martial enthusiasm, and the memorable scene was one in which splendour, animation and the confidence of rectitude were equally notable.

The Emperor's noble Vizier, to whose massive mind treaties were of no more consequence than waste paper, stood at the side of his Imperial Master to act as introducer of the gallant soldiers whose exploits (with which the world was ringing) it had been decided to reward although so early in the campaign—*pour encourager les autres.*

"The first decorations," remarked the Vizier, "are for deeds of signal courage."

He motioned to a stalwart warrior. "This noble son of the Empire," he said, "with his own bow shot six non-combatants within as many minutes."

Loud cheers rent the air.

"Three of them," the Vizier continued, "were women."

Louder cheers.

"The other three were old men over seventy."

Immense enthusiasm.

"This determined hacker-through," the Vizier continued, as another giant stood forth, "shot an unarmed priest."

More enthusiasm.

"And," added the Vizier, "burned his temple."

Amid the plaudits of the flower of the State the monarch affixed the cherished tokens to the heroes' breasts. "My Braves!" he exclaimed. "In the name of the Fatherland I thank you."

Another warrior stepped out and saluted.

"And what, my friend," asked the monarch, "did you do?"

"Nothing, Sire," he replied with the unaffected simplicity of the man of action; "I merely stamped on some little children—twins, I think."

"Two medals for that," said the Emperor with ready wit, and there was not a wet eye as he placed them in their proud position.

The Vizier beckoned to a youthful officer on whose lip the down was hardly yet visible. But though young



*Ex-Teuton (to landlady).* "ACH! MADAME, EET IS ALL RIGHT! I VOS ENGLEESH NOW! I HAVE TO-DAY MEIN PAPERS OF NATIONALIZATION TO YOUR HOME OFFICE SENT OFF. DERE VOS SEVERAL OATHS BY HALF-A-DOZEN PEOPLES TO BE SVORN. IT VOS A TREMENDOUS AFFAIRS!"

in years he was already every inch a soldier of his country.

"This gallant gentleman," said the Vizier, "unaided, and at great personal risk, shot a baby in arms."

"In arms?" asked the monarch sharply. "Surely that mitigates the heroism?"

"I meant in its mother's arms," the Vizier hastily explained.

"Ah!" said the Emperor with a sigh of relief, "that reassures me." And amid profound excitement he embraced the soldier, pinned the coveted badge to his breast and bade him quickly return to the front to carry on the great work.

"The next reward is for resource in

emergency," said the master of ceremonies an hour or so later.

He beckoned to a superb officer, splendid in his trappings—a blue-eyed colossus of nearly six-feet-six.

"This highborn Captain," said the Vizier, "snatched some women from their beds and pushed them before his men so that the enemy should not shoot."

The hall resounded with applause.

"'Twas a brilliant thought," said the Emperor. "Not only will we decorate him for intelligence, but for valour."

"The last is for chivalry, Sire," said the master of the ceremonies, indicating the remaining award.

An officer stood forth.

"This warrior," said the Vizier,



"ordered his men to trample down some public flower-beds in the enemy's capital."

"Bravely done," said the Emperor. "A great and imaginative lesson. We'll learn them to resist invasion!"

Amid renewed demonstrations of loyalty and fervour the Emperor brought the proceedings to a close.

"Among so many deeds of valour," he said, "I find it impossible to say which is the most splendid. All are glorious. I am in a position to assure you that Heaven is proud of you. The Fatherland also is proud of you, and, above all, I am proud of you. May the blessings of Heaven continue to fall upon our great and merciful campaign for the right!"

With these words the proceedings terminated and the heroes hurried back to the fighting line, eager to win more laurels by similar feats of culture.

### SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR.

It is frequently remarked that the present war will be far-reaching in its consequences. The truth of this is apparent from the following notices, gathered at random from the column of "Personal Paragraphs" which the Editor of *The Shrimpton-on-Sea Gazette* publishes weekly, without charge, thereby earning the reputation of a patriot:—

IN CONSEQUENCE OF the present crisis in the Money Market, Mrs. Pincham desires to give notice that she hereby disclaims all liability for any debts contracted by her at Bridge, and the same will not be paid.

THIS IS TO SAY THAT, owing to the war and my pocket-money being stopped because I broke the dining-room window, if Jackson Minor does not pay me the balance of sixpence remaining for his half-share of the white rabbit we both bought last term, his half of the rabbit will be sold and the proceeds kept by the undersigned, SMITH TERTIUS.

LADY STRAITER regrets to be obliged to announce that, in consequence of the perilous financial situation in Europe, she will be forced to discontinue her subscription of 2s. 6d. per annum to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Dustmen.

MR. ALURED DE MORTIMER TALBOT-HOWARD-ST. MAUBEGS to inform his many friends and the general public that the above is his real name, and that he is proud to say he is by birth and descent an Englishman. The spiteful rumours which allege that he originally kept a pawnbroker's shop in Hamburg, where his name was Wilhelm

Guggelheimer, are merely the inventions of malicious persons who are envious of his property and social position.

As the Shrimpton-on-Sea Golf Course has been entirely ploughed-up (with the exception of the greens) and planted with onions, turnips, cabbages, and beetroot, to increase our national food-supply, all members are requested to play in rubber-soled shoes only during the next two months, so as not to damage the growing crops.

### AT THE PLAY.

#### "MY AUNT."

REALLY, the only question to ask oneself of this adaptation from the French is "Is it funny enough?" With so much being offered by the



SHOULD THE TELEPHONE BE USED EXCEPT UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE?

Mrs. Martingale .. Miss LOTTIE VENNE.  
Dr. Sweete .. .. Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE.

newsboy outside the Vaudeville that is not at all funny, it would be pleasant to find inside the doors a little relief from the world.

I will give the authors the benefit of any doubt I may have felt now and then, and say that *My Aunt* serves its purpose. In places it made us all laugh a good deal, and I don't think we were prepared to be easily amused; although (for a reason which still escapes me) there was a sudden burst of clapping when *Aubrey Braxton* announced that he had received an "ultimatum" from *Suzanne*. The latter part of the Second Act is particularly well worked up, and one remark of *Aubrey's* to *Leslie Tarbolton* brought down the house. ("You are the sort of man who would go to call on a sick friend . . . and eat his grapes.") The Third Act is terribly padded with things which are not really funny, but it gives us an opportunity

of seeing a little more of Miss LOTTIE VENNE, to whom the authors had not previously been generous. (I love Miss VENNE's voice and I love her manner of waving her arms in the air. It was delightful to see and listen to her again.)

For the best parts of the first two Acts, then; for Miss LOTTIE VENNE's voice; above all, for Mr. A. W. BASKCOMB's face, *My Aunt* is worth while. As *Aubrey Braxton* Mr. BASKCOMB — the never-to-be-forgotten *Slightly* of so many Christmases — goes through all the many troubles of a hero of farce with his own inimitable air of hopeless resignation. I hope that his efforts will not be unrewarded, and that the management will find that, without rivalling the success of that other aunt, *Charley's*, they will yet for some time be able to play to good "business as usual." M.

### MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

#### III.—THE FIGHT OF THE CENTURY.

(Concluded.)

[SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT:—The great boxing boom is at its height. A fight arranged between Smasher Mike and the famous heavyweight champion, Mauler Mills, is arousing intense excitement throughout the country. Nothing whatever is known of the Smasher, and the betting is therefore 100 to 1 against him. Young Lord Tamerton is at this time in desperate financial straits. His bosom friend, Ralph Wonderson, who is in love with his sister, the beautiful Lady Margaret Tamerton, prevails upon him to wager heavily on Smasher Mike, and undertakes to put him in the way of obtaining a loan of £5,000 for this purpose. Their conversation is overheard by an agent of Sir Ernest Scrivener, alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke, who is the mortal enemy of Wonderson and is plotting to get Lady Margaret Tamerton in his power.]

THE vast area of Corinthia was crammed with eager spectators, whose eyes were concentrated with feverish intensity on the raised platform in the centre of the hall. In the seats near the ring, for each of which a hundred guineas had been charged, sat the cream of Britain's aristocracy, including Lord Tamerton and Lady Margaret Tamerton, for whom two tickets in a plain envelope had been left that morning.

At last the preliminaries came to an end and Smasher Mike, clad in a claret-coloured dressing-gown with yellow facings, crawled through the ropes and went to his corner. As he raised his face to the lights a murmur of amazement ran through the hall.

"It's Ralph Wonderson!" Lady Margaret gripped her brother's arm till the perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"It's Ralph Wonderson!" The



whisper passed from lip to lip, merging presently into a burst of cheering as Mauler Mills scrambled up to the platform, wearing an electric-blue dressing-gown with green facings and pink sash.

Ralph sat motionless in his corner, watching his gigantic adversary with a pleasant smile and softly whistling the air of a popular song. At length the referee leisurely entered the ring. As he did so, Ralph gave a violent start and Lady Margaret gripped her brother's arm till his teeth chattered. *The referee was not the popular Algernon Mittens, as had been announced, but Sir Ernest Scrivener!*

Lord Tamerton stared up at the ring with ashen lips. With such an official in charge nothing but a miracle could save Ralph Wonderson from being disqualified in the first round. The House of Tamerton was more utterly ruined than ever.

But in thirty seconds Ralph, trained in many sports to meet all emergencies, had summed up the situation and decided upon his course of action.

The gong sounded and the two pugilists advanced warily towards each other. Suddenly Ralph lashed out a terrific right which, as he intended, missed the Mauler by a foot. Unable, apparently, to retain his balance, he swung completely round with the impetus of the blow, and his clenched fist landed squarely upon the referee's jaw. Sir Ernest shot high over the ropes and crashed down on the Dowager Duchess of Cumbersea, whence he rebounded with terrible force into the arms of the Marquis of Meltington.

After a brief delay all three were removed to the hospital.

The fight, under a new referee, was in its twentieth round. Not a sound could be heard beyond the shuffling of the pugilists' feet and the thud of fist on flesh.

Fainting with his left, the Mauler clinched heavily with his right, but Ralph foiled the attack with a clever half-nelson. Again Mills swung his right, and again Ralph parried the blow, this time by sending his left to the funny-bone and thus paralysing the arm. He then dashed in and uppercut his opponent severely on the occiput. Mauler Mills staggered to the ropes, to which he clung frantically in order to preserve his balance.

A savage roar went up from the crowd, roused now to a pitch of frenzied excitement. "Now you've got him! Finish him! Put him out!" they shouted.

But Ralph, chivalrous as always, drew back, bowed formally to his opponent and quietly awaited his recovery.



Sentry (suddenly appearing). "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"  
Brown. "ER—SEASON!"

Presently, after a courteous enquiry and an assurance from the Mauler that he was quite ready, the pair exchanged a warm handshake and renewed their combat.

Taking a deep breath, Ralph advanced with cat-like tread and flashing eyes upon his adversary. Knowing from painful experience what to expect, the latter circled cautiously away, covering his face with his hands. But Ralph, realising that time was short, determined not to be baffled. Combining the agility of the chamois with the ponderous strength of the hippopotamus, he crouched low and sprang like a tiger through the air upon the unhappy Mauler, striking him full on the solar plexus. White to the lips, the Mauler fell squirming to the floor, while

Ralph nonchalantly adjusted a lock of hair which had floated loose.

"One—two—three . . ." the voice of the referee was like the voice of inexorable Fate . . . "four—five—six . . ." Lady Margaret gripped her brother's arm till his hair stood on end . . . "seven—eight . . ." The Countess of Snecks fainted with a loud shriek . . . "nine—Out!"

The great fight was won. The House of Tamerton was saved.

Clad in his claret-coloured dressing-gown, the new champion pressed his fiancée against the yellow facings and stroked her fair hair fondly with his boxing-gloves.

"My little wife!" he whispered.

And the vast area of Corinthia rang with emotional cheers.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FAR too rarely does the conscientious reviewer enjoy such a chance as has come to me now, a chance to let himself go in the matter of praise without stint or reservation. As a reward doubtless for some of my many unrecorded good deeds, there has come into my hands a slender volume called *Naval Occasions* (BLACKWOOD), which seems to me to be the most entirely satisfactory and, indeed, fascinating thing of its kind that ever I read. The writer chooses for his own sufficient reasons to disguise himself as "BARTIMEUS," and under that name I have to ask him to accept my very sincere gratitude. The little book contains twenty-five sketches, mostly quite short, relating to (I quote its text, taken from the Articles of War) "the Navy, whereon, under the good Providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend." Never surely did a book appear so aptly. At a moment like this, when the duller collection of naval facts can stir the pulse, such pages as these, full of the actual life and work of the men who are safeguarding us all, deserve a public as vast as the Empire itself. The appeal of them is amazing, for their art is of so concealed a quality that the writing seems simplicity itself. To say that they bring the atmosphere of salt winds and the tang of the sea, is nothing; a skillful novel about Margate sands would deserve this praise; it is in their humanity that the charm lies, the sense of courage and comradeship and high endeavour that is in every one of them. You will laugh often as you read; and sometimes, quite suddenly, you will find yourself with a prickly feeling at the back of the eyes, because of the tears that are in these things; but they are the proud kind, never the sloppily sentimental. And at the end I am mistaken in you if you do not close the book with the rare and moving sensation that you have found something of which you can say, as I myself did, "This is absolutely It!"

Amongst the thousands of helpful suggestions for the conduct of war which have recently filled the columns of the daily press, I do not remember having seen any scheme for supplying the officers of the Allied Armies with an Irish terrier apiece. And yet if MARIE VON VORST is to be trusted, this is a very serious omission, for, had it not been for *Pitchouné*, I fear that the gallant hero of *His Love Story* (MILLS AND BOON) would have perished in the Sahara and never have won the lady of his heart. The *Comte de Subron* was forbidden by his military orders to take a dog with him to Algiers, but *Pitchouné* ran all the way from Tarascon to Marseilles and jumped into the boat. Subsequently, when his master was lying wounded in the desert, he tracked down the nearest native village—twelve hours away—and barked till they sent out a relief expedition. A boy scout could not

do more, and, though my own experience of Irish terriers has led me to think that they do not spend over much time in the study of ordnance maps, yet for sentiment's sake, and because *His Love Story* is a charmingly written romance, I am ready to believe in all the feats of *Pitchouné*, and even to hope that he will not after all be *de trop* now that *M. le Comte* is happily wedded, but may have another brilliantly successful campaign in front of him.

Although Mrs. PENROSE's new novel, *Something Impossible* (MILLS AND BOON), gaily admits in its title its difficulties, I cannot pretend that I consider her to have made the most of her opportunity. There are at least two classic examples of her theme, Mr. ANSTEE's *Vice Versa* and Mr. DE LA MARE's *Return*. Mrs. PENROSE cannot approach either the charming humour of the one or the delicate beauty of the other. On a lower plane her story has its amusing moments, and

there is a vein of real tenderness in her picture of the relations of her hero and his faithful lady—a happy relief after the monotonous repetition of matrimonial infidelities dealt out to us by the average novel. It will be a consolation also to many readers to discover that plain people are far more popular than handsome ones and that to "have features of classical beauty" is the most unfortunate of handicaps in the race for comfort and success. Mrs. PENROSE, like many other women novelists, is very cruel to her own sex and never misses an opportunity of exposing its shallow sentiments and transient affections. But why are all novelists of today so merciless to the provincial town? There must be some pleasant people in Cathedral cities. I am weary of retired colonels with port-stained faces, and vinegary old maids, and unctuous

canons. Mrs. PENROSE has shown in her earlier books so real a sense of beauty and so touching a spirit of kindness that I am bound to confess that, with the exception of her treatment of her hero, this rather acid and ironical piece of nonsense is a disappointment.

From the Emperor of AUSTRIA's telegram to WILHELM II.:

"Words fail to express what moves me, and with me my army, in these days of the world's history."

The word "Servia" might express what moves his army.

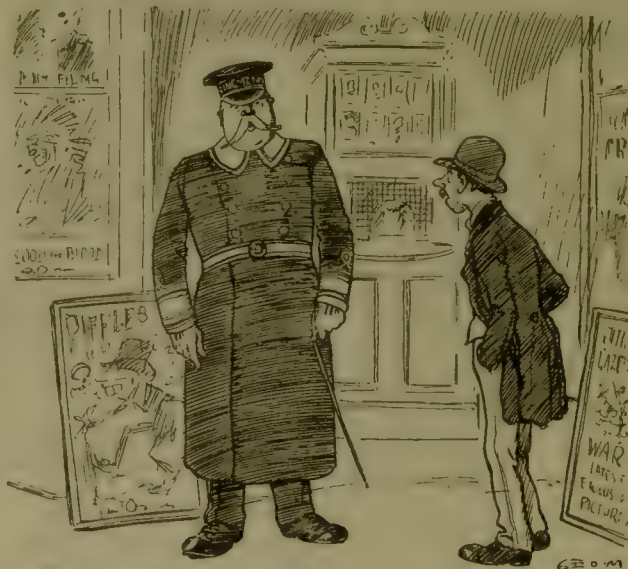
The Scotsman on the condition of things in Norway:—

"Food supplies and rents are controlled by the Government, and spirits and wines cannot be purchased. Most of the English people have now left Norway."

For other reasons, we hope.

"PLEASURE TOURS.—St. Petersburg from London via Kiel Canal." *Advt. in "Times."*

Take your camera with you, and snap the jolly little German battleships as you go past. The result of the recent fight off Heligoland should increase your popularity.



The Small Man. "If I WAS AS WELL SET UP AS YOU I'D GO AND FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY, I WOULD!"

The Large Man. "NO GOOD, MATE, I'VE TRIED IT. TOLD ME AT THE WAR OFFICE I WOULD SPOIL THE UNIFORM APPEARANCE OF ANY REGIMENT, SO I'M WAITIN' TILL THEY RAISE A CORPS OF CINEMA GUARDS."



# CHARIVARIA.

The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* says :—  
 "Our present war with England shall not be done by halves; it is no war to be stopped by 'notice,' but by a proper settlement. Otherwise the peace we all desire would be both rotten and dangerous." Your wish shall be respected, *Deutsche Tageszeitung*.

The fines which Germany has been imposing so lavishly on towns and provinces will, a commercial friend informs us, ultimately prove to be what are known in City circles as "temporary loans."

By the way, *The Globe* tells us that the KAISER was once known to his English relatives as "The Tin Soldier." In view of his passion for raising tin by these predatory methods this title might be revived.

The German threat that they will make "Gurken-salad" of the Goorkhas, leaves these cheery little sportsmen undismayed.

We give the rumour for what it is worth. It is said that, overcome with remorse at the work of his vandals at Louvain, the KAISER has promised when the war is over to present the city with a colossal monument of himself.

Meanwhile President WILSON is being urged by innumerable tourist agencies in his country to stop the war before any more historical buildings are demolished.

A number of the more valuable of the pictures in the Louvre have, with a view to their safety, been placed in cellars. *La Gioconda* is to be interned at an extra depth, as being peculiarly liable to be run away with.

Strangely enough, the most heroic single-handed feat of the war seems only to have been reported in one paper, *The Express*. We refer to the following announcement :—

"AUSTRIAN WARSHIP SUNK  
 By J. A. SINCLAIR POOLEY  
*Express* Correspondent."

It is stated that the German barque *Excelsior*, bound for Bremen with a valuable cargo, has been captured by

one of our cruisers. It speaks well for the restraint of our Navy that, with so tempting a name, she was not blown up.

A proposal has been made in *The Globe* that all "alien enemies" in this country shall be confined within compounds until the end of the War. Suggested alteration in the National Anthem: "Compound his enemies."

"Carry on" is no doubt an admirable motto for these times, but the Special Constable who was surprised by his



*The Thinker*. "YOU SAY THIS WAR DON'T AFFECT YOU: BUT 'OW, INSTEAD OF A BRITISH COPPER SAYIN', 'GIT AHT OF IT,' WOULD YER LIKE ONE O' THEM GERMAN JOHNDARMS TO KEEP PRODDIN' AT YER WIF 'IS BAYNIT?'"

wife while carrying on with a cook (which he thought to be part of his professional duty) complains that it is misleading.

We hear that some of our Nuts have volunteered to serve as regimental pets.

Partridge shooting began last week, but poor sport is recorded. The birds declare that it is not their fault. They turned up in large numbers, but there were not enough guns to make it worth while.

**The Gibraltar Manner.**  
 "GIBRALTAR LIFE NORMAL.  
 Ladies Making Garments."

# THE TWO GERMANIES.

MARVELLOUS the utter transformation Of the spirit of the German nation!

Once the land of poets, seers and sages, Who enchant us in their deathless pages,

Holding high the torch of Truth, and earning

Endless honour by their zeal for learning.

Such the land that in an age uncouth Bred the soul-emancipating LUTHER.

Such the land that made our debt the greater By the gift of *Faust* and *Struwwelpeter*.

Now the creed of NIETZSCHE, base, unholy, Guides the nation's brain and guides it solely.

Now MOZART's serene and joyous magic Yields to RICHARD STRAUSS, the hæmorrhagic.\*

Now the eagle changing to the vulture Preaches rapine in the name of culture.

Now the Prussian *Junker*, blind with fury, Claims to be God's counsel, judge and jury.

While the authentic German genius slumbers, Cast into the limbo of back numbers.

\* Great play is made in STRAUSS's *Elektra* with the "slippery blood" motive.

**The Late "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse."**

*First Student of the War.*

Why did they call it "Kaiser William the Grocer?"

*Second Student.* Don't know. I should have described him as a Butcher.

"PETROGRAD.

NEW NAME FOR THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

PETROGRAD (St. Petersburg), Tuesday.

By Imperial order, the city of St. Petersburg will henceforth be known as Petrograu."

*Evening Standard.*

It looks more like three new names.

Q. I hear the Sugar Refiners are raising cane?

A. That's because they haven't yet got the German beet.

[Awarded Gold Medal and Banana Skin for worst joke of the war.]



## FOR THE RED CROSS.

Ye that have gentle hearts and fain  
 To succour men in need,  
 There is no voice could ask in vain  
 With such a cause to plead—  
 The cause of those that in your care,  
 Who know the debt to honour due,  
 Confide the wounds they proudly wear,  
 The wounds they took for you.

Out of the shock of shattering spears,  
 Of screaming shell and shard,  
 Snatched from the smoke that blinds and sears,  
 They come with bodies scarred,  
 And count the hours that idly toll,  
 Restless until their hurts be healed,  
 And they may fare, made strong and whole,  
 To face another field.

And yonder where the battle's waves  
 Broke yesterday o'erhead,  
 Where now the swift and shallow graves  
 Cover our English dead,  
 Think how your sisters play their part,  
 Who serve as in a holy shrine,  
 Tender of hand and brave of heart,  
 Under the Red Cross sign.

Ah, by that symbol, worshipped still,  
 Of life-blood sacrificed,  
 That lonely Cross on Calvary's hill  
 Red with the wounds of CHRIST;  
 By that free gift to none denied,  
 Let Pity pierce you like a sword,  
 And Love go out to open wide  
 The gate of life restored."

O. S.

The Red Cross Society is in need of help. Gifts should be addressed to Lord Rothschild at Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

## A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.

"I THINK we may advance to attack," said the Prussian Commander, folding up the *Berliner Tageblatt* War Map.

"One moment, Sir," interposed the Chief of Staff, "the supply of captured alien women and children is exhausted."

"Then," said the Commander, "we shall be forced to confront the enemy's fire without the usual screen."

"Why not advance under a flag of truce?" suggested the Chief of Staff.

"I am loth to violate the canons of civilized warfare," said the Commander, "but really there seems no other way, unless—unless— Here! Hand me a telegram form. I have an idea."

The Commander wrote rapidly for a minute. "Send this at once," he said, "and pre-pay the reply."

In an hour the answer arrived. The Commander tore it open with eager haste. "We are saved!" he cried. "The advance commences at daybreak to-morrow." He tossed the telegram over to the Chief of Staff, who read:—"Am forwarding immediately per special train 1,000 foxes as requested.—Hagenbeck, Hamburg."

And the KAISER, reading the Commander's despatch later in the day, mailed his Super-strategist the insignia of the Order of the Double-faced Vulture.

## DIARY OF A KAISER.

*Sunday.*—To-day has witnessed another triumph for the high-souled German army. Ten Belgian villages have been burnt. Some of the inhabitants have been also burnt; the rest have been driven out to starve. This will teach Belgium not to build villages in the way of a possible German advance. General von Schweinehund was in command of the noble German column. Have telegraphed my supreme congratulations and have conferred upon him the Iron Cross. How splendidly God is behaving in these days.

*Monday.*—It is stated that in East Prussia a village has been burnt by the Russians during a battle. This is monstrous, and must be stopped at once. Have sent a protest to the Tsar and have telegraphed to neutral countries pointing out that Russia is spreading barbarism, whereas Germany is spreading civilisation and culture. A reply has come from America; it contained only one word—"Louvain." That may be meant for humour, but I do not understand it. The Americans must not forget that Louvain was burnt by German troops, and that being so there can be no complaint. Have told my Court Chaplain, Dr. Meuchler, to draw the Divine attention to this infamy on the part of the Russian Huns.

*Tuesday.*—Six Belgian mayors and five hundred selected Belgian villagers have been shot by my gallant troops. One of them had sneered at Lieutenant von Blutgierig as he sat at breakfast. The Belgians are indeed a stiff-necked race, but with God's help they shall be made to understand the sympathetic gentleness of the German character. But to sneer at a man in uniform is an inconceivable crime worthy only of an Englishman. The lieutenant has had to go into hospital to recover from this shameful treatment. He is a true German and shall be rewarded.

*Wednesday.*—Ordered three cathedrals to be razed to the ground. Forget how many ordinary churches have been destroyed. All Belgian and French universities are to be at once bombarded and burnt for failing to recognise superiority of German intellect. Have just read noble book by Professor Lumpenthor, who proves that CÆSAR, HANNIBAL, ALEXANDER, HOMER, VIRGIL, SHAKESPEARE, NAPOLEON, ATTILA and GENGHIS KHAN were all Germans. He seems to fear that we modern Germans are too merciful. This is no doubt true, for the Belgians are not yet reconciled to us as their God-appointed masters.

*Thursday.*—Our wonderful navy continues its magnificent deeds. Two Danish boats and an English trawler have been sent to the bottom by mines in the North Sea. Have commanded religious services to be held in all German churches to thank God for all His mercies.

*Friday.*—Have arranged everything with Turks, who will shortly intervene with their army to help Germany to spread civilisation and the Gospel. Hear that England is about to use Indian troops. This, being an attack on German culture, cannot be allowed. Unless something is done about it shall countermand religious services.

*Saturday.*—Have ordered all remaining Belgian villages to be burnt and inhabitants to be shot. This will please my glorious troops. The Divine blessing is evidently on our cause.

"The Rev. N. J. Poyntz, M.A., is appointed a chaplain on the Bengal Establishment.

Add to European Crises."—*Pioneer*.

It can't be as serious as that.

"Lost, Appendix, heart shaped, short chain attached."

*Sunderland Daily Echo*.

It must be a very fierce one to have bitten through its lead.



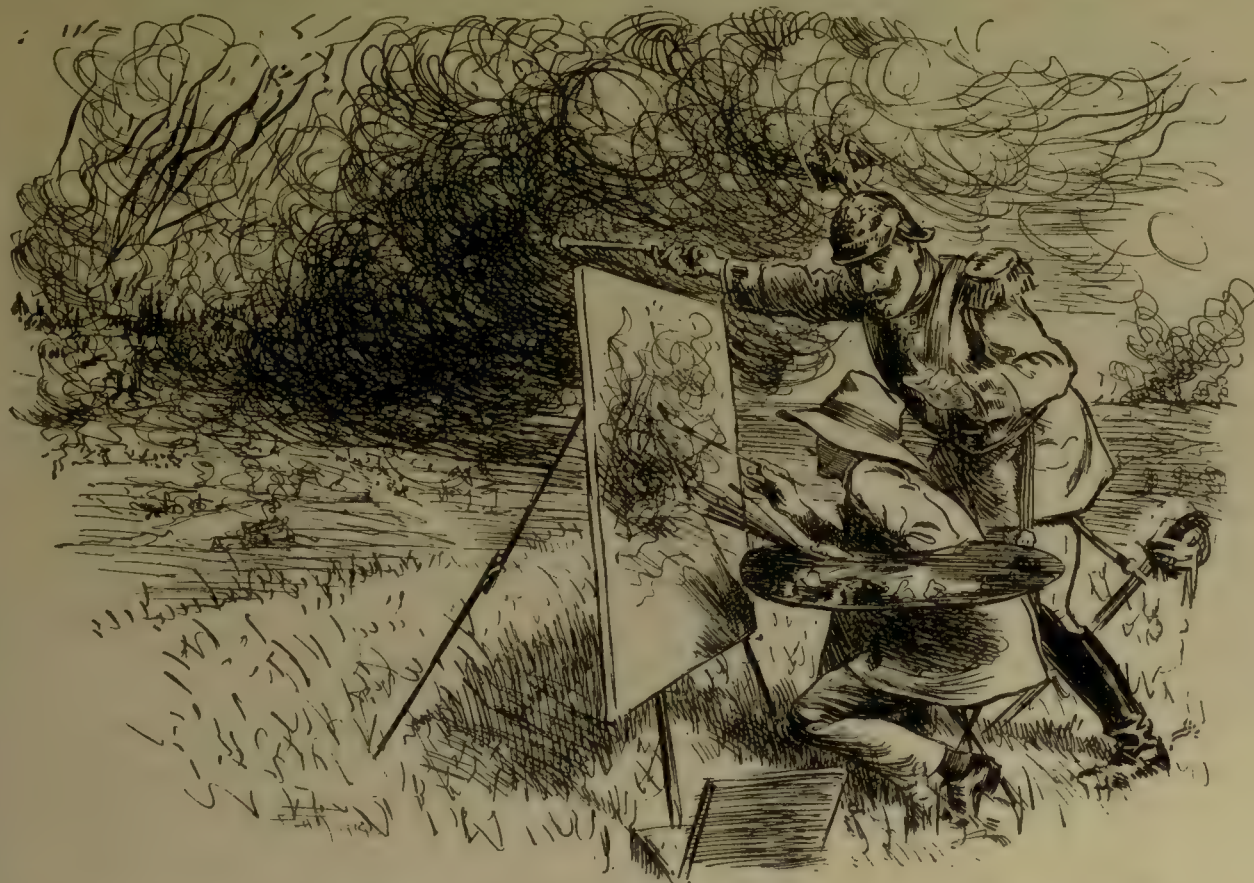


INDIA FOR THE KING!









SCENE—Louvain.

Imperial Patron of Art. "DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS; JUST GET A BROAD EFFECT OF CULTURE."  
[A well-known battle painter of Düsseldorf has been commissioned by the KAISER to make studies of the present campaign.]

### HIS FIRST VICTORY.

"Yes, I like the kit," she said, "and I'm glad you came to show yourself, because I've got a little present for you." He winced.

"I ought to say," he remarked, "that I have already received five barbed-wire-cutters, three vacuum flasks, eleven comforters, six writing blocks——"

"Oh, but *this* won't take up any room," and she held out a woollen helmet of the popular colour.

"Thanks awfully," he replied, drawing back, "but I never wear them."

"Of course you don't," she said; "they're not meant for tennis tournaments or the opera, but for the campaigner whose lodging is on the cold bare ground. In fact when once he gets it on he never wants to take it off again."

"From the look of it," he remarked, "it will be a case of Hobson's choice. You've underrated the size."

"I took your measurements last week," she said coldly.

"But that was before I joined the colours. You forgot to allow for subsequent developments."

"In any case the wool stretches," she observed. "Are you going to try it on?"

"It will play the very deuce with my hair," he objected.

"Very well," she said. "Dick shall have it."

"Never," he exclaimed, and snatching up the woollen object, began to ram his sleek head into the small aperture at the bottom.

Halfway through, apparently yielding to panic, he sought to return to fresh air and the light of day, but her hands ruthlessly seized the elaborate crochet edging, and pulled and tugged it down mercilessly towards his shoulders until his distorted features appeared at the hole in front with a pop, and she clapped her hands in delight.

"It fits you like a glove," she cried, "and though your nose is a bit red you look quite handsome."

"I'm being strangled," he gasped, clutching at his throat; "take it off!"

"In time of war," she observed, "we all have to put up with a little inconvenience. I shall soon be living on turnips, for instance, and you know how I hate them."

With a strange gurgling in his throat, he collapsed on the Chesterfield. His face grew purple, his eyes bulged and rolled, his veins swelled, his head dropped forward. She grew alarmed.

"Are you really choking?" she exclaimed. "Here, take your hands away. Let me help! Good gracious! *Darling!* Oh! Whatever shall I do?" She sprang for her scissors, and in a moment the helmet lay on the carpet hopelessly mutilated.

"Thanks," he replied, smoothing his ruffled hair. "In another minute the Germans would have missed their billet."

"Neither you nor Dick will be able to wear it now," she said, and her lip trembled.

"Dick won't," he said, "and as a matter of fact I'm going to."

"How can you?" And there was a catch in her voice.

"Not on my head perhaps, but on my heart—or rather," he added, slipping a khaki arm round her, "on the place where my heart used to be."

Next morning, on parade, his chest measurement was the object of universal envy.



## THE TWO RECRUITING SERGEANTS.

UPSTAIRS, Baby, after many false starts, had finally settled into sleep. Downstairs, the little maid, alternately rattling knives against plates and saying "S'sh" to herself, had cleared away dinner. John, who had been strangely silent during the meal, was in his deep arm-chair, smoking. It was Mary's peace-hour.

She lay on the sofa, for she was always tired by now, reading the morning paper—her first chance at it. As she read, she made little comments aloud, as that the Germans were beasts, or that it was splendid about the Russians doing so well; and this was the signal for John to join in with the latest strategic gossip from the City.

Only to-night he didn't. He just sat smoking and thinking . . . thinking.

"I suppose the French," said Mary, lazily, "are going to—John!" She looked across at him suddenly, realising all at once that he had answered none of her questions, knowing all at once that something was the matter.

"Yes?" he said, coming out of his thoughts with a start.

"John, you—," she sat up with a jerk and craned her head forward at him—"you haven't been dismissed?" She clenched her hands tight for the answer. Sometimes at night, when he was asleep and she wasn't, she would wonder what they would do if he were dismissed.

"Silly, of course not," said John with a laugh.

She gave a sob of relief and went over and sat on his knee and put her arms round his neck.

"Oh, John, I was so frightened. But what is it? There's something."

He smoked rapidly for a little. Then he put his pipe down, kissed her, and lifted her off his knee.

"I want to tell you something," he said; "but you mustn't look at me or I couldn't. Sit down there." She curled herself up on the floor, leaning back against his knees. "Mary"—he swallowed something which had stuck in his throat—"Mary, I've got to enlist."

She was round in a flash.

"What do you mean you've got to?" she cried indignantly. "That beast going to make you?" The beast was John's employer, a kindly man, whose fault it was to regard John as one only among many, a matter on which Mary often longed to put him right.

"No," said John. "But—but I've got to."

"Who's making you, then?"

"I don't know . . . I suppose the GERMAN EMPEROR really."

"There's lots that ought to go before

you go. You've got a wife and a child. Let those without go first."

"I know," said John doggedly. "I've thought of that."

She threw her arms round his neck in a sudden passion. "You *can't* leave me, John, you *can't*! I couldn't bear it. Why, we've only been married eighteen months. How can you want to go away and leave me and baby and—Why, you might get killed!" Her voice went up to a shriek.

"I don't *want* to leave you," said John, a strange, terrifying, rapid-speaking John; "I hate it. I hate war, I hate fighting, I hate leaving you—oh, my God, how I hate leaving you, my darling! I've prayed to God all day to stop the war before I have to go, but of course He won't. Oh, Mary, *help* me to go; don't make it harder for me."

She got off his knee; she brought a chair up opposite to him; she sat down in it and rested her chin on her hands and looked straight at him.

"Tell me all about it," she said. "I'm quite all right." So he told her all about it, and she never took her eyes off his face.

"A man came into the office to-day to talk to us about the war. The Governor introduced him—Denham, his name was . . . I knew he was all right at once. You know how you feel that about some people . . . He said he thought perhaps some of us didn't quite know what to do, and he wondered if he could help any of us . . . Said of course he knew that, if we thought England was in danger, we'd all rush to enlist, but perhaps we didn't quite know how much England *was* in danger, and all that England stood for—liberty, peace, nationality, honour and so on. In fact he'd come down to see if any of us would like to fight for England . . . Said he was afraid it was rather cheek of him to ask us to defend him, because that was what it came to, he being too old to fight. Said he knew some of us would have to make terrible sacrifices, sacrifices which he wasn't in the least making himself. Hoped we'd forgive him. He couldn't say that if he were as young as us he'd enlist like a shot, any more than he could say that if a woman jumped off Waterloo Bridge on a dark night he'd jump in after her. On the whole he thought it would be much easier to pretend he hadn't noticed. In fact that's very likely what he *would* do. But if someone, say the mother of the girl, pointed out the body to him, then he'd have to come to a decision. Well, he was in the position of that mother, he had come down to point out the body. He confessed it wasn't the job he liked best, pointing out bodies for other people to

save, but he was doing it because he thought it might be of some service. That was what we all had to realize, that it was a time when we had to do things we didn't like. 'Business as usual' might be a good motto, but 'Happiness as usual' was a thing we mustn't expect . . ."

John fell into silence again.

"What else did he say?" asked Mary, still with her eyes fastened on his face, as though she were looking at him for the last time.

"That was how he began. I can't tell you all he said afterwards, but I felt as if I'd just fight for *him*, even if there was nobody else in England . . ."

"Aren't there lots of people who wouldn't mind going as much as you?" said Mary timidly. "I mean men with no wives or children. Oughtn't they to go first?"

"I suppose they ought. But, you see, you'd never get anywhere like that. A would wait for B who was married but had no child, and B would wait for C who wasn't married but had a mother, and C would wait for D who was an orphan, and so on. That's what Mr. Denham said."

"I see," said Mary miserably.

"I don't quite understand what we're in the world for," said poor John, "or what the world's for at all. But I suppose the great thing is that—that good ideas should live and bad ideas should die . . . I haven't done much for good ideas so far, I'm not the sort of person who could . . . just one out of thousands of others . . . But I could do something for good ideas out there. I could help beat the bad idea of War . . . Mr. Denham says if we win there's lots of men, all the best and cleverest in the country, who are pledged to see that there shall be no more war. Well, that's what I call a good idea . . . only we've got to win first."

"I know it sounds a wretched thing to say, but what about money?" asked Mary hesitatingly.

"Mother would take you in; there'll be enough to pay her something. We might try and let the house."

And then all the memories of summer evenings and happy Sundays rushed upon Mary and she broke down.

"Our little garden of which we were so proud!" she sobbed.

"The Belgians," said John sadly, "were proud of their little gardens."

\* \* \* \* \*

So far Recruiting Sergeant Denham. Meanwhile Recruiting Sergeant Flossie had also got to work. Flossie, awaked by the shock of war to the surprising fact that, after twenty-two years of vain, idle and inglorious life, she was





Old Servant (to lady who has just returned to her week-end cottage). "DREADFUL THIS NEWS ABOUT THE WAR, MUM; AND YOUNG MR. KENNETH AWAY WITH THE FLEET, AND ALL THE GENTLEMEN ABOUT HERE RECALLED TO THEIR REGIMENTS, AND THERE'S BEEN A DISASTER I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT. THE MOths HAVE GOT INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM CARPET, MUM."

now of the most complete unimportance to her country, had (for the first time) a sudden longing to "do something." And so, being unfitted for needlework, nursing or the kitchen, she adopted eagerly the suggestion of some stupid and unimaginative old gentleman, and constituted herself (under God) Supreme Arbitrer of Men's Consciences for the South-West Suburbs of London. Patriotically aglow, she handed out white feathers to all the un-uniformed young men she chanced to meet . . . the whitest of all coming to John, as he made his way next morning to the recruiting office.

A. A. M.

### HOW WILL YOU TAKE IT?

I SOMETIMES doubt whether my bank takes me really seriously. Not that it isn't businesslike. They let me know to the minute when I have overdrawn my account by five and elevenpence; but they cash my cheques with a certain air of patronage, whereas, if you look at things properly, the patronage is all on my side.

Every Saturday morning a man comes to my bank to cash a cheque for a

hundred and fifty pounds. (How he gets through all that money in a week I have never had the courage to ask him.) Every Saturday morning I come to my bank to cash a cheque for—well, whatever it happens to be, you know.

The trouble is that we nearly always coincide; only the other man always seems to coincide first. And, as he takes his hundred and fifty on a selective principle, I am beginning to know from bitter experience what he will ask for and how long he will take to get served. He begins with a note for fifty and goes on with fifty in fivers. Then he has twenty sovereigns, and so on, down to the pound in copper. He and the cashier chat airily the while of cabbages and kaisers. Then at last he goes away full, and the cashier turns to me.

The Saturday before last I ventured to ask whether, if the hundred-and-fifty pounder always insisted on arriving two seconds before me, it wouldn't be possible to cash my cheque, which is a simple little thing, in one of the intervals during which, after sending to the cellars for more gold, they relapse into easy conversation; or, alternatively, if it was really necessary to pay a cus-

tomers exactly the complicated bunches of monies he demanded; and, if so, whether it couldn't be done any quicker.

The answer proving unsatisfactory I determined to arrive earlier last Saturday. I made no mistake. I hung about the door of the bank for a quarter of an hour till I saw my rival approach. I came in just ahead of him, and presented my cheque. The cashier received it with his usual little smile and turned it over. Then his usual little smile left him and he set sadly to work.

The hundred-and-fifty pound man chafed and stamped his feet behind me for ten minutes, while I gloated. It was my day—my Tag.

I think you may like to know just in what shape I demanded the payment of my modest fifty shillings:—

£	s.	d.	
1	0	0	in one pound notes.
0	10	0	in ten shilling notes.
0	10	0	in gold.
0	5	0	in shilling postal orders.
0	2	0	in threepenny bits.
0	0	9½	in halfpennies.
0	1	10½	in farthings.
0	0	4	in silver, if possible
			(otherwise stamps).
0	0	0½	in pins.
2	10	0	



## WAR DECLARATIONS.

"No, I don't mean that at all," said my wife hastily. "You quite misunderstand me. Of course everyone is to have as much, quite as much, food as he wants."

"Stop a bit. Does that mean as much as he likes?" I asked.

"Or as much as his system requires?" suggested the Reverend Henry.

"Or as much as he can contain?" demanded Sinclair. "It may seem to be a fine point, but I think we ought to have it cleared up."

The hostess resumed: "Everyone is to have as much as he likes, certainly. Of course he is. We are not going to be inhospitable. On the contrary, we are prepared to share our last crust. But there must be absolutely no waste."

There was a short pause. No one was inclined to demur to that proposition. The Reverend Henry alone had doubts.

"It is difficult at a time like this, you know," he began mildly, "to be quite certain that you are doing the right thing. If you stop all waste in your household are you sure that you may not be encouraging unemployment? If you don't waste biscuits it follows that fewer biscuits are made and therefore——"

The Reverend Henry was adjudged to be on the wrong tack and his protest was swept aside.

"Breakfast now," my wife began briskly, bringing into action her block of notepaper and fountain-pen. "All that I want to know—I wouldn't dream of stinting you—is—how much do you intend to eat?"

She looked round expectantly, the pen poised in her hand. There was rather an awkward pause. The question seemed at first blush a little indelicate. Sinclair tried to temporize.

"But wait a bit," he said. "Can't the servants manage to consume——"

"The servants breakfast long before you are up, Mr. Sinclair," my wife reminded him.

"It's perfectly simple," said I, suddenly taking the floor; "I think it an admirable idea, the essence of good citizenship. What we have got to do is to declare our appetites overnight so that every man eats the food he has booked and we make a clean sweep. Book me for two eggs and a kipper."

"Sorry there are no kippers tomorrow," said my wife. "Boiled eggs, bacon and kidneys and mushrooms."

"It would be wrong to suppose that I do not consider it a wise and indeed public-spirited idea in every way," said the Reverend Henry after some reflection, "but it is a little difficult, you

know. It depends so much upon how one sleeps and what one feels like, and what sort of morning it is, and the letters that come, and the war news."

"And on the temperature of one's tub," added Sinclair. "For my part I eat a lot at breakfast. I don't feel that I have the face to advertise the whole catalogue in this sort of way. It's too cold-blooded. Besides, I fluctuate like anything."

"Come on," said I. "You fellows are simply trying to shirk the thing. I declare two eggs, no bacon and three mushrooms, assuming an average size



GERMAN KAISER. "LET US PREY."

for mushrooms. One cup and a half of coffee. Three lumps in all."

"Well, that's a fairly good lead," said Sinclair. "I propose to double you on mushrooms and I should like to be put down for a kidney. What about you, Henry?"

"Nothing but one rasher of bacon, please," said Henry meekly. "I am never hungry in the morning and I have always wanted to know how much bacon there is in a rasher. A single cup of tea, no sugar, but plenty of cream."

My wife had been writing busily. Now she looked up. "What about toast?" she enquired.

"You are going into details," said Sinclair approvingly. "Doesn't it rather depend on the size of the slice? You may enter me for a couple of slices, three by two. And jam—no, marmalade. An ounce of marmalade."

"Do be quiet while I add it up,"

said my wife, for Sinclair was causing a lot of confusion by trying to barter a brace of mushrooms against my second egg (or at least to hold an option on the egg) in case he changed his mind before the morning. "And now I'll just send this to the kitchen, and then I'll go to bed."

It never really panned out well. On the first morning a very awkward thing happened. My wife, in her zeal to provide for her guests, had omitted to count herself in. We had to make a subscription for her, and it must be said that a splendid response was forthcoming, Sinclair nobly renouncing his kidney. But the result was that lunch had to be put half-an-hour earlier, and the day was disorganised.

On the second morning, the Rev. Henry was down early and bagged all my toast, while Sinclair, who had slept badly, refused to meet his obligations in the matter of kedjeree.

By the third day there was a good deal of unseemly barter and exchange going on, and Sinclair made a corner in eggs. "The trouble is," he explained, "that you never really know how good a thing is till you see it. Overnight a sardine on toast means nothing to me; and it was never announced that these eggs were going to be poached."

On the fourth day the scheme was tottering. Sinclair had actually been for a walk before breakfast and was consequently making an unsuccessful tour of the table in quest of extra toast. He then looked for the second time under the little blue blanket that keeps the eggs warm and peered disconsolately into the coffee pot. And then he struck.

"I'm afraid we shall have to chuck it," he announced. "We mean well, but it doesn't work."

My wife was a good deal taken aback, but Sinclair went on to prove his case.

"We are trying to avoid waste," he said. "Well, we may have eliminated a certain amount of—let us say *material* waste, but we are causing, on the other hand, the most deplorable moral waste. Henry and I were simply not on speaking terms yesterday after he scooped my marmalade under my very nose, and as for Charles" (that is myself) "he is simply out for loot. He gets down before the gong. And this is essentially a time to heal all differences and stand shoulder to shoulder."

"But I can't have waste," said my wife, who likes to stick to her point. "If things are left over there is no one to eat them."

"It will give me great pleasure," the Reverend Henry broke in eagerly, "to present you with a couple of live pigs—the animal kind, I mean."



# THE CENSOR HABIT.

Not the least disastrous circumstance for which this war must be held responsible is a certain misunderstanding arrived at between Phyllis and myself. Fortunately the sky is clearer now, but there was a time when the situation looked extremely ugly.

This is a copy of the letter I received from Phyllis a few days ago:—

"DEAR JACK,—So sorry for you that you couldn't pass the doctor. Have just heard from Leo for the first time. He left — on the —, and after a satisfactory passage arrived at —. They entrained soon after and are now in the neighbourhood of —. What do you think? The —s have occupied —. Captain — sends his regards to you. Yours, with love, "PHYLLIS."

I only know one man in the regiment that Phyllis's brother adorns, and his name is Captain Nares. Even supposing that the name had been censored in Leo's letter, there could be no doubt as to the identity of the person to whom the writer referred.

So far as I could see there was one of two possibilities. Either Phyllis was involuntarily developing the Censor habit, or she was treating the exigencies of correspondence in war-time with a levity that in a future wife I firmly deprecated. Humour of this kind is all very well in its place; but these are not days in which we must smile without a serious reason. I determined to teach her a lesson.

"DEAR PHYLLIS," I wrote,— "Many thanks for Captain —'s regards. I don't remember the name, but possibly we are acquainted. By the way, you remember that bracelet you so much admired in the window in — Street? I really could not let you go on breaking the Covet Commandment for ever, so I bought it yesterday. I don't like sending it through the post at this critical time, so if you will meet me at the corner of — Circus and — Street at — o'clock, on — night, I will bring it along.

"Yours ever, "JACK."

Knowing her as I do, I thought that this, if anything, would bring Phyllis to her senses. On the other hand, she appeared to look on it as a kind of challenge, and sent me the following reply:—

"DEAR JACK,—Thanks very much for your nice thought. But you must have mistaken the shop. I'll tell you why. Only this morning I was gazing at the very bracelet, when who should come up but—. He's an awfully nice fellow,



## CLOTHES OF THE PERIOD.

"I WANT SOME SMART COLLARS."

"YESSIE. MR. SIMPKINS, JUST BRING ME DOWN AN ASSORTMENT OF 'DIRIGIBLES' AND SOME 'SUPER-DREADNOUGHTS.'"

and very determined. When I told him what I was looking at, he actually suggested buying me the bracelet. Of course I said that no lady would dream of accepting a present like that, but he wouldn't hear of a refusal and simply pushed the darling thing into my hand. I am meeting him at the —'s at luncheon on Friday. So sorry you won't be there.

"Yours ever, "PHYLLIS."

In reply to which I wrote:—

"DEAR PHYLLIS, — You'd better marry —. "JACK."

Phyllis wrote back:—

"Sorry, shan't be able to now. — has just been called up, and sails from — for — on —. So perhaps you and I had better be engaged again. I'm longing for a bracelet.

"PHYLLIS."

There was only one way of answering this superb piece of impudence. I en-

closed a blank sheet of paper to Phyllis, signifying my complete indifference.

Her still more negative answer was an envelope addressed to me with no enclosure at all.

To this I replied by not replying.

And here, by all the laws of sequence, our correspondence should have been brought to a standstill. I calculated, however, that when the postman delivered my phantom communication next morning Phyllis would not remain twiddling her thumbs for long.

Sure enough, about 9 A.M. I received this wire:

"Regret your letter of apology intercepted by Censor. Will take same for granted in consideration of war-time. All is forgiven. Call here this evening with bracelet.—PHYLLIS."

New Wisdom for Old.

Grattez le Prusse, et vous trouvez le barbare.





### THE SUSPECT.

#### INFANTRY.

In Paris Town, in Paris Town—'twas  
neath an April sky—  
I saw a regiment of the line go march-  
ing to Versailles;  
When white along the Bois there shone  
the chestnut's waxen cells,  
And the sun was winking on the long  
Lebels,  
*Flic flac, flic flac*, on all the long  
Lebels!

The flowers were out along the Bois,  
the leaves were overhead,  
And I saw a regiment of the line that  
swung in blue and red;  
The youth of things, the joy of things,  
they made my heart to beat,  
And the quick-step lilting and the tramp  
of feet!  
*Flic flac, flic flac*, the tramping of  
the feet!

The spikéd nuts have fallen and the  
leaf is dull and dry  
Since last I saw a regiment go march-  
ing to Versailles;  
And what's become of all of those  
that heard the music play?  
They trained them for the Frontier  
upon an August day;  
*Flic flac, flic flac*, all on an August day!

And some of them they stumbled on  
the slippery summer grass,  
And there they've left them lying with  
their faces to Alsace;  
The others—so they'd tell you—ere the  
chestnut's decked for Spring,  
Shall march beneath some linden trees  
to call upon a King;  
*Flic flac, flic flac*, to call upon a  
King.

#### AT THE PLAY.

##### "OUTCAST."

It is very fresh and delightful of  
Mr. H. H. DAVIES to regard seriously  
the love of a man for a maid. North  
of the river and west of Temple Bar it  
is the intrigues of the highly com-  
promised middle-aged which are sup-  
posed to be most worthy of attention  
on the stage. But Mr. DAVIES (luckily)  
is never afraid of being young. So he  
starts us off with a picture of *Geoffrey*  
in the clutches of drink and drugs just  
because *Valentine* has jilted him. True  
that when *Valentine* is finally married  
to another man *Geoffrey* is still in love  
with her, and receives her at midnight  
in his rooms; but by this time Mr.  
DAVIES has given us three excellent  
Acts in his own best manner.

And these Acts are hardly concerned  
with the love of *Geoffrey* for *Valentine*  
at all, but with the relations between  
*Geoffrey* and *Miriam*, a woman of the  
town. She is, like *Geoffrey*, an outcast;  
but she has all the good qualities which  
he lacks, and she is brave and loving  
enough to drag him from the pit into  
which he was sinking. He rewards  
her by chasing after *Valentine* again  
(now tired of her husband)—and also  
by getting Mr. DAVIES, as I thought,  
a little way out of his element.

The solution of this less common  
triangle—man, mistress, other man's  
wife—I must leave to the author to  
reveal to you. Meanwhile I thank him  
for an absorbing play, in which the  
two chief characters were extremely  
well worked out. Perfectly played by  
Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER and Miss  
ETHEL LEVEY, they were two very  
human people.

By the way, in one respect *Outcast*  
must easily break all records. Never  
have so many stage cigarettes been lit  
(and thrown away) in the course of an  
evening. I wish that somebody who  
reads this and is tempted to pay a  
visit to Wyndham's would let me  
know the full number. I began  
counting too late. M.





GOD (AND THE WOMEN) OUR SHIELD!

STUDY OF A GERMAN GENTLEMAN GOING INTO ACTION.







# ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, August 31.*—The peace in the Parliamentary arena which passed the understanding of the KAISER and went far to foil his plans, is temporarily broken.

Moving adjournment PREMIER reminded House of actual situation concerning Home Rule Bill and Welsh Disestablishment Bill. But for the outbreak of war Parliament would have been prorogued at least a fortnight ago and, by automatic procedure under Parliament Act, these measures would have been added to Statute Book. On outbreak of war political parties, amid plaudits of the Country, patriotically put aside partisan tactics and presented a united front to the common foe.

As PREMIER reminded House this afternoon, three weeks ago he declared desire that no party in any quarter of the House should gain advantage or should suffer prejudice from the temporary suspension of domestic controversy. When this was resumed, matters should be taken up and proceeded with exactly at the point and under the conditions at which they were left. The main feature of such conditions was the avowed intention of the Government to place the two Bills on Statute Book, hope being cherished of arrival at friendly settlement by means of Amending Bill.

This simple uncontrovertible statement of familiar facts quietly listened to. No note of contradiction broke the silence. BONAR LAW frankly accepted the situation as set forth by the PREMIER. Expressed hope that in the interval between adjournment and resumption of sittings some means would be found of avoiding renewal of controversy which he described as "a disgrace to the House," adding, amid general cheers, "The country will not readily forgive those who are responsible."

JOHN REDMOND assumed that if the proposal to reach a friendly settlement failed the intention of the Government to place the two Bills upon the Statute Book remained in force. This obvious assumption, based upon reiterated statements from the Treasury Bench, drew assenting cheer from Ministerialists.

It was here PRINCE ARTHUR interfered. Amid angry interruption he asked Members opposite to "consider whether it is possible decently to introduce subjects of acute political discussion in the present circumstances." Lively talk followed, showing that the bitterness of Home Rule controversy is not dead or even sleeping.

What might have developed into dis-



## OUR VILLAGE INFORMATION BUREAU.

*Postmaster (to lady who has handed in a telegram in French to a friend in Switzerland). "We ain't allowed to accept foreign telegrams, miss. There's a war on—ON THE CONTINENT."*

creditable scene of the kind deprecated by PRINCE ARTHUR was averted by interposition of the PREMIER. In gravest tone, "with all the solemnity I can command," he besought the House to bring the discussion to a close.

Appeal irresistible. House turned to disposal of remaining business, remaining at work till half-an-hour after midnight.

*Business done.*—Adjourned till Wednesday in next week.

### Heavy Work at the Front.

"I had been snatching an hour's rest after a tiring day in the shade of a great pear tree."  
—"Evening News" War Correspondent.  
(Italics by Mr. Punch.)

"How much the bravery of the Belgians is appreciated has found practical expression in — [London]. A Belgian hairdresser, who has been many years in business here, has found a very considerable increase in his turnover during the past week or two."

*West London Gazette.*

One customer showed his appreciation by having his hair cut three times last week. But a subscription to the Belgian Relief Fund is perhaps the better way of doing it.

"Lord Hatherton has placed Teddesley Park at the disposal of the Penkridge Rifle Club, and offered himself as instructor in the use of the rifle."—*Standard.*

The heading "Peer's House as Hospital" is perhaps a trifle offensive.



## OUR OVERBURDENED HEROES.

### THE "K. OF K." SMOKER'S COMPANION

Comprising two pipes, cigar holder, cigarette holder, pipe cleaner, patent lighter, smoker's knife, pouch with silver plate for monogram, match box, and burning glass. All compactly contained in crocodile leather case.

*Price Three Guineas.*

Should be in every officer's kit.

### HAMMERSTEIN AND PUMMELOFF.

Genuine Offer to all Soldiers on Foreign Service.

**SUPREME BOUDOIR GRAND PIANOS**

*At 25 per cent. reduction.*

Will just fit into a Bell tent.

With removable legs.

Can be also used as a bed or a billiard table.

### THE COMBINED REVOLVER, FLASK & TIN-OPENER.

Occupies no room. Invaluable in Camp and Action.

*Price £10.*

Should be in every knapsack.

### GNU-BOOT-EASE.

The invaluable Remedy on Long Marches.  
*One Shilling per packet.*

Should be in every Soldier's knapsack.

### TO ALL WHO ARE GOING TO THE FRONT.

Don't start without one of

**DIPPER'S**

**PANDEMONIUM GRAMOSCOPIES.**

Enlivens the Bivouac. Promotes Optimism.

*Price, during continuance of hostilities, 50 gns.; with special truck, 250 gns.*

### THE A1 PORTABLE KITCHENER.

With this compact and serviceable range a delicious hot meal can be cooked in a few minutes in whatever way is wished—by roasting, boiling, baking or grilling.

*Total weight, 8 lbs.*

*Price Four Guineas.*

Should be in every Soldier's knapsack.

### THE "ROBERTS" TOILET SET.

Comprising 1 bottle refreshing dentifrice, 1 cake scented soap, 1 bottle Eau de Cologne (warranted made in England), 1 tube face cream. Neatly packed in art case.

*One Guinea.*

A Charming Present for our Brave Lads or the French.

### THE

### "IAN HAMILTON" SHOULDER BALM.

For bruises caused by recoiling rifles.

*5s. Tins at half price to every bona-fide soldier.*

No knapsack should be without it.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

MESSES. PUDELHEIMER AND JOSKINS,  
the Famous Art Dealers,

Offer their Entire Stock of Horrifying  
Post-Impressionist and Futurist  
Pictures and Sculpture

To Officers serving Abroad or on  
Home Defence.

*No reasonable offer refused.*

No enemy can stand against them.

THE GOREY GALLERY, BOND STREET.

## THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT ENDOWMENT SCHEME.

JANE's uncle—Jane is my daughter—came to me one day and said, "What do you think of my giving Jane a camera for her birthday? Wouldn't she be pleased? The advertisement says, 'Any babe can do it,' and she'll be ten."

"I have no doubt she'd be delighted," I said, "but there's a but. If you give it you must endow it."

"What do you mean?" said Jane's uncle.

"The camera's the least part of it," I replied. "For half-a-guinea you can cast a camera upon the world, but have you given a moment's consideration to that camera's means of support? No, I thought not. One more proof of the happy-go-lucky spirit of the present day. Yet you know that a camera has to be fed on plates, that it consumes quantities of poisonous acids, and expresses itself on reams of paper. It is altogether a desperate and spendthrift character. On whom do you suppose the cost of all this will fall?"

"On the employer, I should think," said Jane's uncle. "Doesn't Jane get pocket-money?"

"Threepence a week," I said. "Barely her share of the camera's insurance stamp. Jane being under age, any debts she may incur will devolve on me, and I am really not in a position to take on this responsibility. No, I repeat, if you give it you must endow it."

Jane's uncle meditated. Then he said, "Very well, I'll endow it to the extent of £1 a year, to be paid in quarterly instalments of 5s. each."

Jane was delighted with the scheme. She had never had five shillings to spend before, and was enthralled to find that it would buy not only paper and poisons and plates, but also a mackintosh coat for her camera. Then she took snapshots indoors and outdoors, at all times and in all weathers, with catholic indifference to subject and suitability.

"The book says one has to learn by experience," she said, showing me a pile of under-exposures. "This one of

you is very good—the only pity is that I didn't get your head into the photo." This was one of many small details.

Jane looked forward feverishly to the payment of the second instalment.

"You'll have to put it by," I said. "You have plenty of paper and things left, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I want a dormouse."

"Oh, but that wouldn't be legal," I said. "That would be a misappropriation of trust funds."

"What's that?" said Jane.

"Well," I said, "don't you see that the money's given to endow your camera, and must be spent on that camera and nothing else?"

"But there's nothing more to get for it," urged Jane.

"Then the money must accumulate interest until there is," I said.

Women have no heads for the law. I could not make Jane see that to buy a dormouse with the funds of the camera would be an irregular and punishable proceeding. Finally, in despair, I had to promise to ask her uncle if he would recognise the application of one quarter's payment to the purchase of a dormouse. He acceded to the somewhat unusual request with his customary good-nature.

"But remember," I told Jane, "the next instalment must be spent on the camera."

Slowly but surely, however, the camera fell into disuse. I was asked more rarely, and more rarely still, to look through prints. At last I was asked no more.

Then the third instalment arrived.

"You want some more paper and things by now, I suppose?" I said encouragingly.

"The light hasn't been good lately," said Jane evasively. "I've not been taking many photos."

"Then what are you going to do with the money?"

"Ask Uncle if I may buy a stamp-album."

\* \* \* \* \*

Shortly after this, Jane's uncle's birthday came round. I passed a shop in the City which had recently had a fire. Five hundred silver cigarette-cases had been pluckily rescued from the flames and, to celebrate their escape, were being offered for sale at a remarkably low figure. One of these survivors was dispatched to Jane's uncle.

He dined with us the next evening, and was more grateful than I could reasonably expect. He handled the cigarette-case quite fondly.

"But what about its endowment?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Well, isn't a cigarette-case as eligible



as a camera?" he said. "Its needs are, I consider, even greater. Presumably this gift is meant to facilitate my smoking, but an empty cigarette-case offers me nothing to smoke—it implies the heavy responsibility on an already overburdened man of keeping it filled. Now, suppose you complete the gift, as I did Jane's, by at least a year's endowment?"

I began to wish that the cigarette-cases had perished, but after his kindness to Jane I could hardly refuse.

"Well, what would it cost?" I said.

"That's easily reckoned," said Jane's uncle. "Say I smoke on an average fifteen cigarettes a day—that's 105 a week—that's— Have you a piece of paper?"

It worked out at just under 5,500 cigarettes a year. At 8s. a hundred, twenty guineas would just cover the year's endowment. It seemed out of all proportion to the cost of the case.

"It's a good deal more than Jane's camera got," I protested.

"I told you its claims were greater. Of course you can't expect to get off as cheaply with a fixed habit of maturity as with the passing caprice of a kid. On the other hand you might have done worse. Suppose you had given me golf-clubs—there'd have been golf-balls, caddies, club subscription, lunches, fares and postage on correspondence with *The Times*. Compared with that, what is a paltry five guineas a quarter?"

On reflection I found that very few presents would have escaped the endowment scheme altogether, and that the cigarette-case was really a comparatively modest pensioner, and I felt a little comforted.

For four quarters I remitted five guineas to Jane's uncle.

My present seemed to change his nature. Whereas he had been a man rather to ignore the claims of clothes than to consider them, I now noticed that he looked more prosperous and was better dressed than I had ever seen him before. Once, when he appeared in a new lounge suit—the second new one within my knowledge in six months—I could not refrain from remarking on it.

"One has to dress up to a silver cigarette-case, old fellow," he said, and the subject was dismissed.

The year was on the point of expiring. One day I was talking with Jane's uncle and another man at the Club. The other man offered me a cigarette, and to my amazement passed Jane's uncle over with these words:—

"No good offering you one, I know, poor old chap. When is your doctor going to give you a reprieve?"



*First Lady.* "I SEE THE MASTER CUTTING A DASH THIS MORNING. NOBODY WOULDN'T THINK HE WAS HARD UP."

*Second Lady.* "LOR' BLESS YER, NO! SINCE THIS 'ERE MERRYTORIUM COME IN HE WALKS DOWN THE HIGH STREET IN FRONT OF ALL THE SHOPS AS THOUGH HE DIDN'T OWE 'EM A PENNY."

"I don't know," he said sadly, taking a pinch of snuff.

"What does this mean?" I said when we were alone. "What about the endowment at the rate of fifteen cigarettes a day?"

"A parallel case to Jane's," he answered. "There seems something fatal about these endowments. Three days after you had agreed to endow the cigarette-case my doctor forbade me, on pain of some awful 'itis,' to exceed three cigarettes a day. With the first instalment you had provided me with cigarettes for the year. So what should

I do in these circumstances but follow the precedent set by your family? Only, instead of a dormouse and a stamp-album, I chose to purchase smartness. I spent the three remaining instalments on my wardrobe."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was my birthday yesterday. Jane's uncle sent me a handsome silver-mounted walking-stick. "It is the only thing I can think of that requires no endowment," he wrote. "Pavements are supplied by the County Council, and you have an umbrella-stand."

I should like to use it across his back.



## MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

## IV.—IN THE HIGHLAND FORESTS.

(In the approved manner of the Sporting Feuilleton.)

ALONE in a first-class compartment of the Scotch Express Ralph Wonder-son, athlete and sportsman, journeyed northwards for the grouse hunting. He was surrounded by gun-cases and cartridge-belts, and, as the train flashed through the summer landscape, he reflected pleasantly that "Grey Bob," his magnificent hunter, was snugly ensconced in the horse-box adjoining.

It was dusk when they arrived at the little Highland station. As he stepped out of the carriage with jingling spurs he was greeted by Grey Bob, who stood impatiently pawing the platform. Flicking a speck of dust from his favourite's glossy neck, Ralph leaped lightly into the saddle and cantered out of the station towards Clancrachan Castle.

As he rode through the gathering darkness he caracolled with an enviable lightness of heart. Was not his host for the next three weeks his bosom-friend, young Lord Tamerton? And was not the beautiful golden-haired Lady Margaret Tamerton with her brother? Little marvel that Ralph tossed his rifle high in the air and caught it again and again from sheer exuberance of spirits.

When he reached the ancient castle he found dinner over and the guests, among whom were some of the keenest sportsmen in Britain, assembled in the gun-room.

"In the nick of time, Ralph!" exclaimed Lord Tamerton, clasping his hand warmly. "We are trying to create a mediæval atmosphere in keeping with our surroundings, and as host I was about to announce in the approved manner of Chivalry that the Champion of to-morrow's hunt shall be rewarded with the hand of my only sister, Lady Margaret. It is for you to do your *devoir* like a *preux chevalier*."

There was a chorus of laughter and applause. Only Ralph remained serious. His fingers tightening on those of Lady Margaret, he plunged his eyes earnestly into hers. Doubtless he read there what he had hoped to see.

It was a merry party which set out next morning, and, as each cavalier

passed Lady Margaret, who stood on the terrace, he playfully pledged himself to do his knightliest.

Soon they parted, each taking his own route. Ralph, urging Grey Bob to his best paces, plunged straight into the heart of the forest, his loader running sturdily at his stirrup. A curious, taciturn fellow, this loader, with a tangled mass of flaming red hair and a bushy red beard which almost obscured his features and hung below his sporran.

Arrived at what appeared a suitable spot, Ralph tethered Grey Bob to a sapling and took up his position behind a massive oak. He was extracting the

could not forbear a grim smile as he did so. He had written the single word, "Rats!"

It was received with a loud exclamation of protest. Ralph ducked and turned in one catlike movement and hurled himself upon the loader. The rifle flew away, discharging itself uselessly into the branches of the oak. Claspings his adversary by the throat Ralph pushed him backwards to the ground, and the pair rolled over locked in a deadly embrace. Then suddenly the loader relaxed his grip and lay limp and still.

Breathing heavily, Ralph raised himself to his knees and pulled away the false wig and beard of his prostrate foe. Not altogether to his surprise he beheld the features of Sir Ernest Scrivener, alias Marmaduke Moorsdyke.

A low gasp of relief made him glance up. Seated on her black palfrey was Lady Margaret, who had been watching the struggle with breathless and agonised anxiety.

"Madge!" cried Ralph, rising to his feet. "What are you—"

Her quick cry of warning came too late. Wheeling round, Ralph found that the treacherous baronet had seized a second rifle and had levelled it directly at Lady Margaret's heart.

"I rather think," said the slow, sneering voice, "that I am now in a position to enforce my commands. You will walk steadily backwards for two miles. If you refuse I shall shoot Lady Margaret. And I shall shoot to kill."

His nerves as steady as steel in this desperate crisis,

Ralph swiftly analysed the situation. If he backed away as commanded, Sir Ernest would then mount Grey Bob and ride off with Lady Margaret, and Ralph realised that even her death was preferable to this. If he made a dash at the assailant, the latter, to save his own skin, would almost certainly fire. But Ralph knew that Sir Ernest, in spite of his threat, had no intention of shooting Lady Margaret if it could possibly be avoided.

He determined to remain perfectly still. The probabilities were that Scrivener, realising he had been outwitted, would sooner or later turn his rifle suddenly on Ralph, and Ralph, in all the pride of his magnificent physical powers, knew that in that brief moment he could hurl himself upon the other.

He handed back the sheet. He

field-glasses from the case at his side when his pulses contracted as he felt a cold rim of metal pressed suddenly against the back of his neck. In a flash he realised that it was the muzzle of a rifle. There was a grim, tense silence for a full minute.

"Take these," said the cold, drawling voice of the loader, "and write as I dictate."

Ralph took the paper and fountain-pen which were thrust over his shoulder and prepared to write.

"Commence," continued the voice. "I—Ralph Wonder-son—hereby confess—that I poisoned—the late Lord Tamerton.—I also hereby renounce—all pretensions—to the hand—of Lady Margaret Tamerton. Now sign it."



THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES.

Germany. "PERMIT ME TO RECOMMEND THESE GLASSES, MADE IN GERMANY, AND GUARANTEED TO GIVE AN UNUSUALLY WIDE AND LUMINOUS VIEW—SAME, IN FACT, AS MINE."

Italy. "VERY KIND AND THOUGHTFUL, I'M SURE; BUT I CAN SEE QUITE NICELY, THANK YOU. I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU, FOR INSTANCE, WITH THE NAKED EYE. GOOD MORNING."





## LATEST WAR NEWS.

"WE'LL SOON 'EV THE KAISER PINCHED NAH. THE COPPER'S GORN FROM OUR COURT!"

[The Press Bureau does not guarantee the accuracy of this statement.]

But Sir Ernest knew it also.

Ralph stood motionless. Lady Margaret, playing her part bravely, sat motionless on her palfrey. Sir Ernest lay motionless, his rifle pointed inflexibly at her heart. No word was spoken.

A grouse in the oak-tree croaked jeeringly.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour passed. Two hours. Three. Four. There was not the tremor of a muscle among the three.

Five hours passed. Six. Seven. Then Ralph felt that the strain could be borne no longer. He resolved to count a hundred and at the end of that time to rush desperately forward, hoping against hope that the murderous bullet would not find its billet.

Ninety-seven . . . ninety-eight . . . ninety-nine . . . Ralph caught his breath sharply. The finger on the rifle trigger had relaxed.

Sir Ernest had fainted.

In thirty seconds Ralph had bound him hand and foot. With a long, quivering sigh of relief Lady Margaret slid from her horse and threw herself

into her rescuer's arms. Ralph crushed her to his breast in a passion of gratitude.

But Lady Margaret quickly disengaged herself. "What about the grouse?" she exclaimed.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Ralph, snatching out his watch. "It's four o'clock! I have only one hour, and the others will have had eight."

He seized his field-glasses, sprang into the oak and swept the surrounding country. There was not a grouse in sight. He gave vent to an exclamation of despair.

"Follow me!" said Lady Margaret. "I know their sanctuary. You can do it yet."

Snatching up the rifles, Ralph followed the girl as she threaded her way through the trees. At last she halted abruptly. "Look!" she whispered. "There they are."

And, indeed, Ralph saw that all the trees around him were congested with grouse. He levelled his rifle and fired.

Bang! A grouse fell at his feet. He snatched the second rifle from Lady Margaret, who had assumed the rôle of

loader. Bang! Another fell. There was no escape from that deadly eye.

Lady Margaret had been brought up to sport from her earliest youth. As a child she had watched many of the finest shots in Europe. But she had never seen anything like this. Such unerring precision enthralled her.

And she played her own part nobly. Almost before Ralph had surrendered the empty rifle the loaded one was in his grasp. And when the barrels grew red-hot, her quick wit saved the situation and she thrust them into the stream which trickled at their feet.

Bang! . . . Bang! . . . Bang!

\* \* \* \* \*

Again the guests were assembled in the gun-room.

"Oyez! Oyez!" cried Lord Tamer-ton merrily. "I proclaim the champion to be Ralph Wonderson, with a total bag of two thousand brace."

Amid a clamour of laughter and congratulation Lady Margaret came shyly forward and laid her left hand on Ralph's shoulder.

On its third finger glittered a magnificent hoop of diamonds.



### THE FIRST BLUNDER.

How I succeeded in getting this interview I should very much like to know. But I did. Let that suffice.

When I entered He was standing before His mirror fumbling with His moustache, which seemed unwilling any more to point upwards, but had a persistent droop. "*Donner und blitzen!*" He exclaimed irascibly as he added more and more stiffening paste.

Observing me He paused and sat down, motioning me to do the same. Then, after taking a tablespoonful of the blood-and-iron tonic in a bottle beside Him, He bade me be quick with my questions as He was busy.

I explained my visit at once. "It says in the paper," I said, "that your Majesty's troops are being withdrawn from the North of Belgium."

He nodded.

"And that," I continued, "the province of Antwerp is free of them."

He nodded again.

"But," I said, "surely that is a mistake—an error both of tactics and judgment of the greatest seriousness?"

"How?" He asked.

"This chastisement of the world," I said, "which you are to inflict——"

He smiled agreement.

"This spread of *Geist*——" I continued.

He beamed.

"How can it be thorough if you shirk your duty?" I added.

He bade me explain myself more fully.

"Take Louvain," I said, "as a start. That was splendid."

"Wasn't it?" He replied. "Hoch!"

"That's the way," I continued. "Destroy the gems of architecture. Burn the priceless and unique manuscripts. Wreck the seats of learning. That will teach the world what you really mean, what you really stand for."

His eyes glistened. "We do our best," He said. "Hoch!"

"But why be half-hearted?" I went on. "That's the folly. It seems to me that some one among your generals must be blundering very badly if Antwerp is to be so scandalously neglected. The lesson that it might teach if properly handled! The enormous value of its example to those parts of the civilised world that are still on the fence!—Holland, for instance, Italy, Bulgaria."

"But the blunder? For God's sake—I should say for My sake—tell Me

quickly," He said with his hand on the telephone.

I drew from my pocket a packet of picture postcards and showed him one.

"How beautiful!" He said. "Where is it?"

"Antwerp Cathedral," I replied.

"What a lovely spire!" He remarked wistfully. "So tall and slender. It looks as if it would fall so easily."

I showed Him another.

"That is charming," He said. "Where is that?"

"Antwerp again," I said. "The Plantin museum. The most interesting printing establishment in the world. So quiet, so serene—in short, perfect and irreplaceable."

The last word seemed to strike Him.



Turkey. "LOOKS VERY TEMPTING AND FRUITY; BUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHO'S GOING TO PAY THE DOCTOR'S BILL IF COMPLICATIONS ENSUE?"

He repeated it once or twice.

"And these are at Antwerp?" He asked again.

"Yes," I said. "And these"—showing Him more photographs—"are at Bruges. And," I added meaningly, "still standing."

"Yes, you are right," He exclaimed. "It is outrageous. What fool ordered the withdrawal from Belgium, I wonder—with all this work for culture still to do!"

He was furious.

"Not a stone should have been left," He said. "The true *Geist* must prevail. Every opportunity of proving our enlightenment should have been taken. There will be trouble over this, I can promise you. Leave me now. I must think."

He turned again to the blood-and-iron tonic, and was once more at the mirror when I left. His moustaches had come undone again. Both ends now pointed resolutely to the carpet.

### THE COUNTING OF CHICKENS.

For business reasons I had to take my holiday alone this year, after my wife and children had come back from Cornwall.

While I was away Peggy wrote to me and said that Evangeline, her favourite Minorca, had laid eleven eggs. Whereupon she, Evangeline, had become broody and refused to be comforted; so Peggy said she had added two eggs that Clara, one of the Cochins, had laid and was saving up, and put them under Evangeline, who had sat on the lot for the regulation period, the result being ten of the dearest little fluffy chickens you ever saw. My first reflection was that there they were, ten of them, eating the bread of idleness, and in war-time, too, with so many other more useful mouths to fill.

But Peggy's last paragraph was consoling. She informed her father that she intended to collar some of the alien trade, and had made a good start with her ten chickens, in addition to the three Minorcas, five Cochins, and two Pedigree-unknowns, which were all laying eggs like anything. Another of the Cochins, Maud Eliza, was beginning to get broody, and was being trained for her sitting Marathon on a box of my best golf-balls, and altogether things looked rosy—from Peggy's point of view.

I replied by return of post that she was really trying to ruin a neutral Denmark, and

that to compete with the hated foe she must induce Evangeline, Clara & Co. to turn their attention to laying sausages, the brass collars of electric light bulbs, toys and small hardware; but, so as not to discourage her, I added that the chickens would make splendid table-decorations later on, and would keep down Williamson's absurd bills for meat.

I came home yesterday; and after tea Peggy presented me with a sheet of paper covered with figures—a set of multiplication sums in fact. There was a column for each of the hens and their possible offsprings, and the grand total, expressed in terms of chickens, was stupendous.

"What," she said, "is a chicken worth when it's ready to cook?"

"It depends," I said, "whether you are buying or selling it."

"Selling," she said.

"Oh; say 2s. 6d."

"Then to be on the safe side," she





### TRAINING IN THE PARK.

OLD GENTLEMAN ENGAGED IN QUIET SIESTA IN KENSINGTON GARDENS SUDDENLY WAKES TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE ABOVE ALARMING SITUATION AND HASTILY CONCLUDES THAT THE GERMANS HAVE ARRIVED.

said, "we'll call it 2s. That makes twice 1,121 shillings. How much is that?"

I found a stump of pencil, and an empty corner of *The History of the War*, and worked it out. "£112 2s. 0d.," I said at last.

"Not so bad, Daddy, in twelve months."

"Marvellous!" I said; "colossal! But you haven't allowed for the chickens we shall eat."

"No," she said, "but we shall save 2s. on each one we eat, so it's the same thing in the end."

I admitted the plausibility of this calculation.

"But," I said, "you're not allowing for deaths and bad eggs."

"Oh yes, I am," she said; "I've only allowed half the eggs to become chickens."

"You'd never make a company promoter," I said.

"I'm going to be a hospital nurse, thank you, Daddy," she said with her nose in the air. "Do come and see Evangeline's family."

So we strolled into the garden and down to the poultry run, taking the multiplication sums with us.

Evangeline, the optimist, was busy scratching up the more or less kindly fruits of the earth for her family and didn't make the slightest sign of recognition, though I coughed twice.

"She's much too busy," said Peggy, "to notice that you've come home. Aren't they darlings?"

"They're certainly a healthy-looking lot. Two of them I recognise as Clara's contribution. Doesn't she mind?"

"I don't think so," said Peggy; "she's busy too. She's been sitting now for nearly a fortnight, and Maud Eliza's on eggs as well."

"I hope none of my golf balls are addled," I said. "I want to have a round to-morrow afternoon."

"Of course not. I've washed them all and put them back again."

"Good egg!" I said.

Suddenly I had an unhappy thought.

"Where," I asked, "are the figures relating to this lot of Evangeline's?"

"Here," she said, "under 'E.' Five

chickens. I've allowed five to die, though I'm sure they wouldn't if they knew what they're wanted for."

"I'm afraid you'll have to work it all out again."

"Why?"

"Look here," I said, "five chickens, and each going to lay at least enough eggs to sit on, and half of the sitting to mature, as it were; that sounds fair enough, but not more than three of this lot will lay eggs at all."

"Oh! why ever not?" she said.

"Nature's limitations," I explained. "Seven of them are cockerels."

#### Our Latest Cinema Film.

"The Boa Constrictor, 3,500 feet."

Advt. in "Cape Times."

There must have been some centipedes in the family.

"I received orders from my employer," he said, "to go to —," but found that the train service was stopped. I had to do many miles on my bicycle."—*Yorkshire Evening News*.

We trust that he did not scorch very badly on his arrival at this unmentionable destination.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SOME people have all the luck! Fancy preparing for publication this summer a novel whose scene is laid in Belgium. The picture of Bruges Tower on the cover of *The Belfry* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) should alone be enough to sell it like the hottest of hot cakes. Of course it would be rather too much to expect the story to treat of the Belgium we all love and admire to-day. Indeed, MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS, writing in the old times of six weeks ago, permits herself some good-natured humour at the expense of the little red-trousered army. To-day it sounds oddly archaic. But, this apart, there is enough topical and local colour in the setting to secure success, even without an interesting story such as is told here. One

may perhaps fairly easily detect its inspiration in certain actual happenings. It is the story of a woman, *Lucy Briarwell*, clever and gifted with personality, the grass-widow of an apparently incurable lunatic who, living in Bruges, falls under the influence of a Belgian poet-dramatist. Together—for *Lucy* is shown as his collaborator and source of inspiration—they evolve a wonderful new form of miracle play in which she presently captivates London and Paris as the reincarnate *Notre Dame de Bruges*. So much of the tale I indicate; the rest is your affair. It is told in a pleasant haphazard fashion, enriched with flashes of caustic wit and disfigured with a good deal of ungrammatical and slovenly writing. I think I never met a novelist who did more execution among the infinitives. Also I suspect that Mrs. SAUNDERS' zeal for theatrical setting

outran her knowledge of it, otherwise she would hardly have permitted a dramatist to speak of his "caste," or the leading lady to leave the theatre (even under circumstances of faintness) in her stage costume. But for all that my congratulations to her on a good story.

My impression of *Behind the Picture* (WARD, LOCK) is that it would be better worth reading if it contained less of the tale—which, to speak quite candidly, is parlous nonsense—and more of the trimmings. The trimmings are mostly concerned with art bargain-hunting, and are excellent fun. Most of us have the treasure-trove instinct sufficiently developed to like reading about a young man who picks up Gainsboroughs for a tanner, or unearths lost masterpieces of TURNER on a clue supplied by an old letter. The young man in question was *Hugh Limner*, and in his off moments he fulfilled perfunctorily the duties of hero of the story. But I can't help thinking that Mr. M. McD. BODKIN, his creator, liked him best as an expert. Certainly I myself did. *Hugh*, as I say, found his buried Turner on the authority of an autograph letter from the artist, which in its turn he had found in a volume entitled "Turner's Poems," that proved to have belonged to RUSKIN, the whole purchased off a stall for ten shillings.

That was the kind of expert *Hugh* was. When he had dug up the picture he exhibited it in a private gallery, where "each day an eager crowd freely paid an entrance-fee of half-a-guinea." How, when he could achieve that kind of luck, could he be expected to take more than a languid interest in a tale where the most impossible people behave most impossibly; where, for example, a missing peer posts a letter to his wife at the back of a picture-frame for no earthly reason; where the villain, younger brother of the long-lost, comes into the heroine's drawing-room and says, "You must allow me to introduce myself. I am Frederick Ackland, Earl of Sternholt"? We were only beginning the second chapter, but my wonder is that a fellow like *Hugh*, who was within hearing, didn't throw up his part at once. He would have had my sympathy.

The public is quite content to have any amount of trite philosophy passed off upon it as new goods by the author who has a gift for dialect and uses an American negro as



## A PATRIOT.

*The Visitor.* "BUT YOU DON'T IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT THAT YOU COULD SINK A BATTLESHIP WITH THAT, DO YOU?"

*Patriotic Seaside Villa Resident.* "NO, I DON'T THINK IT WOULD CARRY FAR ENOUGH; BUT AT ANY RATE IT MIGHT DRAW THE ENEMY'S FIRE!"

the lingo) "be allowed to enjoy being ill in their own way, without being persecuted by their friends and their friends' doctors, pet remedies and religions." On the whole, I may quite safely recommend these two hundred and fifty pleasantly written and delightfully printed pages to readers who like to muse quietly on the elementary principles of love and life without risking the surprise of startling or revolutionary lines of thought. There is nothing peculiarly good or bad in the many comic illustrations by Mr. E. W. KEMBLE.

Mr. Punch regrets that in his last week's notice of MARIE VAN VORST's delightful romance, *His Love Story*, he spoiled her good Dutch name by calling her Marie Von Vorst. He offers his best apologies.

## The Touch of Nature.

"Turkey is our natural Ally."—General von Bernhardt.]

"Hoch! Die Kultur! High Heaven speed the work!"

Thus cries the aspiring Teuton to the Turk.  
Creation echoes with the glad refrain,  
Deep calls to deep, Armenia to Louvain.



# CHARIVARIA.

"Our future lies upon the water," once boasted the KAISER. "And our present lies in it," as the German soldier remarked when the Belgians opened the dykes near Antwerp.

The mass of the German people would seem to be extraordinarily ill-informed in regard to the War and to stand sadly in need of enlightenment in some respects. For example, their ebullitions of rage against everyone and everything English shows that they are ignorant of the fact that we are a decadent nation and a negligible quantity in the War.

Many of the little scraps in which the Germans were reported by their Press to have been victorious now turn out to have been merely scraps of paper.

According to *The Times* one of the first acts of the new Pope will be to urge the Powers at war to desist from hostilities in the interests of humanity. It is rumoured that Austria-Hungary thinks this a capital idea.

Our readers will, we are sure, be sorry to hear that the lady who, as reported in our pages the week before last, in the course of a difference with her husband, called him "a bloomin' Oolan," has once again had words with him. This time, the husband complains, she shouted after him, "You 'Un!"

An appeal has been made for magazines for the men at the front. The following extract from a letter touches on the subject:—"On Wednesday heavy German cavalry charged us with drawn sabres, and we only had a minute to prepare to receive them. We left our entrenchments and, rallying in groups, emptied our magazines into them as they drew near."

We regret to hear that, owing to so many persons failing to go out of Town this year, there is considerable distress among London burglars. The oldest among them do not remember a duller season.

A dear old lady writes to say that she is delighted to hear that the Crystal

Palace has been taken over by the Admiralty, as she loves the place, and it is so brittle.

Another dear old thing suggests that, in order to facilitate the work of the police, all spies should be compelled to wear a distinctive dress.

With the object of benefiting the local branch of the National Relief Fund there has been published at Brighton the first number of a paper called *The Ally*. Our contemporary, *Ally Sloper*, has generously decided in the circumstances to take no proceedings with a view to protecting its title.

"Why," asks a lady, "should not

# THE CHALLENGE.

"Arthur," I said, "you are not handsome, but you have sterling qualities and know a thing or two."

"You are not exactly a mezzotint yourself," Arthur retorted, "and I'm not sure that you have any particular qualities yet. What does this lead up to?"

"This," I said. "Suppose you are a sentry, outside barracks or an encampment of some kind."

"I'm supposing," he said.

"And suppose," I went on, "you don't know me."

"I've supposed worse things than that," said Arthur with decision.

"And try further," I said, "to imagine that it's a dark night, and I come along and don't notice you. You'd say, 'Halt, who goes there?' wouldn't you?"

"I should if I remembered my lines, I suppose."

"Very well," I said. "Then I should say, 'Friend.'"

"Well," said Arthur, "where's the catch?"

"There isn't a catch," I said. "What I want to know is, how do we go on after that?"

"I should ask you if you'd got such a thing as a cigarette about you," said Arthur.

"You might do that," I said, "but it doesn't sound helpful. The reason I ask is because I've read the instructions several times in the papers on the courtesies

to be observed when meeting a sentry; but the scene always ends at this point—'Friend.' What happens next?"

"Perhaps the right thing," said Arthur, "would be for you to ask after the Colonel's wife. But I might not let you get as far as that. The odds would be in favour of my not believing you when you said 'Friend,' and in that case I should either shoot or pink you. The choice between these two processes would lie with me."

"But wouldn't that be rather sudden? Surely you make another remark first. I seem to remember something about 'sign and countersign.'"

"You're thinking of trigonometry, aren't you?" said Arthur.

"Perhaps I am," I said. "Anyway it's awkward not knowing what happens next."

"I know the best way to find out," said Arthur suddenly. "Get your boots on. We'll go and enlist."



THE HUNTER HUNTED.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. J. C. DOLLMAN.]

waitresses take the place of the German waiters whose services are now being dispensed with?" Possibly we may be wrong, but we seem to remember once having seen an announcement on the placard of a feminist journal to the effect that:—

WOMEN  
CAN NOT  
WAIT.

LORD ROSEBERY, speaking the other day at Broxburn, said that defeat for us would not mean foreign tax-gatherers in the country. We are glad of this. It would be deplorable if the tax-gatherer were ever to become an unpopular figure with us.

# The Fog of War.

"A final shell struck the Laurel amidship, enveloping her in a dense certainohstl thesmac reesinscyun meecevsceve."

Glasgow Citizen.



## LEAVES FROM AN IMPERIAL NOTE-BOOK.

As I have taken occasion to tell them from time to time, God is sparing no effort in favour of My brave armies. The noble courage with which they have crushed a defenceless peasantry (who, by the way, do not seem to share My recognition of the Deity's support of Our methods) has proved them to be the authorised medium of the Divine vengeance. I am very pleased with both them and God.

The destruction of Louvain, seat of a culture wholly distinct from the Prussian ideal, was an inspiration, in which I once more detect the Hand of Heaven. Unfortunately it has been misunderstood in neutral countries; and, to appease their protests, I have had to explain that this feat of righteous wrath has given me an attack of bleeding heart.

I am despatching an Imperial telegram to the President of the Oxford University Boat Club to say that when My armies reach that city I may possibly spare Oriel for the sake of My Rhodes Scholars. This generous thought occurred to Me in church when I was returning thanks for the demolition of the library of Louvain.

I have also instructed My intrepid aviators to reserve a pew for Me intact among the ruins of Notre Dame de Paris—for thanksgiving purposes.

I have repeatedly warned NICHOLAS that God is against him. It is like his impious self-assurance to imagine that One whose services I have exclusively secured for My side could for a moment entertain the idea of supporting My enemies. I confess, however, that I had expected FRANZ-JOSEF, as My ally, to receive a larger portion of the Deity's favour than has so far fallen to him. From what I hear of the Lemberg affair, it looks as if his independent arrangements for Divine support had been inadequate. I am afraid I must leave him to get on without it as best he can. I shall want all I've got for my own use.

I see that a new Pope has been elected at Rome. At any ordinary moment this world-event must have attracted the attention of Heaven. But the present attitude of Italy towards the Triple Alliance naturally precludes any Divine cognisance of her concerns. On the other hand I have Myself thought it expedient to address congratulations to the Italian who now occupies the Pontifical Chair, and have ordered the fact to receive due publicity as part of My subsidised Press campaign.

In order that the organisers of this campaign may the better persuade neutral countries to accept My version of the justice of Our cause, I have given directions for them to appeal throughout to the God of Truth. We were, as usual, first in the field, and the Father of Lies has a lot of ground to make up.

My dear son WILHELM tells Me that his own army has a tough proposition in front of it. I sometimes fear that he lacks the unquestioning piety of his Imperial Parent.

I note that services are still permitted to be held in the English church at Dresden, but that no prayers for the success of British arms are allowed. In view of My monopoly of Divine protection I regard this precaution as unnecessary.

Some blundering operator in Berlin has circulated the ridiculous report of a disaster to My army in France. I have ordered the fear of God to be put into him.

Even I cannot be in two places at once, and I am too busy in exchanging felicitations with My Creator in the background of Our western sphere of operations to be able to give My benediction in person to the brave defenders of My beloved Prussia. My lack of the gift of omnipresence has always been rather a sore point with Me in My otherwise co-equal relations with the Almighty. I hope in course of time to have this corrected. O. S.

## THE NEW NOAH'S ARK;

OR, A WORD TO THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND ON THE IMPORTANCE OF SEA-POWER.

*[As a part of our campaign to capture Germany's trade, it has been suggested that Noah's Arks should in future be made in this country.]*

REMOVE yon odious concern

That once outrode the mimic storm,

And deep in darkest shelves intern

Her captain and his pirate swarm :

Sweep, sweep, that *Dreadnought* from the seas

Of England's carpets, if you please,

And set no more by two and two

On Sabbath days her bestial crew,

That mask with peace the Prussian uniform.

I seem to see the War-Lord's lace

Bedeck that bosom mild and stout ;

Athwart yon patriarchal face

The Kaiser-like moustaches sprout ;

The wideawake becomes a helm,

The staff a sword to overwhelm,

Hypocrisy stands writ and cant

On yonder pale-blue elephant

Tusk-less (Maud did it when Mamma was out).

What makes he with a lilac dove

This Corsair desperate and daft ?

Behold the conning tower above

The big stern chasers pointing aft !

This is not he that saved mankind

With pards and pigs from tempests blind,

But rather he that forged a flood,

And not of water but of blood,

And filled with worse than wolves his impious craft.

But come, we'll build a larger boat

Of English breed, no Teuton shams,

Where sheltered animals shall float,

The lion couchant with the lambs :

See from the cabin's open door

What mild-faced dromedaries pour !

What SHEMS are these ? what host arrives

Of gentler JAPHETS with their wives ?

What antelopes ? what un-Westphalian HAMS ?

And sometimes, should the pageant cloy,

Supposing Nurse has left the room,

We'll take again that outcast toy

From the deep cupboard's inmost gloom ;

We'll shell that buccaneering barque

With the good guns of England's ark ;

We'll chase it flying like a rat

For some fort-guarded Ararat,

And leave it flotsam for Jemima's broom.

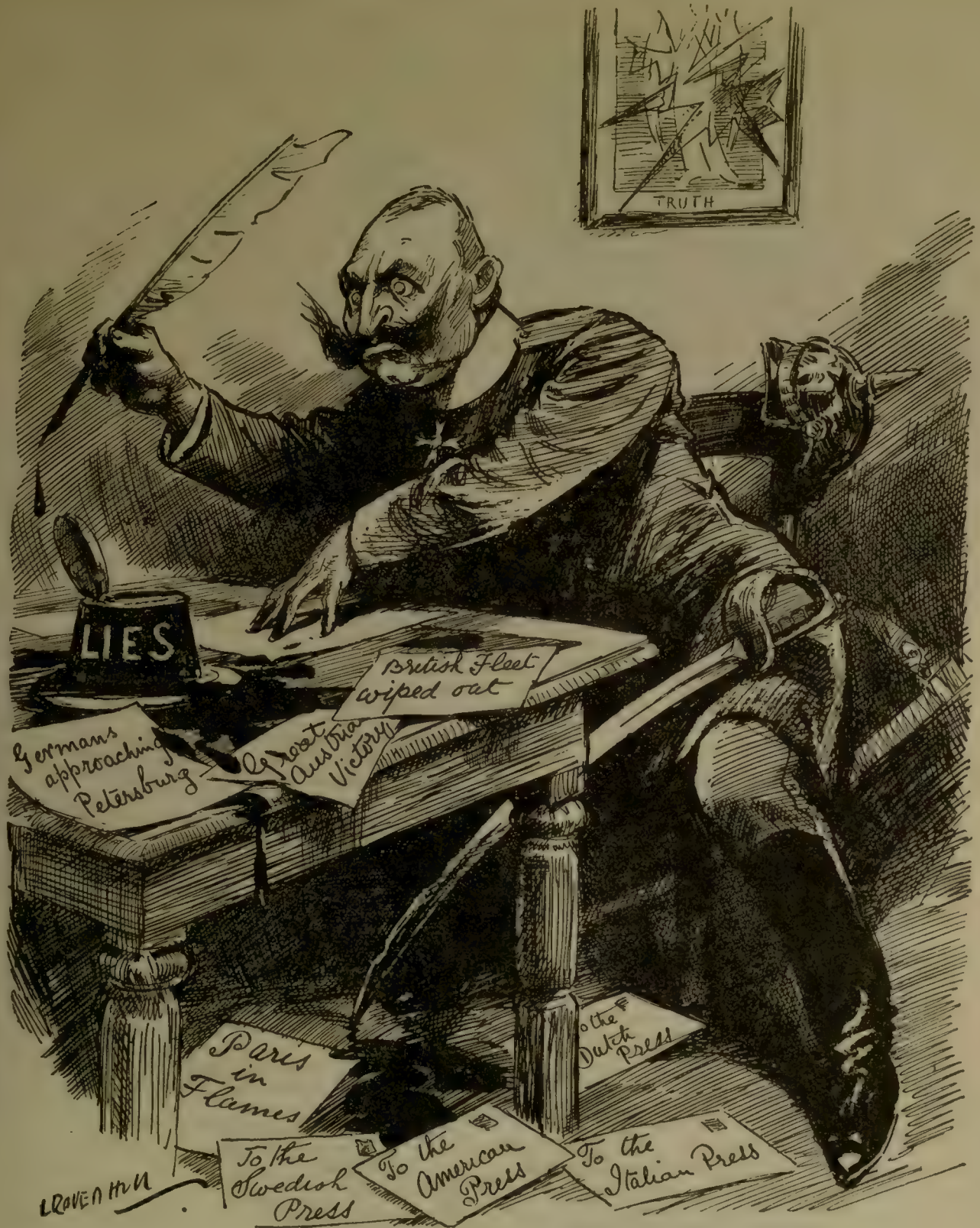
EVOE.

## Peace : Old and New Style.

Now that the Allies have all agreed not to make separate peaces, we can look forward to the War stopping all at once, and not just a bit at a time, though of course the calendar of the Russians will allow them the option of keeping at it for twelve days after the others have finished.

"GLORIOUS COMPEAGNE.—For ever memorable in the annals of the country will be the name of Compeigne."—*News of the World*. Nor shall Compiègne, we hope, be utterly forgotten.





### MADE IN GERMANY.

KAISER. "I'M NOT QUITE SATISFIED WITH THE SWORD. PERHAPS, AFTER ALL, THE PEN IS MIGHTIER!"







## DISPOSITIONS.

My wife was certainly ruffled, and, more than that, she was mystified. She could not understand it at all.

"And this is the second time," she said.

"Have you questioned the servants?" I asked.

"It is not likely that my servants would amuse themselves by throwing lumps of coal on the drawing-room carpet," she replied, "not being lunatics. But as a matter of fact I have questioned them."

"It is the sort of thing a playful kitten might do," I suggested. "Or a puppy perhaps."

"No, they couldn't have lifted the tongs, and the tongs were in it too, and three walking-sticks. It must have been children, I suppose; but I don't think there have been any children in the house."

I found her the same afternoon studying some scratched hieroglyphics on the gravel in front of the house. It was quite an elaborate design with squares and circles and curving lines, and with a wobbly streak running through it. And that evening she announced once and for all that the house was bewitched and she gave it up. She had found a loofah, two sponges and some cakes of soap elaborately arranged in a pattern on the bathroom floor.

She had not yet gathered, as I had, that it was Sinclair and the Reverend Henry. I do not think that these two can have been properly trained in their youth to put away their toys when they had finished with them, as all tidy children should. They had no right to go out suddenly and play tennis, leaving the drawing-room carpet in that condition.

I had seen it coming on for some days. As soon as Henry has spent his first half-hour on the newspapers he is ripe to explain in detail the exact disposition of the Allied forces and "what they are evidently driving at." And the thing is getting very complicated. He cannot make you understand. He tries to draw maps on the back of envelopes, but his drawing is pitiable, and then naturally he reaches out at any object that happens to be lying on the table, planks it down for Paris or Verdun, and gets seriously to work. He and Sinclair were sitting before the unlit fire in the drawing-room when Sinclair put forth his brilliant hypothesis about a flanking movement on VON KLÜCK'S right. Henry was quite certain it was wrong. He was down on his knees in a moment grabbing pieces of coal.

"Look here," he said. "There's Châlons; and that shovel is Soissons.



*Belated Reveller.* "YOU A SPESHUL CONSHTABLE?"

*Special Constable.* "YES." (Long pause.)

*B. R.* "WHAT ARMS 'AVE YER?"

*S. C.* A TRUNCHEON AND A WHISTLE, AND (suddenly inventive, in view of reveller's superior physique) A SIX-SHOOTER."

*B. R.* "AH, WELL, I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY FORTRESHES TO-NIGHT."

You must not forget that the Ardennes lie in behind here"—realistically represented by a heap of logs from the wood-basket—"and that is the Meuse. Of course it isn't quite so straight as that really"—he put the poker in position—"but that is the line of it. Very well. Can't you see that what he is at is to nip this force here between two fires? By Jove, the tongs will do splendidly for that. Might have been made for it. So. Well, if JOFFRE is any good—Stop a bit"—he filled both hands with coal—"move your chair back. There,

that's Paris, and the edge of the fender is the Marne. Well, if JOFFRE is not asleep his game is obviously—"

"Stop a bit," said Sinclair. "You've left out the CROWN PRINCE."

"No, I haven't. That's him there in the work-basket. And you must remember that there are Uhlans all over the place." (I think that it must have been the Uhlans that chiefly exacerbated my wife when she came to clear up. They did reach pretty far afield, and there was quite a lot of them under the sofa.) "This is the



Allied front"—Sinclair had brought him several walking-sticks by this time. "Now suppose we were to swing round like this—I say, do move your chair. Like this. Confound it, I didn't notice that little table was in the way. Why do people put silly little vases of flowers on tables? Mop it up, will you? Of course FRENCH is here. You must keep your eye on FRENCH. But——"

"What about these lines of communication?"

Henry paused. "Well, there's always the Belgians. I'm afraid we'll have to move the piano. Just give it a heave at the other end, will you? That'll do. Those pianola records are just the thing. No, not so near together. So. Now you see how it works. The whole thing from here to here moves sideways."

"Stop a bit," says Sinclair. "You're moving Paris sideways. Whatever they may do to it when it falls—if it ever does—I don't think they'll move it sideways."

Now that the Reverend Henry is no longer permitted to play with coals in the drawing-room or make maps on the gravel he has found an outlet on the breakfast-table. But he is not allowed to start till after the meal is over, ever since he got down early one morning and had the whole place laid out in army corps and fortresses, with a horrid tangle of knives and forks, cruet-stands, rolls, egg-cups, plates and coffee-pots, at the point where the main action was going on in the centre.

But he is not at all satisfied with the breakfast-table. He has to crowd things terribly close together at one end in order to have room for the Eastern theatre; and Posen (a toast-rack) keeps falling off the edge.

*The Kirkintilloch Herald* describes the manœuvres of a submarine thus:—

"Without its presence being detected, it approached within a few hundred yards of a German Dreadnought, at which it discharged two torpedoes. In order to escape attack the submarine was then obliged to sing."

Suggested song: "Get out and Get under."

"We will overhaul the chassis . . . if you let us undertake the work now. The War will probably be over by the time the Car is ready for use."—*Advt.*

We cannot decide whether this is an example of Commercial pessimism or Military optimism.

## THE PACIFICIST.

THE Pacificist was very worried about it all. In the first place it worried him (quite honestly) that his country should ever go to war at all. In the second place it vexed him profoundly that the war should be against an enemy whose pure-souled benevolence he himself had proclaimed and written about for years. Most of all, perhaps, was he secretly irritated that these untoward events should coincide with the beginning of his own annual holiday at Shrimphorough.

A few mornings after war was declared, the conductor of the Shrimphorough orchestra (a genius of cosmopolitan extraction) rose nobly to the



"MRS. SMITHERS, IF YOU ARE UNPATRIOTIC ENOUGH TO HOARD YOUR FOODSTUFF, THAT IS A MATTER FOR YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE; BUT PLEASE REMEMBER IN FUTURE NOT TO GIVE ME A HOARDED EGG FOR BREAKFAST."

occasion. From his demeanour and a certain flurry amongst the musicians, the Pacificist, seated prominently in the two-penny chairs, had about three minutes' warning of what was coming, so that when the conductor swung round with uplifted baton, and the audience, thrilled but a little self-conscious, climbed to its collective feet as the band crashed into the opening bars of the *Marseillaise*, the Pacificist had already decided upon his conduct. He sat still, even for a few moments he feigned to be absorbed in his favourite newspaper, but almost immediately gave this up as unconvincing and remained staring straight before him.

It was perhaps not a very impressive protest. It was obviously, under the special circumstances of the case (which need not detain us), an entirely foolish and mistaken one. But he made it. He alone in that audience of several hundreds did not rise. A little to his

secret disappointment the hundreds made no apparent counter-demonstration. An enthusiastic humming rose from them, mingled with a few easy French words happily introduced when occasion seemed to serve. They were far too preoccupied to trouble about the Pacificist. He had been prepared for every kind of martyrdom for abuse, hustling, even for blows. All he got was a few looks of embarrassed concern from his immediate neighbours.

To his excited imagination the tune seemed to go on and on for hours. As a matter of fact the genius of cosmopolitan extraction (who had not been extracted quite far enough to be sure of British tastes) gave the audience four verses where one would have been better. And all this time the anger of the Pacificist grew. His cheeks burned, and the excited pounding of his heart was like to stifle him. He knew himself one, alone, against hundreds; impressing them, no doubt (despite their pretence of indifference), with the courage of a right cause. To face odds like that! It was intoxicating.

At last he could hear it no longer. Just as the band ceased and the rest of the audience subsided again to their morning papers, the Pacificist rose. He walked a little unsteadily. The light of battle flashed from his eyes, meeting and beating down what he took, erroneously, to be the glare of a hostile mob. (As a matter of fact no one noticed him any more). Stumbling, white-faced, with set lips and the face of a visionary, he gained the turnstile. This, this,

was victory! One against so many! He had proved himself. He had conquered!

The battle-spirit—for, despite his honest conviction, his forebears had been soldiers and sea-dogs—surged up within him. How splendid it was, this fighting down opposition! What was life, after all, but a fight? He had never realized that before. But now he knew. The flame that burnt in his blood demanded other foes, other worlds to conquer. It had become an urgent need with him to continue fighting; almost anyone would do.

Immediately opposite to the turnstile was the open door of a large building; flags surmounted it, and at each side was a large proclamation in red and white. With shoulders squared, flashing eye, and the demeanour of NAPOLEON at the head of the Old Guard, the Pacificist entered the recruiting office. "I have come," he said fiercely, "to enlist!"



## SUPER-SYMPATHY.

"The crumbling towers, the shattered  
fanes,  
The havoc of the Belgian plains;  
Dead mothers, children, priests and  
nuns,  
Who fall before My conquering Huns—  
Believe Me, friends, these grievous woes  
Deprive Me of My due repose,  
And, though enforced by higher need,  
Make My Imperial bosom bleed."

As the fat spider wipes its eye  
Over each strangulated fly;  
As ABDUL HAMID once was fain  
To weep for the Armenian slain;  
As HAYNAU felt his eyelids drip  
When women cowered beneath his  
whip;  
As TORQUEMADA doubtless bled  
With sorrow for the tortured dead—  
So in his own peculiar style  
Weeps the Imperial Crocodile.

THE IMPERIAL PRUSSIAN  
COLLEGE OF CULTURE.

Telegrams: "Kultur, Berlin."

Principal Dr. von Hackheim, assisted by a  
large staff of University Professors.

BRUTALITY is acknowledged by the  
most distinguished Teutonic psycholo-  
gists to have an important place in  
modern warfare, as serving to maintain  
a properly submissive attitude on the  
part of the unarmed enemy, and the  
College has been established to com-  
plete this side in the training of cadets  
for the Imperial German field army.

## TRAINING BY GRAMOPHONE.

Many difficulties have had to be  
surmounted. For instance it was found  
that, in spite of training students, pro-  
ceeding to the front showed hesitation  
in the execution of non-combatants,  
and grew pale on first hearing the cries  
of women and children. This difficulty  
is being obviated by means of gramo-  
phone records taken in Belgium, which  
serve to inure the novice to the sounds  
of anguish. By the time he proceeds  
to the front no cries for mercy have  
any power to move him.

## LITERÆ INHUMANIORES.

The curriculum is extensive. In  
addition to regular musketry practice at  
moving and stationary Red Cross wag-  
gons, hospital bomb drill, etc., courses  
of lectures are being given by thinkers  
of the first eminence. Some of the most  
celebrated names on the contemporary  
record of German culture are to be  
found in our staff list. During the  
coming term, for instance, Dr. Junker,  
of the BERNHARDI School of Philosophy,  
will give a series of discourses on "The  
Evolution of the Doctrine of Blood  
and Iron," "Infantile Mortality and



Teutonic Barber. "SAFE, SIR?"

Customer. "YE-ES— THAT IS, NO!—I THINK I'LL TRY A HAIR-CUT."

its Promotion," "Philosophic Doubts  
regarding the Value of Mercy," illus-  
trated by photographs taken in Louvain;  
and a course of lectures on "The Debt  
of Art to Atrocity" will be delivered  
by Professor Blutwurst, who occupies  
the ATTILA Chair of Anatomy in the  
University of Leipzig.

## RECREATION.

The proper recreation of students is  
not neglected and sports are encouraged.  
Paper chases are held frequently, the  
paper torn up for the trail being pro-  
vided by the courtesy of the Foreign  
Office, who supply the College with all  
treaties found upon their shelves.

## RECORDS IN BRUTALITY.

The Principal desires it to be known  
that he will always be glad to hear  
from past students now serving with  
the Imperial Forces who have per-  
formed any notable act of inhumanity  
towards non-combatants.

## THE OUTPOST.

The lurid sunset's slanting rays  
Incarnadine the soldier's deed;  
His rugged countenance betrays  
The bulldog breed.

Not his to shun the stubborn fight,  
The combat against heavy odds,  
Alone, unaided—'tis a sight  
For men and gods!

And now his back is bowed and bent,  
Now crouching, now erect, he stands,  
And now the red life blood is spent  
From both his hands.

He takes his punishment on trust,  
As one who sees and yet is blind,  
For every lacerating thrust  
Comes from behind.

The twilight creeps, the sun has gone,  
But triumph fills the soldier's breast;  
He's sewn his back brace-buttons on  
While fully dressed!



### JAMES FEELS BETTER.

THE Sergeant-Major was speaking. "Company—'SHUN!'"

We 'shunned. We stood motionless (all but one of us) waiting for his next words. Then he spoke again.

"Blank blanket," he yelled, "what the blank are you doing?" He was looking at me, and my heart was in my mouth. "Blanket," he went on, "if you want to scratch your nose, step out here and scratch it. My blank!" My heart dropped back again. He must be talking to James behind me. I longed to look round and watch the generous waves of colour stealing over James's classic features, to fix with a reproachful eye that Roman proboscis which he had been grooming; but duty, or natural integrity of character, or fear of the Sergeant-Major, or something, held me fast.

"Company—dis miss!"

We turned to the right and I took James affectionately by the arm. "How's the neb?" I said.

And then James told me what he thought of the Sergeant-Major.

"Pretty good rot," he said, "talking like that to a man in my position. Cursing a married man with a family as if he were a rotten schoolboy. If I met him in ordinary life he'd say 'Sir' to me—probably ask me for a job, and go about in a holy fear that I was going to sack him."

"Discipline, James," I said. "Think how good it is for you to be ordered about for a change. And think how jolly it must be for the Sergeant-Major to swear at well-known public men. Don't grudge him his little bit of pleasure. And finally, think how stimulating it is for the rest of us. I assure you, James, there's nothing more bracing to a man than to hear another man being cursed."

James muttered to himself. We lit our pipes and sat down among some other members of our platoon. James was silent, but we others talked eagerly about the difference between "Right form" and "On the right form company," and other matters which had suddenly become of great importance.

"Let's go and have a little private drill," said one of the keen ones.

"It'll only turn into a rag," I said.

"But of course we shall have to agree to take it seriously and obey orders. Who'll come?"

About ten of us offered ourselves. I looked at James; to my surprise he jumped up quickly. We went off to a corner of the field, and lined up two deep.

"And now who'll drill us?" said James.

We all hung back nervously. To obey an order as one of ten is so much easier than to give an order as one of one.

"I will, if you like," said James doubtfully, "but I'm not sure if——"

"Go on," we all said; "have a try."

James stepped out of the ranks and faced us.

"Cover off, there," he said briskly.

"Squad—'shun!" We were five files, and I was No. 3 in the front rank. "Stand at—case . . . Number Three, what the blank are you smoking for? Number Three—the stout one in the front rank. Put that pipe away, Private Haldane. Blanket, Sir, this isn't a Cabinet meeting; you're drilling."

"Steady, James, old man," I said.

"Silence in the ranks! Two days cells for Private Haldane—both of them week-days. 'Shun! Number! . . . Form fours!"

We formed fours. Of course it is absurdly easy, even with an odd number of files, but it is also absurdly easy to forget.

"As you were!" shouted James. "The last file is always an even number. Surely you ought to know that by this time, Private Kitchener. The fourth file—Private Asquith and Private Tree, chest out, Private Tree—the fourth file stands fast. Form fours! Right turn! Form two deep! 'Bout turn! Form fours! I thought so; Private Tree is wrong again. Silence, Private Haldane! Private Haldane will be shot at dawn to-morrow. Private Tree will be shot at dawn on the day after, this giving him time to prepare his farewell speech. Right turn! Where are you, Private Carson? Try and remember that you're not reviewing troops just now; you're attempting to decide as quickly as possible which is your right hand and which is your left. You'll find it a much harder job. The Army Corps will advance. By the right, quick march! Step out, Private Tich, my lad, step out."

James was now thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Left incline! Theirs not to reason why, Private Kipling; if I had meant 'right incline, and stop at the canteen,' I should have said so . . . Tut-tut, Private Tree, 'left incline' doesn't mean 'advance like a crab' . . . Right incline! And now where are you, Private Masterman? Left behind again. Halt! Dress up by the right. Blanket, Private Haldane, you're still talking. Private Haldane will be blown from the guns at dusk. As you were. It's no good taking half measures with Private Haldane; kindness is wasted on him. Private Haldane will be stopped jam for tea this afternoon."

And then a smile came over James's face. He repressed it, drew himself up, and surveyed us sternly.

"Squad, 'shun! Scratch—noses!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thank you, I feel much better," said James. A. A. M.

### DISCOVERERS' RIGHTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Unless the black-berrying season is to be utterly ruined and thousands of homes thus rendered poisonously unhappy, something must be done to make people play the game.

Why is it that this simple little fruit should have such a bad influence on otherwise nice persons? But it has. It makes them utterly selfish and inconsiderate.

Take our experience last week on the Common. We went out with baskets—three of us—Elsa, Dolores, and me, and, after hunting about for some time and getting fearfully scratched, we came upon a perfectly priceless group of bushes which no one had discovered.

The blackberries were there in millions, ripe too, and all sparkling in that patent-leather way which makes the mouth water and prevents as many getting into the basket as ought to. We were of course fearfully bucked by finding such a spot, and began at once in earnest. Judge then of our dismay when another party of blackberrers, attracted, I imagine, by our cries of rapture, came up and began picking too! These were the two Misses Blank, whom we know very slightly. They ought, of course, to have gone right away and done their own discovering. Instead of that they just nodded, and then snatched away at our bushes as though they were in their own garden. One of them even came up to a bush on which Elsa was engaged. What was she to do? She could not remonstrate, as we knew them so slightly, so she abandoned the bush with a gesture of contempt which should have made a dummy blush, but had no effect whatever on these thick-skinned Prussians, as we now believe they must be. Probably their real name is Fressen, Elsa thinks.

Common decency (I don't mean this for a joke, but I suppose it is one) should prevent anybody from going to a place discovered by somebody else; and why I write is to ask you if there is not an unwritten law against such conduct, and if so will you make it widely known?

It would be dreadful if all the black-berrying parties during this September and October were to be ruined by people like the Misses Fressen.

I am, Yours faithfully,  
FAIR PLAY.





### BY REQUEST.

Visitor (to Percy of "The Mauve Merriments"). "WHAT WOULD YOU CHARGE TO SING 'IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY' INTO AUNTIE'S EAR-TRUMPET?"

### THE GREAT CAMPAIGN.

THE formal declaration of war (altogether unexpected by the best minds of the community, though the opposing armies had been mobilised for a month previously), came like a bolt from the blue on September 1st. In an instant the whole country was engaged in sanguinary conflict. We give with reserve the following reports which have reached us from our correspondents at the front:—

#### CIVILIANS IN THE BATTLE LINE.

On the north-eastern frontier a keen encounter occurred between the famous Albion South End Corps and an invading division of the redoubtable Cockspur troops. Fifteen thousand spectators from posts of vantage round the field witnessed the fearful onslaught of the enemy. Civilians were so moved by the imminent peril of the home troops that, arming themselves with stones and bottles, and shouting "——" (excised by Censor), they flung themselves on the wings of the invading army and utterly routed them. It is rumoured that the Cockspurs contemplate reprisals. In the event of the South End Corps invading their country it is believed that all civilians will fight to the death against the invader.

#### THE OLD BRITISH SPIRIT.

Thrilling scenes were witnessed at the opening of the Ealham Thursday campaign. A huge crowd, thirsting for a sight of the conflict, gathered in the confines of the battlefield. A force of blue-clad mercenaries held them in check for a time. But thirty thousand volunteers are worth more than a hundred paid men. With magnificent unanimity the Britons formed in column. The dense black mass pressed forward. For a moment the conflict was fearful. Then the thin blue line of the mercenaries gave way and they fled in disgraceful rout. A moment later thirty thousand unconquerable Britons, laden with booty from the pay-boxes, stood triumphant on the shilling reserved mound. That wonderful charge had captured the position.

#### OUTRAGES ON NON-COMBATANTS.

We record with deep regret a violation of the laws of war by the General of the Shatterham Wanderers army. In the heat of the combat with the Notts Strollers brigade he ignored the whistled appeal for an armistice to pick up the wounded. Proceeding steadily he fired a deadly shot into the enemy's fortifications. A neutral officer, under the protection of the Red Cross, courageously protested against this

infamy. In an excess of military fury the General smote the neutral officer to the earth. It is believed that, unless the offending General be instantly submitted to a regular court-martial, the Shatterham Wanderers' army will be solemnly declared outside the pale of humanity. (NOTE.—The Censor allows the foregoing account to be printed but disclaims all responsibility for its correctness.)

#### BRILLIANT RECRUITING CAMPAIGN.

Great weakness has been observed amongst the advanced sharpshooters of the Bullington Arsenal corps. "We must have men at any cost," said their determined Secretary. A cheering crowd attended him to the station as he set out for —— (excision by the Censor), accompanied by two commissioners bearing armoured bags of bullion. A rumour reaches us that at the cost of four thousand pounds the Secretary has secured two famous shots. Great anxiety is felt in Bullington. Crowds gather round the headquarters of the corps and ask, "Will they come in time?"

LATER.—A wire from Scotland confirms the news. The Union Jack is flying over the headquarters. It is felt that the great recruiting campaign has saved Britain.





G. L. STAMP  
1914

"HELLO, MARIA! STOPPED SEWING FOR TO-DAY?"

"YES, SAMPSON. I THINK THERE IS MORE NEED OF MEN THAN OF PYJAMAS. I HAVE DECIDED TO PART WITH YOU, AND SHALL GIVE YOU TO LORD KITCHENER—MYSELF! GET YOUR HAT ON."

### THE TIRPITZ TOUCH.

(A new nautical ballad.)

THEY faced the winds, the waves, the fogs,  
For they were a gallant band,  
And they ventured forth, the bold sea dogs,  
From the bight of Heligoland.

SIX ships of war they steamed along,  
Audacious and yet discreet,  
When lo! on the skyline, fifteen strong,  
They sighted another fleet.

OH! theirs was indeed a perilous choice,  
'Twas a case of fight or flee,  
When the captain cried in a resolute voice,  
"Let us fight, my lads," cried he.

"LONG have we panted to come to grips,  
And here we shall gain our wish;  
Moreover, I fancy that yonder ships  
Have nothing on board but fish."

THEN up spake a grizzled Goeben lad,  
"We be far from land or fort;  
I should feel more safe if I knew we had  
A battleship in support."

"THERE be six of us, and fifteen of them;  
Have a care while the odds are thus;  
We may rake 'em with shell from stern to stem,  
But they might throw herrings at us."

THE captain he said, "Take heart of grace;  
There's many a risk to run;  
A herring's an awkward thing to face,  
But it's not so bad as a gun.

"MY mariners all, be not afraid  
To venture on bold designs;  
Remember ye come of the stock that made  
The North Sea stiff with mines.

"SO clear the decks for a scrap, my braves,  
Since fight ye must and shall,  
Like sons of the men who rule the waves,  
The waves of the Kiel Canal."

SO all that day they fought and drank  
Of the battle's fierce delight,  
And blazed and blazed away till they sank  
Those trawling boats ere night.

THEN they steamed away, Yeo ho! Yeo ho!  
Brave men who had gained their wish,  
With lots of captives of war in tow,  
And any amount of fish.

#### The Distinction.

"THE members of the Cheltenham Club do not play on Sundays;  
the ladies and gentlemen of the Cotswold Hills Club do play on the  
Sabbath."—*The Homefinder*.





HAIL! RUSSIA!









# THE LAST OF THE NUTS OF SANDY COVE;

OR, HOW TO MAKE USE OF OUR STAY-AT-HOMES.

*Lady in the background (also engaged in making night-wear for the wounded). "I SAY! I WONDER IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO LEND HIM TO US WHEN YOU 'VE FINISHED WITH HIM."*

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Wednesday, Sept. 9.—Parliament met again after brief recess. Compared with recent rushes at critical epochs, attendance scanty. Among absentees the SPEAKER, who has well earned the holiday deferred by exigencies of war.

PREMIER in place at Question time. Did not stop long. Expected to make statement on position and prospects of Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills. As his magnificent speech at Guildhall testified afresh, when occasion arises he can say the right thing in perfect phrase. Constitutionally is disinclined to talk.

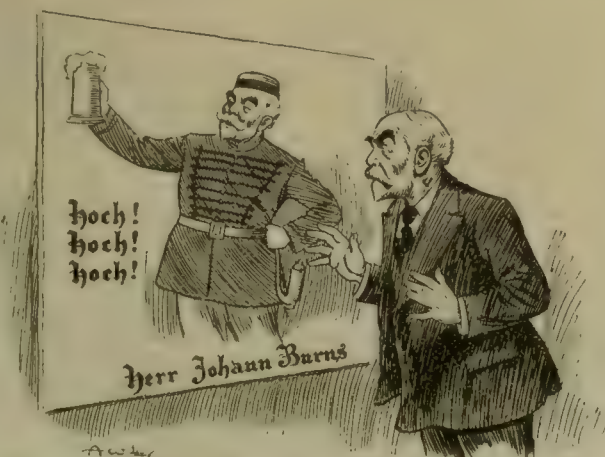
No absolute need to make preliminary statement. Everyone knows these matters are settled; nor are details of settlement a secret. Prorogation will be decreed early next week, and, in accordance with provisions of Parliament Act, Home Rule Bill and Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill

will be added to Statute Book. But an interval will elapse before they become operative, an opportunity to be used for final effort to arrive at compromise between conflicting parties.

Proceedings, in the main formal, varied by reading of statement from VICEROY describing how chiefs and people of India are each all one in

enthusiastic loyalty in the hour of England's need, and how lavish are their offers of help. Reading of Eastern story received with outbursts of cheering.

"No one to say a good word for the Scourge of Louvain. But let us give the —, I mean the KAISER, his due. At a stroke he effected the long-time impossible feat of welding Ireland into a loyal entity enthusiastically ready to draw the sword in aid of its long-estranged Sister across the Channel. Less than a year ago India was in state of ominous unrest that found partial expression in attempt on life of VICEROY. The KAISER, secretly plotting treacherous design on a friend and neighbour accustomed to lavish hospitality upon him, took note of these things. Confidently counted them in when reckoning up his game, and arranging time and opportunity for opening it. And lo! when he stands unmasked, he finds among the trustiest wings of the Empire's Army those supplied by India and Ireland."



THE RT. HON. JOHN BURNS FAILS TO RECOGNISE HIS PORTRAIT AS PAINTED BY A GERMAN PRESS AGENCY ARTIST.



Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK mused on his way to the Club to read the latest telegrams from the seat of war.

*Business done.*—Various emergency Bills advanced a stage.

*Thursday.*—Five weeks ago, when Declaration of War with Germany boomed across Europe, PREMIER asked the Commons to sanction increase of Army by half-a-million men. Reply enthusiastically affirmative. To-day comes down again and, like a young person who shall here be nameless, "asks for more."

National response to recruitment of first batch most gratifying. Save 60,000 men the half-million already enrolled. At present rate of progress another couple of days or so will see number completed. Meanwhile PREMIER asks for another half-million.

These forthcoming, and in present mood of nation there is no doubt on subject, "We shall be in a position," he added, "to put something like 1,200,000 men in the field," a sight that would make WELLINGTON, not to mention MARLBOROUGH, stare.

With that patriotic zeal that has marked attitude of Opposition since war began BONAR LAW warmly supported proposal. Vote agreed to without debate or division.

*Business done.*—Having voted additional half-million men for Army, House adjourned till Monday.

## AT THE PLAY.

### "BLUFF KING HAL."

THE arrangements for the production of Mr. LOUIS PARKER's pageant-comedy had of course been made long before war was contemplated. The completion of Mr. BOURCHIER's beard in itself points to a comparatively remote date for the play's inception. Certainly there is nothing very apposite in its theme at the present juncture; for HARRY OF ENGLAND, suffering from the gout, blustering into a sixth marriage, and haunted by the ghosts of four dead wives and the wraith of the sole survivor, is not a figure precisely calculated to inspire patriotic fervour. Still, the circumstances of the play are sufficiently national, and it should serve well enough as a permissible distraction for non-combatants.

You need not be terrified by the complexity of the cast, which consists of twenty prominent characters, twenty-four in smaller type, four ghosts and a wraith, and a sprinkling of nameless "halberdiers, huntsmen, minstrels, servitors, etc." (The soldier-supers—a type not to be confused with the super-soldier—were a very scratch lot; and I must hope that this defect was due

to the enlistment of the more martial spirits in the profession.) The history of the period is made easy for all intelligences, and the relations of Katharine Parr with her lover, Sir Thomas Seymour, furnish a clear thread of human interest.

It was pleasant to make the acquaintance of two future Queens—*Mary* and *Elizabeth*—at the less familiar stages of girlhood. *Mary*, very nicely played by Miss MINA LEONESI, showed no sign of her subsequent taste for blood; but Miss KATHLEEN JONES, in the part of the pedantic little *Princess Elizabeth*, gave us some very happy premonitions of the domineering qualities of the Virgin Queen. The tiny *Prince Edward*,



"I DUNNO 'OO NANCY IS—BUT THAT THERE KAYZER CAN'T BE NO GENTLEMAN TO STAND BY AN' SEE 'ER KNOCKED ABAHT!"

too, who was prepared to compose an epithalamium for his royal parent's final wedlock, already gave promise of a scholarly career. Apart, however, from the charm of Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as *Katharine Parr*, and the gentle dignity of Miss ALICE LONNON as *Anne Askew*, there was little distinction shown by the others, though the *Lord Chancellor Wriothesley* of Mr. HUMPHREYS, and Mr. BURTON's *Bishop Gardiner*, conducted their villainies with a proper restraint.

The honours of the evening obviously went to Mr. HUGO RUMBOLD, who devised the admirable scenery and costumes, and to Mr. BOURCHIER in the title-*rôle*. By nature and constitution he is clearly made for this part of all others. Occasionally, in asides, his voice was the voice of Mr. BOURCHIER, but for the rest he identified himself with the undefeatable *Hal*. I hope he may

be persuaded to retain the monarch's beard as a permanent feature; for, as a finished product, it suits him well in private life; and, if he is to make a practice of playing the part of *Henry VIII.*, whether to the words of SHAKESPEARE or Mr. PARKER, I would not, for his own sake and that of his many friends, have him renew the horrific processes of its growth.

O. S.

### "THE IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN."

The joy of *Tante* (from which novel Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS has adapted this play) was that many chapters went by before the reader realised that *Madame Okraska* was indeed an impossible woman. One began by liking her; went on to criticise; decided that she wasn't so nice as the author intended her to be; and then discovered suddenly that she wasn't intended to be a sympathetic character at all, and that, in fact, our changing attitude towards her had been just the changing attitude which would have been ours in real life. That was Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK's art. She took her time. Mr. CHAMBERS on the stage has not the time to take.

And so "*Tante*" is shown to us at once as a histrionic vampire, feeding on the admiration and love of others. *Gregory Jardine*, in love with her ward, *Karen*, has already seen through her; we have seen through her; the question is, when will *Karen* see through her. Forget about the book and you have the foundation of a good play here, on which Mr. CHAMBERS has built skilfully. I gather from the fact that he took alone the call for "*Author*" that he would wish us to forget about the book. I cannot quite do that, but I can say with confidence that whoever has not read *Tante* will enjoy *The Impossible Woman* fully, and that the others will at least find it interesting.

Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY was a superb *Okraska*. Since she had to reveal herself plainly to the audience, the temptation to overplay the part must have been great, but she resisted it nobly. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, still a little apt to smile at the wrong moment, was a thoroughly efficient *Gregory*; but Miss HILDA BAYLEY did not give me a very clear idea of Mr. CHAMBERS' *Karen*, and was certainly not Miss SEDGWICK's. Miss MAY WHITTY and Mr. HENRY EDWARDS, in the small but important parts of *Mrs. Talcot* and *Franz Lippheim*, were of very great assistance to the play.

M.

Motto for German sailors who have sunk several herring-boats:—*Nemo repente fuit Tiritizimus.*





Member of Relief Committee (taking down "all particulars"). "THANK YOU, THAT'S ALL. OH, BY THE WAY, I HAVEN'T GOT YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER."

### TEETH-SETTING.

WHEN the thunder-shaking German hosts are marching over France—

Lo, the glinting of the bayonet and the quiver of the lance!—  
When a rowdy rampant KAISER, stout and mad and middle-aged,

Strips his breast of British Orders just to prove that he's enraged;

When with fire and shot and pillage

He destroys each town and village;

When the world is black with warfare, then there's one thing you must do:—

Set your teeth like steel, my hearties, and sit tight and see it through.

Oh, it's heavy work is fighting, but our soldiers do it well—

Lo, the booming of the batteries, the clatter of the shell!—  
And it's weary work retiring, but they kept a dauntless front,

All our company of heroes who have borne the dreadful brunt.

They can meet the foe and beat him,

They can scatter and defeat him,

For they learnt a steady lesson (and they taught a lesson, too),

Having set their teeth in earnest and sat tight and seen it through.

Then their brothers trooped to join them, taking danger for a bride,

Not in insolence and malice, but in honour and in pride;  
Caring nought to be recorded on the muster-roll of fame,  
So they struck a blow for Britain and the glory of her name.

Toil and wounds could but delight them,

Death itself could not affright them,

Who went out to fight for freedom and the red and white and blue,

While they set their teeth as firm as flint and vowed to see it through.

R. C. L.

### IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

[A German cargo of lead has been captured.]

It is not lost to you, so make no moan;

You shall receive it back, O Potsdam pundit;

We do but take a temporary loan,

Intending to refund it.

And goodly interest it shall not lack,

A generous rate per cent. for every particle;

We take the raw material, sending back

The manufactured article.



## MR. PUNCH'S HOLIDAY STORIES.

## V.—A HUNTING MORN.

(In the approved manner of the Sporting Feuilleton.)

SETTING his teeth determinedly, Ralph Wonderson swarmed up the Virginia-creeper until he reached the closely-shuttered window. Here he clung precariously with one hand while with the other he produced a gimlet and noiselessly bored two holes in the green shutters. Was he too late? The question shot through his brain. With a quick intake of breath he applied an eye to one hole and an ear to the other and watched and listened.

In the lighted room before him sat Sir Ernest Scrivener (*alias* Marmaduke Moorsdyke) and a brutal-looking stranger. Sir Ernest was speaking.

"Everything, I think, is ready," he said in his cold, level voice. "The wedding is to take place in the village church to-morrow at eleven. You, Ragley, will take up your position, disguised as a policeman, by the church porch, arrest Wonderson on a charge of arson, and detain him until I arrive, if I should not be already there. I have here the policeman's uniform complete. We are cub-hunting to-morrow morning, and at the proper moment I shall leave the hunt and make my way across to the church, provided with the forged warrant of arrest (which I shall, as a magistrate, hand to you), the forged death certificate of my present wife, and the forged special licence for the marriage of Lady Margaret Tamerton and myself. You will then rush Wonderson off in the motor which will be waiting, and I shall proceed to marry Lady Margaret. Yes—yes, everything is quite ready."

"There's just one thing, Sir," said Ragley, "if you'll excuse me mentioning it. Supposing as how the lady refuses like."

Sir Ernest tossed away his half-smoked cigar and smiled evilly.

"That has been foreseen," he said. "The shock of Wonderson's arrest will cause her to feel faint. I shall have ready a bottle of smelling salts. I need not go into details . . . drugs . . . loss of will power . . . you see. . ."

The blood boiling in Ralph's ears prevented him from hearing more. Only the sight of the two murderous-looking revolvers on the table and the knowledge that he could not afford to take risks at this juncture stopped him from tearing open the shutters and dashing into the room.

Sir Ernest rose to his feet and simultaneously Ralph slid down the

creeper and regained *terra firma*. His mind was working rapidly.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The meet of the Chingerley Hunt made a gay spectacle. The red coats of the men and the fascinating Parisian *toilettes* of the ladies shone resplendently in the morning sunshine, while the champing of the horses' bits blended harmoniously with the choiring of numberless larks. Through the brilliant throng moved the Master, Sir Ernest Scrivener, bowing his greetings right and left as he passed.

A few minutes before the hour fixed for the start the approach of a solitary horseman caused many eyebrows to lift in surprise, while Sir Ernest for an instant went white to the teeth. Then he laughed scornfully.

"Why, Wonderson!" cried one of the Hunt. "What on earth are you doing here? I understood you were being married this morning."

"That is so," replied Ralph easily. "But I see no reason why I shouldn't hunt first. DRAKE, you know, played bowls during a crisis, and NERO fiddled."

As he spoke he watched Sir Ernest narrowly. The Master was making his way towards the iron cage in which the fox cub was imprisoned. Ralph edged his horse insensibly nearer.

Amid the eager plaudits of the Hunt Sir Ernest leaned down from his saddle and raised the catch with a flourish. As he did so a packet of papers fell from his breast pocket.

In a flash the released cub had pounced upon the papers and carried them off in his mouth. With a savage oath Sir Ernest plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks and gave chase. Ralph, perceiving instantly what had happened and guessing the all-important nature of the papers, was by him in a stride. Side by side the pair thundered along, while behind them the hounds and hunters streamed out in a confused and glittering medley. They were off! The hunt was up.

Crouching low on the necks of their panting steeds, the two protagonists swept forward, plying remorselessly whip and spur, curb and snaffle. For a time neither gained an inch. Then, without warning, the fox doubled. With a single turn of his iron wrist Ralph wrenched his horse round without the loss of a second, but as he glanced back over his shoulder he perceived that the Master was only twenty yards behind. Ralph redoubled his efforts, his eyes glued to the white bundle clenched in the cub's dripping jaws.

Through field and farmyard, by barn and byre, over rick and river, they sped, and ever the gap between the fox and

Ralph lessened, while the gap between Ralph and Sir Ernest grew wider, and the savage baying of the hounds, mingled with the frenzied view halloos of the Hunt, receded further into the distance. Never had the Chingerley Hunt known such a chase.

At last Ralph recognized that his chance had come. Leaning over his horse's ears, he took careful aim and slashed out with his long whip. Unerringly the lash coiled round the papers and jerked them from the fox's mouth. A single glance showed him that they were, as he had anticipated, the forged documents.

Two minutes later Sir Ernest found the exhausted fox lying insensible by the roadside. Glancing up, he perceived Ralph vanishing over the crest of a hill.

"Curse him!" he muttered savagely. "Curse him! I must and will overtake him before he reaches the church or the game is up. If I take a short cut under the hill I can outwit him yet. Curse him again!"

Mercilessly lashing his foaming horse, he galloped in the direction of the church. As he rode a sense of the urgency of the situation grew upon him. If he arrived first, Wonderson could be arrested, if necessary at the pistol's point, before he entered the churchyard, and the papers recovered. If he was too late. . . He plunged his spurs an inch deep into his weary mount.

At length the desperate Mazeppa-like dash was over. As he shot through the lych-gate Sir Ernest breathed a sigh of relief. A policeman stood by the church porch awaiting him. Wonderson had been beaten.

With an ugly laugh of triumph he swung himself from the horse. Stolidly the constable turned to face him. Sir Ernest gave one startled exclamation as he saw, not Ragley, but a stranger. He had been forestalled.

The heavy hand of a second policeman fell on his shoulder from behind.

"Sir Ernest Scrivener," said a voice solemnly, "I arrest you on a charge of forgery, and I advise you to come quietly."

Sir Ernest glanced round and saw that he was completely surrounded by police.

As the handcuffs clicked over his wrists there crashed above him the joyous clamour of wedding bells.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Ralph Wonderson paused for a moment at the lych-gate, his lovely fair-haired bride clinging to his arm. Standing in the mellow beauty of the English landscape they made a memorable picture.



A red-coated figure, covered with the stains of hard riding, approached them, bowing low. In his hand he held a magnificent fox's brush.

"This has been unanimously awarded to you, Sir," he said, "as a memento of the finest ride in the annals of the Chingerley Hunt."

And, as Ralph and his bride raised the brush to their lips, from the admiring throng which pressed about them went up that thrilling immemorial hunting chorus, "*Tally-ho! Yoicks forrard! Rah! Rah!*"

### ANOTHER MANIFESTO.

WE, the undersigned, having carefully considered the situation in all its bearings and applications, have come to the decision that it is no longer consonant with the self-respect of Englishmen to share a name with the great swollen-headed German aggressor—the despiser of treaties, the desecrator of Belgium and the foe of the liberty of the world. We therefore give notice that from now and henceforward we renounce the name of William in all its variations.

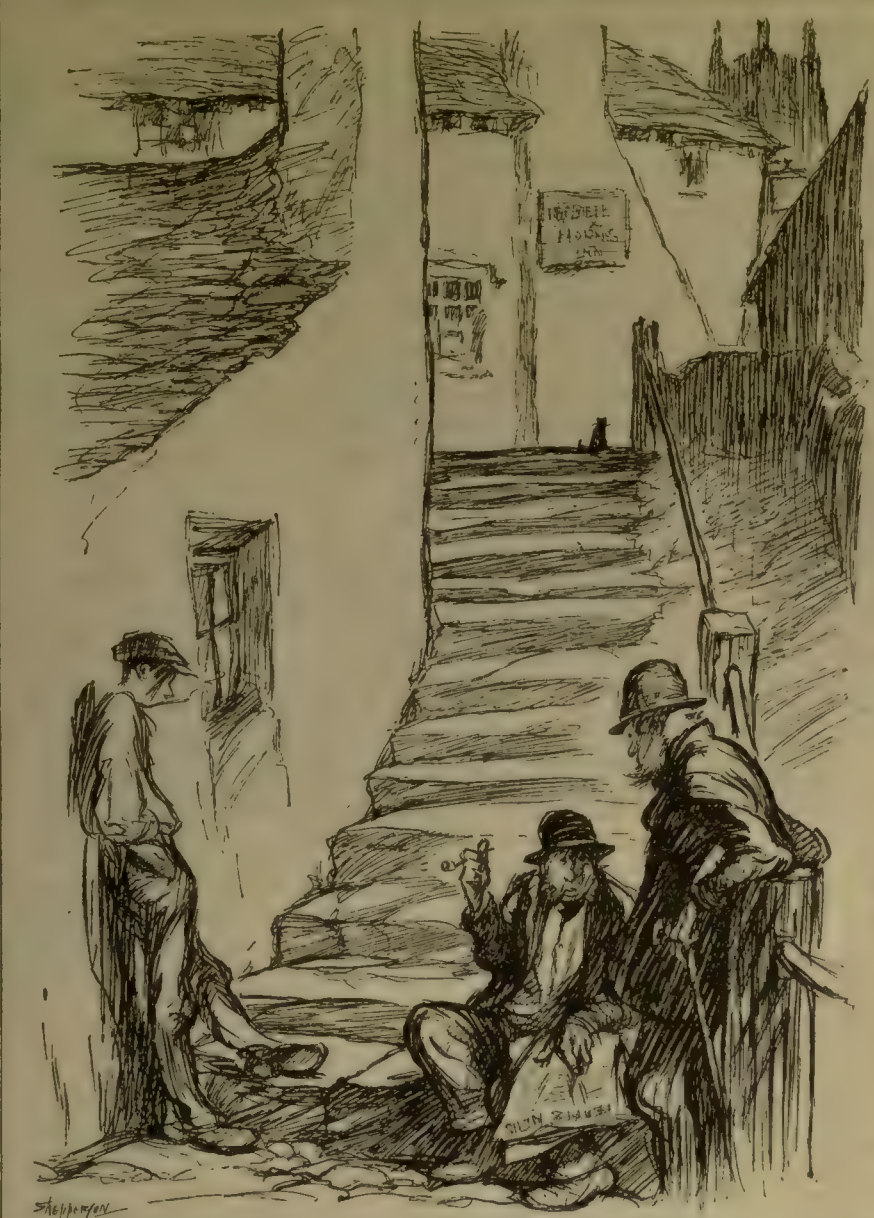
(Signed)

WILLIAM ARCHER.  
WILLIAM ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.  
WILLIAM BOOSEY.  
BURGLAR BILL (Shade of).  
WILLIE CLARKSON.  
WILL CROOKS.  
WILLIAM DE MORGAN.  
WILL EVANS.  
GULIELMO FERRERO.  
WILLIAM GUNN.  
WILLIAM KNIGHT.  
WILLIAM LE QUEUX.  
WILHELM MEISTER (Shade of).  
BILLY MERSON.  
WILLIAM OSLER.  
WILLY POGANY.  
WILLIAM RAMSAY.  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE (Shade of).  
WILLIAM THE SILENT (Shade of).  
WILLIAM STRANG.  
BILL SIKES (Shade of).  
WILLIAM L'AM WATSON.  
WILLIAM WHITELEY, LTD.

### IT'S AN ILL WIND. . .

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I thought you would like to hear about the Intelligence Bureau which we have established at home since the War broke out. It is run on German lines and so far has been most successful, although there are serious risks.

Clarence thought of it. He is my cleverest brother. He got the idea from a newspaper. Before the War we weren't allowed to read anything in the papers but the cricket scores, but now we may read all.



A Pufflecombe Worthy speaks. "YOU BE TELLING US, JAMES BUZZICOTT, 'BOUT THIS 'ERE LOOVANE THERE'S S' MUCH TARK OVER IN THE PAPERS, AN' THE DESTRUCTION OF A GRAN' OLE BUILDING. BUT WOT DO EE ZAY, JAMES BUZZICOTT, 'BOUT PUFFLECOMBE AND T' OLD 'BELL AN' HORNS' IF US BE INVADED? WOT DO EE ZAY 'BOUT THAT?"

The Bureau works like this. Clarence goes to mother and says, "May we go fishing this afternoon?" Mother says "No," and hurries off to the sewing meeting somewhere. They are all making things for soldiers, and soldiers' wives and children, and Belgian peasants. Briefly, when she's gone, Clarence writes on a piece of paper the fact that Mother has no objection to our fishing, shows it to our governess, and off we go. Isn't that clever of Germany? When mother returns she forgets to ask of the governess what we have been doing, and it is all right.

The other week-end mother went away and wrote to Clarence that we

were to be sure to go to the children's service on Sunday afternoon. Clarence read the letter aloud, and when it came to that part he said, instead of "children's service on Sunday afternoon," something about a picnic on Monday. That is what he calls editing, which is the special duty of an Intelligence Bureau.

Hoping that other children may find our example useful,

I remain, Yours truly,  
BETH MANN.

### The Return to Culture.

"GERMANS FALLING BACK ON THE MUSE."  
North Mail.



## ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

I WAS working in the garden, tidying up after the weekly visit of the jobbing gardener, when Bolsover put his head over the hedge. "Heard about the Pottingers' governess?" he asked excitedly.

"The Pottingers' governess?" I repeated. "No; what about her? Has she given them notice?"

"Well, she's not exactly the Pottingers' governess," he replied, "but governess to some intimate friends of theirs named Ings living at Ponders End. Anyhow, I can absolutely vouch for the truth of the story."

"Get on," I said. "Don't keep me on tenterhooks. What's she done?"

"Why, the police have discovered that she's a German spy," said Bolsover mysteriously.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"Yes," he went on, "she had been with them three years, teaching the children '*Ich bin geworden sein*,' and '*Hast du die Tochter des Löwen gesehen*,' and all that. It appears that the police called at the house one night recently and insisted on searching her room and her trunks." Mr. Ings protested; said they'd made a mistake, pledged his word on her honour and integrity, but all with no avail. They searched and found—what do you think?"

"I'll buy it," I said; "Uncle Jasper's coming to lunch with me. What did they find?"

"It's no catch," protested Bolsover, "but the solid truth. They found in one of her trunks a German service-rifle and a quantity of ammunition."

"Never!" I exclaimed.

"Only once," retorted Bolsover.

"She's now in a Concentration Camp near Hendon."

I thought no more about the matter until midway through lunch. We were waiting for the *soufflé* when—

"Have you heard that story about a German?" Uncle Jasper and I began simultaneously.

"After you, Uncle," I said dutifully. "What were you going to say?"

"I was about to ask you if you had heard the story of the Polworths' governess," he said.

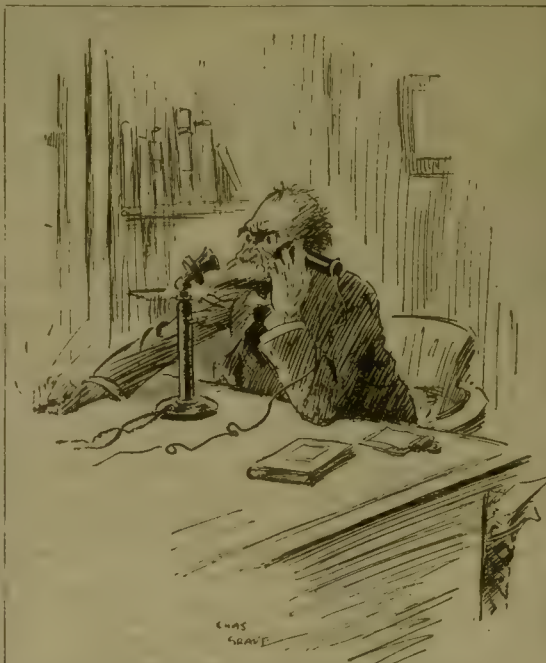
"No," I answered. "Tell me. You refer to the Polworths of Croydon?"

"Exactly. Well, they—or rather some friends of theirs named Culverton, living at Purley—had a German governess who had been in the family for some years. A night or two ago the police—"

But I needn't repeat it. In all essentials it was Bolsover's story over again, the only differences being that they found three bombs and that the governess was incarcerated at Horsham.

In the afternoon I accompanied Uncle Jasper to the railway station. On my way home I met the Vicar, and we fell to discussing the war. Eventually the conversation got to espionage.

"That reminds me," said the Vicar, "of a very strange case in the household of one of my parishioners—or it would be more correct to say that what I am going to tell you occurred in the house of a friend of his at Canterbury."



London Scot (proud of his English). "AW'LL BE HAME ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK THE NIGHT, AN'—"

Voice of Operator (obedient to Government instructions). "NO FOREIGN LANGUAGES, PLEASE." [Cut off.]

However, the *bona fides* of the facts is absolutely unimpeachable. It appears that—

And here followed another version of the governess episode, identical in all respects with those of Bolsover and Uncle Jasper, save only that the police found a loaded revolver and a plan of Chatham Dockyard, and that the woman had been deported.

That same evening I dined at old Colonel Jevers', and when the ladies had withdrawn to the drawing-room our host began—

"Talking about the war reminds me of a most extraordinary spy story I heard to-day about a German governess."

All the men exchanged glances and smiled. The Colonel continued—"I can say at once that what I am going

to tell you is authentic, for the event<sup>s</sup> actually happened to the man who told me—I daresay some of you know Bickerton?—or rather to an old friend of his, which, under the circumstances, is practically the same thing. Well, this friend of Bickerton's, whose name was—"

"Ings, Mullens, Doddridge, Finlayson," we all, except young Pitts, murmured *sotto voce*.

"... Petherby, lived at—"

"Ponders End, Woking, Cleckheaton, Norwich," we added in a similar manner.

"... Maidstone, and for some time had had in his employ a German governess."

And so the tale went on until the Colonel got to the searching of the trunk. "... and in it was found" ...

"A service-rifle, three bombs, a loaded revolver, plans of fortifications," we supplied as before.

"... incriminating letters showing clearly that for years the woman had been in communication with the German Secret Service Bureau," concluded our host.

Young Pitts left with me and walked to my house.

"I didn't hear any asides from you while the Colonel was repeating that hoary old yarn," I said as we reached the gate. "Haven't you heard it before?"

"I heard it in the train this morning," Pitts answered.

"You don't believe it, surely?"

"Of course not. Amongst other reasons, because the man in whose house the events were supposed to have taken place happens, I know, to be a bachelor, and would not therefore require the services of a German governess."

"Who was the person referred to in the version you heard?" I asked.

"You," he replied.

## Footwork.

"In a comparatively short time now, summer gardens will have to be overhauled, the bedding-out plants taken up, cuttings taken, and the ground prepared for next spring's display; all of which will be labour usually regarded as *manual*, but which is well within the capabilities of a strong intelligent woman."—*Country Life*.

Who would of course regard such labour as womanual.

"Forming a hollow square in front of Webbe Tent, Lord Grenfell addressed the corps, and complimented them on the work they had done and their smart appearance."

*The Contingent.*

After which the C.O., on behalf of the corps, complimented Lord GRENFELL on forming a hollow square.





SEASIDE MINSTREL, SUSPECTED OF BEING AN ALIEN, IS MADE TO REMOVE THE BLACK FROM HIS FACE FOR PURPOSES OF IDENTIFICATION.

### IMPERIAL FAVOURS.

WE read with very great interest the official and authentic information circulated by the Wolff Agency with regard to the status of the Austrian *Landsturm*. From this we learn that "on account of its gallant conduct" (attended apparently by disastrous results) the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH has granted it permission to serve outside Austria. This is a gracious concession which will no doubt be very highly appreciated by the *Landsturm*; but one trifling difficulty seems to stand in the way. To be frank, we do not quite see how they are going to get outside. At least it would be well for them to take steps before it is too late. Events have not facilitated the journey *via* Lemburg, or that *via* Sarajevo. We know it would be a cruel disappointment if they found themselves debarred from enjoying this exceptional boon. Perhaps they might try the emergency exit to Italy, where a warm reception would await them.

Meanwhile the idea has been taken up by FRANCIS JOSEPH's brother Emperor, who never likes to miss a good thing. We understand that he has granted to the German Fleet—on account of its gallant conduct in the Kiel Canal—permission to serve outside

in the North Sea and also in the Solent. We need hardly add that the news has been received with the utmost geniality by the British Fleet.

#### Nasty Accident to Divine.

Cardinal Vanutelli, the doyen of the Papal Conclave, has had the misfortune to break his conclave."—*Liverpool Echo*.

#### Another Attack on the Press.

"The Antwerp correspondent of the 'Telegraaf' states that yesterday, between Termonde and Ghent, German soldiers fired upon a train full of Reuter."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

From a poster:—

"WHAT WE HAVE  
TO OFFER  
ITALY.  
*The Globe*."

This is, of course, a rhetorical exaggeration. Actually it would be a small piece of Austria.

#### The Confession.

From a letter in *The Globe* on the liberty allowed to German prisoners:—

"With Portland and Weymouth almost within artillery range the thing seems monstrous. Who is responsible?—I am, &c., MIDDLE TEMPLAR."

Then we hope Middle Templar is ashamed of himself.

### TO LIMEHOUSE.

EASTWARD the buzzing tram-car dips  
Adown Commercial Road,  
Till you may see the masts of ships,  
With all their canvas stowed,  
Stand o'er the house-tops, high  
Against blue sky;  
And thus Romance doth stray,  
Mid work-a-day.

O drabdest of all penny fares!  
Yet may you catch a glimpse  
Of little dusty courts and squares  
Where little dusty imps  
Play by the plane-trees there,  
Squalid, un-fair—  
If these a child or tree  
Could ever be.

The trams they go with hoot and lurch  
Long miles, through glare and grime,  
With here and there a dim cool church  
Wide open all the time;  
Where on this lovely day  
Folk stop to pray  
That wars, at length, may cease  
And we have peace.

#### Stamping Out the Enemy.

"With German factories paralysed and the cold grip of the British Feet about her throat, Germany, it is argued, must bring the war to a close before starvation conquers her."

*Yorkshire Evening Post*.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CONFESS that I did not foretell the present state of affairs, and I refuse to believe anyone else who professes to have done so unless he can produce his prophecy in writing. *Germany and England* (MURRAY), however, puts the late Professor J. A. CRAMB definitely among the few and persistent prophets who should long ago have been very much more honoured in their own country. The book is a *résumé* of lectures delivered in London in the early part of 1913, and it was first published a few months ago. The present reprint proves the lecturer to have been wiser before the event than many of us are even while the event is happening. Had he lived to see "the day," he would certainly have revised his incidental opinions of French competence and Russian honesty, British resource, and the utility of the Territorial; he would have willingly praised what he has somewhat hastily derided. His theme, however, is not criticism of the Allies, but appraisal of Germany; and his arguments, simply but eloquently expressed, should be very closely regarded by those haphazard optimists who suppose this War to be the personal prank of a braggart Kaiser, doomed to an immediate failure for want of his subjects' support. I have devoured more pages of printed matter since this trouble began than I care to think about, but from the whole lot I have had less enlightenment than from this half-crown volume; I have learnt exactly what is taking place—and why—from one who, unhappily, died before any of the existing wars was declared. Clearly the days of miracles are not yet dead.

No doubt you already know the work of Mr. H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY (FRANCIS PREVOST) in "another place," i.e., on the battlefield, where as a war-correspondent he has proved himself a keen observer and an accomplished master of style. But he can also write romances uncommonly well. His latest, *The Lure of Romance* (LANE), displays once more exactly the qualities that have brought its author previous renown—an appreciative eye and a ready pen for the dramatic and picturesque aspects of a big fight. He knows exactly what a bullet sounds like as it whistles over the head of the person to whom it was addressed; and as no doubt many of us are taking an unusual interest in bullets just now there should be a large public for a story that is so largely concerned with them. On its own merits as a tale it is bustling and picturesque enough. The scene of it is laid in a South American Republic (that useful variant on Ruritania), and the plot deals with the rescue of the charming daughters of a rascalion President, threatened by local revolutionaries. Naturally, therefore, there is some shooting—in the American sense—all of which bears the sign of expert handling. The affair ends with a really thrilling climax, in which *Dojne*, the engineer and chief hero, confounds the politics of his enemies by letting loose a reservoir upon them! This is great fun. Especially as

the contents of the reservoir, on its way down through a mountain-jungle, brought along with it what Mr. BATTERSBY pleasantly calls "clattering carapes of gigantic crabs." A truly gripping finish!

It would seem a far cry from the clash of armies to the romance of a honeymoon spent on a raft *de luxe* drifting lazily down a river of Burma. That is the theme of *Love's Legend* (CONSTABLE), by Mr. FIELDING HALL, author of *The Soul of a People*. But there may be a war of sex with sex scarcely less tragic than the wars of men with men (or brutes). The author shows us an oldish husband—a civil servant—who surmounts, with not too much indelicacy, the primary difficulty of his young wife's ingenuousness in relation to the sacrament of marriage. But a further and worse difficulty is waiting for him when he comes to deal with the incompatibility of the sexes in the matter of

moral standards. The thing, of course, has been done once for all by LOUIS STEVENSON in *Virginibus Puerisque*. But he did it in essay form; here we have the piquancy of personal narrative and dialogue. Husband and wife in turn are responsible for the story, each assuming a partial attitude towards facts and opinions; or else it is one of his old friends (a source of foolish jealousy to the wife) who takes up the tale without warning when they meet at some riverside station. This means a pleasant variety of styles, and there is a certain childlike freshness about the method by which the husband adapts himself to his wife's intelligence, presenting his more difficult arguments in the form of fairy-tales—a habit which the



THE PICNIC, SEPTEMBER, 1914.

Anxious Mother. "I HOPE WE'VE FORGOTTEN NOTHING, FRED?—SANDWICHES, SPIRIT LAMP, SUGAR, TEA, MILK, JAM, AMMUNITION, KNIVES, FORKS, REPEATING RIFLE, PICKLES, BARBED WIRE, &c., &c."

author may, for all I know, have assimilated through intercourse with the local native. All goes badly, and things began to threaten an *impasse*, when one foggy night the raft is cut in two by a paddle-boat and the pair get separated and nearly killed. They are so pleased to be restored to one another alive that they tacitly agree to waive their differences. It is perhaps rather a puerile *dénouement*, and not likely to be very helpful to the newly-wedded public. There must be very few couples who can count on having their elemental differences healed by means of a collision between a honeymoon raft and a paddle-steamer on a Burmese river. All the same I commend the book, for it has a charm of manner that will appeal to all. As for its matter, half of it will seem sound to you if you are a male, and most irritating if you are a female; and the other way about with the other half. Personally, being a man, I thought the woman wanted smacking.

The new German National Anthem (we hope):—*Deutschland unter Allies*.

We are living in unsettled times. St. Petersburg has become Petrograd, and now we read in *The Yorkshire Observer* that "The Bradford Baths Committee have decided to alter the name of the Central Baths to 'The Kursaal.'" What next?





### THE ALIEN.

Chorus. "BOO! 'OO KISSED 'ER 'AND TO THE KAISER LAST TIME 'E COME OVER? YAR! BLOOMIN' GERMAN!"

### CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER, we are told, travels with an asbestos hut. We fancy, however, that it is not during his lifetime that the most pressing need for a fire-proof shelter will arise. \*

"The Germans," said one of our experts last week, "are retreating to what looks like a bottle-neck exit." Their fondness for the bottle is, of course, well known and may yet be their undoing. \*

The Times, one day, gave a map showing "The Line of Battle in Champagne." It was, as might have been expected, a very wobbly line. \*

A somewhat illiterate correspondent writes to say that he considers that the French ought to have allowed the Mad Dog to retain Looneyville. \*

The German papers publish the statement that a Breslau merchant has offered £0,000 marks to the German soldier who, weapon in hand, shall be

the first to place his feet on British soil. By a characteristic piece of sharp practice the reward, it will be noted, is offered to the man personally and would not be payable to his next of kin. \*

With one exception all goods hitherto manufactured in Germany can be made just as well here. The exception is Lies. \*

We have been requested to deny the rumour that Mr. A. C. BENSON's forthcoming Christmas book is to be a Eulogy of German Culture and is to bear the title, *Some Broken Panes From a College Window (in Louvain)*. \*

A Corps of Artists for Home Defence is being formed, and the painter members are said to be longing for a brush with the enemy. \*

Cases have been brought to our notice by racing men of betting news having been delayed on more than one occasion owing to the wires being required for war purposes. We are

confident that if a protest were made to Lord KITCHENER he would look very closely into the matter. \*

Another item reaches us from the dear old village of Pufflecumbe this week. The oldest inhabitant met a stranger. "'Seuse me, Zur," he said, "but be you from Lunnoun town?" The visitor nodded. "Then maybe, Zur," said the rustic, "you can tell me if it be true, as I have heerd tell, that relations 'tween England and Germany be strained?"

"If every man and woman in the country were mated, the number of men who would still remain bachelors would more than equal the entire population."—Daily News.

The Press Bureau cannot guarantee the truth of this.

"Germans on board, who were arrested, stated that reports circulated in Hamburg declared that the British troops had been annihilated and Paris was in flames.

"Sixty-two British ships lie at Hamburg." They must have caught it from the Germans.



## PROBATION.

(To a King's Recruit.)

Now is your time of trial, now  
 When into dusk the glamour pales  
 And the first glow of passion fails  
 That lit your eyes and flushed your brow  
 In that great moment when you made your vow.

The Vision fades: you scarce recall  
 The sudden swelling of the heart,  
 The swift resolve to have your part  
 In this the noblest quest of all  
 By which our word is given to stand or fall.

Your mother's pride, your comrades' praise—  
 All that romance that seemed so fair  
 Grows dim, and you are left to bear  
 The prose of duty's sombre ways  
 And labour of the long unlovely days.

Yet here's the test to prove you kin  
 With those to whom we trust our fate,  
 Sober and steadfast, clean and straight,  
 In that stern school of discipline  
 Hardened to war against the foe within.

For only so, in England's sight,  
 By that ordeal's searching flame  
 Found worthy of your fathers' fame,  
 With all your spirit's armour bright  
 Can you go forth in her dear cause to fight.  
 O. S.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. I.

(From HERR VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG.)

MAJESTY.—Though you will never receive this letter, I feel that I must write it if only to relieve my mind of an intolerable burden. There is no doubt about it, things are not going well with us, and we shall soon be in a situation of a most deplorable kind. Our armies have been driven back in France—this is what VON STEIN means when he declares that we have had "partial successes"—and Paris, which was to be captured weeks ago, seems to be as strong and as defiant as ever. The English are still unbroken and are pouring new armies into France. In Galicia the wretched Austrians are running like sheep; even Serbia has beaten them and is invading Hungary and Bosnia; and our wonderful fleet, which cost so much good money, is bottled up. Soon we shall have the Cossacks on our backs, and then the dance will begin in earnest.

But you don't care—not a bit of it. You've been prancing about and making speeches and showing yourself on balconies and congratulating God on being such a good German. Do for Heaven's sake give us all a rest. We are in for a frightful war, and untold miseries are sure to fall upon us. Do you suppose that we shall be helped to bear them if you continue to act like an inebriated madman in the sight of the whole world?

Of course I shall have to bear the responsibility. I know that well enough. So, while I still have the liberty to use my pen, I mean to make my protest and throw back the burden you want to put upon me. Let me tell you this: you can't go on bragging and trampling on others and glorifying your splendid and immaculate self without rousing anger somewhere. Other people have their feelings—I've got some left myself—and in the long run they're bound to get tired of being exposed to your insolence. We may be

miserable worms, but we don't want to be told so every day.

And then how wanton and silly the whole management of the affair has been. Think of our Empire so gloriously won, so magnificently established. France, no doubt, brooded over the possibility of a *revanche*, but no other country envied us our success or desired either to damage our *prestige* or to interfere with our growing commerce. Everybody was glad to hail us as friends. And now nearly the whole of Europe has been brought about our ears. Almost all countries wish for our destruction and are trying to bring it about. Italy deserts us. Even America, though you cringe to her, dislikes us and mentions Louvain when we speak of culture. What a masterpiece of folly and miscalculation and wasted opportunity it has all been. And the truth is that there's nobody to thank for it except your sublime self. Others have made mistakes, but you alone were capable of constructing this colossal monument of detestable blunders. Our fault has been that we did not attempt to check you when you pulled on your jack-boots and mounted your high-horse to ride rough-shod over the world, and that we pretended to believe you when you assured us that all was well because you had taken in the Almighty as a sleeping-partner in the business of governing a State. That fault in all conscience is big enough, but it becomes a mere speck when it is measured against yours.

I could add more, but what I have said is enough. At any rate I am now feeling better.

Yours, with all deference,

VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG.

## THE EVANGELIST.

I HAVE found favour in the sight of God;  
 From all His servants He selected Me  
 To take His gospel, "God and Germany,"  
 To Belgian heretics. Lo, I have trod  
 Through Belgium terribly, and taught the pack;  
 I put their ancient cities to the sack,  
 I gave their men and women to the sword,  
 I took their Belgian babes upon my knee  
 And broke them to the glory of the Lord,

It may be that one Belgian kennel stands,  
 One Belgian dog, not trampled into dust,  
 Still battles on beside these hosts of Hell  
 Who think to question the Most High's commands—  
 God will forgive me one, for He is just;  
 The blood of many thousands lights my feet;  
 Calmly I step before the Judgment Seat—  
 "Have I done well, O Lord, have I done well?"

A. A. M.

## A Fable.

A SUFFOLK Sportsman, wandering out with his Gun to get what he could, once brought down a Pigeon.

It was a fine Bird, and he popped it in a Pie and made a hearty Meal of it.

And then he began to feel most horribly ill in his Stomach.

The Moral is that one should not eat German homers, for Evil Communications Corrupt Good Digestions.

"Who has not read the humorist W. W. Jacobs? who has not spent many an enjoyable hour over his books, such as 'Three Men in a boat'?"—*Timaru Herald*.

Obviously the writer of the above paragraph.





## NOTHING DOING.

IMPERIAL DACHSHUND. "HERE I'VE BEEN SITTING UP AND DOING TRICKS FOR THE BEST PART OF SEVEN WEEKS, AND YOU TAKE NO MORE NOTICE OF ME THAN IF——"  
UNCLE SAM. "CUT IT OUT!"









*Territorial Sentry (by profession a telephone operator). "ARE YOU THERE?"*

### THE SPLENDID FAILURE.

I FOUND my old cheerful active friend in the depths of woe.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I'm done for, useless. You see I'm forty-six, and that's a devil of an age just now. You're as fit as you ever were in your life, but of course the War Office won't look at you. Forty-six is impossible! 'But I can walk thirty miles a day,' I tell them. 'Not with all the accoutrements,' they say. 'I'm a member of the Alpine Club,' I tell them. 'You're over age,' they say. 'I'm stronger than any of your twenty-year-old recruits,' I tell them. 'You're forty-six,' they say. And it's true!"

"Then the new regiment of Sportsmen came along," he continued, "and I tried them. No good. Forty-five is their maximum. So there you are! I'm done—useless. No one wanted to help more than I did, and I can do absolutely nothing."

"I'll bet you've done a lot," I said, "if you would only confess."

"I tell you I've done absolutely nothing," he repeated testily. "I'm no use."

"But surely you're on a dozen committees?" I said.

"No," he said, "not one."

"Then you have started a Fund? Some minor fund guaranteed not to divert any money from the big ones?"

"No."

"But of course you've written to the papers?" I went on.

"No."

"Not about anything? Not to make the Government buck up about blankets or squashing German lies, or allowing Correspondents at the Front, or anything like that?"

"No."

"But surely you have views as to the better management of things? The Press Bureau, for instance. Haven't you pitched into that?"

"No."

"Not even clamoured for all Germans in this country, even the naturalised ones, to be shot? Surely you've harried McKenna a bit?"

"No."

"Well, you must at least have published a scheme for the partition of Europe after the war?"

"No; I never wrote to the papers in my life."

I shook his hand.

"Good heavens!" I said, "and this is the man who grumbles because he has done nothing for his country."

### THE NEW SCHOOL OF DIVINITY.

[The most fashionable and eminent German theologians have enthusiastically endorsed the official view of Germany as the hierophant of Peace and Concord reluctantly forced into a defensive war by the perfidy of England. As worshippers in the new Temple of Teutonic Truth they may be imagined to express themselves much as follows.]

"As the ghostly adviser  
Of WILHELM our Kaiser  
I think this erection  
Is simply perfection.

No censure can dim it,  
Because it's the limit  
In massive proportions  
And splendid distortions.  
To compare it with Ammon,  
Whose temple's at Karnak,  
Is the veriest gammon,"  
Exclaims Dr. HARNACK.

"Since the days of my youth  
I have laboured for Truth,  
And, though keenly assailed  
By the arrows of slander,  
She has mostly prevailed.  
But now that she's nailed  
To our counter for aye,  
Neither black, white nor Grey  
Shall have power to withstand  
her."

(Signed) Dr. DRYANDER.



## THE WATCH DOGS.

III.

DEAR CHARLES,—I hope you haven't been worrying yourself to death because you haven't heard from your Territorial for a fortnight. The Germans haven't got us yet, and what is more we haven't yet shot each other. There is a private who comes down into the butts under my charge who ought to be especially grateful to Providence on this account, for I cannot induce him to make use of the red "Cease Fire!" flag before he ascends from the safety-pit; even when he does, he drags it out behind him so that the first thing those on the firing-point see is himself, and the second thing is the flag. I think he must have been an ammunition-monger in private life and mixed with bullets in their less dangerous moods.

We complain of the work and we complain of the food, but really we are very happy. The great thing about our life is that there is nothing to bother about; someone is looking after us all the time, that is from 5 A.M. to 10 P.M. They fetch you out of bed, they exercise your muscles, they put food into you, tell you where to go, when to come back, how to fold up your kit, and when to go to sleep. The only thing they don't do is to come round the last thing and tuck you up in your little valise. You can strap yourself in, all but the head, and as to that there is a flap which anybody with a little gum could fasten down as an envelope. If, Charles, you hear a rumour that my battalion has been sent across Germany to join the Russians on the other side *by parcel post*, don't be too ready to dismiss it as an absurdity.

Everybody has got somebody to look after him here. There was an instance on the range yesterday. The men were firing their standard tests and there were rumours of an inspection. The N.C.O.'s in charge, being a bit anxious themselves, were seeing to it that the privates did their duty. Be sure we kept a relentless eye on the N.C.O.'s, and the Major in charge of the whole Musketry Detachment did not deal gently with us. Then the Adjutant loomed up, and the Major had to explain himself as best he could; next came the Brigadier, and the Adjutant was on his defence. Just as the Brigadier was getting into his stride, "The General, Sir," whispered the Brigade-Major, and it was then for the Brigadier to account for things being as they were and to promise that very shortly they should be otherwise. You'd have thought that a man so mature and beribboned as our Divisional Commander would be immune from

attack; but not so, for up rolled a motor which had come all the way from London and the War Office and even the dear old General was found to be capable of error. You may imagine that the five rounds which were being shot all this while by a mere private were somewhat spasmodic, especially as he was used by all parties as an illustration of their particular meanings. Standing by myself all the time while this unhappy man was severally instructed by N.C.O., Lieutenant, Major, Adjutant, Brigadier, General and Permanent Staff, I was a little amused to note that even so he failed to pass his test! And they all told him on no account to be nervous about it.

You know the song, "Where the wind blows, we'll go"? It is a great favourite on the march; and full marching kit, together with eighty rounds of ball ammunition carried by each man, cannot stop it. It is not a beautiful thing in itself, and it is not made more attractive by being sung when the band is playing something else. But it takes little to turn a bad thing into a good one. This morning Lieut. Wentworth, not usually mounted, took out a party for a route march, borrowing the Adjutant's horse for the purpose. As the party marched away at ease, some of their friends asked them where they were going. They answered to music: "Where the horse goes, we'll go." Wentworth tells me that this opinion was not ill-founded.

Food is my strong subject at the moment, for I have happened to be orderly officer once or twice lately; in other words I have been a sort of detective housekeeper. The first thing I have to do is to see that everybody gets up at reveille—a charity, Charles, which has to begin at home. But it is at the cookhouse that I am supposed to have my most deadly effect. You can see me paying visits *en surprise*, all the cooks springing to attention and the very potatoes in the dioxies trying to look as if they weren't doing anything wrong! The pleasing sensation of importance having passed off, it is then time for me to do something intelligent. It is easy enough to tap a camp-kettle with a nonchalant cane and commence the removal of the lid, but it is much more difficult to cope with the pieces of boiled beef with which I am then confronted. As a subject of conversation boiled beef is not, in my opinion, a success: there are only two things to ask about it—"Is it beef?" "Is it boiled?" There is no way of finding out its merits except by eating it, and I simply cannot bring myself to steal my men's food! The temptation is to prod it with the cane, but when you've

done that once and the Adjutant has happened to be looking you don't do it again. So I turn to the "pontoon," a composite dish containing everything in the world which is edible and savoury, and I ask the Cook-Sergeant why we cannot get that sort of thing in peace time, pay what we will. Oh, yes, my boy, we in the officers' mess have long abandoned our chefs and caterers, and have taken to drawing out rations and, secretly, thanking Heaven for the same.

You want to know what is to become of us. I will tell you on absolutely reliable information. We are going to Cherbourg to stand by as a reserve force; to Paris to act as a protection against surprise attacks; to Ostend to relieve the Casino; to Antwerp to resist Zeppelins; to the French frontier to guard lines of communication; to Leicester to supervise German prisoners; to Africa to conduct a show of our own; to India, Malta, Gibraltar and Egypt for garrison duty; to the North of Scotland to protect coast towns (which abound in that part); and to the right of the Allies' first, the centre of the Allies' second, and the left of the Allies' third fighting line. That, Charles, is our official programme: when we have completed it we shall be getting near Christmas. Then, of course, we proceed for rest and recreation to Berlin; our one fear being that when we get there we shall be turned on to military police duty, and the protection of German women and children against their own men-folk.

Meanwhile to-morrow's programme is less dashing. It consists of Church Parade. The Musketry Detachment is at some little distance from the main body, so the Padre has arranged for a private parade of our own. An officer is to read the lessons and has been instructed for the purpose. "The Party," as we call him for convenience, "will move two paces forward and, upon the word 'one,' will take the Book smartly in the left hand. Upon the word 'two' he will raise his right thumb to his lower lip and moisten the same, thus enabling it to turn over the page efficiently. When this movement is complete, he will cut away the right hand sharply and proceed to carry out his duties." Don't suppose we are irreligious—far from it; but always we are disciplinarians. I believe there is somewhere in the *Infantry Training* a correct way laid down for blowing your nose to numbers.

Yours ever,

HENRY.

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"TRADING WITH THE ENEMY BILL."

We prefer to say (less familiarly), "Settling accounts with the KAISER."



# A FOOD WAR.

SOME folk believe that wars commence  
From greed of gain or self-defence;  
But Austrian sages have divined  
Incitements of a different kind.

The Servian Army (so 'tis said)  
Has run' completely out of bread,  
And every day the hungry souls  
Fight Austria for Vienna rolls.

The Austrian battles with the Tsar  
Because he dotes on caviare,  
And must that monarch's realm invade  
Because he likes it freshly made.

The Russians cannot do without  
The soul-sustaining *sauerkraut*,  
And march their armies to the West  
Because Berliners make the best.

The German confidently thinks  
That absinthe is the prince of drinks,  
And therefore must attack the land  
That keeps the most seductive brand.

The Frenchman, tired of his *ragoûts*,  
Covets the meat that Teutons use,  
And charges like an avalanche  
For German sausage, not *revanche*.

The Briton, vexed by rules austere,  
Has heard the fame of German beer,  
And nought his onward march can  
stop  
While Munich holds a single drop.

The bold Italian stands prepared  
With rifle loaded, sabre bared,  
And to a questioning world replies,  
"Who touches my *spaghetti*, dies!"

## THE CATCH.

I HAVE a friend who is a Special Constable. He has had an experience which by no means casts any discredit upon him; but he would rather not write about it himself, he says; so I take up the pen on his behalf.

My friend is an artist, and as such is accustomed to use his eyes. The other day he saw a smartly dressed man whom he conceived to be a German spy, for, besides wearing an alien aspect, he carried a walking-stick which tapered suspiciously on the way down, and near the top of it was an obvious little catch. "A sword stick!" said the Special Constable to himself.

He followed the man. The man ultimately entered the purlieu of a police station and joined a queue of exotics who were waiting to be registered.

The Special Constable then accosted a pukka Police Inspector who was standing at the door and explained his suspicion as to the walking-stick and its probable contents. The Police Inspector also thought there might be

something in it. He beckoned to the German. The alien enemy, trembling palpably, came up to him.

"Any arms?" asked the Inspector.

"No," replied the alien enemy, still trembling.

"Undo the catch of that stick," commanded the Inspector. With fumbling fingers the alien enemy did so—and drew forth a silk umbrella.

Two consecutive advertisements in *The Portsmouth Evening News* :—

"Lost, Sunday, Ring, with G.H.E. stamped on it.

"Why Lose Articles? Name or initials engraved, 6d."

"Dash it," said G.H.E., one of the first to pay his sixpence, "I've been had."

First Golfer (to friend who has come from a distance to play with him). "BUT, MY DEAR CHAP, WHERE ARE YOUR CLUBS?"

Second Golfer. "HUSH! NOT A WORD! I'VE GOT 'EM DISGUISED IN HERE."

## BOBS' WAY.

HE knew, none better, how 'twould be,  
And spoke his warning far and wide;  
He worked to save us ceaselessly,  
Setting his well-earnt ease aside.

We smiled and shrugged and went our way

Blind to the swift-approaching blow;  
His every word proves true to-day,  
But no man hears, "I told you so!"

From a Territorial's letter in *The Huddersfield Examiner* :—

"We wash in a bucket—one bucket for eight men. We fall in when the bugle calls." And then climb out again and look for the towel.





## AS ENGLAND EXPECTS.

WHEN the war broke out and Big Ben had boomed the hour which marked the rejection of the ultimatum, Bates was full of fire. He had bought a penny flag, and in a spirit of grim determination had walked the streets, processing with the processionists. There was no brag or bounce about him, no hideousness of noise or mafficking, no hatred of foreigners or cruelty of uncharity, but a grim steadfastness of determination which meant that, so far as he might, Bates would do or die.

He returned to his third-floor back in St. Pancras, and, lighting his lamp and a candle to ensure as much illumination as possible, looked with brooding earnestness at his reflection in the worn uncertain looking-glass. . . . He began to realise the truth of things. The flag was in his button-hole, his eye had a glint of lingering excitement, his brain was ruffled; he saw himself as he was. England must fight, Englishmen must help, for England could not fail. On her rested the truest and noblest concerns of humanity.

Bates removed his coat. He was five-foot two; his chest measurement was less than proportionate to his height. His muscles, so far as they existed, were flabby. He moved his arms to exercise their powers; then, realising his weariness, went slowly to bed. Bates was a little tiny man, but his heart was large.

He was restless throughout the night, rose but little refreshed, and breakfasted badly. He went forth to his labours—he was a ledger-clerk in some Stores—feeling greatly depressed. Gradually, however, that sense of oppression passed. The world was full of sunshine, and, though the faces of the passers-by were anxious and unsmiling, there was no despondency about them. Where no despondency is, there surely is hope. Bates began to feel hopeful. The sight of a Territorial with a kitbag completed his recovery. He strode out with an unusual vigour, squared his poor chest, swung his arms, and whistled softly to himself the chorus of some piece of music-hall patriotism—

"They can't build boys of the bull-dog breed!"

By the time he reached the office—well before the hour—he was a pugnacious and confident patriot for all his scarcity of feet and inches.

The days that followed were full of emotions and excitements. Three of Bates's colleagues went the Khaki way, and every hour brought some discussion of international problems. The counting-house thrilled with argu-

ments of high strategy. What KITCHENER should do, and where CHARLIE BERESFORD should be sent, were questions confidently settled. Bates, whose want of stature made him too insignificant to speak with confidence in these discussions, held his peace, but listened with both ears. What was the good of this talk? It was incumbent on Englishmen to do.

That night he was one of a multitude who stood at the entrance of the local drill-hall hoping to become Territorials. He rather expected to be chaffed for his pains, but, though there was plenty of jollity among those waiting, there was no unkindness; and at last, thanks to squeezing and patience, he was able to get within the charmed gate. So far and no farther; not so far even as to the medical officer. A watchful sergeant grasped him by the shoulder, and, smiling with earnest eyes, said:

"It's no use wasting your time here, young fellow-my-lad! You'd better shave your upper lip and apply to the Boy Scouts."

Bates turned on his heel and, sick at heart, went out by a side door. He was angry with himself, at his inadequate inches. What could he do for England? He was deeply grieved at his uselessness. He crept up to his room and sat in the darkness, brooding.

His spirits were low for some days, and the sight of regiments marching, of soldiers with their friends, of placards telling the truth and the not-so-truthful, made him feel very futile. He spent hours of every evening wandering through the streets, watching the lighted windows of Buckingham Palace, gazing at the policemen who guarded Downing Street. He wanted to do so much for England, yet he must stand and wait. He had left the mimic flag in his pin-cushion at home; he was in no mood for wearing it now.

Then an idea came to him. His spirits rose, his eyes brightened; he walked again with something of a martial swing, and whistled to himself softly and inoffensively that even a neighbour might not have heard.

Bates had found his way. He too could serve England. He sacrificed all but his bare necessities, and grew actually thinner and even less obtrusive. His outer insignificance shrank, but inwardly he was as happy as a warrior. Every week a postal order went to this relief-fund or to that. It was regularly acknowledged to "One of the Bull-dog Breed."

Bates wears his flag boldly and is confident that we shall win.

## Old Proverbs re-made in Germany.

I. "*Vedi Parigi e poi mori.*"

## KINGS FROM THE EAST.

CITIES of wonderment,  
Pink as the morn,  
There, of the sunrise sent,  
Reigned the Sun-Born;  
From the high heaven's gate,  
Sprung from the flame,  
Ere Nineveh was great,  
Ere Thebes a name!

Emeralds, milky pearls  
Plucked from blue seas,  
Footfall of silken girls—  
Such for their ease;  
Shimmer and silken shcen,  
Jewel and maid—  
These but the damascene  
Chasing the blade!

For on a royal day  
Lost in the years  
Chose they the Happy Way—  
The way of spears;  
Ere Rome's first bastionings  
Climbed from the sods  
In the old East were kings  
Warring with gods.

Lo, through the eastern sky  
Crimson is drawn,  
Kings in their panoply  
Ride with the dawn;  
Sprung from high heaven's gate,  
Sprung from the flame,  
Ere Nineveh was great,  
Ere Thebes a name!

## The Hohenzollern Stiggins.

"Oh, my young friend," said Mr. Stiggins, "here's a sorrowful affliction. . . . It makes a vessel's heart bleed."

Mr. Weller was overheard to murmur something about making a vessel's nose bleed."

*Pickwick Papers.*

## A New Version.

When French joined FRENCH  
Then was the tug of war.

## Motto for the War.

ENGLAND MEANS "BUSINESS  
—AS USUAL."

"Who that England know who only England knows." We are not certain of the precise verbiage, but thus the poet sang.

"Leader," B. E. Africa.

The "precise verbiage" is merely a private trouble of the poets.

From an official notification in *The Shanghai Municipal Gazette*:—

"Where mosquitoes cannot be exterminated by abolishing stagnant water or by the use of kerosene oil, or by reporting their presence to the Health Officer, the mosquito net should be carefully used."

*Elderly bald Gentleman (to mosquito):*  
"Now I've warned you once; and if you sting me again I shall report you to the Health Officer."



### THE WAR DAY BY DAY.

WE understand from our Special War Correspondent, who is counting the butter at Copenhagen, that great activity is manifesting itself among the officers and men of the German Slack-Water Fleet. This is owing to the fact that they are learning a new German National Anthem which has just been introduced into the Fleet, set to an old English tune. A rough translation of the chorus goes as follows:—

"Rule, Germania, Germania ever shall  
Ru—u—u-u-u-ule the Kiel Canal."

The order enforcing this new song is signed "WILHELM, Grand Admiral of the Canal."

The announcement that an indemnity of 100,000 cigars had been levied on Ghent created some little surprise. It is a fact, however, that before the campaign began a list of suitable indemnities for all the towns and villages through which the Germans hoped to pass had been drawn up by the ever-ready General Staff. A list of such war levies for various places in England has accidentally come into our possession, a dispatch-case containing this and other important documents having been dropped by a carrier-pigeon as it was flying over Bouverie Street on its way back to Berlin. We give a few examples, so that our readers may know what to expect:—

*London.*—£100,000,000, the Albert Memorial and three-dozen special constables.

*Beaconsfield.*—Mr. G. K. — (suppressed by Censor).

*Tonbridge.*—100,000 cricket bats with splices, 10,000 pairs of leg-guards, and 1,000 wicket-keeping gauntlets.

*Greenwich.*—200,000,000 bunches of whitebait, 200,000 lemons, and 750,000 slices of brown bread and butter.

*Steeple Bumpstead.*—£5,000,000 and a mangold-wurzel. [Three weeks will be given the inhabitants in which to collect the money, but the wurzel must be handed over at once.]

By the way, the plan for this invasion of England is a remarkably subtle one. The invading army will be under the command of the Crown Prince, who, according to the latest reports, is now fighting simultaneously on the eastern and western frontiers of Germany, and has volunteered for spare-time work. Waiting for the psychological moment when the British Fleet is looking the other way, the Grand High Canal Fleet will slip out with barges in tow,



### A USE FOR ZEPPELINS.

*Belated Citizen (who has been lamenting the loss of his latch-key all the way home). "HELLO! HERE'S A BIT OF LUCK!"*

containing six army corps and His Royal Lowness. And, as VON MOLTKE said to the present writer's—the present KAISER's grandfather, "Victory will be ours, Sir."

Success continues to attend the Austrian arms, both in the East and in the South. It is announced on reliable authority that more than 200,000 Austrians have forced their way into Russia, and are now guarding the more important Russian prisons from within. In the South the chastisement of Serbia, undertaken solely for Serbia's own good, has triumphantly achieved its object.

The Japanese army corps, which passed through Llanfairfechan, Inverness and Bushey last Saturday, on its way to outflank the German left wing at Metz, has arrived safely at Scutari, and is now marching on Vienna. [The Press Bureau has no notion whether this is true or not, and cannot think of any way of finding out. But it consents to its publication in the hope that it will frighten the KAISER.]

We learn that the Russians have won a pronounced victory (but not by us) at Przemysl.

**Shakespeare on the Situation.**

"List! list! oh list."—*Hamlet, Act I., Scene 4.*





*Old Lady.* "I'VE BROUGHT BACK THIS WAR MAP YOU SOLD ME YESTERDAY, MR. BROWN. IT'S NOT UP TO DATE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL THE MORNING FOR ARMAGEDDON, AND CAN'T FIND IT MARKED ANYWHERE."

### CDE TO THE SPIRIT OF WIRELESS VICTORY.

*(An attempt, suggested by certain Marconigrams, to shed still further light on the nature of the principal Teutonic deity.)*

WHAT to thee are marching legions,  
Cannon smoke and sabre thrust,  
Goddess of the cloud-rimmed regions  
In whose might the Germans trust?  
Though, however high and regal,  
Kingly pomp may break and bend  
Soiled with murder (labelled legal),  
Thou, more active than the eagle,  
Thou endurest to the end.

Thou wast not behind their banners  
When they scoured the Belgian plain,  
When they taught their Teuton manners  
By the wreck of farm and fane;  
Clear of battle's mire and fury  
On those sightless feet and hid,  
Thou wast wafted with the story  
Saying this was German glory  
To Chicago and Madrid.

Long e'er Paris heard the thunder,  
Herald of the Uhlan's lance,  
Thou wast making Stockholm wonder  
At the dying flame of France:  
Not on wires, with no word written,  
Thou hadst trod thine airy track,

Faster than the mailed mitten,  
And behold our fleet was smitten  
Somewhere near the Skager Rack.

So. And when their lines are broken,  
When their shrapnel falls less fast,  
Shalt thou fail to send a token  
Undeclared to the last?  
Surely not. Red devastation  
Still shall urge by land and sea  
Every proud advancing nation  
While Marconi's installation  
Rules the skies of Germany.

Still when pagan peoples sever  
Railway line and telegraph  
Thou shalt keep thy staunch endeavour,  
Thou shalt scatter us like chaff.  
Still, O goddess of the Prussians,  
Thou shalt sound thy trump of tin  
Undeterred by rude concussions  
While the Frenchmen hail the Russians  
On the flagstones of Berlin. EVEN.

A German Motto:—"Gott mit Uns."





## THE GREAT ILLUSION.

KAISER. "MY POOR BIRD, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOUR TAIL-FEATHERS?"

GERMAN EAGLE. "CAN YOU BEAR THE TRUTH, SIRE?"

KAISER. "IF IT'S NOT FOR PUBLICATION."

GERMAN EAGLE. "IT'S LIKE THIS, THEN. YOU TOLD ME THE BRITISH LION WAS CONTEMPTIBLE. WELL—HE WASN'T!"









FROM OUR SPECIALLY CREDULOUS CORRESPONDENT.

*Stoker.* "I SEE THE TORPEDO APPROACHIN' US; SO, WITHOUT WAITIN' FER ANY ORDERS, I DIVES OVERBOARD, JUST GIVES 'IM A FLICK ON 'IS LITTLE RUDDER, AN' OFF 'E GOES TO STARB'D AN' PASSES US 'ARMLESSLY BY.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, Sept. 14.*—House met to-day with proud feeling of altered circumstance. A fortnight ago things looked bad in France. Allied Armies were continuing prolonged retreat not made more acceptable by being officially named "Retirement." A detailed narrative compiled in neighbourhood of the Army had described the little British Force, long fighting at odds of four to one, as "broken to pieces."

Seemed as if Paris were on verge of another triumphal entry by German forces: France on eve of a second Sedan.

To-day a more hurried retreat is daily accumulating speed. This time it is the invader who, in order to avoid final disaster, is racing back to the comparative safety of his own country, whilst French and British, elate with repeated victory, hang with uncomfortable closeness on his heels.

"In the matter of carefully planned advance and sudden withdrawal, we have," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, "a parallel episode in our own military history. You remember how 'the gallant

Duke of York' on an expedition to Flanders had 'twice ten thousand men,' how he 'marched them up to the top of the hill And marched them down again'? The simple verse lends itself with easy adaptability to present circumstances of our old friend the EMPEROR WILLIAM:—

The gallant plumed WILHELM  
Had twice a million men;  
He marched them up to Paris town  
And marched them back again."

As in depressing circumstances of a fortnight ago the House betrayed no sign of dejection or variation from resolve to see the fight out to a finish, so to-day it does not present itself in mafficking mood. It is nevertheless more than ever resolved, at whatever cost of blood or treasure, to make an end of the throned KAISER and his system of militarism, the curse of Europe these more than twenty years. Wherein it is truly representative of the nation.

*Business done.*—PREMIER announces that Prorogation will be accomplished before end of week, with incidental consequence of addition to Statute Book under Parliament Act of Bills establishing Home Rule in Ireland and disestablishing Church in Wales.

*Tuesday.*—A sitting of alarms and excursions, especially excursions.

PREMIER introduced Bill suspending for twelve months, or longer if War lasts, operation of Home Rule Bill and Welsh Church Bill, which, in accordance with Parliament Act, will on Prorogation be automatically added to Statute Book. In speech which BONAR LAW described as "temperate and moderate," he defended himself from charges of broken pledges brought against him by gentlemen opposite.

"I shall endeavour to imitate him," said LEADER OF OPPOSITION.

Got along moderately well till, "resuming the offensive," as despatches from the Seat of War have it, he lapsed into comparison between conduct of PREMIER and the action of the KAISER in his "infamous proposal" that this country should connive in breach of common pledge to preserve neutrality of Belgium.

Here broke forth shouts of angry protest from Ministerialists. WINSTON, who can't abear strong language, rose from Treasury Bench and stalked forth behind the SPEAKER'S chair, example numerous followed above and below Gangway.

This excursion number one. Number



two, more exhaustive of audience, followed when BONAR LAW, having concluded his speech, shook from off his feet the dust of the House and walked out, accompanied by entire body of Opposition.

Mr. FLAVIN, not liking to see Front Opposition Bench desolate, moved down from accustomed seat in Irish quarter and temporarily assumed place and attitude of LEADER OF OPPOSITION.

BYLES of Bradford proposed to offer a few words of counsel and farewell. His interposition received with such shout of contumely from friends and neighbours that he incontinently dropped back into his seat.

PREMIER observed walking towards glass door under the Gallery. Surely he too was not going to leave us? No. Was merely acting in accordance with immemorial custom that when Minister or Member "brings in" a Bill he must start on his journey at the Bar. As he walked to the Table, a sheet of foolscap paper in right hand, Liberals and Nationalists leapt to their feet waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheering like madmen.

*Business done.*—Bill postponing operation of Home Rule and Welsh Church Acts till close of War carried through all its stages.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR takes kindly to new position. His statement to-day, explanatory of general military situation, a model of lucidity and brevity. Had much of the charm of FRENCH's historic despatch, the modesty and simplicity of which delighted everybody. One omission in the document KITCHENER generously supplied. FRENCH said nothing of his own share in accomplishment of feat of arms rarely paralleled. Amid cheers unusually warm for this Chamber, KITCHENER paid tribute to "the consummate skill and calm courage of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF."

Tribute also paid in another quarter, the more valuable as it came from a man of few words and no disposition towards flattery. "The Territorial Force is making great strides in efficiency," the WAR LORD said, "and will before many months be ready to take a share in the campaign. This force is proving its military value to the Empire

by the willing subordination of personal feelings to the public good in the acceptance of whatever duty may be assigned to it in any portion of the Empire."



*Admiral of the Atlantic (to himself).* "IT IS MY IMPERIAL PLEASURE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THE ORDER OF THE MASTHEAD BROOM (FIRST CLASS) IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS IN SWEEPING THE SEAS."

*Business done.*—Suspensory Bill agreed to without insistence on ST. ALDWYN's Amendment to Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill.

*House of Commons, Friday.*—Circulation of Official Report of Commission

*Nickleby and Smike* were for a time Members caused the insertion in a local paper of a paragraph stating "Mr. Crummles is not a Prussian," there was some obscurity about his object. It is now clear that his instinct was sure, his provision acute. After experience of last seven weeks all decent-minded men would like it to be known that they are not Prussians.

*Business done.*—Parliament prorogued.

### TO A NAVAL CADET IN THE GRAND FLEET.

[There are over 500 naval cadets, aged 15 to 17, at present in the Fleet, serving as midshipmen.]

YOUNG man, a little year ago At Osborne (where the admirals grow)

I saw you fall on a mimic foe With tackle and shove and thrust.

There by the jolly trim canteen, Where the figure-head flaunts her golden sheen,

You fought, or cheered, for your Term fifteen,

As a fellow of mettle must . . .

Yet now those deeds seem mighty small

You dared in the chase for a leather ball—

Now that you trip On His Majesty's Ship Playing the finest game of all!

A year ago, a naval fight Was a tantalising dim delight That fed your dreams on a Wednesday night,

When History prep. was through.

Yet yours was a Destiny strong and clear

That ever, unknown, was stalking near;

And now in a flash, it's here, it's here—

Now are your dreams come true! . . .

There are grey old admirals in our land

Who never have stood where now you stand,

Here on your feet In His Majesty's Fleet—

With a real live enemy hard at hand!



*The Wolf.* "GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE ME TO TELL YOU ONE OF MY PRETTY TALES?"

*Little Miss Holland.* "THANKS; BUT I'M NOT LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR FAIRY STORIES."

of Inquiry into Atrocities in Belgium creates profound sensation.

When the Manager of the Itinerant Theatrical Company of which *Nicholas*

Britannia to the French Generalissimo:—

"À l'honneur de nos deux nations  
J'offre—cent mille félicitations!"





### THE EGOIST.

*Warlike Mistress.* "DON'T YOU THINK, JAMES, YOU WOULD LIKE TO JOIN LORD KITCHENER'S ARMY?"

*Peaceful Footman.* "THANK YOU, MUM, BUT I DON'T SEE AS 'OW I'D BE BETTERING MYSELF. WAR'S FOR THEM AS LIKES IT, WHICH I NEVER DID."

### DOUBT.

THE War has caused one thing (among others). It has filled me with an infinite distrust of human testimony. Were I on a jury I should find every one "Not guilty" now—unless, of course, the prisoner were foolish enough to bring evidence on his own behalf. It is not the German Press Bureau that has done this. It has maintained its customary high standard with magnificent consistency.

My faith in human testimony has been shattered by Mactavish's uncle, Bloomer's maiden aunt, and Wiggins' brother-in-law. I put on one side the statement of Mirfin's grandmother because her allegation that 193 trains passed her house one night might have been based on the shunting of a single goods train. One knows the fiendish persistency of the shunted goods train at night.

But let me take the bald statement of Mactavish's uncle. He is a baillie, an elder and a drysalter. He wrote to Mactavish:—"I regret that the attendance at the Kirk on Sunday was most unsatisfactory. The younger members of the congregation were all watching the disembarkation of the Cossacks. I

understand that the Established Kirk held no services at all. I did not feel it consistent with a proper observance of the Sabbath to go and watch them myself, so I only saw by chance, and not intentionally, the six regiments which marched past my house."

What could be more conclusive than that?

The very next day Bloomer met me and produced a much-crossed letter from his pocket. "Just read the last few lines," he said triumphantly.

I read with zest.

"Damsons are very cheap this year. I am jamming an extra quantity. Do you think pots of jam could be safely sent to the chaplains at the front? Kiss the dear baby for me. Excuse a longer letter, but I am quite worn out with handing hot meat pies to the Russian troops passing through here.

Ever your affectionate Aunt,

MILLCENT BLOOMER."

Not "meat pies," mark you, but "hot meat pies." Somehow that little touch won my absolute belief.

Now we come to the solemn statement of Wiggins' brother-in-law. He is, according to Wiggins, a patriot of the finest type—only prevented from going to the front by the claims of business,

a family of nine, and a certain superfluity of adipose tissue. "When guarding a railway bridge as a special constable a troop train stopped through an engine breakdown. Numbers of finely built men in fur coats descended on to the line. Two of them came to me and, making signs of thirst, said, 'Vodka, vodka.' They embraced me warmly after I had offered them my pocket-flask, and then, shouting 'Berlin,' rejoined the train."

I could quite believe that. Any brother-in-law of Wiggins would have a pocket-flask.

Yet the Press Bureau solemnly asserts that no Russian troops have passed through this country. I have now no faith in anyone's uncles, aunts nor yet brothers-in-law. I believe nothing. Is there a KAISER? Is there a War? Or is the whole thing a malignant invention of LLOYD GEORGE to save a tottering Government? But then again—(most terrible of all doubts)—is there a LLOYD GEORGE?

### More Spirituous Hospitality.

From a German pamphlet quoted by the *Ipswich Evening Star*:—

"With German energy we are determined to win, and we invite Italians to gin with us?"



## THE SILVERN TONGUE.

It was his vest-slip which chained my eye. Spats and the lesser niceties are common among the altruists who strive to set us to rights just by the Marble Arch, but a vest-slip was a new note.

His voice was like his hair, in that it was thin, undecided, not really assertive enough to be impressive . . . Ah, now I had the range of him.

"You may call 'im a beneficercent despot. I *don't*. You may 'ave a tiste for aristocrerey, plootocrerey, ortocrerey. I *aven't*. You may prefer to 'ave a iron-shod 'eel ground on your fices. I *don't*.

"There was a professor at Kime-bridge, some years ago, who said to me, when I 'come-up,' as they say, after tikin' my degree, 'My boy,' 'e says, 'when you git out into the world, when you desert these 'ere cloistered 'alls, these shidy lawns, these venerable cryp's, never you eat no dirt! Not for nobody, my boy! Remember your ol' collidge, think of your *avmer-miter*, the think of 'istoric' Trinity 'All, an' the pellooid Isis, and never eat no dirt!'

"Yes, gents, they was 'is larst words to me, one of 'is fivourite pupils, if I may say so; 'is Pawthian shots. An' if that there estimable ol' man could look down on me now, as I stand 'ere fice to fice in front of you, 'e would candidly admit that I 'ave always bore in mind 'is fawtherly adjurations.

"I'll tell you what it is, gents. If you was to walk quietly into Buckin'am Pellis at this moment, an' 'ave a friendly word with 'Is Mejisty, do you kid yourselves 'e would igspress any what I may call cuzzen-like feelin' for this—this perisite? Do you fan your ducks, in vulgar pawlence, that if the KING's 'ands was free 'e would not 'asten to be the first to pluck the bauble from 'is cuzzen's fat 'ead?

"If there are any Germans present, is there one among them who will 'ave the 'ardi'ood to step forward now and say a word, one little word, gentlemen, one single bloomin' 'Och!' on be'alf of 'im? *Naow*, gents, *naow*! Ten thousing times *naow*!

"Eaeven forbid that I should talk above your 'eads, my friends, but I say, an' I maintain, that this insolent up-stawt, this pestilenshul braggadosho, this blood-suckin', fire-catin', spark-spittin', sausage-guzzlin', beer-swillin' ranter, this imitashun eagle, with a cawdboard beak an' a tin 'elmet, this 'ypercritical 'umbug, 'as forfeited the larst shred of the respect' of any but the mos' sooperfishul stoodent of inter-national affairs, or *welt-politik*, as the French would put it.

"I know what I'm talkin' abaout,

gents. I can call for my seven-course dinner, my little 'alf-bottle, my Larranaga or Corona, my corly, my lickewer *an'* my tooth-pick, in the language of every capital in Europe.

"Well, gents, where did I get my information, my insight, my instinc', on these things? 'Ow came it to be that I can walk into the private offices of the biggest bankers in Europe, knowin' full well what they would understand if I so much as suggested a pinch of snuff, or said it looked like rain, or asked if they 'ad seen the Shaw of Persha litley?

"You don't suppose I got my intimercy with questions what 'ave brought a Continent, ay, an' 'alf a world, to grips, by 'angin' round Embassies an' Consulites, and Chawncelleries, do you?

"There is always somethink *sub-rousa*, somethink be'ind the scenes, somethink suttile, some unsuspected infloocene, what the outer world 'ardly ever 'ears of.

"An' what is it, in 'undreds of cises? Gents all, I will tell you, in the words of the gullant defenders of Leege—*Shurshy-lar-fam*! That little phrise, gents, in cise you may 'ave forgot your French or Belgian, as the cise may be, means 'Look for the woman,' gents.

"I may not look it now, my frien's, an' you may larf with scorn to 'ear an ol' feller speak the words, but there *was* a time, shortly arter I come-up from the Varsity, an' just before I took my commishun in the dear ol' Tin-Bellies, when there was no man more popular than me in the *salongs* of Europe.

"Take my word for it, gents! Young, wealthy, not undistinguished in the matter of learnin', well-bred, nurchured in the lap of luxury, tolerably good-lookin', if not actually 'andsome, my way was easy, gents. It was child's play for me to get at the inside of things, to get under the surface, to see what was agitatin' the boorses of 'alf the Continent, to understand why big financiers was orderin'-in 'ams by the 'alf-'undred, religious scruples not-withstandin'. Why, if I was to sit down an' put pen to piper I could sell my memo's of them days for a fabulous sum—if the biggest publishers in the land was not too bloomin' chicken-'earted to publish anythink so 'ot, gentlemen!

"Your ears would wag, my friends, if I told you one 'alf of the spells what some of them Continental society sirens wielded, an' but for my mastery over their 'earts what might we not have igspierenced years agow? An' this, gentlemen, at the biddin' or the innuendoes of vile bein's not fit to 'arlistone the door-step of the po'rest workin'-man

what plods 'is 'eart-broken way acrost this Pawk to-night!

"You 'ave no idear, I assure you, gents, what might not 'ave 'appened, what cruel, what damn . . ."

B 2471, who had gradually edged toward the stool on which he stood, stepped up to him and spoke softly. "That 's bloomin' well *torn* it, matey," said B 2471. "You 've 'ad a good time all to your little self, but we 'ave to dror the line. You'll 'ave to 'op it, old sport!"

And, just as we were getting into his confidence, he of the vest-slip 'opped it, and we were left behind, without further clues to *Shurshy-lar-fam*.

The woman still remains a mystery.

## CUTTING DOWN.

"EVERYBODY's doing it," I said, "so as to have more for the Funds. Also for other reasons. The only question is what?"

"Well," said Ursula, "let's make a beginning." She produced a silver pencil and some celluloid tablets that are supposed to look like ivory. "What first?" she asked, frowning.

I reflected. "Clearly the superfluties ought to go first. What about my sacrificing sugar-cakes for afternoon tea? And burnt almonds?"

"M'yes," said Ursula. "I was thinkin' myself about giving up cigars."

"Heroine! But let us be temperate even in denial."

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I'm getting to detest almonds."

"And I simply loathe—I mean, I'm sure pipes are ever so much better for one than cigars."

"Good!" observed Ursula. "Cigars and almonds go out. Only if you have your pipe there ought to be some cheap and filling substitute for my almonds."

"Turkish delight," I suggested, "supposing it turns out all right about the *Goeben*."

"And, if not, I could get along with Russian toffee. That settles tea. How about other meals?"

"We're at the end of that Hock."

"I'm glad of it," said Ursula. "Nasty German rubbish. I wonder it didn't contaminate the cellar. Now we must drink something patriotic instead."

"What about good old English water?"

"My dear! With all those spies simply picnicing round the reservoirs! Goodness knows what they've put in. My idea was a nice, not too-expensive, champagne, like what they get for the subscription dances."

"Dearest! Ask me to go out into the road and sing the *Marseillaise*. Ask almost anything of me to display my



pride and affection for our brave allies, but do not, do not ask me to drink sweet champagne at lunch!"

"You shall choose it yourself," said Ursula, "and it isn't for lunch, but dinner. At lunch you will continue to drink beer. Only it will be English, not German."

"Glorious beer! *C'est magnifique!*"

"*Mais ce n'est pas lager!*" said Ursula quickly.

This was rightly held to constitute one trick to her, and we resumed.

"About clothes," I said.

"There was an article I read in some paper," observed Ursula, "pointing out that if everybody did without them no one would mind."

"Still, even in war time——"

"Of course I meant new clothes and fashionable things."

"An alluring prospect!" I agreed wistfully. "Fancy reading in the frock-papers that 'Ursula, Mrs. Brown, looked charming in a creation of sacking made Princess fashion, the *chic* effect being heightened by a bold use of the original trade-mark, which now formed a striking *décor* for the corsage.'"

Ursula did not smile. "No man can be amusing about clothes except by accident," she said coldly. "The article went on to advise that if new things were bought they should be specially good. It called this the truest economy in the long run."

When Ursula had sketched out a comprehensive wardrobe on truest economy lines, and I had mentally reviewed my pet shades in autumn suitings, there was a pause.

"What about the green-house?" I asked suddenly. "Do we need a fire there all winter just that John may swagger about his chrysanthus?"

John, I should explain, is the gardener who jobs for us at seven-and-six weekly, and "chrysanthus" is a perfectly beastly word that we have contracted from him. In summer John mows the lawn (*fortissimo* at 6.30 A.M.) and neglects to weed the strawberries. In winter he attends to what auctioneers would call the "commodious glass."

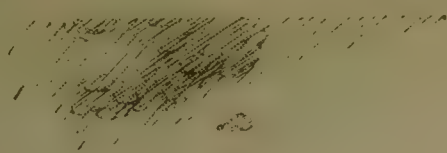
"M'yes," said Ursula reflectively. "But what about John himself?"

"My dear girl, surely it is obvious by the simplest political science——"

"Sweetheart!" interposed Ursula anxiously, "John isn't going to have anything to do with the Moratorium or hoarding gold, is he? Because, do remember how cross you got trying to explain that!"

"I remember nothing of the sort!"

"And, anyhow," she continued, "now we're saving in so many other things, I intend to pay John an extra half-crown, in case food goes up."



WASP



Father (who has been stung by a wasp on the back of his neck). "I DON'T CARE IF IT'S FULL OF GERMANS, I'M NOT GOING TO LOOK UP AT IT."

There was obviously only one thing to do, and I did it. I retired in fair order, abandoning to Ursula the task of preparing the schedule of our domestic retrenchment. At lunch she produced it.

"The bother is," she observed, "that what with truest economy clothes and champagne, and John, and some other things, it seems to work out at about two pounds a week more than we spend now."

"That," I said cuttingly, "is at least a beginning!"

However, since then I have discovered an article in another paper denouncing panic economies as unpatriotic. So we shall probably return to the old *régime*, plus John's half-crown. Even with this, it will mean a

distinct saving of thirty-seven-and-six on Ursula's proposals. It is not often that one gets a chance of serving one's country on such easy terms.

#### TO A POMPADOUR CLOCK.

Bright loves and tangled flowers  
Adorn your china face;  
You beat out silver hours  
Within your golden case.

Still rings old Time's denial  
Of respite in your tone,  
But o'er your painted dial  
Is built a little throne—

A throne so neat and narrow  
Where, heedless of your chime,  
Poising his gilded arrow  
Sits Cupid killing Time!



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SUPPOSE that never in the history of this nation did we harbour quite so many military experts. From the Service Clubs to the street corner their voice goes up daily in unceasing hortation. Therefore the moment seems specially apt for me to call your attention to a volume by a military man who really was expert, in other words to a new edition of PASLEY's *Military Policy of the British Empire* (CLOWES), brought up to date by Colonel B. R. WARD, R.E. I blush to think of the number of civilian readers to whom the name of PASLEY conveys nothing. I blush still more to reflect that I have myself only just ceased to belong to them. But, quite honestly, if you are at all concerned with the science and policy of arms (as who nowadays is not?), you will find this book of extreme interest. A few chance quotations will be enough to prove that the gallant Captain was a man who knew what he was writing about. In the year 1810, for example, he could look ahead far

enough to say, "Germany may become so powerful as to act the same part in Europe which France now does." It is perhaps on the ethical side of war that he is most impressive. Fair play, we all know, is a jewel; but many of us may have secreted an uneasy suspicion that the side that practises it suffers from a certain handicap. All those unpleasant persons whose names have become so uncomfortably familiar lately—CLAUSEWITZ, BERNHARDI, and their professional crew—have so vociferously preached the gospel of Might as Right, that it is refreshing to read here such maxims as "It is an advantage in war to show moderation and justice," and "A scrupulous adherence to the law of nations is the only sound policy." This is the sort of sermon—from an authoritative source—that we do well to lay to heart just now; while still retaining a fixed determination to exact for future assurances the uttermost penalty from an enemy that has broken every law of God and man.

In ordinary life it would be a distinct advantage for a man to become possessed of a spell which rendered him immune from death, pain or restraint, enabled him to pass through walls and floors and generally freed him from all those little restrictions which make life the tiresome and precarious thing it is. A man so constituted would conduct himself after the manner of his fellows from day to day and would resort to the use of his peculiar powers only when the necessity arose. But the hero of fiction has his duty always to perform, and he may well find that such transcendental gifts are apt to become a burden. He must for ever be turning them to account and finding new material to work upon. That the scope is limited anyone will at once discover who reads *The Great Miracle* (STANLEY PAUL). He may never do the same thing twice; once he has disappeared through a floor at a critical moment, floors are off. Each feat must be more astounding than the last:

when he has worked his way through a prison wall it would be an anticlimax to do a job with the wall of a mere dwelling-house, and, of course, he is absolutely precluded from the common use of doors. I am afraid Mr. T. P. VANEWORD's primary conception has been too much for him: he lacks the nice imagination of a WELLS to carry it off. Also he fails to deal with the humour of the position, whether in the madhouse, the court of justice, the manager's office or the palace, an elementary mistake which the most amateur conjurer will always avoid. It is rather the author's misfortune than his fault that his incidental picture of war, introduced only as a new field of operation for his prodigy, is rendered almost fatuous by the actual conditions at present existing.

When the father of *Patience Tabernacle* (MILLS AND BOON) suddenly left his books at the bank in a state of regrettable inaccuracy and went off to borrow the wig and other equipment of his elderly maiden sister I thought I was to have one of those jolly, naïve detective stories which the feminine hand can best weave. But I was deceived, nor do I consider quite fairly. For how was I to know that such an incident had no essential relation to any other in this quiet story of the love affairs of *Patience* and the wrong boy rejected, and the right man discovered, in time; that it wasn't even introduced so as to throw light on the character of any one concerned? Now I would ask Miss SOPHIE COLES what she would think of me if I began my (projected) Sussex village epic with the blowing up of the local public-house by anarchists and contented myself with merely casual references to the matter, never really making it part of any design

or letting it modify any of my characters? And wouldn't it aggravate, not lessen, my artistic crime if I made the anarchists related to my heroine? Of course it would. Very well, then. And I am afraid our author can't claim the privileges of a lawless realism, for she distinctly doesn't belong to the photographic school.

## THE CANDID ENEMY.

[It is stated that the Germans have forsworn the use of all words borrowed from the English, including "gentleman."]

THE Germans all English expressions eschew,  
And on "gentleman" place an especial taboo;  
Well, the facts of the case their decision confirm,  
For they've clearly no more any use for the term.

"Harrods have exported their Chocolate to all parts of the universe and are now forwarding large consignments to the forces on active service."—*Advt.*

France is no distance after Mars.

A benevolent old lady writes to enquire whether any Relief Committee has been formed to deal with unemployment among those ambassadors who have been thrown out of work by the war.



Porter. "Do I know if THE ROOSHUNS HAS REALLY COME THROUGH ENGLAND? WELL, SIR, IF THIS DON'T PROVE IT, I DON'T KNOW WHAT DO. A TRAIN WENT THROUGH HERE FULL, AND WHEN IT COME BACK I KNOWED THERE'D BIN ROOSHUNS IN IT, 'CAUSE THE CUSHIONS AND FLOORS WAS COVERED WITH SNOW."



# CHARIVARIA.

THE German troops which started out for a "pleasure trip" to Paris are now reported, owing, no doubt, to the influence of British environment, to be taking their pleasures sadly.

Several reasons have been given for the destruction of Rheims Cathedral. The real one is now said to be the following. Owing to the Red Cross Flag being flown from one of the towers the Germans thought the building was only a hospital.

A Scotsman gifted with much native humour wishes it to be known how glad he is to see that the Frenchmen have been getting their Aisne back.

It is reported that the KAISER is proceeding to East Prussia to assume the chief command there. In Petrograd the news is only credited by extreme optimists.

It does not say much for the enterprise of our English newspapers that we should have had to go all the way to India for a reference to what must have been an exceedingly clever capture of one of the enemy. "As the war progresses," says *The Times of India* of the 20th ult., "the stories of German brutality become more and more frequent. One instance is shown in a letter from a German soldier captured in a mail-bag in Lorraine."

We have always held that the Turkish sense of humour has been underrated. A leading Ottoman statesman has told *Der Tag* (the newspaper of that name: the real thing has not turned up yet): "We only fear for Germany one thing—her magnanimity towards the conquered, a quality which she shares with the great Turkish conquerors of the past."

There is reported to be an uneasy feeling among the poor in our big towns that, if hard times should come, an attempt will be made to foist on them many of the weirder garments which kind-hearted ladies have been making for the troops.

The attention of the public is being

directed to the value of fish as a food, in contradistinction, we suppose, to its remarkable qualities as a perfume.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's statement that "The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of modern Europe" has, we hear, had a curious and satisfactory sequel. Large numbers of adepts in the art of pig-sticking are joining the Sportsmen's Battalion which is now in process of formation.

Not the least encouraging result of the War would seem to be that it has put a stopper on decadent ideas as to dress. Mlle. GABY DESLYS, we read,



TAKING NO RISKS.

found herself unable to begin her season at the Palace the week before last as her dresses were delayed in Paris.

A London-born Italian organ-grinder who was plying his trade in Wales has, *The Express* tells us, enlisted in Lord KITCHENER's Army for foreign service, and has left his organ in charge of the recruiting officer at Barmouth. A pity. It should have made a powerful weapon to use against the enemy.

So much has been written about the brutality of the Germans that it seems only fair to draw attention to an act of humanity on their part. Steps have been taken at Stuttgart, at any rate, to protect prisoners against annoyance. "It is," runs a proclamation, "rigorously forbidden for any woman to cast amorous glances at British and French prisoners."

# A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE.

THE young man who had come into this quiet room looked round him with a sigh of relief at finding it empty. It was a large room, and he knew it well. Usually a little sombre and even oppressive of aspect, to-day it seemed filled only with an atmosphere of kindly security and benevolence. He noticed (being sensitive to such impressions) that in some strange way this restful atmosphere seemed to emanate from the large table, covered with illustrated papers and magazines, that stood in the centre. He approached it and, drawing up a chair, began to take the papers one after another into his hands.

Then he understood. Gradually, as he read, the nightmare that life had lately become faded away from him, and he saw himself once more surrounded by the sane and gentle interests that had been familiar to him from childhood. In one paper he read how such and such Duchesses were preparing yacht-parties for Cowes, and of the thrilling triumphs of the Russian ballet. Another told him that the Government was a collection of craven imbeciles, and that the price of rubber continued disappointing. He saw photographs of golf-champions and ladies in the chorus of musical comedies. One paper had a picture representing the state entry into some-

where or other of a—German Royalty. The uniforms in this caused him a momentary uneasiness, as of a light sleeper who stirs in his dream and seems about to wake. Then he turned the page, and the dream closed upon him again as he contemplated an illustrated solution of the problem "Where shall we spend our summer holidays?"

He sighed contentedly and went on turning the pages, here reading a paragraph, here merely glancing at pictures or headlines. Thus the hours passed. How peaceful it was in this quiet room! And this table of literature, strange that never before had he appreciated its subtle charm. . . .

Long afterwards, when they came to seek him, he was found asleep, a happy smile upon his face, and his weary head fallen forward amid the two-months-old newspapers of the dentist's waiting-room.



## AN IMPERIAL OVERTURE.

[From notes taken by a British airman while engaged in hovering over the KAISER's headquarters at ——. The name of the place is excised because the Press Bureau Authorities do not wish the KAISER to be informed of his own whereabouts.]

Now let an awful silence hold the field,  
And everybody else's mouth be sealed;  
For lo! your KAISER (sound the warning gong!)  
Prepares to loose his clarion lips in song.

In time of War the poet gets his chance,  
When even wingless Pegasi will prance;  
Yet We, whose pinions oft outsoared the crow's,  
Have hitherto confined Ourselves to prose.  
But who shall doubt that We could sing as well as  
That warrior-bard *TYRÆUS*, late of Hellas,  
Who woke the Spartans up with words and chorus  
Twenty-six centuries B.U. (Before Us)?  
Also, since Truth is near allied to Beauty,  
We are convinced that We shall prove more fluty  
Than certain British scribes whom We have read  
(Recently published by The Bodley Head).

Well, then, it is Our purpose to inflame  
Our soldiers' arteries with lust of fame;  
To give them something in the lyric line  
That shall be tantamount to fumes of wine,  
Yet not too heady, like the champagne (sweet)  
That lately left them dormant in the street,  
So that the British, coming up just then,  
Took them for swine and not for gentlemen.

Rather we look to brace them, soul and limb,  
With something in the nature of a hymn,  
Which they may chant, assisted by the band,  
While working backwards to the Fatherland.  
Put to the air of *Deutschland über alles*  
Or else to one of Our own sacred ballets,  
The lilt of it should leave their hearts so fiery  
That at the finish they would make enquiry—  
"What would our *ATTILA* to-day have done?"  
And, crying "Havoc!" go and play the Hun.  
For there are some cathedrals standing yet,  
And heavy is the task to Culture set,  
Ere We may lay aside the holy rod  
Made to chastise the foes of Us and God.

And now that We are fairly in the vein  
Let Us proceed to build the lofty strain.  
Ho! bid the Muse to enter and salute  
The burnished toe of Our Imperial boot!  
Hush! guns! and, ye howitzers, cease your fire!  
We, *WILLIAM*, are about to sound the lyre! O.S.

*Note.*—Unfortunately the actual composition of which this is the preface has been censored, as likely to have a disintegrating effect upon the discipline of our forces at the front.

## The Two Voices.

"It was Mr. Will Crooks, the well-known Labour member, who asked the Chairman if the House might sing 'God Save the King,' and when Mr. Crooks started it in his deep bass voice everyone stood up and joined in the singing."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Moreover, Mr. Crooks had pitched the tune a little too high, and it seemed for a moment that he with his rich high tenor voice would have to sing the anthem as a solo."—*Daily Chronicle*.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. II.

(From the Rev. Dr. DRYANDER, Court Chaplain.)

MOST ALLGRACIOUS SIR,—Now that I have finished writing my sermon for next Sunday I can find time for a little quiet sound thinking by way of a change. I can say quite seriously that I am tired to death of writing and preaching sermons. It is not permitted, highly honoured EMPEROR, that in my sermon I say anything displeasing to your Imperial self. I must not remind you that you are a man like other men, a man liable to weakness and error, swayed by temper, capable, since your position gives you power, of trampling on the rights of others in a moment of passion, of confounding justice with your own desires and of mistaking the promptings of ambition or malice or envy for an inspiration from Heaven itself. No, I must not say all this or any of it, but, on the contrary, I must describe you to yourself and your family and the chosen intimates who flatter you beyond even my power to flatter, I must describe you, I say, as the Lord's anointed, as the viceroy of God on earth, as being raised by God's favour above all human foibles, in short, as being supremely right and just whenever your faults and your injustice cry aloud for the divine punishment. Even if you were a thoroughly good and sensible man, *totus teres atque rotundus*, instead of being a bundle of caprice and prejudice, the task would be difficult. As it is, it is unpleasant and ought to be impossible. My sermons exist to prove that I have attempted it with such courage as I could command, although in these conditions courage is only another name for the cowardly compliance that causes a man to detest himself and to take a low view of human nature.

At any rate I have done my best for you. How many times have I not bidden the faithful to fall down before you and worship you? Have I not proved from Holy Scripture that your lightest word is spoken, not by you, but by the Almighty; that you, in fact, are something higher and better in bones and flesh and blood and brains than anything that mere ordinary mortals can pretend to be? I can see you nodding your head in Imperial approval when such phrases came from me, and all the time I knew in my heart that the God of whom you were thinking, and to whose intimacy you pretended, was not the God under whom a Christian minister takes service, but a being formed after the image of a Prussian drill-sergeant who wears a pointed helmet and a turned-up moustache.

Sir, I have my doubts as to this fearful war in which we are engaged. You entered upon it, you say, to carry out your treaty obligations to Austria. Treaties, no doubt, are sacred things. But why, then, was not the treaty obligation to Belgium as sacred as that with Austria? Was it because Belgium was weak and (as you thought) defenceless that you invaded her country, slaughtered her people, and sacked her towns? Was this the reason for the foul treatment of Louvain? And is it agreeable, do you think, to the Almighty that the glorious Cathedral of Rheims should be bombarded and ruined even by German shells?

When the years have rolled on and you shall have been called away to render an account of what you did on earth, for what reasons will you be remembered amongst men? Not because you established justice and did good deeds—or even great ones—for your people, but because you plunged the world in war in order to feed your vanity, and laid waste Belgium and shattered the Cathedral of Rheims. Truly a shining memory.

Yours, in all humility,

DRYANDER.





## BOER AND BRITON TOO.

GENERAL BOTHA (*composing telegram to the KAISER*). "JUST OFF TO REPEL ANOTHER RAID. YOUR CUSTOMARY WIRE OF CONGRATULATION SHOULD BE ADDRESSED: 'BRITISH HEADQUARTERS—GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.'"







## THE LAST LINE.

I.

We are the last line of defence. When the Regular Army and the Reserve Army and the new Million Army and the Indian Army and the Overseas Army and the Territorial Army are all entering Berlin together, then the defence of England (we hope) will rest entirely upon us. There are not many of us, as armies go nowadays, but there ought to be one apiece for all the towns round the coast, and what we lack in numbers we shall make up for in pride.

We are the last line of defence. We all have wives or defective retinas or birthdays previous to 1879, or something that binds us together unofficially. Our motto from Monday to Friday is, "Soldier and Civilian too," and in camp at week-ends, "Remember Przemyśl." At present we have no uniforms, to the disgust of our wives; but they are coming. Opinion is divided as to whether we want them to come. Some say that, clad in khaki, we shall get admiring glances from the women and envious glances from the small boys which are not really our due; our proud spirit rebels against the idea of marching through London in false colours. James says that, seeing that a soldier is only a soldier, and that he himself (James) is a special constable from 4 A.M. to 8, a dashed hard-working solicitor from 9.30 to 5, and a soldier from 5.30 to 7, not to mention the whole week-end, he jolly well expects all the admiration he can get; and that, if any small boy cheers him under the impression that he is only a Territorial, he is doing him a confounded injustice. Perhaps a tail-coat and khaki breeches would best meet the case.

Then we come to the question of rifles. There are at this moment thousands of men in the Army who have no rifles. Whole battalions of new recruits are unarmed. Our battalion is not unarmed; it has a rifle. We have all seen it; those of us who have been on guard through the cold dark hours of Saturday-Sunday have even carried it—respectfully, as becomes a man who thanks Heaven that it is not loaded. Our pride in it is enormous. Were a sudden night attack by Zepelins made upon our camp, the battalion would rally as one man round the old rifle, and fling boots at the invader until the last pair of ammunition gave out. Then, spiking the Lee-Enfield, so that it should be useless if it fell into the hands of the enemy, we should retire barefoot and in good order, James busily jotting down notes of our last testamentary dispositions. . . .

But, of course, we know that the



*Incredulous friend (to soldier invalided home). "WHAT—YOU CAPTURED TEN GERMANS BY YOURSELF? GOOD GRACIOUS! HOW DID YOU DO IT?"*

*Tommy. "I JUST SHOUTED OUT 'WAITER!' AND THEY CAME ALONG."*

invaders will not come yet. Meanwhile much can be learnt without arms (*cf.* "Infantry Training" *passim*—a book we all carry in our pockets), and we have the promise of enough rifles for a company in three weeks. When the last lot of German prisoners begins to land we shall be ready for them.

We get plenty of encouragement; indeed we feel that the authorities have a special eye upon us. To give an example. We paraded the other night and were inspected by a General—tut-tut, a couple of Generals. One of them addressed us afterwards and gave us to understand that, having seen the flower of the Continental armies at work, he was, even so, hardly pre-

pared for the extraordinary—and so on; which made James throw out his lower chest a couple of inches further than usual. Whereupon the Admiralty airship hurried up and, flying slowly over us, inspected us from the top. I say nothing of what James must have looked like from the top; what I say is that not many battalions are inspected by two Generals and an airship simultaneously. We are grateful to the authorities.

Just at present our fault is over-keenness. On our first Sunday in camp our company commander stood up to attention and asked for three volunteers—for some unnamed forlorn hope. The whole company advanced



two paces. He took the first three in the first platoon and handed them over to a sergeant. They were marched off on their perilous mission with nine men from other companies. The dauntless twelve. We that were left behind composed explanations to our wives, making it quite clear that we had volunteered, but pointing out that, as only twelve could go, they had probably chosen the ugliest ones first. Our three heroes rejoined us during an "easy" an hour later. The forlorn hope had been to dig a hole and bury all the unused fragments of last night's supper—the gristly bits . . . And now, when three volunteers are called for, the whole company remains rooted to attention. It is our keenness again; we are here to drill; to form fours, to march, to wheel; we want to learn to be soldiers, not dustmen.

But naturally we differ in our ideas upon the best way to learn—particularly in regard to night-work. What James says is, "Why be uncomfortable in camp? If I could do anything for my country between the hours of 10.30 P.M. and 5.30 A.M., I would do it gladly. But if my country, speaking through the gentleman who commands my platoon, tells me to retire to my tent with the fourteen loudest-breathers in Middlesex, I may at least *try* to get a little bit of sleep." So he brings with him two air-cushions, a pillow, three blankets and a pair of bed-socks, and does his best. On the other hand, John says, "When one is on active service one has to sleep anywhere. Unless I am preparing for that moment, what am I here for at all?" So he disdains the use of straw, selects the hardest brick he can find for his head, and wraps himself up in a single coat. And I doubt if he sleeps worse than James. Personally, I lie awake all night listening to the snores of the others and envying them their repose . . . and I find that they all say they have been doing the same.

It was James, by the way, who created such a sensation the first time he appeared on parade with all his impedimenta. There was a shout of laughter from the company—and then a quiet voice behind me said reflectively, "He decided *not* to bring the parrot."

A. A. M.

"There is a story here of a reservist, arriving from the provinces, who saw on the Nevsky a brilliantly lighted picture palace, and took off his hat before it and crossed himself devoutly. The point of that story is that the man, when pointed out to me on the parade-ground, was working in rubber gloves upon the installation of field wireless apparatus."—*Daily Chronicle*.  
Ha-ha! (Yes, just for a moment it escaped us). Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!

## VALHALLA.

(*A vision and a protest.*)

I saw in the night unbroken,  
In the land the daylight shuns,  
At their long tables oaken  
The Sea-kings and the Huns.

Strong arms had they for smiting,  
To them death only gave  
More feasting and more fighting,  
More plunder for the brave.

Scant use had they for pleaders,  
They boasted of their war,  
The pitiless bright-eyed leaders,  
And their battle-god was Thor.

And "When this right hand falters,"  
Quoth one, "the soul is fled;"  
"And I made so many altars  
Ruinous," this one said.

And lo! as they sat and vaunted  
Across the mist of the years,  
There came to them one that flaunted  
The helm of the war-god's peers.

A little shape and a mightless,  
And the strong men laughed and roared:

"Is our father Odin sightless  
That bade *him* share the board?"

"From what realms spoilt and plundered,  
From what shrines burnt art come?  
Has thine hand hewed and thundered  
On the crosses of Christendom?"

And he said, "I too had legions,  
I fouled where ye defiled,  
I trod in the selfsame regions  
And warred on woman and child.

"Tricked out in my shining armour  
And riding behind my Huns,  
I harried the priest and farmer,  
I followed the smoking guns."

But the kings cried out and shouted  
As they drained the sweetened mead:

"Was it thus that the Franks were routed,  
When we made Europe bleed?"

"This king with a leaden rattle  
And death that comes from afar,  
What pride hath he of the battle?  
What lust to maim or mar?"

"The loot and the red blood running  
Were the only signs we saw;  
But the gods that gave thee cunning  
Have also given thee law."

And a Northman spake: "With seven  
Fair churches when I died  
I had paved my path to heaven;  
Their pillage was my pride.

"I tore the saints from their niches  
With the red hands of my rage;  
But what hast thou in thy ditches  
To do with a craftless age?"

"Thou hast felt no Viking's starkness;  
Thou hast lost a Christian's throne."  
And they drove him forth in the darkness  
To find a place of his own.

EVOE.

## THE SILENCE OF WAR.

I HAVE a confession to make. Once in the happy far-off days—it seems ages since—I was bored by my fellow-passengers' conversation in the train. I daresay that they were equally bored by mine; but against that view there is the fact that this is my confession and not theirs. Well, I am punished now. I admit that I would give a good deal to hear Griffith's story of how he did the dog-leg hole in three again. There sits Griffith opposite to me, and no one would know that he had ever handled a club. He has become a golf-mute.

Or think of Purvis. The recital of the performances of Purvis's new car lent an additional terror to railway travelling. I have forgotten the very make of his car now. I cannot particularise the number of its cylinders or say if it is electrically started. Purvis is conversationally punctured.

There was, too, one recalls, an Insurance Act. Wilson felt a special grievance because he employed an aged gardener, out of charity, two days a week. He talked, if I remember correctly, about a cruel fourpence and a mythical ninepence. He read fierce letters he had composed for the Press, and when the papers published them, which was seldom, he read them to us all over again. As an anti-insurance agitator Wilson now comes under the unemployment section of the accursed Act.

And the strange people who intruded with third-class tickets, and trampled on our toes, and smoked shag, and talked repulsively about the Cockspurs and Chelsea's new purchase from Oldham Athletic, and gave each other "dead certs" of appalling incertitude, and passed remarks which to my mind showed a shocking lack of respect for the upper and middle classes! We were not one class in those times.

May it all come back to us soon—all the old chatter! Come back to us, Sir THOMAS LIPTON and the Cup! Come back to us, GLOOMY DEAN! Come back to us, Ninepence for Fourpence. Come back to us, "dead certs" and "also rans." Come back golf and motor-cars. Come back, Wicked Government and Wicked Opposition. Life is too painfully interesting now. I long to be bored again.

But it must be boredom with honour.



## MR. PUNCH'S WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

## NEW STYLE.

HEARING that the German troops were advancing from the North-East along the line Malines—Mons—Mezières—Soissons—Verdun—Belfort, I immediately made off due South-West for a reason I may not give. I managed with the utmost difficulty to find someone to carry my kit, but at length persuaded an old peasant whom I found weeding (probably the last weeds he would ever dig) to act as my courier, and even then I had to resort to the vulgar strategy of pretending to be a Uhlan.

We joined the throng boarding an old motor-bus (6½ h.p.). There was nothing to show to outward appearance that the dreaded Germans were within 250 miles of the little townlet where I found myself (name suppressed). After booking my room at the only decent hotel in the place, I cast about for something to eat. Alas, the only eatables were roast duck and apple tart (the last probably we should ever see). I then unpacked my kit, and after folding my riding breeches I placed them under the mattress, wondering when I should take them out again. It is curious how even the simplest necessities of life mechanically assert themselves in the midst of the most strenuous and adventurous circumstances.

Troops, troops, troops, and yet again troops. And people still go on living their daily lives. I saw two men seated in a *café* playing draughts, and they quarrelled over a move as though they had never heard tell of the KAISER. Such is *la guerre*. I am rapidly polishing up my French which I learnt at —, how many years ago I may not say.

We know little of the German plans, and that much it is useless for me to communicate as the Censor is stopping all news of any interest. But this we do know here in our little town of — that the KAISER will undoubtedly defeat the English armies if he can. To-day I saw an officer who had been sent back to count the milk-cans on a large dairy-farm (probably the last cans he would ever count); as he clattered down the road, mounted on his charger, I stepped in front of him and held up my hand, in which was a recent copy of *The Daily Cry and Echo*. The officer with difficulty stopped, as his horse reared on seeing the paper in my hand. I then asked him where he would advise me to go, as I wanted to be where the fire was hottest. He at once told me to go to (name withheld). I often think of that gay young officer and wonder what he is doing.



Mabel. "MOTHER, DEAR! I DO HOPE THIS WAR WON'T BE OVER BEFORE I FINISH MY SOCK!"

To-night I sat up late (how late we used to sit up in London!) sewing a button on my (word excised) and darning one of the legs. I am now dashing this off to catch the morning post (probably the last post that will ever leave for England). I could not sleep for thinking that in a few days' time I may hear the boom-boom-boom of the German 17.44 guns, the sound of which has been likened to a puppy yelping. Such is war.

I hope later on to send an important document dealing with the dispositions of the various armies engaged. I have been fortunate enough to get a glimpse of plans not more than a month old which a Colonel of Howitzers carelessly left in the pocket of his bathing-suit.

"HOT PURSUIT.  
BRITISH PRESS ON HEELS OF ENEMY."  
People.

At last the British Press is getting to the front.

We are officially informed that, when every cat and dog in the German Empire has been enrolled and armed, each cat will be allowed to provide its own kit.

"Physically, Mr. Owen is a fine type, and his height is almost double that of the originator of the Welsh Army Corps—the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—*Western Mail*."

If we allow Mr. OWEN a generous 8 feet, this would make Mr. LLOYD GEORGE about 4 ft. 2 in. He *must* be taller than that.



## THE CHOICE.

THE scene was Maida Vale—in the home of Julius Blumenbach, an Englishman of one generation.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Blumenbach on his return from his office, "it won't do. The time has come to take the plunge. We have often talked about it, but now we must act. Only this morning I received five letters closing the account—all because of the name."

"You know I have urged it on you often enough," said Mrs. Blumenbach. "And not only have I thought it necessary, but my relatives have urged it too."

Mr. Blumenbach repressed a gesture of impatience. "I know, I know," he said. "Well, we must do it. *The Times* has a dozen notices of changed names every day."

"The question is what shall the new one be?" his wife replied. "We must remember it's not only for ourselves and the business, but it will be so much better for the boys, too, when they go to Eton. A good name—but what?"

"That's it," said Mr. Blumenbach. "That's the difficulty. Now I've got a little list here. I have been jotting down names that took my fancy for some time past. Of course there are many people who merely translate their German names, but I think we ought to go farther than that. We ought to be thorough while we are about it."

"Yes, and let us be very careful," said Mrs. Blumenbach. "It's a great responsibility—a critical moment. It's almost as critical as—for a woman—marriage. Let us take a really nice name."

"Of course," said her husband. "That goes without saying."

"Yes," she continued, "but a name that goes well with 'Sir' or 'Lady.' You never know, you know."

"I don't see, myself, that 'Sir Julius Blumenbach' would sound so bad," said her husband; "I've heard worse."

"But 'Sir Julius Kitchener,' for example, would sound better," said Mrs. Blumenbach.

Mr. Blumenbach started. "You don't really suggest—" he began.

"No, I don't," she replied. "But I

want you to see that while we're about it we may as well be thorough. If at the present moment we have a name which is disliked here, how much wiser, when taking another, to choose one which is popular!"

"True," Mr. Blumenbach said. "But 'Kitchener.' Isn't that—"

"Too far? Perhaps so," said his wife. "Then what about 'French'?"

"A little too short," said her husband. "I favour three syllables."

"Then 'Smith-Dorrien'?"

"Scotch?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I hadn't been thinking that way," said Mrs. Blumenbach, "but I agree—why not 'Sir Julius Macdonald'? Yes, that's all right."

"Or 'Mackenzie'?" said Mr. Blumenbach, consulting his list.

"I prefer 'Macdonald.'"

"Or 'Macintosh'?"

"No, no."

"Or 'Abercrombie'?"

"Too long."

"'Lauder'?"

"No, I think not."

"He's very popular."

"I know; but the music-hall? No," said Mrs. Blumenbach, taking up a pen, "let it be 'Macdonald.'" She traced the name. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed suddenly, dropping the pen and pushing away the paper with a gesture of finality, "of course it can't be that."

"Why ever not?" Mr. Blumenbach insisted.

"Fancy you not knowing!" Mrs. Blumenbach replied. "You of all people! Why, think of the linen and the silver—all the monograms. Everything would have to be marked afresh. It must begin with B, of course."

"Of course," said Mr. Blumenbach, mopping his brow as the terrible truth broke on him, "of course! What an idiot I have been! Of course it must begin with B. The expense!"

"But fancy you not thinking of that!" Mrs. Blumenbach insisted.

"Yes, fancy. It's worry over the war. I'm not myself."

"Poor dear! You can't be," said his wife. "Well, what shall we do now?"

"Oh, let's be shy of hyphens," he replied.

"Why?" she asked. "I've always had rather a partiality for them. They're very classy in England, too, as you would know if you were as English as I am."

"I am English!" said Mr. Blumenbach fiercely.

"Yes, dear, but not quite so—Still, let us pass that over. The point is—"

"No hyphens, anyway," said Mr. Blumenbach. "They're dangerous. They carry too much family history. No, a straightforward plain name is best. Like, say, 'Macdonald.'"

"It's all right," said Mr. Blumenbach. "I'll go to the British Museum to look out the B's in the Edinburgh Directory."

"Do, dear, do!" said his wife, and he hurried for his hat. "Just to think of you not thinking of that!" she repeated, as he bade her farewell.

"Yes, indeed!" he replied. "But it's the war, I'm sure. I'm sure it's the war."

Later in the day he returned, a potential Sir Julius Bannockburn.

**Shakespeare Germanised.**

One touch of NIETZSCHE makes the whole world sin.



*Enthusiast (explaining the situation). "LET THIS 'ERE MEAT-AXE BE THE RUSSIANS A-COMIN' IN ON THE EAST; THE CARVIN'-KNIFE'S THE FRENCHIES ALONG 'ERE; OUR BOYS IS THE MUSTARD-POT; AND 'ERE'S THE GERMANS—THIS 'ERE PLATE O' TRIPE."*



# SOUND AND FURY.

A DOUBLE Dutch Agency circulates a report of a great patriotic concert recently held in Berlin. The programme, which is printed on a mere scrap of paper, was as follows:—

## A GRAND PRUSSIAN PATRIOTIC CONCERT

IN AID OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT  
WAR FUND

Will be held in the  
DISMANTLED BRITISH EMBASSY.

### PROGRAMME.

I.

#### SELECTION:

"Hail, Smiling Marne."

*Band of the Imperial Prussian Guard.*

II.

#### SONG:

"Father, dear Father, come Home with me now."

*Words and music by  
the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.*

III.

#### BANJO RECITAL:

"The Sally of our Ally."

*Words and music by  
the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH.*

IV.

#### CHORUS:

"Forty Years On."

*Setting arranged by  
Count VON MOLTKE the Second.*

V.

#### SONG:

"Oft in the Stilly Night."

*Words and music by  
COUNT ZEPPELIN, composer of  
"What does little Birdie say?"*

VI.

#### RECITAL:

"The Blue Carpathian Mountains."  
*The Viennese Orchestra.*

VII.

#### HUMOROUS SONG:

"The Bonny Bonny Banks."

*Arranged by  
the Imperial Minister of Finance.*

VIII.

#### SONG:

"And Nobody cares for Me!"

*Respectfully dedicated to  
the GERMAN EMPEROR.*

IX.

GRAND PATRIOTIC CHORUS (in which  
the audience is requested to join):  
"PRUSSIA EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN  
THIS DAY WILL GRAB HIS BOOTY."



"GREAT SCOTT! I MUST DO SOMETHING. DASHED IF I DON'T GET SOME MORE FLAGS FOR THE OLD JIGGER!"

## THE STEEPLE.

THERE 's mist in the hollows,  
There 's gold on the tree,  
And South go the swallows  
Away over sea.

They home in our steeple  
That climbs in the wind,  
And, parson and people,  
We welcome 'em kind.

The steeple was set here  
In 1266;  
If WILLIAM could get here  
He 'd burn it to sticks.

He 'd burn it for ever,  
Bells, belfry and vane,  
That swallows would never  
Come home there again.

He 'd bang down their perches  
With cannon and gun,  
For churches is churches,  
And WILLIAM 's a Hun.

So - mist in the hollow  
And leaf falling brown—  
Ere home comes the swallow  
May WILLIAM be down!

And high stand the steeples  
From Lincoln to Wells,  
For parsons and peoples,  
For birds and for bells!

"It makes things clearer, for example, if  
one knows that a howitzer gun drops its shells,  
while an ordinary field gun fires them to all  
intents and purposes vertically."

*Weekly Dispatch.*

Much clearer.





*Youthful Patriot.* "OH, MUMMY, YOU MUST SPEAK TO BABY: HE'S MOST AWFULLY NAUGHTY. HE WON'T LET NURSE TAKE HIS VEST OFF, AND (in an awe-struck voice) HE KEEPS ON SCREAMING AND YELLING THAT HE LIKES THE GERMANS! ANYBODY MIGHT HEAR HIM."

### A WAR-HORSE OF THE KING.

I KNEW you in the first flight of the Quorn,  
One who never turned his gallant head aside  
From bank or ditch, from double rail or thorn,  
Or from any brook however deep and wide;  
I know the love your owner on you spent;  
I know the price he put upon your speed;  
And I know he gave you freely, well content,  
When his country called upon him in her need.

I have seen you in the bondage of the camp  
With a heel-rope on a pastern raw and red,  
Up and fighting at the stable-picket's tramp  
With the courage of the way that you were bred;  
I have seen you standing, broken, in the rain,  
Lone and fretting for a yesterday's caress;  
I have seen your valour spur you up again  
From the sorrow that your patient eyes express.

Now in dreams I see your squadron at the Front,  
You a war-horse with a hero on your back,  
Taking bugles for the horn-blast of the hunt,  
Taking musketry for music of the pack;  
Made and mannered to the pattern of the rest,  
Gathered foam—and maybe blood—upon your rein,  
You'll be up among the foremost and the best,  
Or we'll never trust in Leicestershire again!

### IN A GOOD CAUSE.

War or no war, the children must have their Christmas presents, and they wouldn't look at the usual toys made in Germany, even if they could be had this year. The Women's Emergency Corps has the matter in hand. Some fascinating models have been designed and registered, and many women who were in need of work are engaged in copying them under skilled direction. Funds are needed badly at the start, though the scheme will eventually support itself. For the children's sake, and even more for the sake of the women-breadwinners to whom the war has brought distress, *Mr. Punch* begs his generous friends to help this work. Gifts should be sent to The Duchess of Marlborough, Old Bedford College, 8, York Place, Baker Street, W.

### IN MEMORY.

TO THOSE WHO DIED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

Not theirs to triumph yet; but, where they stood,  
Falling, to dye the earth with brave men's blood  
For England's sake and duty. Be their name  
Sacred among us. Wouldst thou seek to frame  
Their fitting epitaph? Then let it be  
Simple, as that which marked Thermopylae:—  
"Tell it in England, thou that passest by,  
Here faithful to their charge her soldiers lie."





## THE GREAT GOTH.

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN A NEO-GOTHIC CATHEDRAL AT POTSDAM.









Newly-gazetted Subaltern. "GIRLS! GIRLS! YOU REALLY MUSTN'T CROWD ROUND ME LIKE THIS. I'VE MISSED TWO SALUTES ALREADY."

## OUR DUMB ENEMIES.

ALTHOUGH the German army already owes much of its efficiency to useful hints garnered from the animal kingdom—such as the goose-step, which has been employed with such conspicuous success in the streets of Brussels—we were hardly prepared for the far-reaching mobilisation of the more familiar mammals which is now foreshadowed. It is true that we had already been much impressed by the KAISER's threat to continue the war to the last breath of man and horse, but it is none the less startling to learn, on American authority, that the German Government would, at a pinch, be prepared to arm every cat and dog in the Empire. It will thus be open to the future historian to speak of "the cats of war."

There is another branch of the community which should not be overlooked—if the KAISER is willing to take a suggestion—in the form of the domestic cattle of the Fatherland. These, we believe, are admirably adapted to attack in close formation upon entrenched positions. And much might be done with the rats from the

cellars of Munich—than which no finer natural warriors exist.

But the new menace must be met. Fortunately, if zoological warfare is to become an accomplished fact, the British Empire has great untapped resources. It is rumoured that a Camel Corps has been despatched from India already, and a squadron of elephants should be a match for a whole Army Corps of dachshunds.

On the whole we welcome the new departure. It may lead—who knows?—to the establishment of a higher standard in German civilized warfare.

An interesting light has been thrown on this new mobilisation by a letter concealed in the whiskers of the captured mascot (a Tortoiseshell) of a Bavarian regiment. It runs as follows:—

POTSDAM.

(Can't divulge address.)

DEAR GRETCHEN,—Awful bad luck for poor Schneider. He went to enlist and was told to register! Of course he's got a streak of the Persian in him on his mother's side, and used to brag about it, as we all know; but now it's done him in the eye, and he's fairly mad. Carl is in the commissariat and tells me we've got three million tins of

sardines; so that's all right as far as it goes; but, if there's any weakness in the victualling department, I shall be the first to leave the colours.

They're making one huge mistake. The dogs are called out too. You know what German dogs are—sausage-food, we call them. Of course they'll be cut up and give the show away. But, if they're in the first line with us behind them, they'll have to fight somebody.

Albrecht is in the Royal Blacks (Empress's own). Max has joined the 3rd Tabbies, and I've got a command in the 10th Tortoiseshells.

Your one and only

PUSS IN PRUSSIANS.

P.S.—It's a joke with the Tabby regiments that they've got their stripes already.

"Ste. Menchould is 32 miles due west of Verdun. Montfaucon is 18 miles north-east of Ste. Menchould and a dozen miles north-west of Verdun."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The War has changed many things; among them the triangle's old habit of having two of its sides together greater than the third. But there; "necessity," as the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR says, "knows no law."



## THE WATCH DOGS.

IV.

DEAR CHARLES,—Half-a-dozen officers of the battalion, including your own pet terrier, have got cut off from the main body, but are all alive and well, as you shall hear. We have come down from our war to our peace station in order to gather together the few hundred recruits who have been enrolled to bring up the brigade to its proper establishment, and fill the places of those luckless fellows whose flesh was too weak for Imperial service, however willing their spirit might have been. I must say I was more sorry for the "medically unfit" than I have ever been for anyone in this hard world, when we took affectionate leave of them.

The recruit is an excellent fellow, whose only fault is that he didn't start before. Now and then he is a plutocrat, as I have found to my cost. It was my first job to prearrange the lodging of two hundred of them in their temporary billet, an unoccupied mansion originally designed to house twenty persons at the outside. There was an overflow, as you may imagine, which had to be lodged in the outhouses. The garage I marked out for twenty-five, leaving it to themselves to decide whether or not the inspection-pit was the place of honour reserved for the N.C.O. in charge. Other business prevented my receiving them at the front gate and conducting them to their several rooms. When

I did arrive on the scene it was my heartrending duty to explain to Privates Anstruther and Vernon that the reason why they couldn't find their bedroom was because they had filled it with their motor-cars. But it is wonderful how people can settle down to anything; an hour later I found the twenty-five of them comfortably tucked in for the night, crooning unanimously, "There's no place like home!" To-day they have chalked up on the wall, "The Ritz Private Boarding Establishment; well-aired beds; bring your own straw. Excellent cuisine. No garage."

This is the sort of remark which, as you go the rounds of the mess tables, you have to pretend you have not heard: "The officer wants to know if you have all got plenty of potatoes. Every man stand up and say 'I have';" and, to demonstrate the camaraderie

which exists in the hard circumstances of military life, "George, lend me your slice of bacon to clean my knife with." The most moving reply I have personally received came from one of the less-educated section. I asked to what company he was attached, and he didn't know, "Who is your captain?" I said, "I'm with the scuppered 'at," was the descriptive reply. Captain Herne has since lectured his gang on the rudiments of military discipline, first, however, replenishing his neglected equipment.

And now let us turn from the domestic aspect to the infantry training, and let me tell you all about outposts, their duty and their manner of

nerves, and when something substantial does emerge which one may get a grip on. . . what use is it for an officer to say that no violence is required and enough is done for present purposes if the enemy is successfully observed and quietly apprehended? The first enemy to approach turned out, on arrest, to be just an innocuous cow; but this disappointment served only to make the aspect of my men even more menacing. The next arrival was a hapless scout of the attacking party: he had come to surprise, but was himself violently surprised. What advice and exhortations I had to give were lost in the hubbub. "Put up your fists, chaps, and let him have it!" was the order, which was obeyed. The necessity for silence was forgotten; here was something upon which to wreak all the pent-up feelings consequent upon a month's perusal of German atrocities. It was excusable, if unsporting, for the scout to bite the thumb of his nearest assailant—and a good thorough bite it was. It fell to my lot later to dress the wound; as I did so the casualty explained to me fully and often the exact circumstances of the case. But he was not angry about it; far from it. With an expression of feature combining interested enquiry with perfect readiness to accept whatever might be in the proper order of infantry training, he said, "And then 'e bit me thumb, Sir. Was that right?"

D'Arcy and I had an awkward moment the other day. We turned into a wayside golf



Humorist (to Cinema Commissionaire). "Now VEN, WILHELM, GIVE US ONE OR TWO GOOSE-STEPS!"

performing it. Outpost companies, it must be remembered, do their work at night. I don't know, Charles, whether you have ever sat under a hedge for hours on end in the dark, waiting the approach of the enemy. It must be bad enough in real warfare, where there is a chance of his turning up; but in practice it is worse, for there is the certainty that he *must* turn up. He left the camp an hour before you did yourself, and, if he does succeed in getting through your lines, he'll never let you hear the last of it.

Now you must remember that my fellows had spent many weary days "sloping arms," only to unslope them again almost immediately, and in other sufficiently bloodless pursuits. They are naturally of a pugilistic breed, and the attacking party comprised old-time opponents. Constant efforts to keep a watch in the dark are trying to the

club in an emergency, and begged to be allowed to buy our tea there. Even as we did so the Secretary himself arrived in a motor car, which, as we were not aware, had but a little while ago overtaken Major Danks and the half battalion under his charge. Even the Secretary himself, accustomed to ignore foot-passengers, did not appreciate that he had roused the Major's wrath by the haste of his overtaking. The Secretary was, to us, politeness itself—nay more, he insisted upon our being the guests of the club not only on that occasion but on every available opportunity. Other members gathered round and endorsed his view. We returned thanks in brief and soldierly speeches. There were, by way of reply, votes of confidence, and, in rejoinder, expressions of reciprocated esteem. The invitation was extended to every officer in the battalion, and





Scene: Playground of sand in a London park.

Kind-hearted Old Lady. "THAT LITTLE BOY LOOKS VERY LONELY. WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM TO PLAY WITH YOU?"  
 Little Girl. "OW, DON'T TIKIE NO NOTICE OF 'IM, LIDY. 'E'S SWANKIN' 'COS 'E'S BIN TO THE SEASIDE."

then we withdrew to the wash-house to prepare to receive hospitality. Hardly had we departed when the Major arrived, and we returned from our ablutions, if not into the open, at least sufficiently near to hear him reprimanding the Secretary in the most violent terms, threatening arrest to the miscreant chauffeur, and, indeed, the annihilation of the whole clubhouse and links, and every man, woman and child in or about them. Old man, I have never less enjoyed a meal at others' expense than I did the tea which followed.

Acting temporarily as Quarter-Master I went to the butcher's to-day. "A nice morning, Sir," said he. What could he do for me? "What about some beef?" said I. "About ten pounds?" he suggested. "Nearer two hundred," I replied . . . "Good day," he concluded, as he bowed me out of the shop. "A very nice morning, Sir."

I'll tell you my opinion of these soldiers, Charles, amateur or professional. Feed them like princes and pamper them like babies, and they'll complain all the time. But stand them up to be shot at and they'll take it as a joke, and rather a good joke, too.

Yours ever, HENRY.

## ONE OF THE SECRETS OF RUSSIAN SUCCESS.

(By our Military Expert.)

THE brief statement from Headquarters at Petrograd that on the South-West front Wszlmysl has fallen and that the pursuit of the Austrians has reached Mlprknik has a significance that may easily be overlooked by those who are unfamiliar with the topography of the district and its pronunciation. Wszlmysl (pronounce Wozzle-mizzle) is a large fortified town in the district of Mprzt (pronounce Ha-djisha), at the junction of the rivers Ug (pronounce Oogh) and Odzwl (pronounce Odol), about ten miles to the N.E. of Ploschkin (pronounce as written), with which it is connected by an electric tramway. The information available shows that the garrison of Wszlmysl (pronounce Woolloomoolloo) deserted their guns and retreated in haste with the Russians in hot pursuit. Now, inasmuch as this fortress has been pronounced by the Russian expert, Colonel Shumsky (pronounce Sch-tehoomsky), to be stronger than either Namur or Liège, the precipitate retirement of the Austrians can only be accounted for by a complete breakdown of moral.

The cause of this breakdown may escape most observers, but it is in reality simple enough. It has long been known that the Austrians have found themselves terribly handicapped by their inability to deal faithfully with the consonantal difficulties presented by the names of towns and districts in which the ethnic basis is Slav and not Teutonic. Quite recently, on the capture of the town of Prtnkévichsvntchiskow (unpronounceable, and only to be approximately rendered with the assistance of a powerful Claxon horn), the garrison were found to be in a deplorable condition of aphasia and suffering from chronic laryngitis. We have therefore the best grounds for believing that a similar cause operated in the case of the Austrian defenders of Wszlmysl. They fled because they were unable to cope with the vocal exigencies of the situation.

To sum up, we have in our Eastern ally a nation not only great in numbers, in warlike prowess, and in enthusiasm for their cause, but also fortified by the possession of a language so rich in phonetic variety and so formidable in consonantal concentration as to strike terror into opponents of lesser linguistic capacity.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THOSE WHO SIT IN JUDGMENT."

IN days of great national tension the public needs some coaxing to be got into the theatre at all. Our managers should either, at the risk of appearing callous, offer us a pure distraction from the strain of things or else provide something in harmony with the emotions of the time. But frankly I cannot find in the programme at the St. James's any apparent sign of consideration for present conditions. It is true that it supplies excellent entertainment for Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who has plenty of occupation in a part that suits him well. But I was thinking, selfishly enough, of my own needs and those of other non-combatants.

I admit that the scene in West Africa was a diverting novelty. I had never before, to my recollection, met a native monarch from the Gold Coast, and I have pleasure in accepting the assurance of Mr. CROWTHER, Secretary for Native Affairs in this district, that they are like that. But it was impossible to feel any very deep concern as to what might happen to the damaged hero (*Michael Trent*) on his return to England after the failure of his rubber schemes. The best he could hope for, by way of consolation for being misunderstood, was to become a co-respondent in a suit brought by the chief siter-in-judgment. Even so we might have contrived a little sympathy if the woman's fifth-rate environment had not made any community of tastes hopelessly improbable. For her, too, it seemed to us a poor business that the only encouragement she could offer him in the undeserved ruin of his career was to get it blasted all over again—and this time on a true charge—by running away with him.

But the rubber-man in the play was never a hero. There in his Gold Coast shanty we see his lover's young brother dying of fever under his eyes. Yet from the moment when he himself gets a touch of the same complaint he takes to brandy, and practically loses all further interest—at any rate of a coherent kind—in the fate of his protégé. And at the end—though he seems to take a good deal of personal pride in the prospect—the only heroism that lies before him is the living-down of a sordid scandal in the divorce-court.

As *Michael Trent*, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER played excellently, and I have nothing to say against either the quality or the quantity of his work, except that in the First Act the tale of his experience in the Beresu forest, which began with a very natural air, developed into something like a recitation. He might almost

have been Mr. ROOSEVELT, in a mood of exaltation, describing his river to the Geographical Society. That clever actress, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, had to play a difficult part as *Trent's* lover, in a vein that, I think, is new to her. She did it well, though she seemed to start on a note of intensity which left her too little margin for the time when she really needed it; her appeal, too, was rather to our intelligence than our hearts. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, waiving his gift of deliberate humour, showed himself a master of the petty meannesses of a certain phase of suburban banality. Mr. VOLPÉ presided, with the right rotundity of a rubber company's chairman, over a very spirited meeting of indignant shareholders. And, finally, nothing became Mr. REGINALD OWEN so well as the manner of his dying. O. S.

## "YOUNG WISDOM."

*Victoria* was very young and very, very wise. She knew all about the slavery of the marriage-tie, the liberty of the female subject, and high-sounding things of that sort, and kept books of advanced thinking secretly under her mattress—where her little brother found them and thought them dull, and her mother found them and thought them rather funny. *Victoria's* theory was that all marriages ought to be preceded by a trial trip, but it was her sister *Gail* who had the pluck to put this theory into practice. She insisted on her young man, *Peter*, eloping with her on the night before their wedding. *Peter*, a simple gentleman with a mouth permanently open, was reluctantly persuaded. Whereupon *Christopher*, the best man, engaged to *Victoria*, insisted upon *Victoria* also living up to her theory and eloping without clerical assistance—which she did almost as unwillingly as *Peter*. The two couples meet at midnight in an old moorland cottage rented by an artist called *Max* (no, not the one you think), whereupon two important things happen:—

(1) *Gail* decides in about twenty minutes that she loves *Max*, not *Peter*. (2) *Victoria* decides that she hates trial trips. So they all five go back together, and, after a lot of "Tut-tut-what-the-blank-upon-my-souls" from the military stage-father, they sort themselves out again and get married properly—*Peter* being left over with a cold in the head.

The author, Miss RACHEL CROTHERS, has not strained herself severely in writing *Young Wisdom*, and the result is a pleasantly innocent little play, which, thanks to the Misses MARGERY MAUDE and MADGE TITHERADGE as the

two sisters, and Mr. JOHN DEVERELL as *Peter*, gave us all a good deal of pleasure. Miss MAUDE had a part with a little comedy in it for once, and she played it delightfully. M.

## MEDITATIONS ON MUSHROOMS.

WE were playing the ancient and honourable game of acrostics and we had to think of and describe a word bounded on the West by the initial E, and on the East by the final H.

"That which you can never have of mushrooms," was one of the descriptions. It was, of course, guessed at once—"Enough;" and could there be a truer compliment to this strange exotic delicacy, which costs nothing but a walk in an early autumnal morning and is more choice than the rarest flavours ever designed by the most inspired of chefs? For certainly there has never been enough of them. I, at any rate, have never had enough. The thought of mushrooms missed must add pathos to many a death-bed.

It is a terrible moment when the dish comes in and one rapidly notes the disparity between the paucity of its contents and the vast and eager anticipation of the company. For it is useless to attempt to conceal greed when mushrooms arrive. A certain amount of dissimulation has mercifully been given by a wise Providence to all of us for the lubrication of the cogs of daily life; but it does not extend so far as this. And particularly so if the mushrooms have been fried in butter. Stewed they are not of course to be undervalued, especially if one dares to soak one's bread in the juice; nor even reposing in tragic isolation on Juan Fernandezes of toast; but the real way is to fry them in butter. As I say, it is a terrible moment when the dish arrives and the faces of the guests are studied; but should there be one present, or—more ecstatic moment still—two, who confess to a dislike of this perilous fungus, then what an access of rapture by way of compensation! Truly wise hostesses have been known to murmur something about toadstools and risk, as an encouragement to the doubters; or if they don't their husbands do. It is however no real good! Even with two defaulters the dish does no more than stimulate desire; whilst such is its power of fascination that consummate gourmets have been known to express no dismay at the possibility of poison being there, a death so won being worth dying.

Mushrooms, to win such homage as this, must be picked in the fields and cooked at home. The forced mushrooms which grow under the shelf in





### THE BULL-DOG BREED.

*Officer.* "Now, my lad, do you know what you are placed here for?"

*Recruit.* "To prevent the enemy from landin', Sir."

*Officer.* "And do you think that you could prevent him landing all by yourself?"

*Recruit.* "Don't know, Sir, I'm sure. But I'd have a dam good try!"

the greenhouse or in a corner of the cellar lack something of divinity; while there is not a restaurant *chef* in the world who has not a long record of ruined mushrooms to his name. No sooner does a public cook get at a mushroom than it begins to deteriorate. When the *chef* comes in at the door the savour flies out of the window. It is a point of honour with him. When therefore I said that one can never have enough mushrooms I meant at home.

It is an injustice to the mushroom to eat it as an adjunct to other food; while there is one meat which in alliance it renders unwholesome. The odd thing is that every one differs as to what this meat is; but my own hazy recollection says mutton. Still that prohibition is not for us, who know the only way in which mushrooms should be eaten: fried, with bread and butter, and the butter spread too thick.

It is rumoured that the freedom of Hunstanton is to be conferred on the KAISER.

### "BUSINESS AS USUAL."

CORKEY is the School Attendance Officer and a terror to every boy in the neighbourhood. He looks at the truant and says fiercely, "Where was you?" Then he wags a savage finger at him. "Yes, you was," he says, "you was, you know you was. I caught you in the fact." No boy has ever been known to withstand him.

Yet Corkey has a heart.

William Frederick Wright is our chief boy scout. In the first great days of the war, William was on duty at a railway bridge up the line. Local fame placed him somewhere between FRENCH and KITCHENER. Sent to round up the truant, Corkey reported in glowing words, "*Guarding his country.*"

A second week's absence produced the same report. Then business instinct began to war with patriotism in the breast of Corkey. During the third week he once more looked the culprit up.

His report was grim and terse. "Warned him," he wrote.

On the following Monday William sadly returned.

### THE AWAKENING.

ERE our lesson to the KAISER,  
Self-anointed Lord of Earth,  
Left that furious monarch wiser  
Re our troops' intrinsic worth,  
Frankly, I had thought you flighty,  
Callous to the very core;  
Lovely?—yes, like Aphrodite;  
Nothing more.

Later, when you slaked your thirsting  
For an apron, cuffs and cap,  
Long before the war-cloud, bursting,  
Made a mess of Europe's map,  
Though your mind showed some improvement,  
Lady, I conceived you had  
Joined a purely social movement  
For a fad.

Now the scales at length uplifted  
From my eyes in you reveal,  
Verily, a woman gifted  
With the power to help and heal.  
So I send, for shame, these verses  
Where you brave the battle's brunt,  
One of England's noble Nurses  
At the front.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

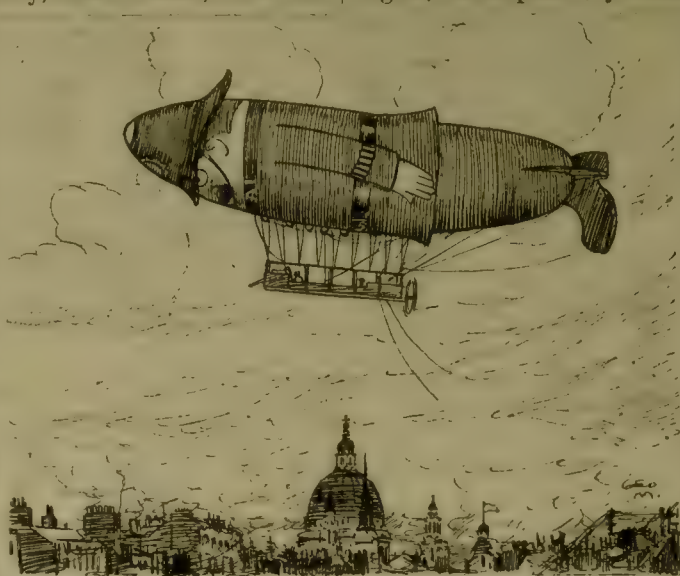
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I ALWAYS open a new book by GERTRUDE ATHERTON with a pleasant grace-before-meat sensation of being already truly thankful for what I am about to receive. And it is hardly ever that I am disappointed. I do not mean to tell you that her latest story, which bears the attractive title *Perch of the Devil* (MURRAY), will eclipse the record of all that has gone before; but it need not do that to be well worth reading. It is a tale of mining life, set against a background of claims and veins and drifts and ores—things that I for one delight to read about because of their infinite possibilities, the romance of the gamble that is in them. There is plenty of this gamble in *Perch of the Devil* (the mountain township where the miners lived). Gregory Compton, the hero, makes his pile all right, and has some rare moments in doing it. He would have been happier if he could have enjoyed prosperity, when it came, for its own sake and for that of his pretty wife. But, though he bestowed upon her all the luxuries that successful mining commands—frocks and cars and European travel—it was another woman, *Ora*, who had his heart. And unfortunately she was the wife of his partner. It is with this quartette of characters that Mrs. ATHERTON works out her tale, an unusually small cast for a story of 373 pages; but you will hardly need to be told with what sympathetic and subtle skill she depicts them. Her art is, as always, extraordinarily minute and close. The two women especially are made to live before us with a great effect of actuality. She has wit, too, of a dry, rather grim, kind. I liked her comparison of Gregory's emotion on finding himself in love with *Ora* to that of a small boy despoising himself for a second attack of measles before he discovers the later complaint to be scarlet fever. You must read this book.

In no industrial survey of the present situation have I seen any reliable estimate of the probable output of patriotic romance. Yet the figures seem likely to be impressive. One of the earliest samples is before me now. It is called *The Gate of England* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), with the sub-title, *A Romance of the Days of Drake*, and is in every way true to its admirable type. What I mean by this is that it contains everything that you expect and are glad to find—a Virgin Queen, imperious and quick of retort, with a generous eye for the claims of gallantry; a hero who simply could not be more heroic; villains (of Spanish name, priests, murderers, all a regular bad lot), and the right proportion of female interest and humorous relief. Need I give you the details? How the hero, Captain of the Queen's body-guard, saves Her Majesty's life (a scene with a genuine thrill in it) and is rewarded by her. How he goes in command of an expedition against Channel freebooters, and finally ends up as an agent of the British Intelligence Department, finding out things about the army of His Grace

of Parma, then at Dunkirk awaiting conveyance by the Spanish fleet. He seems, however, to have been something of a failure in the way of intelligence, as by lack of this the hero managed to get himself and his companion imprisoned for spies (which indeed they were), and was only rescued by the intervention of DRAKE as the god from the machine. A pleasant, if undistinguished, tale that will be enjoyed by the young of all ages. It is a minor point, but when one finds the hero called *Christopher Stone*, and another character rejoicing in the name of *Gabriel Ray*, it is hard to acquit the author of some poverty of invention. His own name (I had almost forgotten to mention) is MORICE GERARD; and he has done better work.

*Pan-Germanism* (CONSTABLE) is a seasonable cheap reprint of a study of that egregious creed by ROLAND G. USHER, an American Professor of History. With an almost cynical candour and detachment the author analyses the origins, assumptions, justifications and pretensions, and foreshadows with some insight the miscalculations, of those who have essayed to direct the destinies of modern Germany. It is as well that this essay comes from a neutral pen; it would else be discredited as a freak of prejudice. Pan-Germanism, as here seen, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the doctrine that all is fair in war—and peace. It is no less than blank anarchy, philosophic and practical, and indefinitely less workable as a theory of international life than that of the so long discredited Sermon on the Mount. The honest Briton can find here solid justification of his cause. Perhaps it is not altogether unwholesome that our national withers don't



PERHAPS THE LONDON PUBLIC WOULD FEEL MORE SECURE IF OUR GUARDIAN AIRSHIP WERE MADE IN THIS PATTERN.

entirely escape wringing. We are a little guilty, but much less guilty than our arch-opponent; so thinks this sober and wide-eyed critic . . . Certainly, and the more significantly since it is without direction or intention of the writer, one sees behind all the tragedy of these dark weeks and of the long months and years to come the sinister picture of a man of no more than common earthly wisdom saddled with responsibilities that might well break the nerve of a council of the gods. Is it well, if the matches must be kept in the powder-magazine, to let the children in to play with them?

That he will arm the German cat and dog  
The KAISER swears in language hot and heady;  
He leaves the swine out of his catalogue  
Because the swine, it seems, are armed already.

## The Horrors of War.

"Another German officer prays for a decisive engagement which will put an end to bloody encounters. One evening he and his fellow-officers had to share between themselves a meal prepared for their men."—*Times*.

The records of the war have furnished many instances of physical hardship, but none more terrible than this.



## CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL VILLA has now declared war on President CARRANZA. Everybody's doing it. \* \*

Is there, we wonder, a single unfair weapon which the Germans have not used? It is now said that not infrequently a German band is made to play when the enemy's infantry advances to attack.

A regrettable mistake is reported from South London. A thoroughly patriotic man was sat upon by a Cockney crowd for declaring that the KAISER was a Nero.

Servia, *The Times* announces, will in future be called Serbia in our contemporary's columns. We would suggest that in the same way Bavaria might be called Babaria.

All German soldiers are close-cropped. To show, apparently, that they have the courage of the conviction they deserve.

The German officers in France are said to be extremely careful as to what they eat, betraying a great fear of being poisoned. It is, of course, a fact that one grain of vermin-killer would dispose of any one of them.

It has been suggested that the explanation of the KAISER may be that he is a "throw-back." His parents were gentlefolk, but his ancestor, FREDERICK WILLIAM I., was a well-known undesirable.

It is now stated that the reason why the German troops destroyed the historic edifices of Louvain and Rheims was the KAISER's order that no stone was to be left unturned to prove that the Germans are the apostles of Culture.

It has been decided, after all, that SHAKESPEARE may be played in Germany; and the proposal that the name of the bard should be changed to Wilhelm Sabelschüttler has been dropped in deference to the wishes of the KAISER, who thought it might lead to confusion.

It has, we are glad to see, been denied that CARPENTIER, the famous

boxer, has been wounded. This reminds us, by-the-by, of one more miscalculation that the German War Party made. In choosing their date for the outbreak of war they relied on the fact that CARPENTIER was not yet liable for service.

The Germans have had a bright new idea, and are calling us a nation of shopkeepers. Certainly we have been

Dr. KARL VOLLMÖLLER, who is chiefly notable for his spectacle "The Miracle," has, *The Express* tells us, been acting for the past month as Germany's head Press agent in Rome, and has now sailed for New York. One would have thought that there was greater need for him in Germany, where only a miracle can save the situation.

Publishers seem to be realising that books, to sell nowadays, must have warlike titles. Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN's new volume is, we note, called *A Summer in a Cañon*.

By the way, *The Price of Love* is announced. It is six shillings.

## EPITHETS FOR ACTORS.

THE dramatic critic of *The Daily Chronicle*, speaking of the first performance of *Mameena*, observes, "Mr. Oscar Asche, jutting, preponderant and softly corrugated, was a splendid Zulu chief."

Following this distinguished example, we have endeavoured to express the histrionic inwardness of some of our leading actors and actresses on similar lines:—

Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, dolicocephalic, fimbriated and supra-lapsarian, interpreted the rôle of the archdeacon with consummate skill.

Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, goliardic, tarantulated and pontostomatous, invested the character of the great financier with a fluorescent charm.

Mr. AINLEY, prognathous, salicylic and partially oxydised, made a superb lover.

Miss GLADYS COOPER, lambent, pyramidal and turturine, fully realized the polyphonic cajoleries of *Seraphina*.

## A Coincidence.

Thursday.—The Kaiser distributes 30,000 iron crosses.

Friday.—Great Britain declares pig-iron contraband of war.

Members of the Tooloona Rifle Club have collected 1,000 fat sheep as a gift to the British troops. The price of butter has been reduced to £4 per ton, and the wheels of the export trade will be immediately set in motion."

*Daily Chronicle*.

How fortunate that the price of lubrication fell just in time.



Hawker. "THIS AIN'T MY USUAL WAY O' GETTIN' A LIVIN', LIDY; BUT, OWIN' TO THE WAR, I—"

Housekeeper. "THAT'S ALL NONSENSE! WHY, TO MY KNOWLEDGE YOU HAVE BEEN ABOUT FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS."

Hawker. "YOU'LL PARDON ME, LIDY, BUT I'M REFERRIN' TO THE SOUF AFRIKIN WAR."

fairly successful so far in repelling their counter attacks.

"GERMAN PIES SHOT."

*Times*.

Sound policy this. The enemy cannot fight without his commissariat.

A well-known Floor Polish firm has issued a notice declaring that it is entirely a British concern. However, we shall not complain of their dealing with an alien-enemy if they care to supply a little of it for the benefit of German manners.



## ANOTHER "SCRAP OF PAPER."

["*The Times*" of October 1st vouches for the following Army Order issued by the German KAISER on August 19th:  
*"It is my Royal and Imperial Command that you concentrate your energies, for the immediate present, upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and walk over General French's contemptible little Army."*]

WILHELM, I do not know your whereabouts.

The gods elude us. When we would detect your Earthly address, 'tis veiled in misty doubts  
 Of devious conjecture.

At Nancy, in a moist trench, I am told  
 That you performed an unrehearsed lustration;  
 That there you linger, having caught a cold,  
 Followed by inflammation.

Others assert that your asbestos hut,  
 Conveyed (with you inside) to Polish regions,  
 Promises to afford a likely butt  
 To Russia's winged legions.

But, whether this or that (or both) be true,  
 Or merely tales of which we have the air full,  
 In any case I say, "O WILHELM, do,  
 Do, if you can, be careful!"

For if, by evil chance, upon your head,  
 Your precious head, some impious shell alighted,  
 I should regard my dearest hopes as dead,  
 My occupation blighted.

I want to save you for another scene,  
 Having perused a certain Manifesto  
 That stimulates an itching, very keen,  
 In every Briton's best toe—

An Order issued to your Army's flower,  
 Giving instructions most precise and stringent  
 For the immediate wiping out of our  
 "Contemptible" contingent.

Well, that's a reason why I'd see you spared;  
 So take no risks, but rather heed my warning,  
 Because I have a little plan prepared  
 For Potsdam, one fine morning.

I see you, ringed about with conquering foes—  
 See you, in penitential robe (with taper),  
 Invited to assume a bending pose  
 And eat that scrap of paper! O. S.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

## No. III.

(From the EMPEROR-KING OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.)

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER AND BEST FRIEND,—I seize a few moments of leisure to write and congratulate you, as I congratulate myself, on this constant succession of almost incredible victories that have brought new laurels to your arms. Your presence in Paris at the head of the splendid troops whom you have conducted from triumph to triumph places the coping-stone on your life's work. Oh, that it had been possible for your dear old grandfather—I did not always value him as he deserved—to have lived to see this glory. But, then, I suppose your part in the work would have been less brilliant and prominent, so, perhaps, all is for the best as it is.

To have captured the whole French army; to have driven the English army into the sea and drowned them in what they call their own element (by the way, when are you going to make your triumphal entry into London?); to have brought the ungrateful Belgians to recognise you not merely as their conqueror but also as their benefactor—all this is really almost enough of honour for one man. But in addition you have made the plans which have kept so many of the disgraceful Russians cooped up in their own country, and you will soon, I am sure, lead your troops to Moscow and on to Petersburg. My own brave fellows shall march shoulder to shoulder with them. Nothing will be impossible to these armies thus united and thus led.

What my noble soldiers have hitherto done has been tremendous and overwhelming. You have, of course, read the bulletins issued by our War Office. Those, however, give an inadequate idea of what has taken place, and you will, I am sure, forgive me if with the natural pride of an old man I relate to you these matters in their true proportions. We have made a military promenade through Montenegro and Serbia and have annexed both these troublesome countries. Only ten Servians and four Montenegrins have been left alive, so that in future, it may be hoped, we shall not be vexed by any of their conspiracies. In the Adriatic we have made mincemeat of the combined British and French fleets, and have thus removed from the wretched Italians any temptation to join in the war against us. It was a magnificent victory, quite equal to that in which your grand fleet sunk the whole of the British fleet in the North Sea. Finally, as you know, we have driven the Russians before us like chaff before the wind. Many hundred thousand Russians, with guns, ammunition and battle flags, have been taken prisoners and are interned here in Vienna. All these mighty deeds have been performed by our soldiers and sailors at an infinitesimal cost. I doubt if we have had two hundred men killed and wounded. Surely it is a great thing to be alive in these glorious days.

What pleases me, I may say, as much as anything else, is the wonderful example of generosity and humanity which your army and mine have been able to offer to the world. I shudder to think what would have happened to Belgium, to Germany and to ourselves, had the French, the Russians and the English been victorious. Villages would have been burnt, civilians with their women and children would have been massacred, churches and cathedrals would have been laid in ruins, and whole countries would have been devastated. It is to our glory that nothing of this sort has happened; but, after all, we need not take credit for having acted as Christians and gentlemen. We could do no other.

I am arranging for a *Te Deum* in St. Stephen's church to thank God for all the blessings He has vouchsafed to our arms. I wonder if you would consent to attend. I would arrange the date to suit you. And I hope you will bring with you some of those fine upstanding fellows of yours who have fought through the war. Some foolish persons consider them stiff and hard, but, for myself, I like to see their soldierly pride. Pray give my regards to your gracious Empress, and my love to the little princes. But, of course, they must be quite grown up by now.

Your devoted Brother and Friend,

FRANCIS JOSEPH.

P.S.—I have just heard that a large number of Russians are approaching Vienna. No doubt they are sent to sue for peace.

## How to be Useful in War Time.

"The usefulness of the map is increased by its giving weights in metres."—*Morning Post*.





## THE INCORRIGIBLES.

*New Arrival at the Front.* "WHAT'S THE PROGRAMME?"

*Old Hand.* "WELL, YOU LAY DOWN IN THIS WATER, AND YOU GET PEPPERED ALL DAY AND NIGHT, AND YOU HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!"

*New Arrival* "SOUNDS LIKE A BIT OF ALL RIGHT. I'M ON IT!"









Very proper Cook (horrified at reports of German atrocities). "REALLY, MUM, IT SEEMS AS IF THE GERMANS ARE NOT AT ALL THE THING."

## THE LAST LINE.

II.

I HAVE said that our motto is "Soldier and Civilian Too." That is our strength and our weakness; our weakness because it leaves us a little uncertain as to how we stand in matters of discipline.

I happened to be Corporal of the Guard the other evening—a delightful position. For the first time I had a little authority. True I sometimes give the man next to me a prod in the wind and whisper, "Form fours, idiot," but it is an unofficial prod, designed to save him from the official fury. Now for the first time I was in power, with the whole strength of military law behind me. So of course I got busy. As soon as the first guard had been set, and the rest of them, with their distinguished corporal and commonplace sergeant, were in the guard tent, I let myself go.

"Now then, my lad," I said to one, "look alive. Just clear this tent a bit, and then fetch some straw for my bed to-night. When you've done that, I'll think of something else for you. We've all got to work these days. Bustle up."

Without looking up from the paper

he was straining his eyes to read, he murmured lazily, "Oh, go and boil your head," and bent still lower over the news. The others sniggered.

For a moment I was taken aback. Then I saw that there was only one dignified thing to do. I went out and consulted my solicitor.

"James," I said, as soon as I had found him, "I desire your advice. Free," I added as an afterthought.

"Go on," said James, sitting up and putting the tips of his fingers together.

"It is like this. I am Corporal of the Guard." James looked impressed. "Corporal of the Guard," I repeated; "a responsible position. Practically the whole safety of the camp depends upon me. In the interests of that safety I found it necessary to give some orders just now. The reply I received was, 'Go and boil your head.' What ought I to do?"

James was thoughtful for a little.

"It depends," he said at last.

"How depends?" I asked indignantly. "He told me to go and boil my—"

"Exactly. So that it depends on who told you. If it was the Sergeant of the Guard whom you accidentally addressed—"

"Help!" I murmured, struck by a horrible fear.

"In that case," went on James, "it would be your duty to obey orders. Obtaining a large saucepan of fresh water, you would heat it to, approximately, 212 degrees Fahrenheit, at which point bubbles would begin to appear upon the surface of the pan. Then, immersing the head until the countenance assumed a ripe beetroot colour, you would return it to the Sergeant of the Guard, salute, and ask him if he had any further instructions to give you . . . No," added James, "I think I am wrong there. It would not be necessary for you to salute. Only commissioned officers are saluted in the British Army."

I had been thinking furiously while James was speaking.

"It wasn't the sergeant," I said eagerly. "I'm sure it wasn't. I noticed him particularly when we were forming up. No, James, it was an ordinary private."

"In that case the position is more complicated. On the whole I think it would be your duty to convene a court-martial and have the fellow shot."

I looked at my watch.

"How long does it take to convene



a court-martial?" I asked. "I've never convened one before."

"What matter the time!" said James grandly. "The mills may grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small."

"Quite so. But in about an hour and a quarter the guard is changed; and if, as is probable, the man who insulted me is then on guard himself, he will have the rifle. And if he has the rifle, I don't quite see how we are going to shoot him."

"You mean he mightn't give it up?"

"Yes. It would be rank insubordination, I admit, but in the circumstances one would not be surprised at his attitude."

"That is a good point," said James. "It had escaped me." He was silent again. "There's another thing, too,

I was forgetting," he added. "If he were shot, his wife might possibly object and make a fuss. The affair would very likely get into the papers—you know what the Press is. It might give the Corps a bad name."

We were both silent for a little.

"Suppose," I said, "the death penalty were not enforced, and he were merely given three days in cells?"

"But he has to get back to his work on Monday."

"True. Really, it's very hard to see how discipline can be maintained.

I almost wish now that I wasn't a temporary non-commissioned officer. As a private one simply has the time

of one's life, telling corporals all day long to go and boil their heads. I wish I were a private again."

"There's one thing you can do," said James. "You can report him to the Sergeant of the Guard."

"And what's the good of that?"

"Only that it's probably your duty," said James austere. "And I should think it's also your duty to get back to the guard-tent as soon as possible."

I rose with dignity.

"I do not consult my solicitor simply to be told my duty," I said stiffly. "All I want to know is, Can I bring an action against him?"

"No," said James.

"In that case I will return. Good evening."

I went back to the guard-tent. The mutineer was still reading, but now there was a light to read by. He looked up as I came in. I had had

that uneasy feeling all along, and now I knew. It was the Sergeant.

I saluted. It may be wrong, as James says, but a salute or two thrown in can't do any harm.

"May I speak to you, Sergeant?" I said respectfully, yet with an air which implied that the Germans were upon us and that the news must be kept from the others.

We went outside together.

"Awfully sorry," I said; "it was rather dark. I'm an ass."

"My dear man, that's all right," he said. "By the way you'd better see about getting some straw in. I've got to see the Adjutant." He went off, and I returned to the tent.

"I want one of you to help me get some straw," I said mildly.



Recruiting Officer. "WHAT'S THE GOOD OF COMING HERE AND SAYING YOU'RE ONLY SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD? GO AND WALK ROUND THAT YARD AND COME BACK AND SEE IF YOU'RE NOT NINETEEN."

Three of them jumped up at once. "You stay here," they said, "we'll get it."

So there you are; there's nothing wrong with the discipline. At the same time if it were necessary to shoot anybody, I am not quite sure how we should proceed. A. A. M.

### A POSSIBLE SOURCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having recently dropped into several London theatres and halls of variety I have been struck by the numerical strength, agility and apparently abounding vitality of the young men forming the chorus. These gallant fellows sing and caper with the utmost spirit throughout the whole evening, both in musical comedy or revue; and in London alone, where revues are now being postponed at many of the outlying halls, there must be more than a thousand of them. Now and then they even go so far as

to impersonate recruits—the chorus to the recruiting songs which have crept into more than one programme—and they make, I can assure you, Sir, a very brave show with their rifles and their military paces, a little accelerated perhaps by the exigencies of the tune, but a marvel of discipline none the less.

Watching these brisk and efficient male choruses at work, the thought has come to me—in fact has often been forced upon me by the martial nature of the musical number which they were engaged in rendering with so much capability and cheerfulness—that at a time when England is particularly in need of her young men in the field, the audiences of London might consent to forgo a little of the pleasure that comes from watching ath-

letic youths covered with grease-paint and gyrating in the limelight, and, by expressing their readiness to see these necessary evolutions carried out by older men, liberate so much good material to join the Army. Such is the power of the make-up (I am told) that a man of fifty could easily be arranged to look sufficiently like a man of half his age, at any rate without imperilling the success of the entertainment from the point of view of the spectator. And of course the girls will remain in all their charm, since girls cannot enlist.

The point may be worth considering. The decision, I feel sure, rests entirely

with the public. If the public says: "Let the young men go, and give us more mature choristers for a while, and we will patriotically endeavour to endure the privation"—then all the young men will, of course, enlist as one. But unless the public says this they must remain in the choruses against the grain.

I am, Sir, Yours gratefully,  
OVER AGE.

### The Censor at Work.

Beneath a photograph of a naval officer *The Daily Mirror* says:—

"A daring raid has just been made by Commander Samson . . . The small picture shows the commander."

Beneath the same photograph *The Daily Mail* says:—

"A famous British naval airman (nameless by order of the Censor)."

But the order of the Censor came too late. *The Mirror* had given the great secret away to the KAISER, and the whole course of the war was altered.





"I 'OPES YER MISTRESS 'LL 'SCUSE ME BEIN' SO LATE WITH THE WASHIN'. YER SEE, I DESSENT COME IN DAYLIGHT FOR FEAR OF THE GOVERNMENT PINCHIN' MY 'ORSE FOR THE WAR."

### THE SAVING OF STRATFORD.

*[It has been decided, we gather, to go on playing SHAKSPEARE in Berlin, because SHAKSPEARE is so closely connected with the German race.]*

THIS was so good of you, so like your grace,  
Ye on whose brows the brand of Rheims is graven,  
To spare the poet of our common race  
And find forgiveness for the Bard of Avon;  
And all the little lore he feebly guessed,  
Phantasy, rhetoric, and trope and sermon,  
To clasp politely to your mailed breast,  
Refine, transmute and render wholly German.

Seeing in *Henry V.* a Prussian King,  
Tracing in *Hamlet* a more moody KAISER,  
You put new might into the master's wing,  
He seems more wonderful to us, and wiser;  
Not as he dimly sang in ages gone  
He warbles to us now, but wild with culture,  
Exchanging for the mere parochial Swan  
The full-mouthed war notes of the Potsdam Vulture.

So shall he live, and live eternally  
(In humble homage to the War Lord's mitten)  
"This precious stone set in the silver sea,"  
Heligoland, of course, and not Great Britain:  
A thousand carven saints are lain in dust  
In lands the Prussian Junker sets his boot on,  
But WILHELM SHAKSPEARE and his honoured bust  
Shall save themselves by being partly Teuton.

And when the hooves of those imperial swine  
Leap, as of course they will, the ocean's borders,  
And England's trampled down from Thames to Tyne,  
And Wells is burnt, and Winchester, by orders,  
It may be tears shall start into the eyes  
Of helméd colonels in our Midland valleys,  
And they shall spare the tomb where SHAKSPEARE lies;  
He was a German (*Deutschland über alles*).

Almost I seem to see the Uhlans stand,  
Paying their pious sixpences to enter  
That little homestead of the Fatherland  
That housed the dramatist in Stratford's centro;  
A trifle flushed, maybe, with English beer,  
But mutely reverent and not talking chattily,  
They write beneath their names: "A friend lives here;  
Not to be ransacked. Signed, *The Modern ATTILÆ*."

A glorious scene. The voice of KRUPP is dumb;  
Not pining now for Frankfort or for Munich,  
The sub-lieutenant slides with quivering thumb  
A picture-postcard underneath his tunic.  
Till then, if any dawn of doubt creeps in  
How best to judge the Bard and praise him rightly,  
Let me implore the actors of Berlin  
To play *Macbeth* to crowded houses nightly. *EVOR.*



### THE INTERPRETERS.

"MAY I go into the village to get my hair cut?" asked Sinclair of my wife. "I'll promise to be back for tea."

Upon her assurance that Madame Mercier was lying down and was not at all likely to appear, permission was granted. We do not generally allow Sinclair to go out of the grounds at present. He is acting as the central link which makes the continuance of the social life possible to us. For I do not think that we could have undertaken (with our deplorable ignorance of French) to entertain Belgian refugees at all had he not been staying with us. As it is, it works beautifully, though Madame Mercier and her two daughters speak no English, for Sinclair's French is perfectly adequate.

It was during his absence that we learned that my neighbour, Andrew Henderson, the dairy farmer, had also taken in a Belgian—a woman who was to work on the farm during the winter.

"Here's another chance for you, Sinclair," said I, as he appeared at the gate. "It looks as if you will have to call round every morning to interpret and give 'em a good start for the day."

Sinclair was full of zeal and set off next day after breakfast. From the drawing-room window we watched his triumphant entry into the farm-yard at the foot of the hill. But he came back in a dejected frame of mind.

"She's called Suzanne," he told us, "and she's quite a nice-looking sort of woman, and she handles a turnip-cutter like an expert; but she talks nothing but Flemish."

"We might have thought of that," said the Reverend Henry. "Still, I daresay they'll manage all right."

"On the contrary," said Sinclair. "Henderson sent Suzanne to get the letters last night. She was gone a long, long time, and at last came back with three live fowls in a sack. She had been chasing them round the hen-house for all she was worth. Things can't go on like that, you know."

The Reverend Henry had an idea. "The only way out of it," he said, "is for you and Madame Mercier both to go. She knows Flemish."

"Yes, that's it," said I. "Henderson tells you what he wants; you hand it on to Madame Mercier in French; she transmits it to Suzanne in Flemish—and there you are!"

"Right-o!" said Sinclair. "We'll have a shot to-morrow morning."

Madame Mercier, who is a kindly, gentle creature, was most anxious to help, and again we viewed the operations in the farm-yard. The Reverend Henry got out his field-glasses (which

have since been sent to Lord Roberts) and we watched the little corps of interpreters getting to work, while Suzanne, eager and expectant, like a hound on the leash, waited, shovel in hand. But it all ended in confusion and head-shaking and a dreary retreat up the hill. Madame Mercier seemed to be much amused.

"We have decided to adjourn," said Sinclair. "The truth is, we were not getting on at all. It looks as if you will have to come too."

"I was always afraid there were weak spots in you, after all, Sinclair," said the Reverend Henry. "It does not surprise me. You are all right in table French or even in domestic, railway or restaurant French, but as soon as we get outside of your beat into agricultural French—"

"It isn't that," said Sinclair. "I'm all right. It's that confounded fellow, Henderson. I'm hanged if I can understand a word of his Scotch. Never heard such a lingo in my life."

It is true that Henderson, who comes from some obscure district far North even of this, is a little difficult to understand. I have found him so myself.

"He said he wanted Suzanne to 'redd up the fauls,' as far as I could gather. Well, I have no idea what the fauls are, and I don't see how she is going to read them up in a language she doesn't understand. I had to give him up. We can't get on without your help."

That afternoon the Interpretation Committee, now increased to four active members, for Henry had insisted on coming too as referee, took up its position in the farm-yard in the form of a chain, along which communication was to pass from Henderson, through me, Sinclair and Madame Mercier to Suzanne. It was a little embarrassing for Suzanne, but she stood her ground well and waited in an admirably receptive mood, while the various items percolated through. Henderson gave me in careful detail the whole of his commands for her normal daily life, and everything seemed to go splendidly. But I am afraid the thing must have passed through too many hands before it reached its destination; for Suzanne, after many cheerful nods, suddenly broke off and turned on her heel. Then she secured an axe, which was lying against the bothy door, and walked with a steady and fixed purpose, never turning her head, out into the lane, through the gate and up the hill. We watched her spellbound till she reached the horizon, and there saw her pause, roll up her sleeves and furiously attack an old spruce tree.

It is impossible to say who was to

blame. But it is clear that the instructions (as the Frenchman said of BRAHMS' Variations) had been *diablement changés en route*.

### INDIA: 1784-1914.

THE job was for us, grin and bear;  
We'd lit on India's dust an' drought;  
We knew as we were planted there,  
But scarcely how it came about;  
And so, in rough and tumble style,  
And nothing much to make a shout,  
We set our backs to graft a while,  
And meant to stay and stick it out.

Ten hundred risky, frisky Kings,  
And on the whole a decent lot;  
And several hundred million things  
That trusted us with all they'd got;  
And so we blundered at it straight,  
And found the times was pretty hot;  
And so they smiled and called it Fate,  
And Fate it was, as like as not.

Our law was one for great and small—  
We heard 'em honest, claim for claim;  
We smooth'd their squabbles for 'em all,  
And let 'em pray by any name;  
And so we left enough alone,  
But learnt 'em plenty all the same;  
We show'd 'em what they should be shown,  
And tried to play the decent game.

For all our work we've not got much?  
P'r'aps not: but now there's come a scrap  
That's got us good with lies and such,  
And gave 'em just the chance to snap;  
And fools had thought they likely would  
(That's German-made and rattle-trap);  
They'd shout—the KAISER said they should—  
And, happen, wipe us off the map.

From snow to sand that shout has burst,  
And German lies are well belied;  
And flood calls field for who'll be first—  
They're proud to share the Empire-pride.  
It's them for Britain at the test;  
We knew they'd never stand aside;  
For when we tried and did our best  
The beggars must have known we tried.

### The German Campaign of Lies.

From a book of reference:—

"'Berlin Work.' See 'Embroidery.'"

News of a serious character reaches us from *The Toronto Daily Mail*, which announces in its index of contents:—

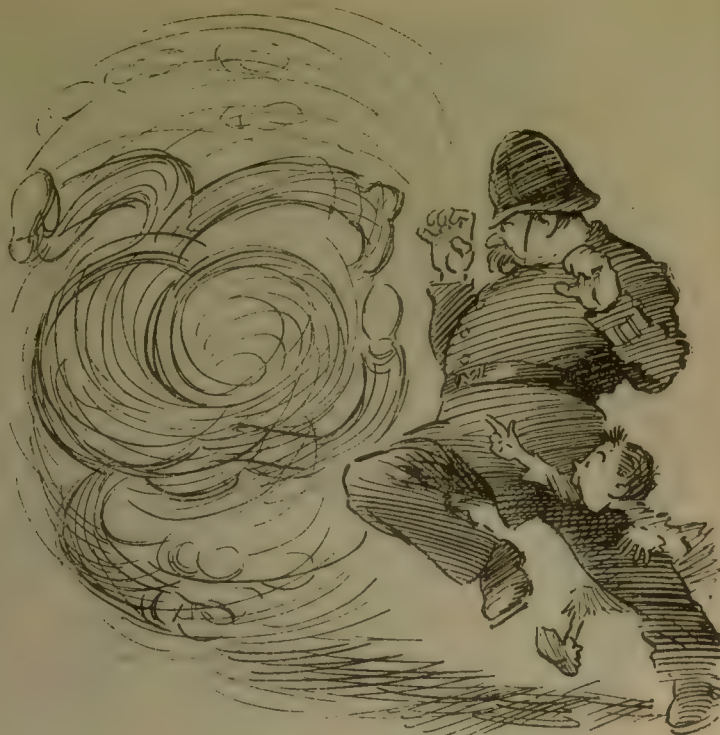
"Austrian Fleet Bombards Montenegro's Only Teapot."

Another one of true Britannia metal is being sent to our gallant ally.





"FARVER THINKS HE'S GOT A GERMAN SPY. 'E'S SITTING ON 'IS 'EAD. 'E'LL NEED 'ELP—MUVVER'S OUT!"



"THAT'S THE CHAP—'IM WIVOUT A COLLAR!"

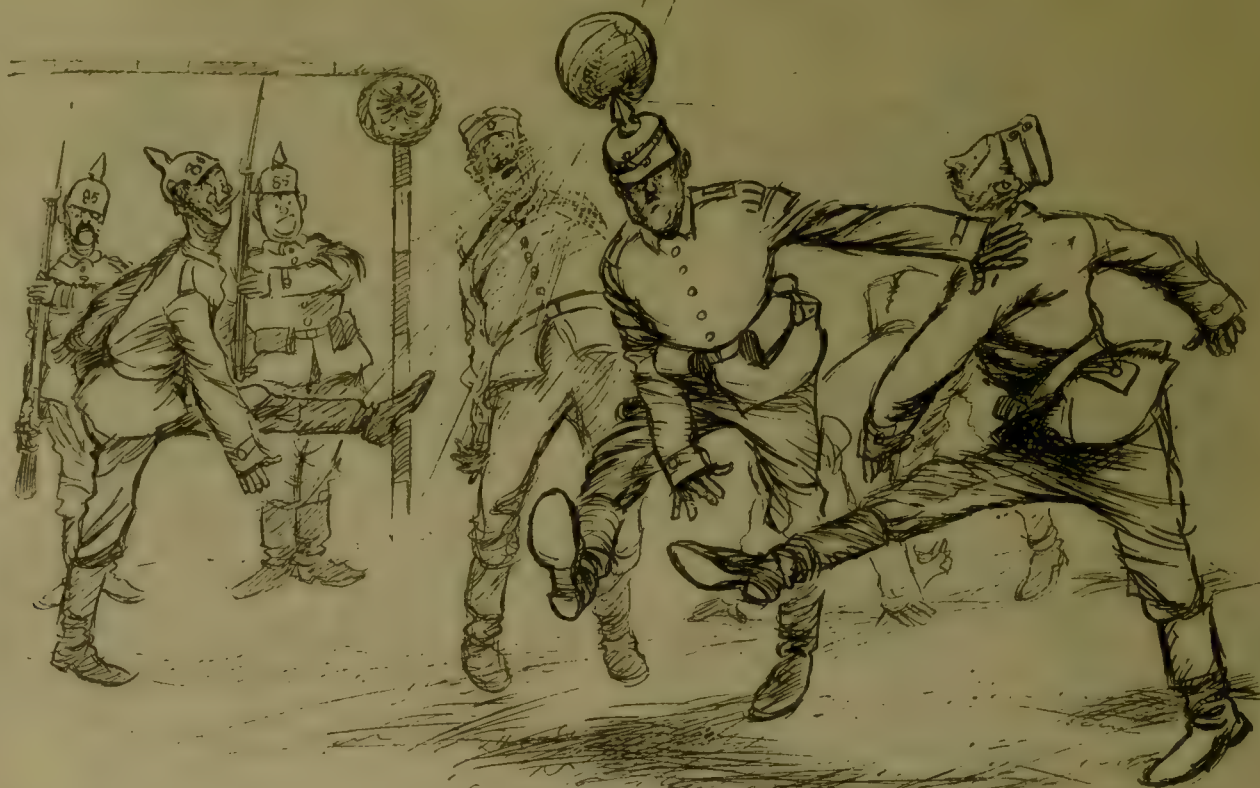


"NO!—NOT 'IM—THAT'S FARVER!"



"OH, LUMME! YOU'VE MIXED 'EM UP NOW. I DUNNO WHICH IS WHICH."





UNREPORTED CASUALTY TO THE FOOTBALL OF THE 85TH INFANTRY REGIMENT OF THE ENEMY.

## HOW TO BRIGHTEN WARFARE.

THE contents of a poster of an esteemed contemporary (I confess that I got no further than the poster), which announced "Training Eagles to Fight Airships," have led me to speculate whether something further might not be achieved in similar directions.

Why, for instance, should not rabbits be trained to upset siege guns? The innocent and docile character of the creatures would be a valuable asset in work of this nature. Even if seen—and among grass or undergrowth on a dark night a rabbit of ordinary intelligence might reasonably hope to escape detection—their real purpose might be cleverly masked until it was too late. Leisurely approaching the object of attack, lulling the suspicions of a dull-witted sentinel or patrol by stopping now to cull a leaf, now to wash a whisker, the well-trained rabbit would have no difficulty in creeping to within striking distance. Then suddenly rushing forward and throwing its whole weight against the nearest wheel of the cannon it would tilt it from its foundation and fling it

headlong to irretrievable destruction, very likely pinning several members of the gun company among its ruins.

If it is objected that the strength of an average rabbit would be unequal to the task, are there not, I would ask, strong rabbits among rabbits, just as there are strong men among men? None of the rabbits of my acquaintance could, I admit, overturn a mowing-machine; but then neither could I myself balance a coach-and-four upon my neck, yet I have seen men upon the stage who could and did. The first object of the efficient trainer would be, of course, to select suitable rabbits.

Surely something too might be done with white mice? By gnawing through the tent ropes of a sleeping enemy—especially on wet and stormy nights—they would engender a sense of strain and insecurity among our opponents that could not be without an appreciable influence on their temper and moral throughout the campaign. The tents of commanding officers of notoriously choleric nature should be the objects of persistent attention in this way.

The suitability of parrots for use in warfare is obvious. Their especial duty

would be to give misleading words of command at points of critical importance during a battle. A stealthy night attack might be converted into a hasty "strategic retirement" by an observant parrot ingratiating itself among the enemy's ranks and raising the cry, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

It is perhaps late in the season to utilise the services of trained wasps to any extent, but the possibilities of other insect auxiliaries should not be overlooked.

The Prime Minister of New Zealand as reported in *The Timaru Herald*:—

"Just one word more. With regard to Canada's offer that is reported in this evening's paper, my opinion of it may be summed up in three words: Dibra, Jukova and Ipek."

This is one of the things we could have summed up more lucidly ourselves, though perhaps not so concisely.

"Will the Soldiers who saw Lady Thrown off Tramcar on Saturday evening, about 8 o'clock, please communicate."

Adet. in "*Northampton Daily Chronicle*."

Another lovers' tiff in the gloaming?





THE ROAD TO RUSSIA.









Cyclist (taking initiative on being caught without a light). "DOUSE YOUR GLIM, MATE; WE'LL BE HAVING THEM ZEPPELINS ALL OVER US."

### BURGOMASTER MAX.

BELGIAN soldiers, martial heroes, in a world of fire and flame,  
By their fortitude and daring have achieved immortal fame,  
But there's one, a mere civilian, who a *vates sacer* lacks—  
Burgomaster MAX!

Therefore let a sorry rhymers offer you his humble meed,  
And salute your priceless service to your country in her need,  
All unarmed yet undefeated, never turning in your tracks—  
Burgomaster MAX!

*Athanasius contra mundum*—you remind us of the tag,  
You whose fearless manifestoes never brooked the German gag;  
Bucking up your fellow-townsmen when their hearts were weak as wax—  
Burgomaster MAX!

Now, alas! we read the foemen have decided to deport  
And intern you for a season in some dismal German fort,  
For your presence was distasteful to the Hun who sacks  
and "hacks"—  
Burgomaster MAX!

Yet, whatever fate befalls you, as the ages onward roll  
You will live in deathless lustre on your country's Golden Roll,  
For you faced the German bullies with the stiffest of stiff backs—  
Burgomaster MAX!

There are German financiers who now allude to him as  
"Dishonoured BILL."

### A SEA CHANGE.

Ponto in town is strictly *comme il faut*,  
A member of the most exclusive set  
(His pedigree and dwelling all may know  
Who read page 90 in the "Dogs' Debrett").

His mien is dignified, his gait is slow;  
If upstart strangers try to catch his eye  
He kicks the dust behind with scornful too,  
Averts his lifted nose and passes by.

His friends he greets with careful etiquette,  
Permits his well-poised tail-tip to vibrate,  
Then treads with them the solemn minuet  
That antique custom and good form dictate.

But Ponto by the sea! ah, who would know  
This damp wild ragamuffin on the strand  
Who importunes the passers-by to throw  
Big stones across the opal-shining sand?

Ponto dishevelled, ears turned inside out,  
Has suffered some sea change; his social worth  
Is all forgot; he leads a *Comus* rout,  
Tykes of the shore and curs of lowly birth.

Yelping with joy he brings his wolfish pack  
About my legs, as, dripping from the sea,  
I pick my way thro' shingle and wet wrack  
Beleaguered by this bandit company.

But when the day comes round to leave the shore  
Ponto puts off this maniac *Mr. Hyde*;  
Becomes a *Dr. Jekyll* dog once more  
And homeward goes serene and dignified.



## AT THE PLAY.

"MAMEENA."

THOSE who are not in the mood just now for a whole evening of exotic melodrama might look in at the Globe Theatre about 9.15, and derive a few moments' distraction from a Zulu wedding dance. I found it a better show than anything I have ever seen in the native compounds at Earl's Court. The company, of course, was mixed, but the white contingent had caught the local colour (coffee) and showed great aptitude in imitating the methods of the aborigines. Naturally there were conventions; the chiefs talked fluent English, while the Zulu supers employed their own vernacular, except in certain formal phrases, as when the "praisers" (my programme's name for a sort of

*Umbuyazi* was a far nobler figure than my conception of the CROWN PRINCE.

I may perhaps be excused if I do not dwell on the merits of the chief actors or of the plot—not too easy to grasp at the first, thanks to the difficulty we found in following the unfamiliar names of the characters. Both these interests were dominated by the attraction of the admirable setting. Fortunately the scenes were numerous and brief, but we still suffered considerable tedium from the affected and drawling delivery of the heroine. The frequent assurances which we received as to the exceptional quality of *Mameena's* beauty, and the fact that, to our knowledge, she had three husbands in the course of the play, never quite convinced us of the overwhelming character of her charms. Whether,

appropriating his wife; but the apology was not received in the spirit in which it was tendered, and during the fight between *Umbuyazi* and his brother *Cetshwayo* the wronged husband went over with his impis to the camp of the enemy. *Umbuyazi* made a strong protest against this treachery, but he must have seen (for he had much intelligence) that his case was a bad one; and this reflection no doubt had something to do with the final act by which (in the old Roman way) he fell upon his own assegai and dropped backwards—an admirable gymnastic—off one of the high rocks above the Tugela.

I have already referred to the difficulties of Zulu nomenclature, and I would add that the native custom of addressing a man by his proper name in the course of every sentence materially

## SOME OF THE GREATEST FIGURES OF ALL AGES

Recently discovered, by German research, to have been of Teutonic birth.



JULIUS KAISER.

GENERAL  
HERCULES.JOHANNA  
VON ARKESTEIN.WILHELM  
SCHAKESPEAR.FRANZ  
DRAKENBERG.

DR. JOHANNSSOHN.

universal *claque*) punctuated the speeches of their king with cries of "Yes, O Lion!" or "Yes, Great Beast!" No doubt our honoured visitors could perceive many technical points in which the ruling race exposed itself as having something yet to learn, but they tactfully concealed all signs of superior civilisation; and the British audience, well pleased with the novelty and picturesqueness of the scenes, were content to waive invidious distinctions.

The little brochure that was thrown in with the programme informs me that the martial spirit of the Zulus (at that time under their own régime) was "identical in many respects with 'Prussian Militarism.'" Certainly there was a savagery about the way in which they progged the air with their assegais that made one picture them as *capables de tout*. But any comparison, whether in point of costume or royal bearing, between *King Mpende* and the GERMAN KAISER must have been in favour of the latter. On the other hand, his son

with a fair chance, she would have worked them successfully on a fourth man, *Allan Quatermain*—the one white man who retained his native hue—I cannot say, for somehow a stage diversion always intervened just as they had begun to embrace. The reason, by the way, for *Quatermain's* existence was never made too clear. Sportsman and dealer in general stores, his habit of hanging vaguely about Zulu kraals and Zulu impis, on nodding terms with just anybody, did not greatly increase my pride of race, notwithstanding the statement made to him by *Mameena*: "I shall never love another man as I love you, however many I marry."

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, who dramatised Sir RIDER HAGGARD's *Child of Storm*, did not aim at subtlety. But a rather nice question arose over the rival immoralities of *Mameena's* second and third husbands. *Prince Umbuyazi* (No. 3) had expressed regret to his old friend and comrade, *Saduka* (No. 2), for

extended the operation of the play. It must have made a difference—which I, for one, bitterly grudged—of nearly half-an-hour. How much more satisfactory the economy of a certain author of whom CHARLIE BROOKFIELD used to say: "He read his play to the company, and it took three solid hours, and even so he didn't put in any of the 'h's.'" O. S.

"An official telegram from Nish received in London states that the Serbian commanders agree that the enemy all along the front is employing explosive bullets. Every soldier carries 20 per cent. of explosive cartridges."

Daily Graphic.

The fact that 80 per cent. of Austrian cartridges refuse to explode may account for the Austrian "victories."

"Whelan replied: 'Yes, I sold the beef.' The military authorities pressed the case."

Liverpool Echo.

A case of pressed beef, we presume.





Doctor (at Ambulance Class). "MY DEAR LADY, DO YOU REALISE THAT THIS LAD'S ANKLE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BROKEN BEFORE YOU BANDAGED IT?"

## THE WAR IN ACACIA AVENUE.

WHEN we are not running out after "specials" we are absorbed in the mimic fight of Acacia Avenue—the desperate conflict between Mrs. Studholm-Brown, of The Hollies, and Mrs. Dawburn-Jones, of Dulce Domum. They have husbands, these amiable ladies, but the husbands are mainly concerned with the commissariat and supply department, and are neither allowed nor desired in the actual fighting line.

The very day the war began, a huge flagstaff with a Union Jack of proportionate size rose in the grounds of Dulce Domum. It must have been ordered in advance. I present this fact to the German Press Bureau as showing that, at any rate, Mrs. Dawburn-Jones always intended war. But the next day Mrs. Studholm-Brown went six feet better with a flag-staff and three square yards better with a Union Jack.

Then we knew that it was war to the death in our Avenue and waited for the next move in the campaign.

"The Hollies" broke out into Red Cross notices; "Dulce Domum" announced itself to be the office for the organisation of local relief.

One morning we rose with a sort of idea that there was an eruption in the

air, and found the flags of Serbia, France, Russia and Belgium waving over "Dulce Domum." That day Mrs. Studholm-Brown met me in the Avenue. She condescended to me. "Ob, could you tell me the colours of the Montenegrin flag?" I couldn't; but it was the first time the great lady had ever spoken to me. "Pink with green stripes," I replied tremblingly.

The very next day seven Allied flags (including a pseudo-Montenegrin) flew over "The Hollies." Mrs. Studholm-Brown had added Japan before the Mikado's ultimatum had expired—which will prove to the German Press Bureau that there was a secret understanding between our Far-Eastern Ally and Mrs. Studholm-Brown.

But flags were not the only things that were flaunted. "Dulce Domum" opened fire with an array of flannel shirts hung on clothes-lines across the tennis-court. "The Hollies" replied with a deadly line of pyjamas.

Then the proprietress of the latter threw open her grounds—a croquet court and a drying ground—as a place of rest for Territorials off duty. Mrs. Dawburn-Jones promptly enlisted her husband as a special constable and had squads drilled on her tennis lawn.

So the fight went on—with slight

successes on both sides, but nothing decisive—till one day when Mrs. Dawburn-Jones went to town in a taxi and returned with a family of negroes from the Congo. It was a splendid sight to see her leading them through the grounds and discoursing to them in her best Boulognese. Mrs. Studholm-Brown wriggled with mortification.

Then her chance of a counter-attack arrived. She had, or her husband had, or her husband's brother-in-law had, a second cousin who was an officer, and, what was more, a wounded officer. He was persuaded to spend a week-end of his convalescence at "The Hollies." His hostess walked him proudly up and down all the paths which were in full view of "Dulce Domum." It was magnificent to see her adjust his sling. At that moment I dare not have trusted Mrs. Dawburn-Jones with a gun or the officer would have been in as great peril as in the trenches. How it will end I can scarcely imagine. I like to picture a great day of victory. Then, if the CROWN PRINCE be allowed to take up his abode on *parole* in some quiet suburban home, I am sure "The Hollies" will snap him up. And if "The Hollies" secures the CROWN PRINCE no power in this world can prevent Mrs. Dawburn-Jones from securing the KAISER.



## THE HELPMEEET.

"MAY I come in?" said Cecily, knocking at my study door.

"If you insist," said I.

"I only want to use the telephone," she explained, as if that made it any better.

"You couldn't take it away and use it somewhere else?" I asked.

She was unmoved. "It needn't disturb you," she said. "I'll be as quiet as a mouse."

"Won't that be rather dull for the people at the other end of the line?" I ventured.

"Now, you go on with your writing," she said severely. So I went on.

Herbert closed the door softly behind him and went out, leaving Ermyntrode alone. She had let him go. He had gone. He had left her alone. Her—Ermyntrode—alone. It has been truly said that women are queer creatures. They do not like being left alone.

## CHAPTER LVII.

Herbert picked up his hat and stick and passed out of the spacious hall into the street, closing the door softly behind him. It was his habit when angry to close doors softly behind him. He was frequently angry; men often are, and with reason.

"There's something I want to ask you," said Cecily.

"Ask away," I said brusquely.

"Not you," said Cecily, frowning at me and then smiling at the receiver.

And so Herbert found himself in the street. Where should he go? What should he do . . . say . . . think . . . feel . . .? He was quite unable to decide. Somehow he couldn't bring his mind to bear on the subject. He could hardly recall the name of the lady with whom he had been conversing, let alone what all the trouble was about. He paused and lit a cigarette. Absolutely there was nothing else for it.

"How are you getting on?" I asked Cecily a little peevishly.

"Nicely, thanks," she answered.

"And you?"

"Oh, nicely, too," said I, with a sigh.

As for ~~Whatchernamo~~ Ermyntrode, she was in little better case. She felt as if nothing was ever going to happen to her again; almost, she thought, things had given up happening for good. She felt . . . but she hardly knew what she felt. ~~After all, love wasn't. Maybe love was.~~ She could not bear to think of love. Engaged? That is what she had been but wasn't any longer. Who was to blame? Was it Herbert? Was it she? Was it ~~Exchange~~ Providence? The

more thought she gave to the matter the further she seemed to be from a definite conclusion. ~~At times it seemed as if~~ ~~At one time it appeared as though~~ ~~At one time~~ ~~At times~~ ~~At 2284 Mayfair~~ ~~Mayfair 2248~~ ~~2248 Mayfair~~ ~~Twice two is four, twice four is eight.~~

"Are you coming to the end of your friends?" I asked Cecily.

"If I'm not wanted I'll go," said she snappily.

"You're always wanted, of course," I apologised.

"Then I'll stay," said she brightly.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

As Herbert turned his back on Kensington and walked towards ~~Conrad~~ Piccadilly, he would, had he looked behind him, have seen a malevolent, sinister man emerge from the shadow and follow him stealthily. ~~But Herbert did not look behind him. And why not? It is impossible to say. Suffice it that he didn't.~~ Nay, that is exactly what Herbert did see when he looked behind him. "My God," said he, turning pale . . .

"Can we dine with the Monroes on Tuesday?" asked Cecily.

"That depends a good deal on whether they invite us," I answered.

"It's only Jack trying to be funny," Cecily told the receiver.

"As I was saying," continued Herbert, "it's James MacClure."

"No less," said the other, with a fiendish smile.

It is necessary to go back a little in order to ~~properly~~ properly to appreciate the momentous importance of the arrival of this man at this juncture. He was destined to play a large part in Herbert's future; the manner of their acquaintance was this.

~~Many years ago McClure had James was the son of rich but Joe, as his college friends used to call McClure James~~ Producing a revolver from his hip pocket, Herbert shot James McClure through the heart.

Cecily flapped about with the Directory.

"Trying to find a number that you haven't used already?" I enquired.

## CHAPTER LIX.

~~Ermyntrode~~

## CHAPTER LIX.

~~Ermyntrode~~

## CHAPTER LIX.

~~Minnie~~

## CHAPTER LIX.

On the whole it must be agreed that Herbert was well rid of this Ermyntrode person. There was nothing particular

against her except that she was a woman, but surely to goodness that is enough. When Ere arrived the trouble began; when telephones were invented it came to a head. Think what literature might have achieved had it not always been obsessed by its desire to find some brief definition good enough for woman! I think it is our chief difficulty in appreciating the supposed greatness of VERGIL that he couldn't do any better than "Varium et mutabile semper." If VERGIL had been a butcher or a grocer or any other unhappy shopkeeper liable to the daily insult of receiving household orders, he must have expressed it more thoroughly. For my own part, sitting here in my study and thinking the matter over to myself, I cannot do better than adopt the phraseology of the telephone instructions: "Intermittent Buzz."

And so Herbert didn't marry, but lived happily ever afterwards. After all, Ermyntrode was essentially a woman; they all are, confound them, but some of us are not so lucky as was Herbert in finding out in time.

And that, of course, was the chapter that Cecily suddenly chose to read . . . nor was it less than an hour before peace was declared again. The terms, however, were not unfavourable. I was partially forgiven, and, what was better still, Cecily wholly departed. I then wrote a revised version of

## CHAPTER LIX.

Ermyntrode was still where we left her, but was beginning to collect her scattered thoughts when Herbert re-entered. He closed the door behind him, neither softly nor loudly, but just ordinarily, and without more ado took Ermyntrode in his arms.

"We will never again think of all that came between us," he murmured.

She smiled up at him.

"It shall be as nothing," he added.

"It shall," said she.

"It shall indeed," say I.

## MOON-PENNIES.

(Children in the Midlands give this name to the disc-shaped fruit of Honesty.)

My garden is a beggar's pitch

That Heaven throws its coins upon;

And in the Summer I am rich,

And in the Winter all is gone;

Yet as the long days hurry by

I keep my pitch, content and free,

Where in a sweet profusion lie

Fair Marigolds and Honesty;

And oft I turn and count for fun

My largess from the night and

noon—

The golden tokens of the sun,

The silver pennies of the moon!





"I'M SORRY TO 'AVE TO SAY, MUM, 'E'S BIN A VERY BAD DOG WHILST YOU WAS OUT. 'E'S BIN AN' EAT UP 'IS PATRIOTIC RIBBON."

### CANNON FODDER.

*(Thus the War Party designates the rank and file of the German army.)*

THEY are coming like a tempest, in their endless ranks of grey,  
While the world throws up a cloud of dust along their awful way;  
They're the glorious cannon fodder of the mighty Fatherland,  
Who shall make the kingdoms tremble and the nations understand.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the cannon fodder comes.  
God help the old; God help the young; God help the hearths and homes.

They'll do his will that taught them, on the earth and on the waves,

Then, like faithful cannon fodder, still salute him from their graves.

From the barrack and the fortress they are pouring in a flood;  
They sweep, a herd of winter wolves, upon the scent of blood;  
For all their deeds of horror they are told that death atones  
And their master's harvest cannot spring till he has sowed their bones.

Into beasts of prey he's turned them; when they show their teeth and growl  
The lash is buried in their cheeks; they're slaughtered if they howl;

To their bloody Lord of Battles must they only bend the knee,  
For hard as steel and fierce as hell should cannon fodder be.

Scourge and curses are their portion, pain and hunger without end,  
Till they hail the yell of shrapnel as the welcome of a friend;  
They rape and burn and laugh to hear the frantic women cry  
And do the devil's work to-day, but on the morrow die.

A million souls, a million hearts, a million hopes and fears,  
A million million memories of partings and of tears  
March along with cannon fodder to the agony of war.  
Have they lost their human birthright? Are they fellow-men no more?

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the cannon fodder comes.  
God help the old; God help the young; God help the hearths and homes.

They'll do his will that taught them, on the earth and on the waves,

Then, like faithful cannon fodder, still salute him from their graves.

### The War and Physical Development.

"Here some words have been exercised by the Censor."  
*Manchester Evening News.*

"Kiel is very delightful in its own way, but it misses *in toto* the charm and originality of Cowes."

So said *The Tatler* in the very early days of the war, and yet the Germans still seem to prefer the waters of Kiel to the superior attractions of the Solent.



## A NUT'S VIEWS ON THE WAR.

INTERESTING CHAT WITH  
MR. REGINALD FITZJENKINS.

He was manieuring himself when I called, and I was asked whether I would see him now, or wait two hours till he had finished. I said I would see him now; so I was shown into his dressing-room.

"I am sorry," said Mr. FitzJenkins, "but if you will call at such an early hour—" It was twelve o'clock, but I apologised. "And what can I do for you?" asked my host.

"My paper," I said, "would like to have your views on the War."

"Well, if you ask me what I think of the War," said Mr. FitzJenkins, "it's a noosance—an unmitigated noosance. No one talks anything but War nowadays—and the papers contain nothing but War news. Even the Men's Dress Columns have disappeared. I can tell you it has caused the greatest inconvenience to me personally. You may wonder why I am manicuring myself. I'll tell you why. My manicurist—the only man in London who knew how to manicure—turned out to be a beastly German or Austrian or something, and has gone off to his beastly War. I even offered to double the man's fees—at which the fellow, instead of being grateful, was grossly impertinent. If he hadn't been such a great hulking

brute I'd have knocked him down . . . So I have to do the business myself. Couldn't trust it to anyone else. . . . And then look here. You see this little pot of pink paste, which has to be used to give the nails the necessary blush? Do you know that the price of that has doubled since the War?"

I expressed my horror by a suitable gesture.

"Of course," said Mr. FitzJenkins, "I don't want to be hard on the Government—I know they have a lot to think of—but I do consider they ought to have prevented this somehow. They regulate the price of food, but forget that there are other necessities. . . . Again, some of my dividends have not been paid. A nice thing if one is to be forced to earn one's own living!"

"You haven't volunteered to fight, then?" I said.

"Good lor, no! That might suit some people, but not me. It's not a job for anyone of any refinement. Why, I am told that, when they are fighting, for days together even the

officers don't shave or change their linen. I'm not that sort, thank you. There are plenty of rough fellows to do it, I suppose. And in any event I could not fight alongside of French soldiers. Have you seen the cut of their trousers?"

Mr. FitzJenkins laughed outright.

"And are you doing anything to help in the crisis?" I asked.

"Oh yes, oh yes," said Mr. FitzJenkins. "You mustn't imagine that it is only those who fight who are helping. What about the women who are left behind? I help amuse 'em—keep 'em bright. I'm 'carrying on.' I'm not of your panicky sort. It's just as well that there should be a few men like me left in town. We give it a tone."

"I trust, Mr. FitzJenkins," I said, "that you are not opposed to the War."

"Oh, dear, no. Please don't imagine

privately for a minute. Mr. FitzJenkins begged me to excuse him, and I did so. When he came back his face was flushed and almost animated.

"Atrocious! Infamous! I shall write to the papers about it," he said. "How dare he leave me helpless like this? Off to enlist, indeed!"

"Who?" I asked.

"My man," said Mr. FitzJenkins.

## TO A JADED GERMAN PRESSMAN.

"One cannot receive news of victories every day."—*German Official Newspaper.*

TRUE, as you say, there is no cause for grieving,

When in your pages no triumphs appear,

But, gentle Sir, when you talk of "receiving,"

Are you not wandering out of your sphere?

Yours not to wait for a foe's retrogression,

Yours not to heed the belligerents' fate;

You're higher up in the writer's profession;

Perish "receiving," 'tis yours to create.

What though you dabble in newspaper diction,

Common reporters deserve your disdain;

You should be ranked with the masters of fiction,

Weaving your victories out of your brain.

Stories are needed, and you must supply 'em;

That should be easy; so gifted a man Surely can compass a triumph *per diem*,

Seeing the truth is no part of your plan.

Even although inspiration is flagging,

Let not your output grow markedly less;

Fiction gives precedents (plenty) for dragging

Out an old yarn in a different dress.

But, if your brain is too weary for spinning

Words to re-tell our habitual rout,

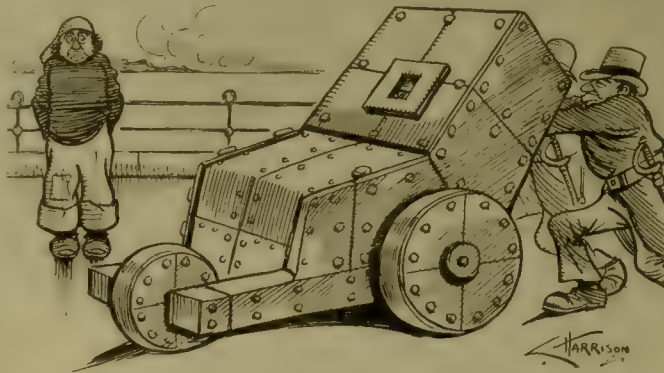
Don't blame the army that hasn't been winning;

Frankly confess that you feel written out.

"London Lady (twenties) well-educated, fair linguist, deeply interested psychology and the things that matter in life, considered clever by inmates, but not brilliant, would greatly appreciate broadminded and friendly companion to share walks."

*T. P.'s Weekly.*

We must remember that the inmates' standard would not be a very high one.



ENTERPRISE ON OUR EAST COAST.  
THE ANTI-ZEPPELIN BATH-CHAIR.

that. It had to be fought, I suppose. And, although I am not taking an active part in it myself, I wish the War well, and hope that the KING and KITCHENER will pull it off all right."

"May I publish that? I think it would encourage them."

"Certainly. And you might say this. I am convinced we are going to win. No good could ever come to a man who wears an out-of-date moustache like the KAISER . . . Oh, certainly I am in favour of the War. Why, I have just ordered several pairs of khaki spats. . . . Believe me, I wish our soldier-fellows well, and in my opinion they ought to be encouraged. I met a lot of 'em trudging along in Pall Mall yesterday, poor devils of Territorials, I fancy, and I waved my stick to 'em. Nothing would please me more than to see the country to which that impudent manicurist has returned receive a thrashing."

Just then the young man who had opened the door to me came in and asked his master if he could see him





*First Native.* "WE'RE DOIN' FINE AT THE WAR, JARGE."

*Second Native.* "YES, JAHN; AND SO BE THEY FRENCHIES."

*First Native.* "AY; AN' SO BE THEY BELGIANS AN' ROOSHIAHS."

*Second Native.* "AY; AN' SO BE THEY ALLYS. OI DUNNO WHERE THEY COME FROM, JAHN, BUT THEY BE DEVILS FOR FIGHTIN'."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHY is it that novels with scamp-heroes are so much more interesting than the conventional kind? *Bellamy* (METHUEN) is a case in point, for the central character, who gives his name to it, is about as worthless an object, rightly considered, as one need wish to meet. He steals and lies and poses; he betrays most of his friends; and throughout a varied life he only really cares for one person—himself. Yet Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT never seems to have any difficulty in making us share *Bellamy's* delight in his own conscienceless career. Perhaps it is this very delight that does the trick. Charlatan as he is, and worse, *Bellamy* is always so attractively amused at the success of his impostures that it becomes impossible to avoid an answering grin. It was not a little courageous of Miss MORDAUNT to write a story about a hero from the Five Towns district; but, though this may look like trespass upon the preserves of a brother novelist, *Bellamy* is Miss MORDAUNT's very own. I have the feeling that she enjoyed writing about him—a feeling that always makes for pleasure in reading. Perhaps of all his manifold phases I liked best his rôle of assistant necromancer at a kind of psychical beauty parlour. There is some shrewd hitting here, which is vastly well done. But none of the adventures of *Bellamy* should be skipped. I am sorry to add that the copy supplied me for review did not apparently credit me with this view, as it ruthlessly omitted some forty of what I

am persuaded were most agreeable pages. The fact that it so far relented as to go back about ten, and repeat a chapter I had already read, did little to console me. I could have better spared part of a duller book.

A story by Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, with the title *Wonderful Woman* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), may almost be regarded as a work of expert reference. Because what he does not know about The Sex, and has not already written in a galaxy of engaging romances, is hardly worth the bother of remembering. So that his views on the matter naturally command respect. *Wonderful Woman* is perhaps less a novel than an analysis—painfully close, with a kind of regretful brutality in it—of one special type of femininity, and a glance at several others. Perhaps its realistic quality may astonish you a little. You may have been delighting in Mr. CALTHROP's fantastic work (as I do myself) and yet have cherished the suspicion that his Columbines and Chelsea fairies and Moonbeam folk generally were the creations of a sentimentalist who would have little taste for handling unsympathetic things. Well, if so, *Philippina* is the answer to that. Here is the most masterly portraiture of a woman utterly without imagination or heart or anything except a kind of futile and worthless attraction, that I remember to have met for some time. As I say, it is all rather astonishing from Mr. CALTHROP. The men who love *Flip*, and whose lives are ruined by her, are easier to understand. About *Sir Timothy Swift*, for example, there is a touch of the Harlequin, or rather Pierrot, that betrays his



origin. I will not tell you the story, for one reason because its charm is too elusive to retrieve. I content myself by saying that it seems to me the best work we have yet had from Mr. CALTHROP, combining his special and expected graces with an unusual and moving sincerity.

A month or two ago I have no doubt that the England of CHARLES II.'s declining years would have seemed to me a monstrously exciting country to live in; at the present moment (unfairly enough) I feel more like congratulating the hero of Monsignor BENSON'S *Oddsfish!* (HUTCHINSON) on the mildness of his adventures for the furtherance of the Catholic faith. It is true that Mr. Roger Mallock beheld some notable executions after the TITUS OATES affair, and on the night of the Rye House Plot had a large meat chopper thrown at his head by one of the conspirators; but, emissary of the Vatican as he was, he was actually only once compelled to whip out his sword in self-defence, though on that occasion he had the extreme bad luck to lose his *fiancée* through a misdirected dagger-thrust. Even this tragedy, sufficiently overwhelming in an ordinary romance, is not, of course, wholly disastrous in Monsignor BENSON'S eyes, since it enabled Mr. Mallock to resume the religious life and habit for which he had been originally intended. For the rest the book is written in a most captivating manner, and with a plausibility of incident and dialogue only too rare in novels of the Restoration period. Evidently the author has studied his authorities (and more particularly Mr. PEPPYS) with a praiseworthy diligence. But in view of the anti-Protestant bias which he naturally exhibits I feel bound to bid him have a care. If he intends to pursue his historical researches any further, and discover (let us say) virtue in the Spanish Inquisition and villainy in Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, I shall load my arquebus to the muzzle.

The hero of *King Jack* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) "made sport," as his creator, Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN, says, "nearly a hundred years ago" in Yorkshire, and incidentally he also made records. For instance, he cleared four-and-twenty feet at a "run-jump," and with this in my mind I find it satisfactory to think that he lived in another century, or I might find myself regretting the eclipse of the Olympic Games. As an upholder of law and order I ought to be (I am not) ashamed to admire a man who, to say the least of it, was a very prickly thorn in the side of the police. My excuse is that Jack Sincler and his brother Lishe were kindly men withal. The game-laws were their trouble, but as far as I could make out they did not poach for the sake of pelf but from sheer love of sport. Among poachers they ought, anyhow, to be placed in Class I., for they loved the open air and the freshness of the morning and all the things that make for a clean mind in a clean body. Jack, though a shade arrogant at times, is a stimulating figure, human

both in his weakness and his strength; and Mr. SNOWDEN deserves more than a little gratitude for the care with which he has reproduced the atmosphere of times that were conspicuously lawless and exciting.

When *Dicky Furlong*, the brilliant and aspiring artist of *The Achievement* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) who was in love with *Diana Charteris*, sloshed her husband, *Lord Freddy*, over the head with his own decanter (*vide* Chap. XXI.) he rather overdid it. For "the jagged thing fell with a sullen thud behind his (*Lord Freddy's*) ear," and that discourteous nobleman collapsed to rise no more. When the detective arrived the following noon he convinced himself that there was no necessity to detain any of the guests, even though no windows had been found open or doors unlocked, and though *Dicky* had a contused lip from the conflict overnight and everybody had coupled his name with *Diana's*. However, the methodical sleuthhound ran his quarry to earth a year or two later, just as he had put the finishing touches



The Old Man. "I SEE BY THE PAPER HERE THAT THE ROOSHIAN'S ARE ATTACKING A TOWN THEY SPELL P-R-Z-E-M-Y-S-L. D'YE THINK, NOW, WUD THAT BE A MISTAKE OF THE PRINTER'S OR WUD THE LETTERS OF IT BE MIXED UP, LIKE, WI' THE BOMBARDMENT?"

to his great (seventeen-foot) canvas. And *Dicky* took a little bottle out of his pocket. In fact, our old friend the novelette, with its unexacting canons of plausibility; tacked on, as it happens, to twenty chapters of meandering incident, a long way after the well-known Five-Towns formula, garnished with pleasantly romantic little notices of *Dicky's* pictures and *Dicky's* love affairs. But you don't begin to see the *Dicky* of the decanter phase (even though a fight about an ill-treated dog is lugged in for the purpose), or indeed any other *Dicky* of real flesh and blood, in this haphazard selection of episodes and comments. The truth is there is more formula than Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON is aware of. He has wandered into the wrong galley. A pity. For *Mrs. Flint* is a dear, if a stupid dear, and *Dicky* himself has his points.

#### OUR DAILY BREAD.

[The London correspondent of a German paper announces that London is on the verge of starvation, his own diet being "reduced to bread and rancid dripping."]

"THERE is a languor in this alien air;  
We are reduced, in fact, to famine fare;  
Mine, I may say, is dripping based on bread  
(Ugh!), and I gather I shall soon be dead.  
It is the same all over, East or West;  
Hungry each hollow just below the chest.  
Daily, I'm told, they rake the very dust,  
Hoping in vain to come across a crust.  
And, when our God-born WILHELM brings his Huns  
Here, he will find a few odd skeletons."  
Such is the tale a Teuton lately writ.  
How, then, I ask, does London look so fit?  
This is the reason, mainly, I surmise—  
We are fed up, of course, with German Lies.



## CHARIVARIA.

STRONG drinks have now been prohibited all over Russia, and it looks as if Germany is not the only country whose future lies on the water.

Rumour has it that Germany is not too pleased with Austria's achievements in the War, and there has been in consequence not a little Potsdam-and-Perlmuttering between the two.

"When the KAISER goes to places beyond the railway," we are told, "he travels in a motor-car which, besides being accompanied by aides-de-camp and bodyguards, is also watched by special secret field police." We are glad to learn that every precaution is taken to prevent his escape.

The KAISER once desired to be known as "The Peace King." His eldest son, to judge by his alleged burglarious exploits, now wishes to be known as the CHARLES PEACE Prince.

It is said that Major von MANTEUFFEL, who superintended the destruction of Louvain, has been recalled. We presume he will have to explain why he left the Town Hall standing.

We still have to go to Germany for news about our own country. The latest reliable report is to the effect that there is now serious friction between KING GEORGE and Lord KITCHENER, the former having become alarmed at the raising of "Kitchener's Army." The WAR MINISTER, the KING fears, is aiming at the throne, and it is now being recalled that Lord KITCHENER, when a young man, was once told by a soothsayer, "K stands for King."

We learn from *The Daily Call* that, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, Bale is the richest city in Europe. The Swiss, we fancy, will scarcely thank our contemporary for drawing attention to this fact in view of the well-known cupidity of a certain neighbour of theirs.

There is a proposal on foot to form a corps of Solicitors. By a pretty legal touch it is suggested that they might train between six and eight.

*The Daily News* the other day, in describing the fortunate escape of a

midshipman from the *Cressy*, told its readers that, when pulled out of the water, the cadet "was not wearing a single garment. He was provided with clothes and eventually put on a British destroyer." While his choice of covering does credit to the young gentleman's spirit, we think he would have done better to put on the clothes.

A naturalisation certificate has been granted to that clever English authoress, the Countess ARNIM. We congratulate Elizabeth on escaping from "her German Garden."

"Few people," says *The Witney Gazette*, "are familiar with the history and resources of Belgium." How true this is may be seen from our



STUDY OF A VETERAN WHO HAS SENT ALL HIS BLANKETS TO KITCHENER'S ARMY AND NEVER SLEPT BETTER IN HIS LIFE.

contemporary's next statement:—"A large section of its population consists of a race known as the Walloons, the ancient descendants of the Belgians."

"Father," asked the actor's little son, "why does the KAISER wear a helmet with an eagle on the top of it?" "To show that he's 'got the bird,'" replied the brilliant Thespian.

By the way, the statement that "The TSAR has left for the theatre of war" has caused the keenest satisfaction in histrionic circles, where it is hoped that this illustrious example will cause the fashionable world to revert to its habit of patronising the stage.

General von STEIN, who was responsible for the German official *communiqués*, has, we learn from the German Press, been superseded. Evidently he did not chronicle sufficient victories. The German public, when

it asks for *Brod*, does not care to get a *Stein*.

An overheard conversation: "I see that both you and your wife have sent blankets to the soldiers." "Yes. She sent mine, so I sent hers."

A dear old lady who read about the theft of an Italian submarine last week writes to say that she hopes that the police are keeping an eye on our *Dreadnoughts*.

## Adsit omen!

Take its "capital" from Prussia—  
You reduce the thing to Russia!

"Perversely enough, whilst Ora's husband was a commonplace though intelligent attorney, Ora was married to a Montana mine-owner."

*Books of To-day.*

This was very perverse of Ora. She might at least have waited till her first husband had ceased to be an attorney.

Gentlemen who are losing their employment owing to the War:—1. The German Colonial Secretary.

"Identifying battles with rivers is very confusing to the reader who is not well acquainted with the geography of a little-known part of Europe. It misleads thousands when the Aisne is mentioned, and it is even more misleading when the river Victula comes into the reckoning."

*Birmingham Daily Post.*

This is quite true.

## Rates for Zeppelins.

"During the last few days," we learn, "a good many insurances have been effected at Lloyd's on properties in London against the risk of damage by Zeppelins." The premium accepted on banks appears to be about one shilling per cent. But why insure banks? For our own part we would very gladly take refuge in one of their strong rooms at the first sight of a hovering Zeppelin.

After consultation with our insurance expert, who has carefully considered the past record of German aircraft operating over undefended cities, we now have pleasure in submitting a special scale of insurance rates which ought to meet the needs of the public. Lloyd's are welcome to it should they care to adopt it as it stands:—

Hospitals . . .	£5 % per annum.
Dogs . . . . .	2/11 " "
Cats, chickens and canaries . . . .	2/9 " "
Lamp-posts . . .	1/1 " "
Lord Mayors . .	Nil " "



### THOMAS OF THE LIGHT HEART.

["*The Cologne Gazette*" tells us that we are lacking in understanding of the high seriousness of the war; that we use sporting expressions about it. "*The Times*," referring to this criticism, points out that, though we do not pretend, like the Germans, to make a religion of war, our sporting instinct at least enables us to recognise that to draw the sword on women and children is "not cricket."]

FACING the guns, he jokes as well  
As any Judge upon the Bench;  
Between the crash of shell and shell  
His laughter rings along the trench;  
He seems immensely tickled by a  
Projectile which he calls a "Black Maria."

At intervals, when work is slack,  
He kicks a leather ball about;  
Recalls old tales of wing and back,  
The Villa's rush, the Rovers' rout;  
Or lays a tanner to a pup  
On Albion (not "perfidious") for the Cup.

He whistles down the day-long road,  
And, when the chilly shadows fall  
And heavier hangs the weary load,  
Is he down-hearted? Not at all.  
'Tis then he takes a light and airy  
View of the tedious route to Tipperary.

His songs are not exactly hymns;  
He never learned them in the choir;  
And yet they brace his dragging limbs  
Although they miss the sacred fire;  
Although his choice and cherished gems  
Do not include "The Watch upon the Thames."

He takes to fighting as a game;  
He does no talking, through his hat,  
Of holy missions; all the same  
He has his faith—be sure of that;  
He'll not disgrace his sporting breed,  
Nor play what isn't cricket. There's his creed.

O. S.

### IN A GOOD CAUSE.

*Mr. Punch* ventures to ask the help of his gentle readers on behalf of the Women's League of Service, who are daily giving dinners in various districts of London to expectant and nursing mothers, of whom many have husbands serving with the colours. It is our hope that out of the present war may come, for those who follow us, a happy freedom from the menace of war; but our sacrifices will be in vain if no care is taken of the mothers who are bearing children to-day. Among the poorer class, the last person in the family to be fed is always the mother. *Mr. Punch* invites those who have the welfare of the new generation at heart to send gifts in aid of this national work to Mr. Dudley Cocke, 44, Gresham Street, E.C.

### More Looting by the Kaiser's Family?

"Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's youngest son . . . was met at the railway station by his mother, who pointed proudly to the second-class altar cross on her son's breast."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

### The American Touch.

"Great steel plates have been fixed about the ceilings and walls of a room which now shelters the famous Venus D. Milo."

*Toronto Daily Star.*

### UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. IV.

(From DIETRICH Q. FRIEDLICHER, an American Citizen.)

KAISER WILHELM,—I've been hearing no end during the last month or two about German efforts to capture American opinion. It seems you think us a poor sort of creatures unable to find out for ourselves the right way of things. You've been measuring our people up and you've got a kind of fancy that we're running about our continent with our eyes staring and our mouths gaping and our poor silly tongues wagging, and that we're busy collecting thoughts from one another about this war in Europe so we shan't look ignorant when we read what other countries are doing. "See here," I'm supposed to be saying as I go around,—“see here! What's this Belgium, anyway, and how in thunder does she come to stand out agin the great German army? And why are the Germans knocking Belgium to flinders and shooting her citizens? Ain't the Germans Christians? Ain't their soldiers generous and their officers merciful? Well then, it kinder puzzles me to see the way they're getting to work. It's no wonder the Belgian is set agin them. They're a little lot, them Belgians are, and it's a queer thing, ain't it, that they should make all this trouble? But I dunno. Maybe there's something to be said for 'em if we only knew. Then there's the English. They say they're fighting for freedom this time, and maybe they're right to stick to their word and back up their treaties. But it don't seem very clear as far as I can size it up. Won't some kind gentleman come along and give me the true story?"

That's what I'm supposed to be saying, and you thought you heard me all the way from Potsdam, and you took a good deep think, and "Bless me," you said, "it's ten thousand pities to let old man Friedlicher go along with his mind empty when there's a heap of good German opinions lying around just asking to be put into it. I'll cable BERNSTORFF to fill him up." So there's poor BERNSTORFF turning himself inside out to please you and educate me. Don't he prove a lot? From 9 to 10 he lectures about Germany's love for America and the beautiful statue of FREDERICK THE GREAT at Annapolis; from 10 to 11 he socks it into England—says she's a robber power and blacker'n any of the niggers she hires to do her fighting for her; from 11 to 12 he settles Russia by calling her a barbarian Empire; and from 12 to 1 he tells me how Germany's burning Belgium for Belgium's good; and then he dismisses me and says, if I'll come back to-morrow morning, he'll pitch me a story about the French peril, and how Germany can help America to escape it.

KAISER, it's no good. My father was a German, and he knew your lot, and he used to tell me all he knew. He had to quit Prussia pretty quick after 1848—that's the year your great-uncle had to take off his hat to the citizens of Berlin, and your venerable grandfather had to pay a visit to England, German air not being good for his health. I know all that there is to be known about you. I don't want any BERNSTORFF, no, nor yet any DERNBURG, to tell me why this fight's fighting and to explain the Belgian wickedness to me. You and your blamed professors and soldiers, you've all been spoiling for war these ten years past, and now that you've got it you're out to tell the Americans that the other fellows drove you into it. All I've got to say is, I don't believe it—and what's more, no sensible American believes it either. That's all there is to it.

Yours sincerely, DIETRICH.

Motto for the KAISER (reported as having been last seen at Cologne): "East, West, hame's best."





## A NORTH SEA CHANTEY.

*(To the tune of "Tipperary.")*

JACK. "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAIT FOR WILLIAM'S NAVY,  
BUT MY HEART'S RIGHT HERE."









Officer. "WHAT IN THUNDER HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THE MORNING? THIS LEATHER'S NOT DRESSED; THERE'S MUD ON IT STILL!"  
 Recruit (ex-Cyclist). "SORRY, SIR, BUT I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY TIME POLISHING THE PEDALS."

### RENAMED CELEBRITIES.

SINCE the publication of the manifesto in our columns signed by a large number of eminent men who announced their intention of divesting themselves of the un-Christian name of William, matters have moved far and fast. Many of these gentlemen have already, in obedience to the dictates of logic, assumed a new style, as may be gathered from the following messages which the Press Bureau, without accepting responsibility for them, graciously permits us to reproduce:—

The Reverend WILLIAM SPOONER, the revered Warden of New College, Oxford, writes to say that, in deference to the unanimous desire of the graduates and undergraduates of the College, he has decided to be known in future as the Reverend Peter Spooner, as a tribute to the Kinquering Cong of Serbia.

Mr. WILLIAM (WULLIE) PARK, the famous professional golfer, has decided to assume the prænomen of Pinkstone (after Sir JOHN DENTON PINKSTONE

FRENCH), and is already known amongst his intimates as "Pinkie."

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has by a special deed poll assumed the title of George Albert Nicolas Victor-Emmanuel Raymond Woodrow Le Queux, but for literary purposes will briefly sign himself "Alb."

Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN, the famous novelist, as the son of AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, has happily hit on the idea of renaming himself Marcellus de Morgan. But he is anxious to have it clearly understood that this does not involve him in any claim to the authorship of *Marcella*.

A communication has been received by the Editor of *The Spiritualist* from WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, announcing his unalterable resolve to change his Christian name because of the posthumous discredit attached to it by the KAISER. Asked what he proposed to substitute for it, the Bard created a prodigious sensation by announcing that he thought Francis would do as well as anything else.

Sir WILLIAM JOB COLLINS, equally renowned in the spheres of politics and medicine, has promptly recognised the impossibility of continuing to wear a name which has been indelibly tarnished by the arch-disturber of Europe's peace. He has accordingly elected to replace his first two names by the ingenious and harmonious collocation of Thomas Habakkuk.

Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE writes to explain that, though his first name is not William, it has painful historical associations with the success of a former William. He therefore wishes it to be known that he will sign all his articles, interviews and poems with the name Oliver Lodge David Lloyd George Begbie, as an act of homage to the two great men who have chiefly inspired him in his journalistic and literary career.

### Copy of letter to teacher:—

"Dear Sir, will you please give my daughter a dinner, as she has no father and I have no means of getting her one, and oblige."



## THE WATCH DOGS.

V.

DEAR CHARLES,—You must forgive my writing this letter with a fountain pen, but to do otherwise would be an act of ingratitude to my servant, Private J. B. Cox. I told him this morning that I had lost my pocket pen, a cheap affair made of tin. I instructed him to find it, and J. B. is one of those perfect factotums who do as they are told. He has a sharp eye and no scruples, and so, owing to the fact that three other officers live in my billet, he was able to find two valuable fountain pens and one stylographic in no time. The exigencies of war necessitate some little irregularity now and then; but how, I asked him, did he justify this excess of zeal? J. B. is distinguished by a lisp among other things. "It 'th betht to be on the thafe thide, Thir," said he.

We had an all-night outpost job on this week, at which my company achieved an unpremeditated success—unpremeditated by the authorities, that is. Before setting out we had been threatened with the heaviest penalties if we were discovered at any moment in a dereliction of duty, which meant that the Adjutant proposed to pay us a surprise visit and had every hope of discovering responsible officers asleep at their posts. Those who know will tell you that the hour before dawn is that during which an attack is most likely in real war; they also assert that this is the most likely period for derelictions in imitation war, and so, as we anticipated all along, this was the time selected for the surprise visit. But we were not caught napping; Sir; every possible approach to our picket was protected by strong groups, each instructed to let no one pass on any account and least of all those who attempted to trick them by a pretence of authority, however realistic that pretence might be. Thus it fell out that when the Adjutant was sighted he was instantly accosted and firmly apprehended. Inasmuch as he refused to be led blindfold through our lines, he was not allowed to approach our august selves at all, but was retained until such time as we cared to approach him. Mind you, I'm not saying we were asleep; merely I show you how thoroughly we do our work. It is not mine that is the master mind; it is my skipper's, a man upon whose ready

cunning I rely to bring me to Berlin and its choicest light beer well in advance of all other victorious forces.

It used to be our Brigadier's fad that officers commanding companies should know the names of all their men, and lately he took upon himself to test it. Captain after captain, upon being asked to name a selected man, had to confess ignorance; not so my skipper. He knew them all. "What is that man's name?" asked the Brigadier, indicating an inconspicuous and rather terrified private, just that sort of man whose name one would never know or want to know. (It was something rather like Postlethwaite, I believe). "Two

Catering, as we do, for all tastes, we have in our rank and file a serio-comic artiste from the lower rungs of the music-hall ladder. We had a busy time with him at our Great Inoculation Ceremony (First Performance) on Saturday. We could not put too strict a discipline upon men into whose arms we were just about to insert fifteen million microbes apiece, and our private was not slow to seize his opportunity. He insisted upon his fifteen million being numbered off in order to discover whether there were any of them absent from parade; he wished to know if they had all their proper equipment, and whether each had passed his standard test. As the needle was inserted into his arm, "Move to the left in fours," he ordered them; "form fours—left—in succession of divisions—number one leading—quick—ma—harch." (It was the same humorist who recently took a strong line about protective colouring, and put in an application for a set of khaki teeth.)

At the moment of inoculation we were all, officers and men, very facetious and off-hand about it, but as the evening came on we grew *piano*, even miserable. Mess was not made any less sombre by Wentworth's plaintive observation that "the doctor who had succeeded in making a thousand of us thoroughly ill and debarred us from the cheering influence of alcohol was probably at that very moment himself enjoying a hearty debauch."

The only effect of the dose upon me was to induce a rather morbid contemplation. I re-

called the happy times when I was once, even as you are, a barrister who rose at 8.30 A.M. (an incredibly late hour), did next to nothing all day and, when I wanted to go away, just went. I used in those gentle days to take off my hat to ladies (a long-forgotten habit), and I never dreamed of calling anybody "Sir." I used to suppose that I should rise from stuff to silk, from silk to ermine, to conclude as a Judge on the King's Bench. It seems now that I may rise from stars to crowns, from crowns to oakleaves, and end my days as a commissioner in—who knows?—His Majesty's *foyer*. I, who had hoped to dismiss your appeals, may come instead to hail your taxi at the theatre door; may even come to call you "Sir." But for the moment I am

Yours thoroughly disrespectfully,

HENRY.



## THE WAR ON GERMAN COMMERCE.

"WE ARE GLAD TO HEAR, MR. WILTON, THAT YOU HAVE VOLUNTEERED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE. WE ARE PROUD TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE READY TO DO YOUR DUTY AS A BRITON. WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO KEEP YOUR PLACE OPEN FOR YOU DURING YOUR ABSENCE. AND, MR. WILTON, YOU MIGHT TAKE A FEW THOUSAND OF OUR CIRCULARS IN YOUR KNAPSACK TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE ENEMY IN THE REGRETTABLE EVENT OF YOUR BEING TAKEN PRISONER."

paces forward, Private Johnson," ordered my skipper emphatically, fixing an hypnotic eye on the youth, and adding, to prove his accuracy, "Now, my lad, your name's Joh—?" "—nson, Sir," concluded the victim. That night, at dinner, the Brigadier told the C.O. that, among many disappointments, he had found one officer who seemed to know the names of his men "almost better than the men did themselves." In accordance with J. B.'s maxim about being on the safe side, it was a company order afterwards that, when asked, all even numbers were to be "Evans" and odd numbers "Hodges," till further notice.

Talking about names, I was quite homesick for old London when, in calling the names and regimental numbers of a party, I found myself bawling angrily for "Gerrard, No. 2784."





## RURAL LIFE UNDER WAR CONDITIONS.

OUR VILLAGE ERRAND-BOY.

## THE TRAITOR.

"Down with the Teutons!" rose the people's cry;  
 "Who said that England's honour was for sale?"

Myself, I hunted out the local spy,

Tore down his pole and cast him into jail.

"An English barber now," said I, "or none!"

This thatch shall never fall before a Hun!"

And all was well until that fateful morn

When, truss'd for shearing in a stranger's shop,

"Be careful, please," I said, "I want it shorn

Close round the ears, but leave it long on top;"

And, thrilling with a pleasant pride of race,

I watched the fellow's homely British face.

An optimist he was. "Those German brutes,

They'll get wot for. You mark my words," he said,

And dragged great chunks of hair out by the roots,

Forgetting mine was not a German head.

"Oh, yes, they'll get it in the neck," said he

And gaily emphasized his prophecy.

Ah me, that ruthless Britisher! He scored

His parallel entrenchments round and round

My quivering scalp. "Invade us 'ere?" he roared;

"Not bloomin' likely! Not on British ground!"

His nimble scissors left a row of scars

To point the prowess of our gallant Tars.

I bore it without movement, save a start

Induc'd by one shrewd gash behind the ear.

With silent fortitude I watch'd him part

The ruin on my skull. And then a tear,

A fat, round tear, well'd up from either eye—

O traitorous tribute to the local spy!

## JULES FRANÇOIS.

Jules François is poet, and gallant and gay;

Jules François makes frocks in the Rue de la Paix;

Since the mobilisation Jules François's the one

That sits by the breech of a galloping gun,

In the team of a galloping gun!

When the wheatfields of August stood white on the plain

Jules François was ordered to go to Lorraine,

Since the guns would get flirting with good Mr. Krupp

And wanted Jules François to limber them up,

To lay and to limber them up!

The road it was dusty, the road it was long,

But there was Jules François to make you a song;

He sang them a song, and he fondled his gun,

Though I wouldn't translate it he sang it A1;

His battery thought it A1!

The morning was fresh and the morning was cool

When they stopped in an orchard two miles out of Toul,

And the grey muzzles spat through the grey muzzles' smoke,

And there was Jules François to make you a joke,

To crack his idea of a joke:—

"The road to our Paris 'tis hard as can be;

The road to that London he halts at the sea;

So, *vois-tu, mon gars?* 'tis as certain as sin

This wisdom that chooses the road to Berlin!"

So they follow the road to Berlin.



## ENTER BINGO.

BEFORE I introduce Bingo I must say a word for Humphrey, his sparring partner.

Humphrey found himself on the top of my stocking last December—put there, I fancy, by Celia, though she says it was Father Christmas. He is a small yellow dog, with glass optics, and the label round his neck said, "His eyes move." When I had finished the oranges and sweets and nuts, when Celia and I had pulled the crackers, Humphrey remained over to sit on the music-stool, with the air of one playing the pianola. In this position he found his uses. There are times when a husband may legitimately be annoyed; at these times it was pleasant to kick Humphrey off his stool on to the divan, to stand on the divan and kick him on to the sofa, to stand on the sofa and kick him on to the book-case; and then, feeling another man, to replace him on the music-stool and apologise to Celia. It was thus that he lost his tail.

When the War broke out we wrote to the War Office, offering to mobilise Humphrey. Already he could do "Eyes right, eyes front." But the loss of his tail was against him. Rejected by the medical authorities as unfit, he returned to the music-stool and waited for a job. It was at this moment that Bingo joined the establishment.

Here we say good-bye to Humphrey for the present; Bingo claims our attention. Bingo arrived as an absurd little black tub of puppyhood, warranted (by a pedigree as long as your arm) to grow into a Pekinese. It was Celia's idea to call him Bingo; because (a ridiculous reason) as a child she had had a poodle called Bingo. The less said about poodles the better; why rake up the past?

"If there is the slightest chance of Bingo—of this animal growing up into a poodle," I said, "he leaves my house at once."

"My poodle," said Celia, "was a lovely dog."

(Of course she was only a child then. She wouldn't know.)

"The point is this," I said firmly, "our puppy is meant for a Pekinese—the pedigree says so. From the look of him it will be touch and go whether he pulls it off. To call him by the name of a late poodle may just be the deciding factor. Now I hate poodles; I hate pet dogs. A Pekinese is not a pet dog; he is an undersized lion. Our puppy may grow into a small lion, or a mastiff, or anything like that; but I will not have him a poodle. If we call him Bingo, will you promise never to men-

tion in his presence that you once had a—a—you know what I mean—called Bingo?"

She promised. I have forgiven her for having once loved a poodle. I beg you to forget about it. There is now only one Bingo, and he is a Pekinese puppy.

However, after we had decided to call him Bingo, a difficulty arose. Bingo's pedigree is full of names like Li Hung Chang and Sun Yat San; had we chosen a sufficiently Chinese name for him? Apart from what was due to his ancestors, were we encouraging him enough to grow into a Pekinese? What was there Oriental about "Bingo"?

In itself, apparently, little. And Bingo himself must have felt this; for his tail continued to be nothing but a rat's tail, and his body to be nothing but a fat tub, and his head to be almost the head of any little puppy in the world. He felt it deeply. When I chaffed him about it he tried to eat my ankles. I had only to go into the room in which he was, and murmur, "Rat's tail," to myself, or (more offensive still) "Chewed string," for him to rush at me. "Where, O Bingo, is that delicate feather curling gracefully over the back, which was the pride and glory of thy great-grandfather? Is the caudal affix of the rodent thy apology for it?" And Bingo would whimper with shame.

Then we began to look him up in the map.

I found a Chinese town called "Ning-po," which strikes me as very much like "Bing-go," and Celia found another one called "Yung-Ping," which might just as well be "Yung-Bing," the obvious name of Bingo's heir when he has one. These facts being communicated to Bingo, his nose immediately began to go back a little and his tub to develop something of a waist. But what finally decided him was a discovery of mine made only yesterday. *There is a Japanese province called Bingo.* Japanese, not Chinese, it is true; but at least it is Oriental. In any case conceive one's pride in realising suddenly that one has been called after a province and not after a poodle. It has determined Bingo unalterably to grow up in the right way.

You have Bingo now definitely a Pekinese. That being so, I may refer to his ancestors, always an object of veneration among these Easterns. I speak of (hats off, please!) Ch. Goodwood Lo.

Of course you know (I didn't myself till last week) that "Ch." stands for "Champion." On the male side Champion Goodwood Lo is Bingo's great-great-grandfather. On the female side the same animal is Bingo's great-

grandfather. One couldn't be a poodle after that. A fortnight after Bingo came to us we found in a Pekinese book a photograph of Goodwood Lo. How proud we all were! Then we saw above it, "Celebrities of the Past. The Late——"

Champion Goodwood Lo was no more! In one moment Bingo had lost both his great-grandfather and his great-great-grandfather!

We broke it to him as gently as possible, but the double shock was too much, and he passed the evening in acute depression. Annoyed with my tactlessness in letting him know anything about it, I kicked Humphrey off his stool. Humphrey, I forgot to say, has a squeak if kicked in the right place. He squeaked.

Bingo, at that time still uncertain of his destiny, had at least the courage of the lion. Just for a moment he hesitated. Then with a pounce he was upon Humphrey.

Till then I had regarded Humphrey—save for his power of rolling the eyes and his habit of taking long jumps from the music-stool to the book-case—as rather a sedentary character. But in the fight which followed he put up an amazingly good resistance. At one time he was underneath Bingo; the next moment he had Bingo down; first one, then the other, seemed to gain the advantage. But blood will tell. Humphrey's ancestry is unknown; I blush to say that it may possibly be German. Bingo had Goodwood Lo to support him—in two places. Gradually he got the upper hand; and at last, taking the reluctant Humphrey by the ear, he dragged him laboriously beneath the sofa. He emerged alone, with tail wagging, and was taken on to his mistress's lap. There he slept, his grief forgotten.

So Humphrey has found a job. Whenever Bingo wants exercise, Humphrey plants himself in the middle of the room, his eyes cast upwards in an affectation of innocence. "I'm just sitting here," says Humphrey; "I believe there's a fly on the ceiling." It is a challenge which no great-grandson of Goodwood Lo could resist. With a rush Bingo is at him. "I'll learn you to stand in my way," he splutters. And the great dust-up begins . . .

Brave little Bingo! I don't wonder that so warlike a race as the Japanese has called a province after him.

A. A. M.

"Any Britons wishing to view the German prisoners at Frimley Camp can hire a car for £3 3s."—*Advt. in "Daily Telegraph."*

It seems that there are Britons and Britons. We prefer the other kind.



## WE ARE ALL DRILLING NOWADAYS.



*Little Brown, who is in a hurry to catch his train, but finds it impossible to get by owing to the crush, is struck by a brilliant idea.*  
"FORM—TWO DEEP!"



RESULT.





### FACTS FROM THE FRONT.

WE LEARN (FROM GERMAN SOURCES) THAT THE PROFESSORS OF A CELEBRATED PRUSSIAN UNIVERSITY HAVE CONFERRED THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR UPON A DISTINGUISHED GENERAL ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.

### TWILIGHT IN REGENT'S PARK.

(Being a mutinous suggestion which I somehow had no time to make to the drill-instructor.)

SERGEANT! Beneath the dim and misty vault  
I tire of making fours with endless trouble,  
And left inclines inclining to a fault.  
What is this pedantry? An empty bubble.  
The spirit is the thing. When you say "Alt!"  
My 'cart—I mean my heart—is at the double.

You, gazing only at the outward shell  
That nothing of this secret fire divulges,  
See only raw civilians, heaped pell-mell,  
Having the kind of chest that peace indulges;  
Viewed from one end our lines are like a swell  
On the deep ocean, full of kinks and bulges.

You bid us wheel. At once ensues a rout  
That no hussar could compass with his sabre;  
The man in evening dress is much too stout,  
He seems to draw his breath with obvious labour,  
Whilst I—I beg your pardon, *Right* about—  
Of course I bumped into my left-hand neighbour.

But take (as I observed) the fire beneath;  
If ever foe should leap the shining margent  
That laps our island like a liquid wreath  
Then you would see us. Shimmering and argent,  
"Out bay'nets!" we would snatch 'em from the sheath;  
No 'shunning in that day, I think, O Sergeant.

Meanwhile we want a foretaste of the joy  
That so much tedious tramping merely stifles;  
We want to fall upon our—well, deploy,  
And less of "Stand at ease" and fruitless trifles;  
*Der Tag* will come (we whisper it with coy  
Half-bated murmurings), when we have rifles

And uniforms. I want a uniform,  
Even if not of khaki's steadfast fibre,  
To make the bright-eyed maidens' hearts more warm  
And still the mockings of the street-boy giber;  
Meanwhile, I say, why not deploy and storm  
The sacred trenches of the Zoo-subscriber?

The hour, the place invite. While here we stake  
Our country's weal on nugatory follies,  
What are these screams of insolence that wake  
The bosky silence with perpetual volleys?  
Give us the word to charge and let us take  
Yon outpost of the Eagles with our brollies.

EVOE.

"BURGLAR IN BURNING HOSE."—*Liverpool Express*.  
He must have walked into something pretty hot.

### Editorial Modesty.

#### "CORRESPONDENCE."

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for views expressed by Correspondents.

SIR.—Your Leader of last week was uncommonly good, and I hope that the writer will give us more from his able pen.—COLONIAL."





## GIVING THE SHOW AWAY.

GERMAN PRESS BUREAU PHOTOGRAPHER. "COSTUME PERFECT, SIRE—ACCESSORIES ADMIRABLE; BUT, IN VIEW OF ALL THESE 'VICTORIES,' DARE WE SUGGEST THAT THE *EXPRESSION* MIGHT BE JUST A TOUCH MORE *JUBILANT*?"









*Public-house Diplomatist (to second ditto, with whom he has been discussing the ultimate terms of peace at Berlin). "I SHOULDN'T BE TOO 'ARD ON 'EM. I'D LEAVE 'EM A BIT OF THE RHINE TO SING ABAHT!"*

### THINGS THAT DO NOT MATTER.

THAT section of the public that has felt, while anxiously waiting for definite news of our forces in France, that the communications from "an eye-witness present with General Headquarters" are better than nothing, has probably wondered at the recent paucity of despatches from this descriptive writer. Is it possible that the following has strayed into our hands from its proper destination?

A soft wind blew gently from the south-east, and before it the fleecy clouds passed dreamily above the poplar trees. All was quiet; not even an old public-school boy was washing his face. Then, gently but firmly, the "boom, boom" of the guns assailed the ear, telling of battle not far distant.

One's fountain-pen becomes quickly clogged amid the conditions of warfare, for the dust blows freely over the plains across which the troops have marched. For comfort in writing there is nothing like an indelible pencil, and paper whose surface is slightly rough. The quantity of ink carried among the stores of a modern army is negligible. And I believe it is a fact that in the whole of the

equipment of the British Forces in France there is not a single roll-top desk!

Talking of dust, I saw last evening a sight which must have appeared curious to one not acquainted with war. A young Professor of Mathematics connected with one of our great Universities passed me with a smut on his nose. Yet in times of peace he is one of those men who seldom leave home in the morning without carefully brushing their clothes. It should be borne in mind by the reader that the conditions of the battlefield of modern times have little in common with those of life in our University towns.

On the morning of the 1st our cavalry were busy with their horses, while the artillery devoted themselves chiefly to their guns. All that day our infantry stood in the trenches, and the smoke from the enemy's shrapnel made fantastic shapes against the leaden grey of the Northern sky. While I sat writing a young officer rushed in. He had kindly returned from the firing line especially to tell me of a little incident he had witnessed there. A private, hailing from Rotherhithe, calmly lit a cigarette amid the hail of bullets, took

two or three draws, and then threw it away, growling, "These 'ere French cigarettes taste like bloomin' German cartridges." An incident typical of many that occur in a single day.

This brings us to the 2nd. All day long the Germans, from their entrenched position, have replied to our fire, but without any noticeable consequences. The prisoners who are brought in appear to be glad of the rest and change. Out of gratitude one of them offered to shave the Commander-in-Chief free of charge.

The battle continued on the 3rd. There was a touch of autumn in the air and the wind had changed slightly. Amid the shrieking of shells and the hum of bullets the bark of a distant farm dog could be heard distinctly. And so from day to day the War goes on.

"The entire proceeds of yesterday's magnificent opening concert of the season of the Sunday Concert Society at the Queen's Hall, are to be divided equally between the Prince of Wales' Fund and the National Relief Fund."—*Evening News*.

And even if one gets an odd half-penny more than the other, nobody will really mind.



## BEATS.

(By Special P.C. XXX.)

We have three, each with its nuances of attraction, its delicately different disadvantages. They are known as the Oil Wharves, the Generating Station, and the Sewage Station. A wise decree from Scotland Yard leaves us uncertain up to the very last moment of each evening as to which will be our allotted beat. A gambling element is thus provided to stimulate us.

The Oil Wharves gloom on a *cul-de-sac* of nocturnal emptiness. Scarcely does a human footstep come to rouse the petroleum-sluggish echoes. A padding pussy makes a note of cheery liveliness in the lukewarm monotony of the night-watch.

But against that dreariness must be set the four wooden chairs which the Oil Magnates (blessings upon them and upon their children's children!) provide for our comfort. Technically, it may be undignified for a Special Constable to sit down. It is possible that a penalty of three days in a dark cell awaits the transgressor. We do not know, and we do not enquire. In that deadliest hour beyond the dawn, when the street lamps splutter out and the ruthless morning light reveals us to one another unwashed, unshaven and horribly all-nightly in appearance, it is indeed a grateful relief to sit down on the wooden Windsor chair and wait the six o'clock of release in blankness of mind.

The Generating Station, we are given to understand, does some magic with electricity. That is not our concern. We are there to pace up and down outside its walls, and watch for the man with the bomb. It has the advantage of being a bulky building; therefore a long beat. Up to midnight it looks over to a blank wall which forms a London lovers' lane. We speculate on the progress of courtship. The Generating Station is not odorous, and therefore is accounted the picked beat by the aesthetes among us.

The Sewage Station, on the other hand, is very lively with odours. They dominate our meals for at least twenty-four hours after duty. Some attribute them to a candle-factory opposite, labelling them as warm decomposing tallow. Another school of thought places them as the outcast *débris* of a sugar-factory. A scientist amongst

us claims that they are saccharine which has taken the wrong turning. To myself the taste suggests mellow Limburger cheese.

They raised a classic law-suit a few years ago, taken up to the House of Lords. On the one side a string of tough sturdy bargees testified that a few whiffs made them totally unable to face their dinner. On the other side an array of sanitary experts claimed that they were not only pleasant and invigorating, but a potent factor in local longevity.

We were also informed, in discreet whispers, that the "Guv'nor" of the Station "had it in for us." His grievance was this: that while a rival show across the river had been accorded a military picket by the War Office, he had been fobbed off with a mere guard of Special Constables. To date of writing, his wrath still smoulders.

Our hours of duty are filled with dulness, but we live in hopes. That speeding motor-cyclist in the yellow oilskins—is he the mysterious rider who has already shot down a round dozen of our number on lonely beats?

He shuts off power. He stops. He gets off and fumbles with a lamp. Is it a bomb in disguise? Our hands creep towards the truncheons concealed in our trouser-legs. The Hour has struck, and England expects . . . !

Alas, he is only a belated cyclist, reputable and harmless. We console ourselves with visions of 1915, when we hope to be mobilised, packed off to the Continent in motor-buses, and assigned to beats in Berlin (possibly renamed Berlinogradville City), while the Congress are rearranging the map of Europe.

"Yes, madam, this is Unter den Linden. Straight on and fourth turning to the left for the Siegesallee. . . . Oui, Monsieur, l'auto de luxe pour Petrograd part à midi. . . . Nein, mein Herr, es ist verboten. Broadly speaking, alles ist polizeilich verboten. You will be quite safe in assuming that anything you yearn for just now ist strengstens polizeilich verboten. Passen Sie along, bitte!"



"NOW THEN, TOMMY—GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FOR ME TO-NIGHT—EH? WHAT?"

"YES, SIR: KITCHENER WANTS ANOTHER RECRUIT."

The machinery of the Station has hitherto been idle. Its borough officials apparently do nothing but fitfully polish brasses. It seems that these lucky sinecurists only work in times of violent storm, once every few months.

The neighbourhood may be odorous, but it is full of human possibilities. One midnight, two ladies started a scrap. A Special Constable, raw and without experience of militant femininity, blew his police-whistle. The whole slum-district turned out, dressed or half-dressed, like a fevered anthill. It took the regular police half-an-hour to clear the streets, the original cause of tumult vanishing in the swirl. In this neighbourhood, we are informed, it is etiquette to blow a police-whistle only when someone is being "done in."

## "The Women our Shield."

From Germany and the Next War:—

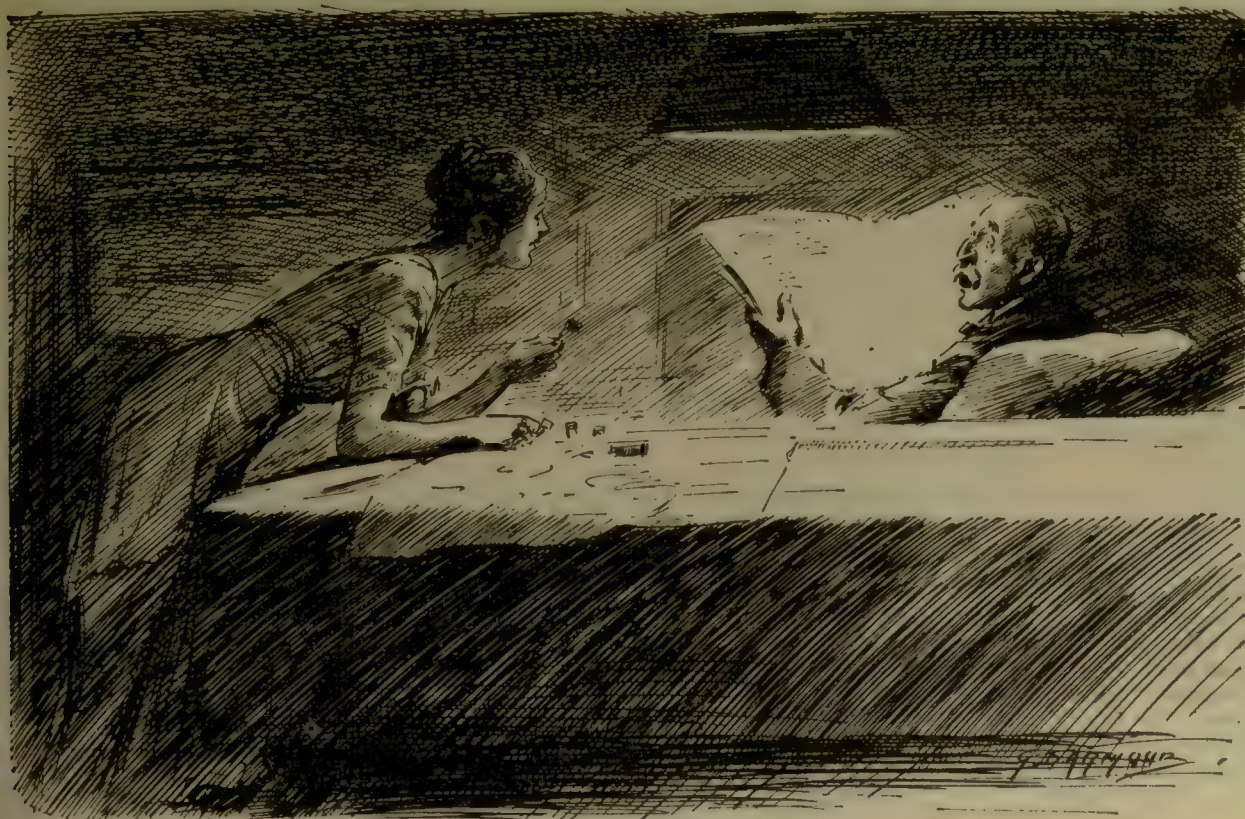
"We shall now consider how the tactical value of . . . the screening service can be improved by organisation, equipment and training."

VON BERNHARDI seems to have overlooked the fact that a portion of the "screening service" was living under the Belgian Government.

"Whilst Germany is a large customer of England in other directions, it is not in hardware and ironmongery. On the contrary, she exports much more hardware to us than we buy from her."—System.

It seems almost a pity that this delightful system cannot go on.





### INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

*Ethel.* "NOW THAT I'VE GOT THIS NICE MAP, WILL YOU TELL ME JUST WHERE TO PUT THE LITTLE FLAGS, DAD? I WANT TO KEEP IT RIGHT UP TO DATE."

*Dad (preoccupied with his paper).* "H'M—WELL—BETTER JUST STICK 'EM ALL IN BERLIN, AND—WAIT."

### OUR WAR STORY.

#### THE DREADFUL DOOM OF BERTRAM BORSTAL.

##### I.

Bertram Borstal turned out his pockets and spread their contents on the table before him. There were seven postage stamps perforated with the initials of his late employers, one three-penny-bit in silver, twopence in copper, and a Bank of England note for 10s. "Irretrievably ruined!" he muttered with closed lips. "I will offer my services to my country. I will enlist."

He enlisted successfully until he reached the medical examination. The doctor thrust a shoe-horn into Bertram's mouth. "Count up to 99," he said. "Ug—koog—he—haw—," Bertram began.

"That'll do," remarked the doctor, closing the jaws with a snap. "Any constitutional ailment?"

Bertram blushed heavily. "Only chronic dyspepsia," he admitted at length. The doctor gave a long whistle. Mistaking the sound a taxicab drew up.

"You'd better jump in," he said

kindly, taking Bertram's hand and putting it inadvertently into his own pocket. "I regret to say I cannot pass you for the Army."

"Ploughed!" exclaimed our hero. "But if I cannot go as a soldier I will go as a spy. Drive me to Wigson's," he called to the taxi-driver as he leapt on to a passing bus.

Half-an-hour later Bertram, disguised in the uniform of a spy, turned up the Strand and his coat-collar simultaneously and walked rapidly to Charing Cross station. He just managed to scramble into the 2.19 as it steamed from the platform at 3.7.

##### II.

That same evening (or the next) Bertram got out of the train at Kart-offenberg, hired a tandem and drove to the German lines. He went straight to the General. "I shall be obliged if you will kindly tell me the number and disposition of your forces, and how and when you propose to advance."

He spoke in English, but the General—formerly Military Attaché at Appenrodt's—happily understood him.

"Certainly," he replied. "Perhaps you would care to examine this map and plan of campaign?"

Bertram thanked him, and commenced to trace them upon his spare vest.

"Don't bother to do that," said the General. "Take this set of duplicates. The disposition of our forces is clearly marked in red ink, and their numerical strength certified by a chartered accountant. The only detail omitted is the number of women and children that will be placed in the firing-line. To-day's bag has not yet been reported."

An aide-de-camp galloped into the tent, flung himself from his exhausted mule and saluted.

"In the name of our noble and august KAISER," he began, "I have the honour to inform you that we have to-day captured 47 charwomen, 16 bedridden octogenarians and 21 babies in arms."

"Zwanzigkeit!" exclaimed the General excitedly. "Place them in the forefront of our brave Bogey Head Hussars, and order the advance for ten o'clock to-morrow morning."



The aide-de-camp saluted, flung himself on to a fresh mule and galloped hell for leather to the canteen.

"I am much obliged for the information you have given me," said Bertram politely. "It is of paramount importance."

"You're quite welcome," remarked the General. "By-the-by, what do you want it for?"

Our hero rapidly shaved off Wigson's moustache and drew himself up proudly. "I am a spy," he said.

"I suspected as much," commented the General. "Kindly touch that bell on the mantelpiece behind you."

Bertram touched it; it was as cold as ice.

"See if it will ring," suggested the General.

Bertram seized it by the handle and shook it violently. In a moment or two it rang. A sentry entered.

"*Einzweidreivierfünf*," said the General, "and riddle him with bullets at eight to-morrow morning."

### III.

Early the next morning a knock sounded on the door of Bertram's cell. The doomed man crossed the room and shot back the bolt. An officer armed with a howitzer entered.

"I am instructed to inform you," he said, "that as you are shortly to be shot you are entitled, according to custom, to choose whatever you wish for breakfast."

"Thank you," replied Bertram, "a cup of weak tea and a rusk. Unfortunately I am a chronic dyspeptic, or I would take fuller advantage of your kind hospitality."

A devilish gleam shot from the other's eyes as he heard those words.

"As you will be dead in an hour," he said, "the fact of your being a dyspeptic need not trouble you any more than if you were an acrostic. Let me therefore suggest that you try a sausage or a knuckle of pork."

Bertram reeled against the piano. Here was an opportunity to gratify his palate without regard to the consequences. Quickly he made up his mind.

"Bring me then," he said, "a plate of sausage and sauerkraut, a slab of marzipan and some Limburger cheese."

### IV.

It wanted but a few minutes to eight, and Bertram Borstal, with steady nerves, waited for the striking of the cuckoo-clock in the prison tower. Once again a knock sounded upon the cell door, and with the utmost *sang-froid* he drew the key from his pocket and unlocked it. The honorary secretary of Germany entered, preceded by three cripples and a Mother-Superior.

"I am ready," declared Bertram, calm but pale, "and resigned to my fate."

"I am happy to say," said the secretary, "that I am unable to accept your resignation. We recognise the fact that you are only a spy, and therefore cannot strictly be said to be bearing arms against us. We have therefore to apologise for having arrested you; but at the same time I would ask you kindly to bear in mind that at these times we have much to think about, and mistakes will happen. You are free."

"Free?" repeated Bertram, unable to believe either of his ears.

"Yes, you are free," said the secretary, "and I am empowered to add that under the circumstances no charge will be made for your breakfast. *Hochachtungsvoll*."

He withdrew, and Bertram, picking up his umbrella and gloves, quickly followed him.

### V.

Half an hour later Bertram had again entered the German lines, imploring to be shot for pity's sake. But it was too late; all the rifles were in use in the firing-line. It was not till he heard this that Bertram Borstal, racked with indigestion, realised the atrocious barbarity of his reprieve.

## SWISS LEAVE.

"It'll be over by Christmas all right," said James again, but without conviction.

"Maybe," I said; "Christmas, 1918, you mean, I suppose?"

James called me a rude name, as soldiers will, and relapsed into moody silence.

I knew what the trouble was. He had booked a room at Spitzheider for three weeks in January. They were to be the same party as last year, he had said at first; but on cross-examination it appeared that this referred solely to a lady who was described with exaggerated unconcern as being "rather a good sort."

And now here were James and I in one of KITCHENER'S camps at —, having taken an oath to defend the King at all costs against his enemies.

True, James had been given an old form to read from, and had sworn allegiance to KING EDWARD VII. without the officer noticing it; but though at first he tried to clutch at this straw it was only a straw.

"I find now that KING EDWARD VII. died some years ago," he had said, "so my oath is not binding, and, if the War is not over by Christmas I shall point that out and retire."

However it was found that "His Heir" was mentioned, so that went by the board.

"Cheer up, James," I said, "Spitzheider will be there all right in 1920, even if 'the same party' are all married to other people."

James did not think my remark in the best possible taste, and said as much.

Then he looked up from the map he had been studying with a glad cry. "Do you know, I think it will be all right after all," he said; "I've been working it out, and I think it more than possible that we shall by January be guarding lines of communication somewhere not so very far from the Swiss frontier. I can get three weeks' leave, join the party at Spitzheider, and at the end rejoin our gallant troops in the field."

"The Swiss won't much care for your marching into their country armed to the teeth," I said. "You know, James, you cut a very commanding figure in regimentals. I won't say that a somewhat conservative tailor has altogether realised that we are inferior physically but superior intellectually to prehistoric man—I mean the tunic is much too big and the hat much too small. But you look every inch a recruit, and with any luck by January you'll look like the best kind of War Lord. No, James, the Swiss won't pass you through the Customs."

"Oh, that will be all right!" he said; "I shall take a change of clothes and leave my uniform and rifle in the cloak-room at the frontier station, and get them out again on the way back."

I saw he was in a mood for sweeping aside all difficulties and said no more. But later I had a new thought for him. "James," I said, "I should mention that little matter—about the three weeks' leave and the cloakroom at the frontier station and all that—to your Colonel soon, if I were you. He'll be busy out there, I dare say, and there will be no time for explanations. If you've prepared the ground, things will go smoother. You'll simply say, 'You remember you said you'd give me three weeks' leave on this date, Sir,' and he'll say, 'All right,' and go on with the battle, and you'll march off. Only," I added, "let me be there, James, when you make your original request."

The KAISER'S Proclamation (Aix-la-Chapelle) ordered the Germans to concentrate their attention on the "treacherous English." We have received several indignant protests from Scotland about the use of the word "English" in place of "British."





HOW THE CUBIST, BY A MERE ALTERATION OF TITLES, ACHIEVED A READY SALE OF UNMARKETABLE PICTURES.

### AT THE "PLOUGH AND HORSES."

"WHAT's this we 'ear, Bill? Pleeceman been plaguin' of you to 'list, that it?"

"Pleeceman, 'e says to me, 'You 'aven't a wife and you 'aven't a child, nor you 'aven't no old mother dependin' on you . . .'"

"Pleeceman 'e did stop you then?"

"Pleeceman 's a sight too busy some-times."

"Thinks this new army depends on 'im and 'im alone."

"Took all the trouble to come after me, 'e did."

"Matter of three-quarter-of-a-mile?"

"All of that."

"Must 'ave felt yourself a bit important like."

"That's right. Uphill all the way to our place, it is, an' Pleeceman 'e fair lost 'is wind. Pleeceman 'e look very fierce—'tis the uniform as does it, you don't deceive me. Pleeceman 'e says, 'That 's right, my fine fellow; you sit at 'ome in your easy-chair,' 'e says, 'snoring o' nights on your feather bed, while the brave chaps as is gone to the front lie on planks o' wood an' eat their

soup without so much as a spoon, for the sake o' them who won't bestir themselves though the trumpet calls.'"

"Pleeceman seems to think our friend 'ere's mighty particular."

"That 's 'is idea o' bein' sarcastic like. Pleeceman 'll play that game once too often for the good o' 'is 'ealth."

"Pleeceman, I reckon, would 'ave been 'real proud if 'e could 'ave got a fine young chap like you to fight for KING GEORGE."

"Pleeceman 'e says to me—when 'e come up to our place all 'urry-scurry to see after me goin' forth again the enemy—'e says, 'A man as is a man 'as got to put 'is 'and to the plough now an' save 'is country, while yet there is time.'"

"Pleeceman 'e talks wild when 'e's excited."

"It 's takin' your 'and off of the plough, ain't it now?"

"Seems so to me—God, 'e knows."

"Pleeceman 'e says to me, 'You go to swell the number as is fightin' for our England, an' 'honours 'll be showered on you as thick as wapes round a

plum-tree in August,' 'e says; 'crosses an' stars an' 'alf the alphabet after your name.'"

"Pleeceman 'e can go it—'istory books ain't in it with 'is 'magination."

"Gen'rous, too, with what ain't 'is own, same as any man."

"Pleeceman 'e says, 'Go forth and fight for this our country an' we 'll give you a welcome back as 'll make you stand among us a couple o' inches taller on that great day. . . .'"

"Pleeceman 'e do talk wild when 'e's excited."

"Pleeceman 'e says, 'You shirk this plain duty a-starin' you in the face, an' white feathers 'll be sproutin' all over of you for a coward as refuses to do 'is little share when nations are goin' at it 'ammer and tongs.'"

"Pleeceman is a sight too bad when 'e be fairly moved. What did you say to that 'ere?"

"I says to Pleeceman—'You does your duty, anyway as far as it goes. But you does it too late in this 'ere case.'"

"'Ow was 'e late?"

"'Cos I 'd 'listed day before."



## IN OUR VILLAGE.

To Mrs. Robinson, *The Wigwam, Threads, Nr. Bradford.*

From Mrs. Cushtat, *The Vicarage, Yellowcubs, Leicestershire.*

Oct. 8, 1914.

DEAREST SISSIE,—I have been far too busy to write before. In this "Clash of Nations," as James finely said in his last sermon, I am distracted to find suitable holiday amusements for the children. Fräulein should have returned from her holiday in Berlin six weeks ago and was prevented with all her boxes ready packed to come; but perhaps it's as well, as James speaks of the Germans in the strongest terms—quite rightly so, of course; but one would be sorry for the poor girl to feel ashamed of her relations.

Our only alien is poor old Miss Schmidt, who has taught music for thirty years. We all try to be lenient and nice to her at my work-parties, which are widely attended. James calls them a mixture of Dorcas and Bellona—ask Harry to explain. The boys are helping to make saddle-pads for the horses at the front. They try each pad on our old Dobbin and are wild for him to go on service at once; but James has just decided that a Vicar's pony's place is in the last line of the Reserves.

You asked me how long the war would continue. We have had quite a lot of talk with the Admiral and dear old General Ramrod about it; but James says, with the utmost respect for their characters, that these naval and military men are so hide-bound. In his opinion hostilities will be over in two months from now. He says:

When the British Lion roars  
Foreign legions go indoors!

You know his funny way. The boys are now shouting this all about the garden, and trying to roar like lions. I have the greatest difficulty in preventing them from going to fight other children out of sheer patriotism. The darlings do look so nice and smart. I could not resist buying them flags and tin swords and helmets like real soldiers in spite of the Moratorium, which I called by mistake *crematorium*, and James made delightful fun about it. He also said some clever thing about banks which I can't recall; it may come to me later.

Every one talks of nothing but the war. Even the errand-boys must have their say; I caught one of them setting up our nice loin chops in the dusty drive and knocking them down with pebbles for bombs; while the girl who fetched the laundry stayed for an hour in the kitchen teaching cook First Aid

bandaging, and dinner was spoilt in consequence. However these are all the little discomforts of war and must be borne in a cheerful spirit.

Your affectionate Sister, MARY  
P.S.—Dear James's joke was about John Bull and bullion. Harry will understand and appreciate it.

## MY BROTHER'S LETTER.

RELATIONS used to be for the most part a bore, and, unless rich, it was well that they were disregarded. But the war has altered all that. The war has brought relations, no matter how humble, into fashion.

Not all, but some. I have as a matter of fact myself one brother in the Fusiliers, in camp, and another who is a special constable and three times has reported an airship by telephone; but these do not count. It is fathers, brothers, cousins, sons, uncles and nephews at the Front who count.

Anyone who can refer to a real relation at the Front is just now conversationally on velvet, while, if a letter from this relation can be produced and read, everyone else must give way. SYDNEY SMITHS, THEODORE HOOKS, RICHARD PORSONS, THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAYS even, would be three-a-penny to-day as against one obscure individual who happened to have a brother in the trenches and a letter in his hand-writing.

But that is not all. There is reflected glory too. To know a person who has a relation at the Front is to be immeasurably promoted socially, and most of the conversations which one overhears in trains and elsewhere have some such opening as this: "A friend of my brother's has seen a Belgian . . ." "A cousin of my wife's who is a doctor in a field hospital says . . ." "I know a man who was talking with a wounded Tommy, and he . . ." "An undergraduate friend of my boy's who is just back from France . . ." Once stories begun in this way would empty a room; but not so now. Now they no longer devastate but fascinate. It does not matter what the stories are about, the fact remains that an opening gambit which three months ago would stamp a man as a triple bore now holds everyone breathless. In short, relations at last have come to their own. Another achievement of WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN!

For the most part they hear upon German atrocities, just as a little while ago they were the preliminaries to unmistakable evidence of the presence in this country of thousands of Russians travelling from Scotland to Southampton by underground passage and other

mysterious ways. I myself believed in those Russians absolutely, and relinquished them with pain and sorrow; and all because they were attested to by other people's relations. This helps to show what a hold the relation is getting on us. In fact no story of the war is now possible without some kith and kin in it.

Personally I am much out in the cold. Those two brothers I told you of may serve to fill a gap now and then—a gap left by other more entertaining raconteurs—but they are not, as I said, any real good. Both are in England, and one will never leave it. But if things were different . . . If only that soldier brother had joined earlier and had written to me from Rheims, say, or Compiègne, how my stock would fly up! Or if that other one would even now fling away his truncheon, enlist in time to share the march to Berlin, and then sit down to tell me all about it, what a swell I should become! How dinner-parties would assemble to hear me!

As it is, I have to-day to do the best I can either with the tame home-keeping exploits of these two, or, by listening with excessive sympathy or by other parasitical endeavour, acquire a reversionary interest in someone else's relation's narrative. I have even, in order to cut some sort of a figure in a company where relations were being used with dashing success—I have even gone so far as to appropriate the gardener's boy's uncle, last heard of from Cambrai, as a personal and communicative friend, and claim an intimate association with his letter home.

And how splendid if all that could be changed!

"My brother," I could say boldly and with truth,—“my brother has sent me a few lines from Berlin; the substance of which you might care to hear.” Of course they would be falling over each other to hear, but that is my artful way. “He camped out,” I should go on, “in the Thiergarten. He says that to see the French waving their arms and cheering on the top of the Brandenburg Gate was one of the finest things possible to imagine. He had one bit of special luck: he was chosen to be one of the guard to protect the removal of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum pictures which are coming to London. He says that among these is the famous portrait of ALEXANDER DEL BORRO (No. 413a) which is among our little lot.”

That would be worth living for—the triumph of that relation's letter! It cannot, I fear, be mine; but surely it will be somebody's . . .





Sergeant (looking for likely talent). "DOES YOUR HORSE JUMP AT ALL?"

Recruit. "OH NO, SIR, THANK YOU. HE'S A VERY NICE HORSE!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SOME part of the fascination that I found in *Tributaries* (CONSTABLE) was perhaps due to the interest of a problem. On the cover I am told that the author "chooses to be anonymous in order that his story should not suffer from the least suggestion of a party bias." And of course, after reading this, I simply had to discover who it was. By the time I reached the last page I had formed a tolerably confident guess. But I will not commit myself further than to say that no one, however "well-known in Great Britain and America" (the publisher again is my authority), need be ashamed to own up to *Tributaries*, which is quite one of the best written novels of the year. It is the story of a modern demagogue, a young apostle of political nonconformity, part charlatan, part zealot, who comes to town from a provincial chapel, and ends up a glorious failure as a soured and unpopular Cabinet Minister. There is an unusual quality in the characterisation and humour of this story of *Maurice Sangster*. Page after page abounds with touches of observation which betray the practised hand. The end, in its dry, unemotional justice, approaches real tragedy. One small point. *Maurice's* father-in-law, who hates and wishes to humiliate him, finds his opportunity when a turn of the party wheel throws the Minister out of office and into poverty. Her father thereupon allows *Mrs. Sangster* fifteen hundred a year for household expenses on condition that *Maurice*, who is scraping a bare hundred by his pen, shall not learn of this help till the old man's selected moment for abasing him. An intelligent woman who read the tale objected that no man, even a journalist, could long remain ignorant that he was spending fifteen hundred pounds more than he earned. I think she had a case. But the book remains a remarkable one.

My own feeling about *A Soldier of the Legion* (METHUEN) is that it suffers from some excess of plot. That clever couple, C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, can handle a complicated intrigue better than most; but here their battle-front, so to speak, is of such extent that even they seem to have found it impossible to sustain the attack at every point. We began splendidly. When *Max Doran*, rich, popular and just betrothed to a star of musical comedy, hears suddenly that he isn't *Max Doran* at all, but a pauper changeling, and that the real child of his parents (if I make myself clear) is a dull-witted girl who has been spirited away to Africa—I said to myself, now there is an exciting time ahead. So there was, but not in the way I had expected. For when *Max* goes out to Africa to find the missing one he finds her all right, but himself gets involved in a totally different and not so promising complication. The consequence is that the career of the enriched *Josephine* and her union with the wicked lawyer (all things about which I greatly wanted to hear) have to be dismissed in a few lines. As compensation we get some good desert pictures and a moving description of life in the Foreign Legion, of which *Max* becomes a member. But his other African adventures, and the sub-sub-plot of the abduction of a Moorish maiden by her Spanish lover, left me disappointed and detached. Of course *Max* embraces the heroine on the last page; and I could not but admire the resource with which, having dropped the curtain upon this climax, the authors ring it up again for an added paragraph (my metaphor is getting somewhat uncertain, but no matter), which brings the story to the warlike present. On the whole a readable book, but not quite equal to the best from the same firm.

Since the short prefatory note to *Raymond Poincaré* (Duckworth) tells me that the book was not hastily mobilised and sent into the firing line earlier than its



author had intended, I must conclude that he is prepared to meet the onset of the critic. I will therefore suggest to him—and this the more boldly because he is anonymous—that he sometimes treats French politics, both international and domestic, with an allusiveness rather tantalising to the average English reader. "The events of 1904," he says airily, and expects us to remember them at once. This is a Gallic trait which would have caused us, I suppose, had we possessed it here, to allude to the open space at the top of Whitehall as "the square of the 21st of October." There is a supreme interest for us at the present moment in this study of the man whose dignified attitude towards Germany during the Moroccan crisis, and support of the *entente* with ourselves, has gone far to alter England's traditional policy in European affairs. It is noteworthy that the writer takes a very firm line about our duty in this respect, and gravely deprecates the then growing feeling of friendship with Germany. It is his opinion that M. POINCARÉ probably "exercises more influence in his own country . . . as regards foreign policy than did any of his predecessors." He would also have us appreciate the French PRESIDENT's many-sided ability as a lawyer, financier, and educationalist. Indeed, his proposed Budget of 1906 might well have earned him a reputation as formidable as that of one whom I will not name. They tell me that M. POINCARÉ has been to the front. I hope he saw there some worthy fruits of his strong policy in time of peace.

I have not before met with a book by A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, the author of *The Clean Heart* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). That is my loss, for he has a curious intensity of vision, an arresting way of making objective his thoughts by a sort of nervous battering emphasis of repetition. And he has things to say. A curious theme and painful. One *Wriford*, editor and novelist, breaks down from overwork and hovers about the ineffably dread borderline, crossing and recrossing. And first that grotesque tramp, *Puddlebox*, drunken, devout, affectionate optimist, with his "Oh, ye loonies of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever;" then the oldest sea-captain living, with his "portograph" in *The Daily Picture*; then a preparatory school, full of boys; last, and most effectively, simple, sweet laughing *Essie*, daughter of the cert. plumber—all help variously to win him out of his morbid wrestling to mental and spiritual health. A live book this, and to be commended very warmly. But there are one or two difficulties. Those grotesqueries of the tramp and the fantastically laughable adventures of *Wriford* in his company—do they mingle quite smoothly with the painfully realistic manifestations of poor *Wriford's* state? Can so dreadful a theme ride off successfully on so bizarre a steed? And then again, was not the whole agony of the man on the physical and mental, not the spiritual

plane? For did not *Wriford* before his illness give many obvious signs of unselfishness? Is there not in effect a certain confusion of the clean heart with the unclouded mind? I suspect the author has some subtle sufficient answer. And anyway I urge everyone to make acquaintance with two very lovable folk, the tramp and little *Essie*, among many others.

*Ape's Face* (LANE) takes its title from the name bestowed by her family upon the heroine. It is not, you will admit, either a usual or an attractive name; but then Miss MARION FOX is by no means a usual writer, though she is in many ways a strangely attractive one. Perhaps you recall certain earlier tales of hers which displayed the same characteristics that you will find in this, though I think they were not perhaps quite so definitely bogie. I used a wrong qualification there. Definite is exactly what Miss Fox's bogies are not, and in this they show their own good sense, and hers. She knows quite well that to define a supernatural element is to lessen enormously its flesh-creeping capabilities. Your flesh will creep all right over *Ape's Face* several times; though perhaps you may agree with me at the end that the book is really an enlarged Christmas tale, and would gain by being reduced to magazine dimensions. I have not yet told you what it is all about. Very briefly, there is a family and a curse. This curse—with regard to the exact details of which I still find myself a little vague—used to express itself by causing murders from time to time among the brothers and sisters of the House. The tale is told in a detached and purposely elusive way that adds much to its effect, chiefly as it is felt by one *Armstrong*, a stranger who comes to stay with the *Mortons* at a time when their very unpleasant family habit was due to manifest itself. "You cannot move about the house without feeling that the thing has nearly *broken through*." The italics in this chance quotation are mine, and used to emphasize a rare feeling for the most haunting phrase, a feeling which gives distinction throughout to the story.



Special Constable (to suspicious lounge). "Now, LOOK HERE, IF YOU DON'T CLEAR OFF, I'LL—TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO—I'LL CALL A POLICEMAN!"

fest itself. "You cannot move about the house without feeling that the thing has nearly *broken through*." The italics in this chance quotation are mine, and used to emphasize a rare feeling for the most haunting phrase, a feeling which gives distinction throughout to the story.

"Experienced Chauffeur wants situation; careful diver."

Advt. in "Gloucester Citizen."

A useful man in a whirlpool of traffic.

"When the foe was announced, the country men did open the doors of their stables to let the beasts over run in the neighbourhood. Amongst them was a bull, who came out in the street, similing, bending his hocks and waiterig anxious.

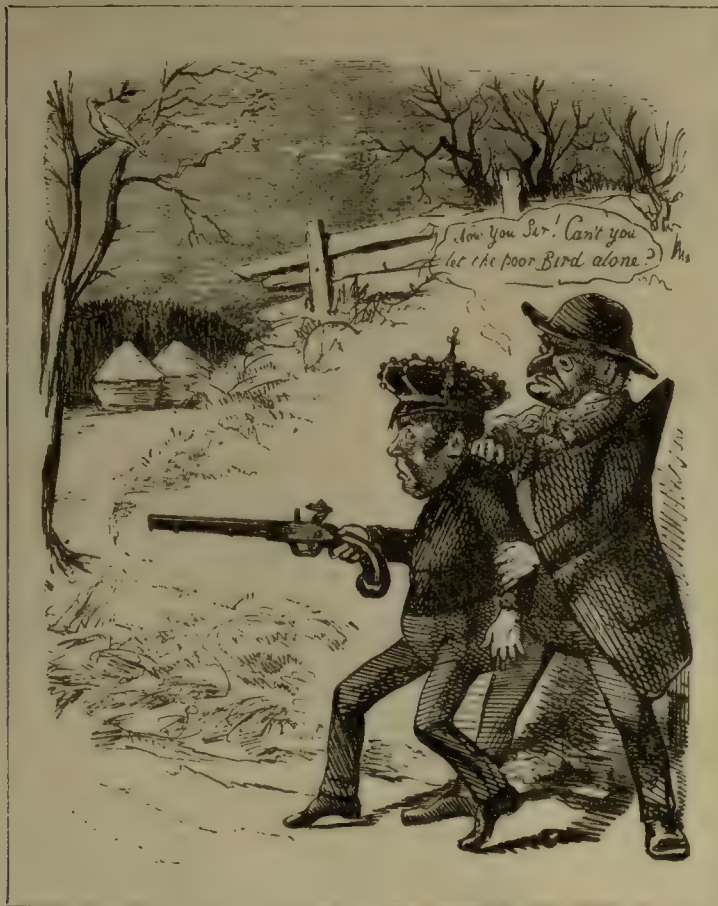
At this time, the gun started to boom. The beast, then, urshed and gone away from the village. On the knoll a german section had just taken place. The bull fell amongst, his horns forward, fool of rage. He knocked down the Germans like skittles."

"*Démocratie de L'Ouest* (English-French edition)."

This is almost as picturesque as some of the work of the "Eye-witness at General Headquarters."



# "PUNCH" and the PRUSSIAN BULLY



January 10, 1857.

\*.\* The Prussian Bully disturbs the Peace of Europe.

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1857-1914.

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"PUNCH" OFFICE, 10 BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

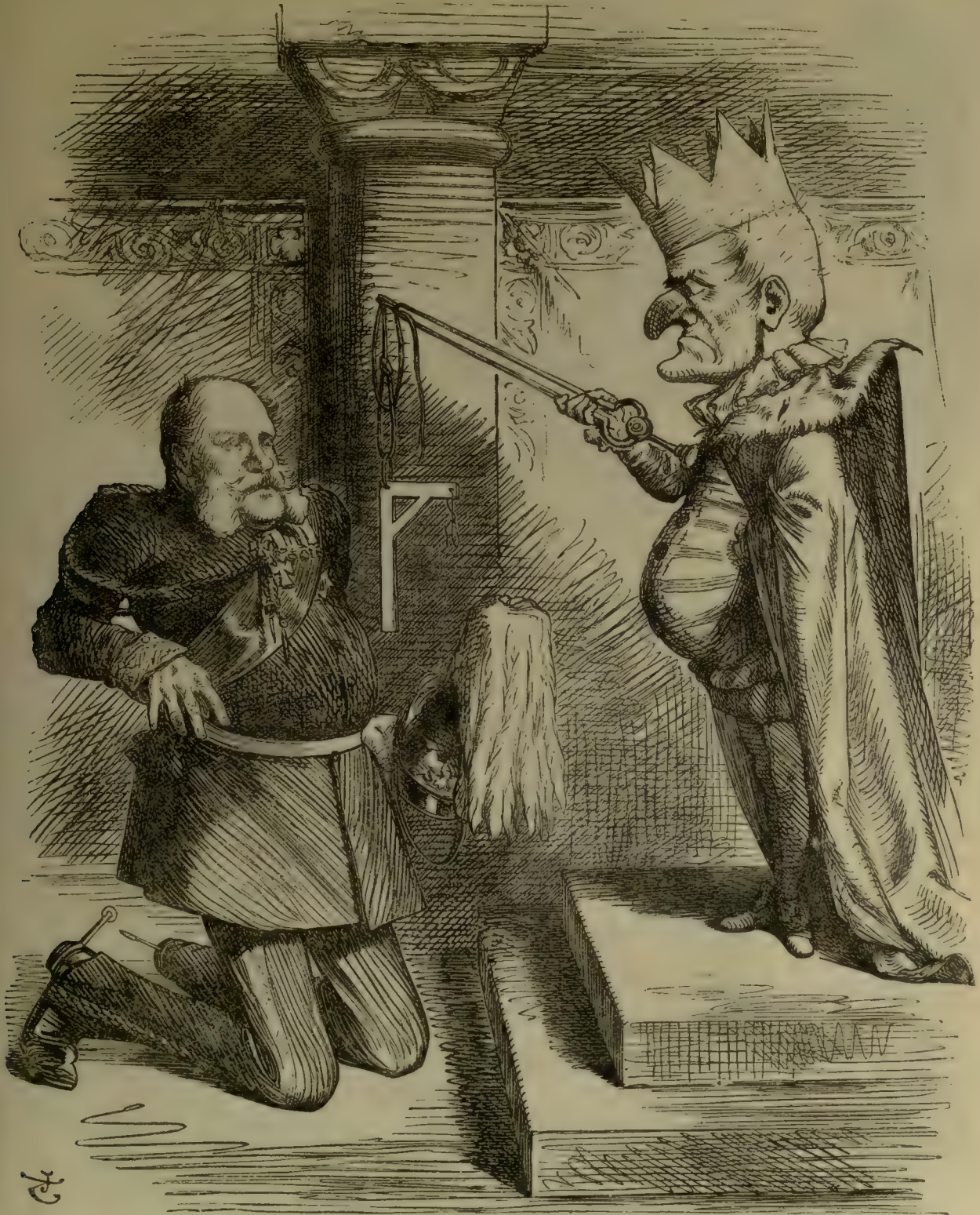






## "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

3



### THE REWARD OF (DE)MERIT.

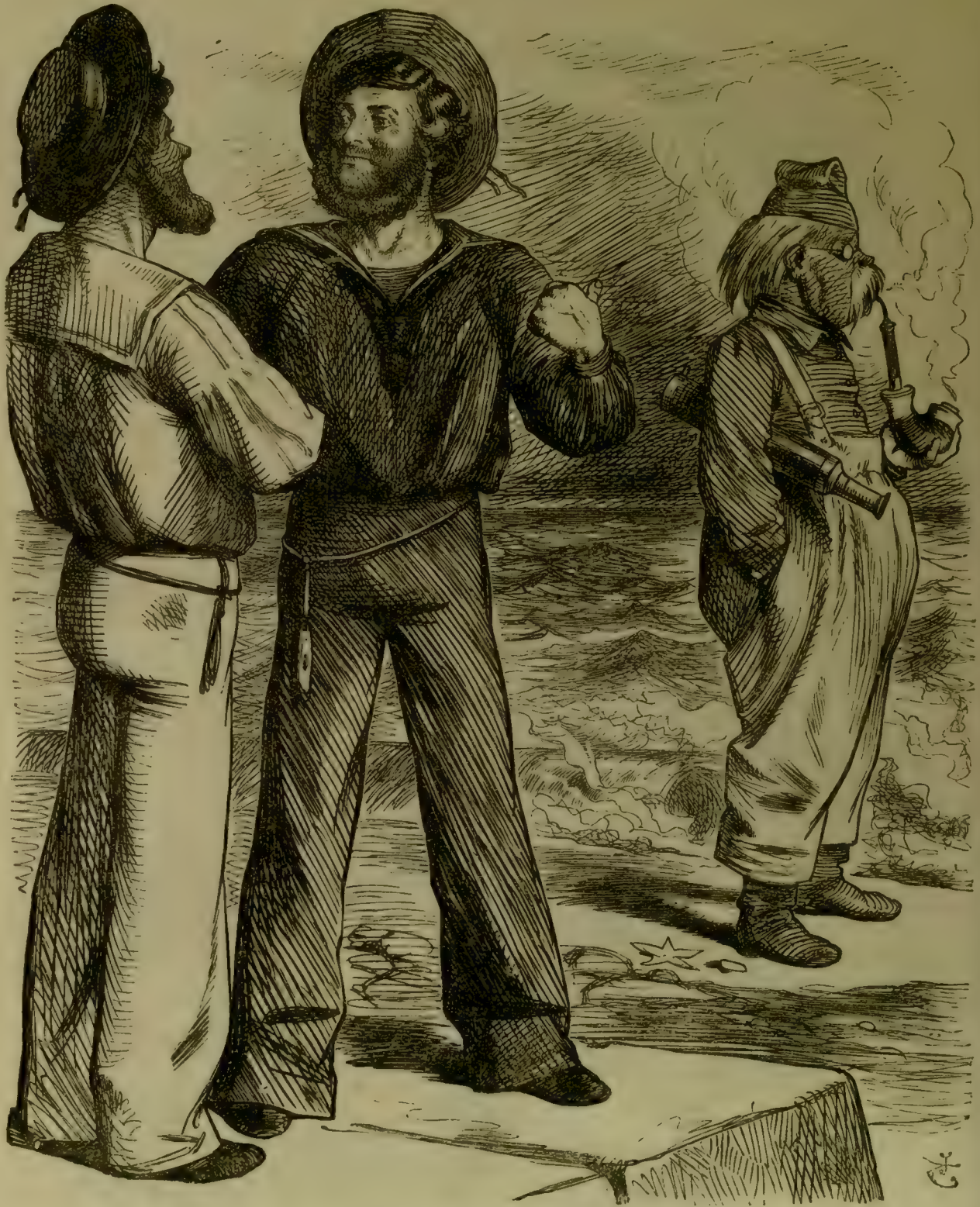
KING PUNCH PRESENTETH PRUSSIA WITH THE ORDER OF "ST. GIBBET."

May 7, 1864.

\*.\* The Prussian Bully tears up a "scrap of paper" pledging him to respect the integrity of Denmark.



# "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



JACK ON THE CRISIS.

"BLOW IT, BILL! WE CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO FIGHT A LOT O' LUBBERLY SWABS LIKE HIM. WE'LL KICK 'EM, IF THAT 'LL DO."

July 2, 1864.

\*. \* The Prussian Bully gives great offence to England.



## "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

5



BRIGANDS DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

\* \* The Prussian Bully takes his share of the plunder.

August 13, 1864.



**"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.****CHECK TO THE KING.**

*Bismarck (reads from 3,000 Citizens of Cologne).* "IN VIEW OF THE MISERABLE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY IN VIEW OF A CIVIL WAR, WITH ITS ATTENDANT SUFFERINGS AND FEARFUL CALAMITIES . . . WE COUGH A SOLEMN PROTEST AGAINST ENGAGING IN SUCH A WAR." . . .

*King of Prussia.* "WHAT IS THAT? DARE MY SUBJECTS OBJECT TO BE SLAUGHTERED! WHAT NEXT, I WONDER?"

June 2, 1866.



## "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

7



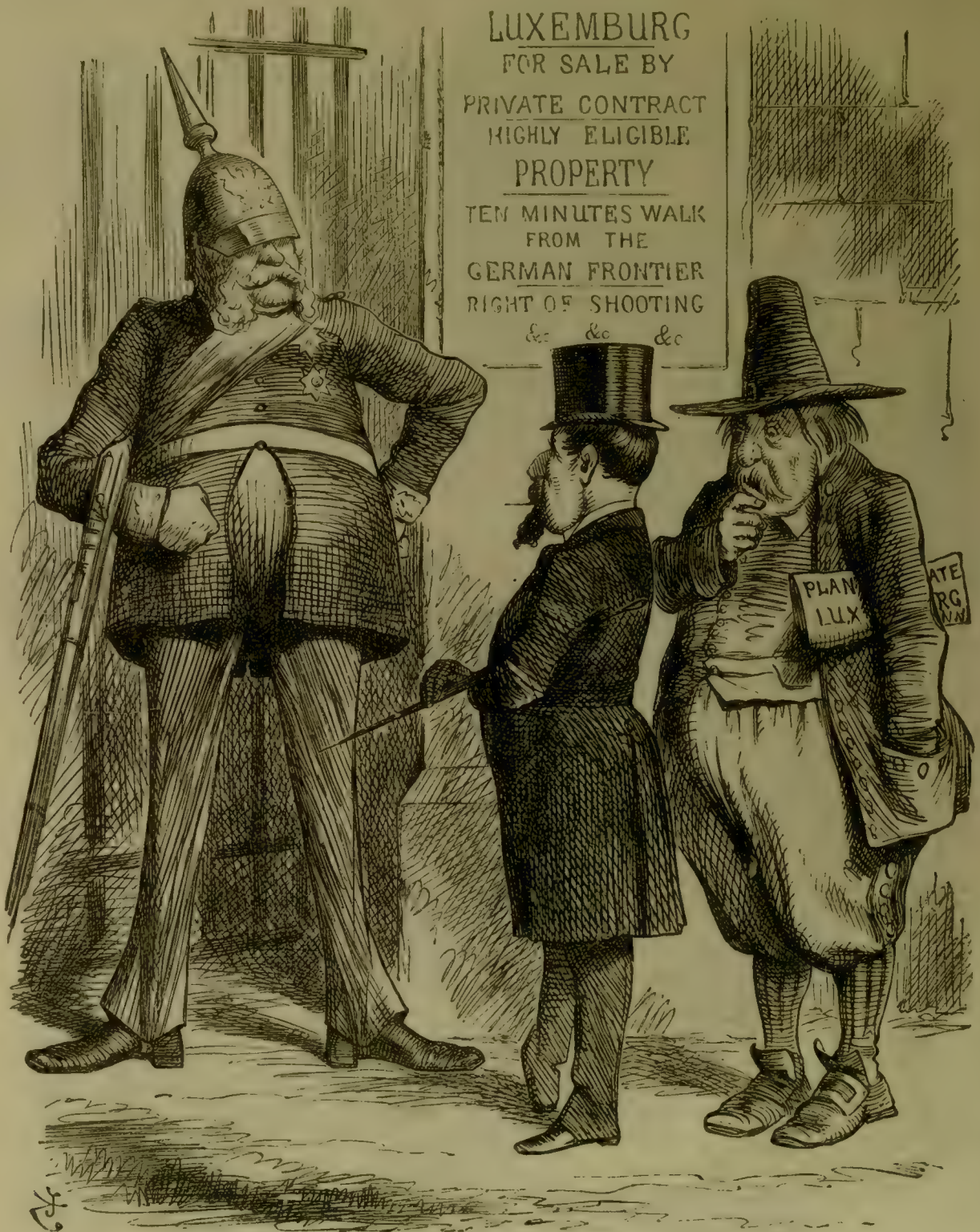
### PEACE—AND NO PIECES!

BISMARCK. "PARDON, MON AMI; BUT WE REALLY CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO PICK UP ANYTHING HERE."  
NAP (the Chiffonnier). "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, M'SIEU! IT'S NOT OF THE SLIGHTEST CONSEQUENCE."

August 25, 1866.

\*\* The Prussian Bully refuses to allow France to rectify her frontier.



**"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.****"TO BE SOLD."**

*Emperor Napoleon* : "I-A-HAVE MADE AN OFFER TO MY FRIEND HERE, AND . . ."

*The Man in Possession* : "No, HAVE YOU, THOUGH? I RATHER THINK I WAS THE PARTY TO APPLY TO."

*Emperor Napoleon* : "CH, INDEED! AH! THEN IN THAT CASE I'LL—BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE!"

May 4, 1867.

\*.\* The Prussian Bully objects to being turned out of Luxemburg.



# "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

9



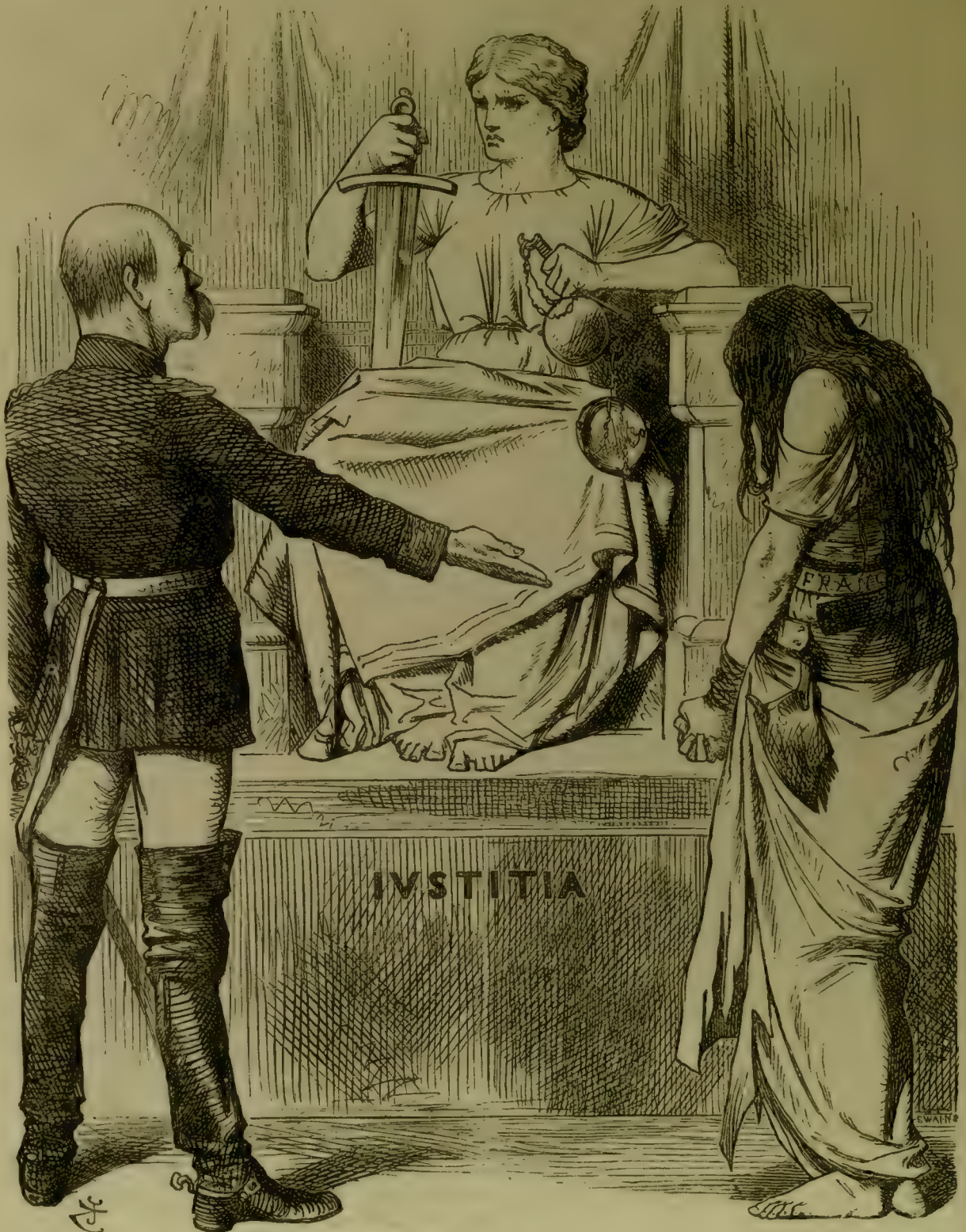
GAUL TO THE NEW CÆSAR.

"DEFIANCE, EMPEROR, WHILE I HAVE STRENGTH TO HURL IT!"

December 17, 1870.

\* \* The Prussian Bully has no pity for France.



**"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.****EXCESSIVE BAIL.**

*Justice (to Bismarck).* "YOUR CLIENT WAS ASSAULTED, AND YOU ASK THAT THE DEFENDANT 'SHALL BE BOUND OVER TO KEEP THE PEACE FOR MANY YEARS.' BUT I CANNOT SANCTION A DEMAND FOR EXORBITANT SECURITIES."

February 18, 1871.

\* \* The Prussian Bully demands from France the cession of Alsace and Lorraine and an indemnity of £200,000,000.



## "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

11



### ENTER BISMARCK.

"I SPEAK OF PEACE, WHILE COVERT ENMITY,  
UNDER THE SMILE OF SAFETY, WOUNDS THE WORLD;  
AND WHO BUT 'BISMARCK,' WHO BUT ONLY I,  
MAKE FEARFUL MUSTERS AND PREPARED DEFENCE."

*Henry the Fourth, Part II. (Induction.)*

February 18, 1888.

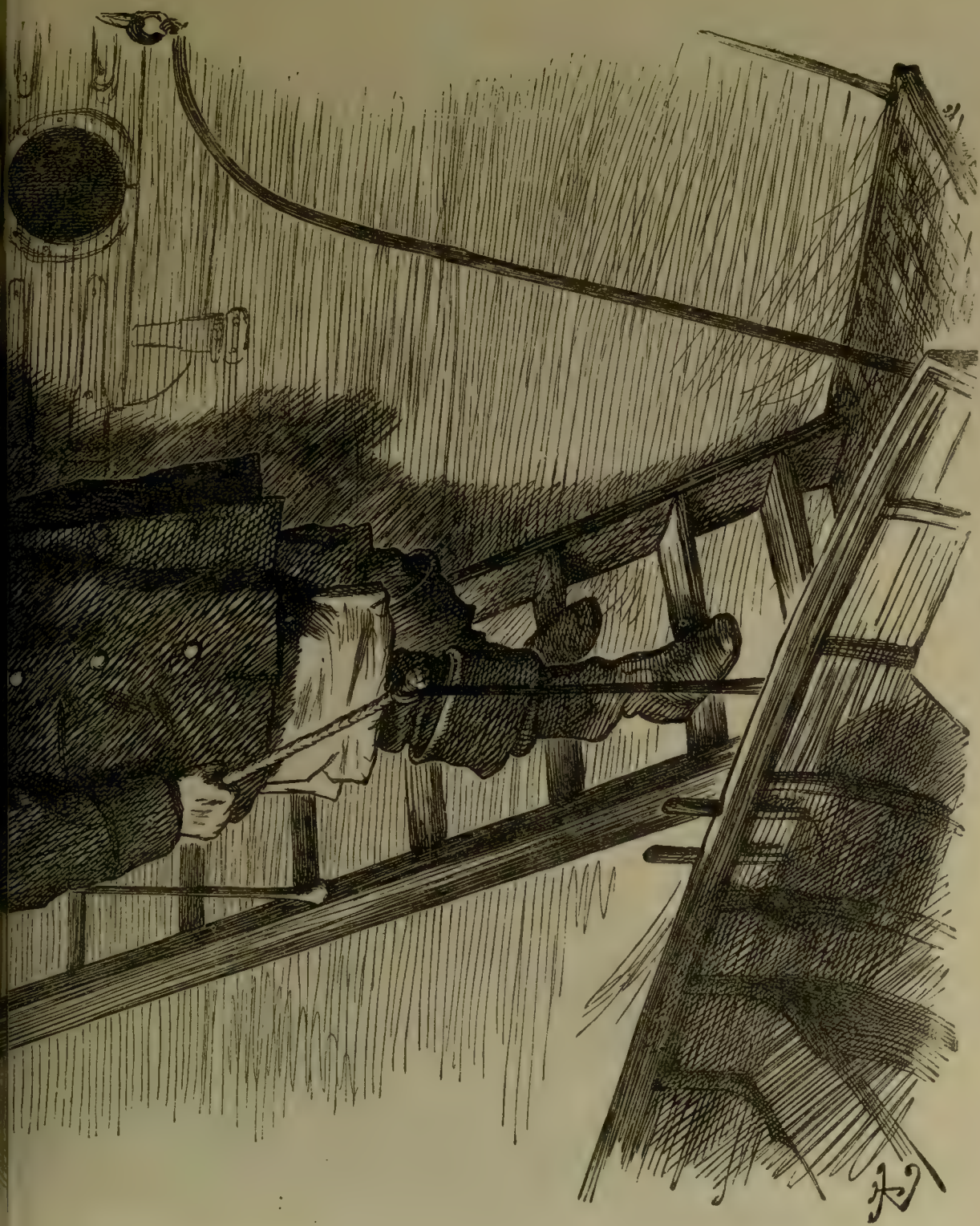
.\* The Prussian Bully speaks of Peace and prepares for War.



"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.







## DROPPING THE PILOT.

..\* The Prussian Bully has no further use for Prince Bismarck.

March 29, 1890.



**"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.**

**"NANA WOULD NOT GIVE ME A BOW-WOW!"**

[The German Emperor is reported to have said, "It was impossible for me to anticipate the rejection of the Army Bills, so fully did I rely upon the patriotism of the Imperial Diet to accept them unreservedly. A patriotic minority has been unable to prevail against the majority . . . I was compelled to resort to a dissolution, and I look forward to the acceptance of the Bills by the new Reichstag. Should this expectation be again disappointed, I am determined to use every means in my power to achieve my purpose."—*The Times*.]

May 20, 1893.

\* \* The Prussian Bully complains that he cannot have it all his own way.



## "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

15



### HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT.

*Imperial Artist.* "WISH I COULD HAVE GOT IT DONE IN TIME FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY. SURE TO HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED."

May 4, 1895.

\*\*\* The Prussian Bully paints himself in divine colours.



**"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.****GERMANIA ARMING KRUGER.**

"The *Vossische Zeitung* chronicles with satisfaction the recent arrival at Lorenzo Marquez, on board the German East African liner *Kaiser*, of 1,650 cases of war material for the Transvaal, including a whole battery of heavy guns, and states its conviction that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are 'determined to maintain their independence.'"—*Globe*, April 13.

April 24, 1897.



## "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

17



### A TALL ORDER.

*(German Eagle (to Dove of Peace). "TEACH ME HOW TO COO!")*

December 7, 1904.

\* \* The Prussian Bully maintains, in the cause of peace, a strong and efficient army ready for instant action.



**"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.****THE BLIND SIDE.**

*German Officer:* "GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO FORTIFY YOUR SEA-FRONT. VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE, THESE ENGLISH."

*Dutchman:* "BUT IT WILL COST MUCH."

*German Officer:* "AH, BUT SEE WHAT YOU SAVE ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER, WHERE THERE'S NOBODY BUT US."

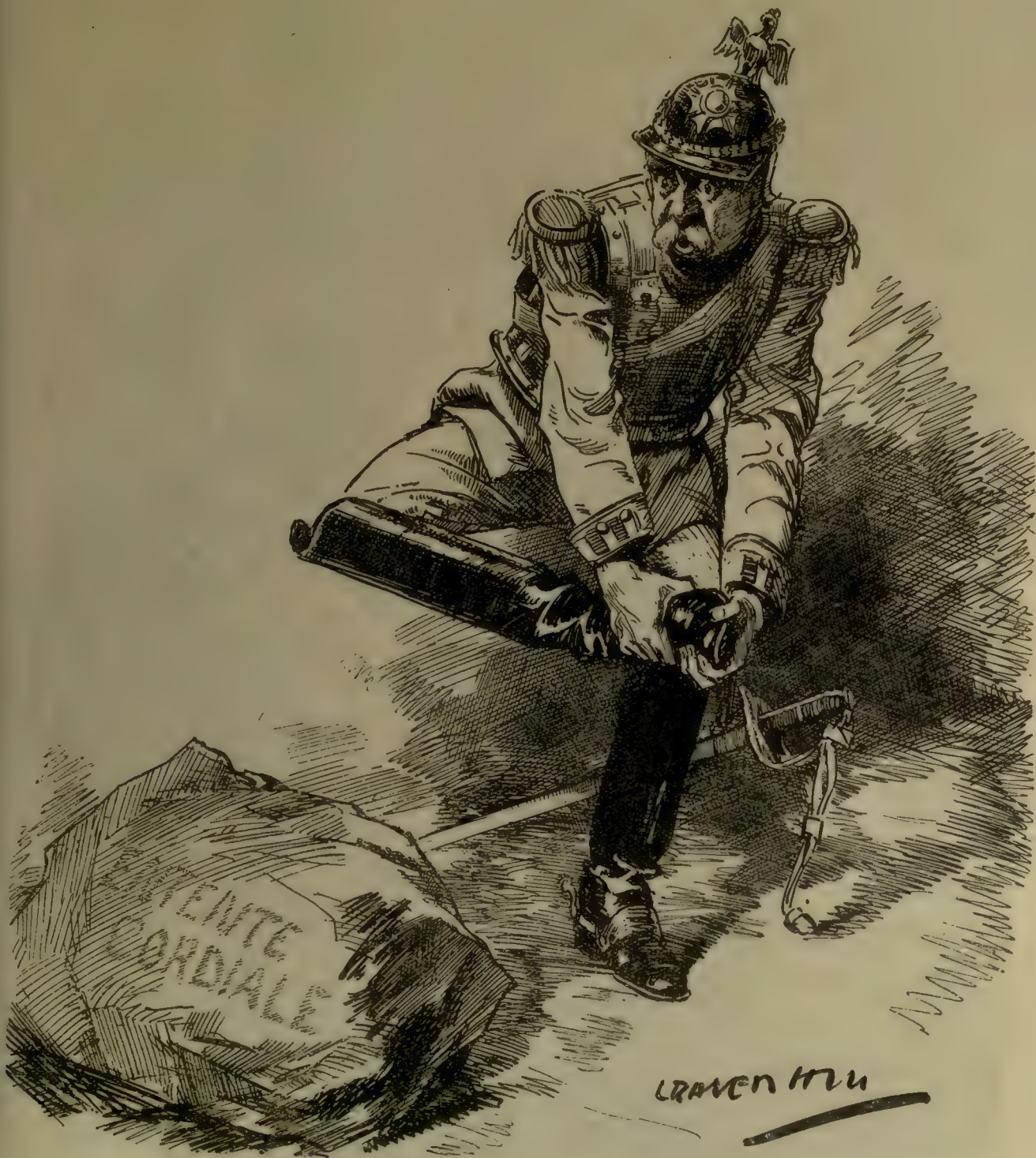
January 11, 1911.

\* \* \* The Prussian Bully tries to get on the "blind side" of Holland.



## "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

19



**SOLID.**

*Germany.* "DONNERWETTER! IT'S ROCK. I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE PAPER."

August 2, 1911.

\* \* \* The Prussian Bully finds that the Triple Entente really exists.



## "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



### OUT OF THE SHADOW.

*The Kaiser.* "WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU HERE?"

*German Socialist Party.* "I TOO WANT 'A PLACE IN THE SUN.'"

January 31, 1912.

\* \* The Prussian Bully becomes aware of a growing menace.



# "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

21



**BRAVO, BELGIUM!**

August 12, 1914.

\* \* The Prussian Bully invades an inoffensive Neutral Country.



"Punch" and the Prussian Bully.



THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."

August 26, 1914.

\*.\* The Prussian Bully declares himself to be the Apostle of Culture.



# "Punch" and the Prussian Bully.

23



THE GREAT GOTH.

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW IN A NEO-GOTHIC CATHEDRAL AT POTSDAM.

September 30, 1914.

\* \* The Apotheosis of the Prussian Bully.









The following incident has been forwarded by the Special Constable himself, but the Authorities will not permit the publication of his actual portrait:—

Small Boy (suddenly noticing Special Constable). "LOOK AHT! COPPER!"

Girl. "WHERE?"

Boy. "THERE—AGIN FENCE."

Girl. "GARN, SILLY—FRIGHTEENIN' ME!"

### CHARIVARIA.

"THE KING," says *The Manchester Courier*, "has returned all his German Orders." So much for the taunt that Britain's object in taking part in the War was to pick up German orders.

We hear that, in addition to lowering the lights at night, the authorities intend, in order to confuse the enemy, to alter the names of some of our thoroughfares, and a start is to be made with Park Lane, which is to be changed to Petticoat Lane.

The KAISER is reported to have received a nice letter from his old friend ABDUL ("the D—d"), pointing out that it is the fate of some kind and gentle souls to be misunderstood.

Matches, it is stated, are required at the front—to put an end, we believe, to Tommy Atkins' reckless habit of lighting his cigarette by applying it to the burning fuse of a bomb.

A Sikh non-commissioned officer

has, according to *The Central News*, delivered himself of the following saying:—"Power is to kings, but time belongs to the gods. The Indians know how to wait." This will no doubt call forth an indignant rejoinder from the Teutonic Waiters' Association.

"Property insured in London is valued at £1,320,000,000," according to an announcement made by Lord PEEL last week. One can almost hear the KAISER smacking his lips.

At last the authorities have acted, and the premises of a German firm with concrete foundations have been raided. This bears out the promise of certain high officials who declared that they would take action when a concrete example was brought to their notice.

The official "Eye-Witness" in a recent despatch tells us how a British subaltern saw, from a wood, an unsuspecting German soldier patrolling the road. Not caring to shoot his man in cold blood, he gave him a ferocious kick from behind, at which the startled

German ran away with a yell. This subaltern certainly ought to have figured in "Boots' Roll of Honour" which was published last week.

Why, it is being asked, do not the French retaliate for the damage done by the Germans to their cathedrals and drop bombs on Berlin? The persons who put this question have evidently never seen Berlin or they would know that you cannot damage its architecture if you try.

The KAISER has announced his intention of eating his Christmas dinner in London. We trust that Mr. McKENNA and his men will see to it that His Majesty will, anyhow, find no mince pies here. [NOTE.—"Mince pies" should be pronounced "mean spies." This greatly improves the paragraph.]

According to one report which reaches us the KAISER is now beginning to quibble. He has pointed out that, when he said he would eat his Christmas dinner at Buckingham Palace, he did not mention which Christmas.



## TO THE ENEMY, ON HIS ACHIEVEMENT.

Now wanes the third moon since your conquering host  
Was to have laid our weakling army low,  
And walked through France at will. For that loud boast  
What have you got to show?

A bomb that chipped a tower of Nôtre Dame,  
Leaving its mark like trippers' knives that scar  
The haunts of beauty—that's the best *réclame*  
You have achieved so far.

Paris, that through her humbled Triumph-Arch  
Was doomed to see you tread your fathers' tracks—  
Paris, your goal, now lies a six days' march  
Behind your homing backs.

Pressed to the borders where you lately passed  
Bulging with insolence and fat with pride,  
You stake your all upon a desperate cast  
To stem the gathering tide.

Eastward the Russian draws you to his fold,  
Content, on his own ground, to bide his day,  
Out of whose toils not many feet of old  
Found the returning way.

And still along the seas our watchers keep  
Their grip upon your throat with bands of steel,  
While that Armada, which should rake the deep,  
Skulks in its hole at Kiel.

So stands your record—stay, I cry you grace—  
I wronged you. There is Belgium, where your sword  
Has bled to death a free and gallant race  
Whose life you held in ward;

Where on your trail the smoking land lies bare  
Of hearth and homestead, and the dead babe clings  
About its murdered mother's breast—ah, there,  
Yes, you have done great things!

O. S.

## TOMMY BROWN, RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Tommy Brown had been moved up into Form II., lest he should take root in Form I. He had been recommended personally by the master of Form I. to Mr. Smith, the guardian deity of Form II., as "the absolute limit." After a year of Tommy, Mr. Smith had begun to mention him in his prayers, not so much for Tommy's good as for his own deliverance—mentally including him in the category of plague, pestilence, famine and sudden death.

Though the pervading note of Mr. Smith's report upon Tommy was gloom, deep gloom, he must have had some dim hopes of him, for, at the end of the Summer Term, he had placed his hand upon Tommy's head and said, "Never mind, my boy, we shall make a man of you some day."

A new term had begun; Tommy Brown had mobilised two days late, but he was in time for Mr. Smith's lecture on "The War, boys."

The orator spoke for an hour and a quarter, and at the end he wiped his brows with the blackboard duster under the impression that it was his handkerchief. Meanwhile Tommy had eaten three apples, caught four flies, written "Kiser" in chalk on the back of the boy in front of him, exchanged a catapult with Jones minor for a knife, cut his finger, and made faces at each of the four new boys. Mr. Smith caught him in one of these contortions, but he was speaking of Louvain at the moment and took it as a compliment.

Suddenly Tommy found himself confronted with a number

of sheets of clean paper. "The essay is to be written on one side of the paper only," said Mr. Smith.

Tommy asked the boy next to him what they had to write about, and the reply, "The War, you fool," set him thinking. A deathlike stillness fell upon the room; Tommy Brown looked round, frowned heavily, dipped his pen in the ink and then in his mouth, and thought hard.

Then, after much frowning, he delivered himself of the following, the ink being shared equally between himself and the paper:—

"The wor was becose the beljums wouldnt let the jermens go over there fields so they put minds in the sea and bunbarded people dead with airplans. It was shokkin. The rushens have got a steme roler. We have got a garden roler at home and I pull it sometimes. I dont like jermens. Kitchener said halt your country needs you and weve got a lot of drednorts. The airplans drop bombs on anyone if you not looking it isnt fare yours truly T. Brown."

The essay completed to his satisfaction, Tommy Brown conveyed to his mouth a sweet the size and strength of which fully justified the name "Britain's Bulwarks" attached to it by the shopkeeper.

He then leaned back with the air of one who had done his duty in the sphere in which he found himself and proceeded to survey the room.

The other boys were still writing, and for fully half a minute Tommy looked at them in pained surprise.

He then read his own essay again and, finding no flaw in it, frowned once more on his fellow pupils and wrote: "My father won the Victoria Cross Meddle." Having written this he looked round again somewhat defiantly. His eye caught one of the new boys beginning another sheet.

Tommy's essay just filled two-thirds of a page. He would fight that new boy. Just then the words of a war poster came into his head and he wrote in large letters: "Your King and country want you."

Tommy studied this for a minute, and then, as the appeal seemed directed to himself, he wrote: "I'm not old enuf or I'd go my brothers gone I'm not a funk I let Jones miner push a needle into my finger to show him."

It seemed to Tommy Brown that the other boys possessed some secret fund of information, even the new boys. He'd show those new boys after school. Having made up his mind on this point he printed at the bottom of his essay, "Kitchener wants men." As an after-thought he added, "My father was a man."

He let his gaze wander round the room until it fell upon the face of his master, and then, under some impulse, he wrote the fateful words, "Mr. Smith is a man."

"Finish off now!" rang out the command from Mr. Smith.

Tommy saw the other boys putting sheet after sheet together, and he had hardly filed one. He racked his brains for something to add to his essay, and there came to his mind the words written under his father's portrait. He had only time to put down "England expees—" when his paper was collected.

No one ever read Tommy Brown's essay excepting Mr. Smith, and he burnt it.

\* \* \* \* \*

A lady teaches Form II. now, and Tommy Brown is eagerly looking forward to the day when Mr. Smith will return to occupy once more the post that is being kept open for him, for Mr. Smith has promised to bring Tommy home a German helmet.

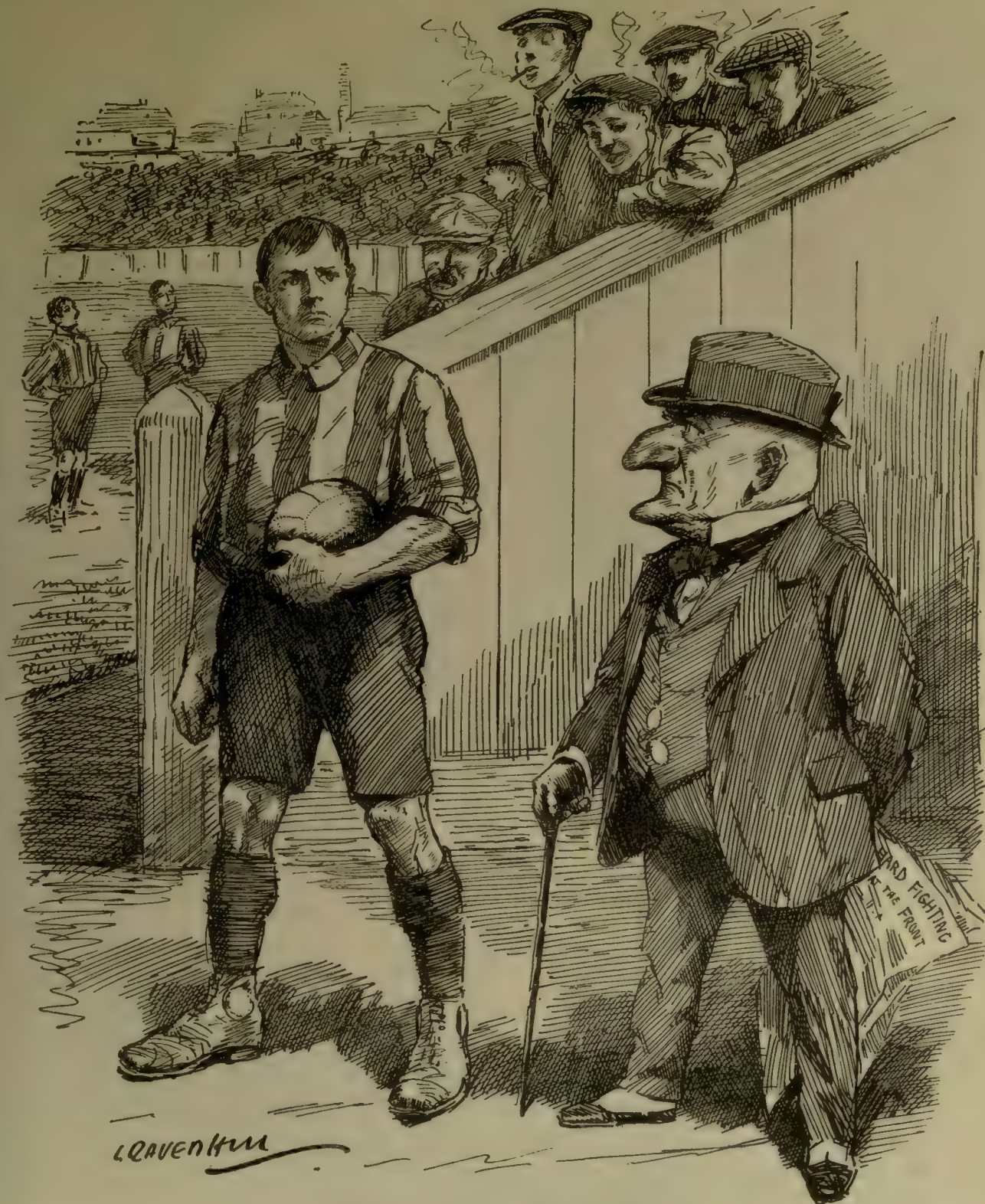
—

"A number of shells burst together and almost at the same moment he saw a large cigar-shaped cigar fall to the earth."

Bolton Evening News.

The unusual shape of it struck him at once.





## THE GREATER GAME.

MR. PUNCH (to Professional Association Player). "NO DOUBT YOU CAN MAKE MONEY IN THIS FIELD, MY FRIEND, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE FIELD TO-DAY WHERE YOU CAN GET HONOUR."

[The Council of the Football Association apparently proposes to carry out the full programme of the Cup Competition, just as if the country did not need the services of all its athletes for the serious business of War.]







## THE SUNDAY EVENING EDITION.

MRS. HENRY looked up. "I think I hear that boy again selling evening papers," she said. "I suppose they must come off the 9.5 train. But it's a strange thing to happen on a Sunday—here."

The Reverend Henry was already at the window. He threw it up and leaned out.

"One can't approve of it, but I suppose in war time—" Mrs. Henry was beginning when her husband cut her short. "Hush—I'm trying to hear what he is saying. I wish boys could be taught to speak distinctly." There was a pause.

"I can't make him out." The Reverend Henry's head reappeared between the curtains. "It's really most exasperating; I'd give a lot to know if the Belgian army got out of Antwerp before it fell."

"Couldn't you shout down and ask him?"

"No, no. I cannot be discovered interrogating urchins about secular affairs from a second storey window on Sunday evening. Still, I'd like to know."

The Reverend Henry perambulated the room with knitted brow.

"I never bought a Sunday paper of any sort in my life. Never."

"I suppose one must have some principles," said his wife.

"But it's enormously important, you know. They may easily have been surrounded and captured." He returned to the window. "Hullo, he's gone to the door. I say, Cook has bought one. This is exciting. I should never have thought Cook would have done that."

"It raises rather a nice point," said Mrs. Henry.

The Reverend Henry returned resolutely to his book. The shouts of the news-vendor died away.

"We must not forget," said the Reverend Henry irrelevantly, "that Cook is a Dissenter." Then suddenly he broke out. "I wish I knew," he said. "I am not paying the least attention to this book and I shan't sleep well, and I shall get up about two hours before the morning paper arrives, and be restive till I know whether the Belgians got out. But what am I to do? I can't ask Cook."

"I might go down," his wife volunteered. "I needn't say anything about it, you know. I could just stroll about the kitchen and change the orders for breakfast. The paper is pretty sure to be lying about. There may be headlines."



*Alf (reading French news).* "ALL THE CINEMAS IN CALAIS ARE SHUT UP. MY WORD! THAT BRINGS THE HORRORS OF WAR PRETTY CLOSE HOME!"

"No," said the Reverend Henry with determination, "I really cannot consent to it."

"Well, I may as well go to bed. Don't sit up late."

The Reverend Henry did sit up rather late. He was wide awake and ill at ease. At last he listened intently at the door and then took a candle and stole down the passage.

The Reverend Henry had not been in his own kitchen for close upon ten years, and he did not know the way about very well. He had adventures and some moments of rigid suspense while the clatter of a kicked coal-scuttle died away in the distance. But when at last he crept noiselessly up-stairs he was assured of a good night's rest.

"What a mess your hands are in," said Mrs. Henry sleepily.

"Yes," said Henry. "That miserable woman had used it to lay the fire. But it's all right. They did get out—most of them."

"British Troops Fighting (Official)."—*Western Mail*.

So the Censor has let the secret out at last, and the rumours of the last 70 days prove to be well founded.

"Five hundred German prisoners were landed in Dublin yesterday afternoon, and conveyed under escort to Templemore, County Tipperary."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

It's a long, long way, but they've got there at last.



### UNINTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

"My dear," I said, "you are always proposing things, and then, when they are carried *nem. con.*, you argue against your own proposal."

"It's unfair to use Greek to me."

"*Nem. con.*," I said, "is rich old Castilian and, put simply, means that nobody—I am nobody—objects."

"But we can't afford a new tea-set."

"Then why did you ask so many to tea at once?"

"I didn't think," said Alison. "They are coming to make pyjamas for our soldiers in the trenches, and I simply thought that the more people came the more pyjamas there would be."

"How many cups have we?"

"Only five tea-cups. Jessie broke two more yesterday, and there's one with a piece out that you or I could use. Oh! and there are the two breakfast cups and two odd ones which would make up the number, but they're such a mixed lot."

Jessie is our domestic staff and a champion china-breaker.

"If Jessie," I said, "were not so good to young Peter I should insist on handing her back her credentials. Hold! I have the germ of an idea. Leave me to work it out, please. I see credit, nay kudos, in it."

At the end of ten minutes Alison looked in again.

"I'm just putting the finishing touches," I said.

"Kindly ask Peter to spare me a few moments. He's sailing his boats in the bath, I imagine. By the way, what time are these people coming?"

"Half-past four," said Alison, "and it's now nearly four."

"Then please see that Jessie brings in tea at five exactly."

"Why exactly?" said Alison.

"Why not?" I said. "Five is a very good hour, and it's part of my scheme."

"It's most mysterious," said Alison.

"It's particularly ingenious," I said. "Everything dovetails in beautifully, and if you'll carry out your small share all will be well. By the way, if I make any remark to the company before tea which is not—er—strictly true, you will please to take no notice of it."

"I'll try not to," said Alison, "if it isn't too outrageous."

"Oh, no," I said, "nothing to shy at. But I might find it necessary to say something about a Worcester tea-set. Listen," I said before she could interrupt. "When you hear me say 'Worcester tea-set' you say 'Great heavens!' or whatever women say under stress of great emotion. But sit tight. Don't go and see about it."

"See about what?"

"The Worcester tea-set, of course."

"Now look here, old pal," I said at the close, "quarter to exactly, in the bathroom."

"Right-o! Daddy." Peter (etat. 9) has a wrist-watch already and winds it regularly, so I knew he wouldn't fail me.

At a quarter to five I was talking to Mrs. Padbury, the Rector's wife, about the doings of the various Armies in the field. I was sitting in such a position that, while seeming to attend only to her, I could keep an eye on the drawing-room clock behind her. Every detail of my scheme had been carefully arranged; it now only remained for the actors to play their . . .

Crash!

"Bless my soul," I said, "that sounds remarkably like the Worcester tea-set," and looking at the clock again I know that Peter had made the "loud noise off" at the exact moment. "Good lad," I said to myself.

"Great heavens!" said Alison.

I was delighted. I had been more afraid of Alison's getting stage fright than of anything else, and there she was playing her part like a veteran actress. Things were going really splendidly.

It was at this precise moment that the grandfather clock in the kitchen gave out the first stroke of five, and at the same moment Jessie entered bearing a tray, on which were the five drawing-room tea-cups which were intact, the single ditto with a piece out, two breakfast

cups and two odd ones.

So the one player, the kitchen clock, whose part had been overlooked, had spoilt the whole show by being nearly fifteen minutes fast; and the fact that Jessie tripped on the doormat as she came in, with fatal results to the rest of our tea-things, was a mere circumstance.

Alison blames me for everything.

The next pyjama conference is to be held at the Rectory.

From a well-known Firm's catalogue:—

"Our roll of honour to date: 487 employees joined the colours."

The question, "Shall women fight?" has now been decided.



The St. John Ambulance Association, which forms part of the Red Cross Organisation of Great Britain, derives its name and traditions from the Order of St. John of Jerusalem (Knights Hospitallers), founded at the time of the Crusades. It has at this moment many thousands of workers engaged in tending the wounded at the seat of war and in the hospitals of the Order.

In peace time it does not appeal to the public for subscriptions, but under the stress of war it finds itself in urgent need of help, and is absolutely compelled to ask for funds. Gifts should be sent to the Chief Secretary, Colonel Sir Herbert C. Perrott, Bt., C.B., at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C., and cheques should be crossed "London County and Westminster Bank, Lothbury," and made payable to the St. John Ambulance Association. In aid of its work, a Concert (at which Madame Patti will sing) is to be given at the Albert Hall on Saturday afternoon, October 24th.

"But we haven't got one."

"My dear girl," I said, "try to imagine we have. In this little drawing-room comedy you've only one line to learn, and your cue's 'Worcester tea-set.'"

"But what's the idea?" said Alison.

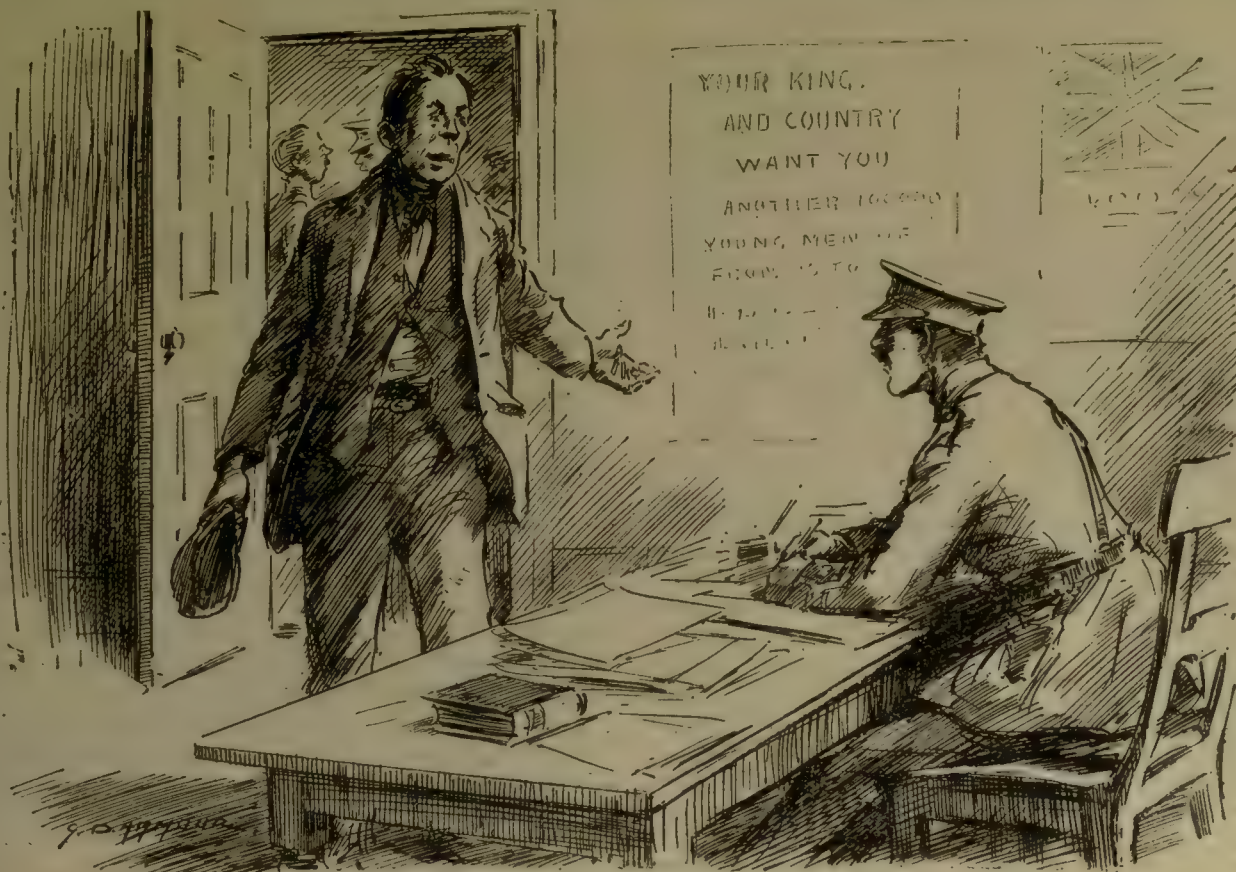
"The idea," I said, "is great, but it is as well you should not know the whole plot of the piece yet. Play your one line, and I, as stage manager, will answer for the rest of the cast."

"And what's Peter got to do with it? I want him to have tea with Jessie."

"Right," I said. "Peter's part is important, but is played off—in the wings, as it were."

My interview with Peter was not a long one.





## A UNITED FAMILY.

*Irish would-be Recruit.* "BEG PARDON, CAPTAIN, BUT THE MAN IN THERE WON'T LET ME GO TO FIGHT BECAUSE OF ME EYE."

*Captain.* "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN THE ARMY?"

*Would-be Recruit.* "I HAVE, SORR."

*Captain.* "WHAT REGIMENT?"

*Would-be Recruit.* "ME BROTHER WAS IN THE LEINSTERS."

## STICK TO IT, RIGHT WING!

(A few suggested official communiqués, respectfully offered to the authorities in Paris.)

## MONDAY.

ENEMY, towards Lassigny, made attack,  
But after suffering heavy loss withdrew.  
We have made progress near to Berry-au-Bac,  
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

## TUESDAY.

Near the Argonne we had a slight reverse  
(Though what the Germans said is quite untrue).  
Along the Meuse things seem a little worse,  
But on our right wing there is nothing new.

## WEDNESDAY.

We gather that sensational reports  
Announced the fall of Antwerp ere 'twas due;  
There's still resistance in some Antwerp forts,  
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

## THURSDAY.

Our left is making progress, and it looks  
(For the straight line is getting very skew)  
As if our forces might surround VON KLUCK'S.  
Meantime, on right wing there is nothing new.

## FRIDAY.

Fighting in centre; German loss immense;  
Our casualties, it seems, were very few.  
All up the left wing Germans very dense;  
May they remain so! Right wing, nothing new.

## SATURDAY.

In some few places we have given ground;  
In several others we have broken through.  
Our left is still by way of working round,  
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

## SUNDAY.

On our left wing the state of things remains  
Unaltered, on a general review.  
Our losses in the centre match our gains,  
And on our right wing there is nothing new.

## L'ENVOI.

So it goes on. But there may come a day  
When WILHELM'S cheek assumes a different hue,  
And bulletins are rounded off this way:—  
"And on the right wing there is something new."

"The prisoner, who was said to be an Indian barrister's window, was placed on the floor of the Court."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*  
The prisoner would have looked better in the roof as a skylight.



# "THE DOUBLE MYSTERY."

## ACT I.

Scene: The house of Judge Hallers. Also of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER; that is to say, The Garrick.

Doctor Ferrier (professionally). Now tell me the symptoms. Where do you feel the pain?

Judge Hallers. At the back of the head. I've never been myself since I fell off my bicycle. My memory goes.

Ferrier. Ah, I know what you want. Open your mouth. (Inserts thermometer.) This will cure you . . . Good heavens, he's swallowed it!

Hallers. There you are, that's what I mean. I thought it was asparagus for the moment. Haven't you another one on you?

Ferrier. Tut, tut, this is very singular. (Makes another effort to grapple with it.) What books have you been reading lately?

Hallers. One about Dual Personality. It's all rubbish.

Ferrier (quoting from the programme with an air of profound knowledge). Cases showing prevalence of this mental disorder are to be found everywhere. (Gets up.) Well, well, I will come round to-morrow with another thermometer. Good night. [Exit.]

Hallers. Dual personality—nonsense! (A spasm seizes him. He scowls at the audience, ties a muffler round his neck and loses his identity.) Gr-r-r-r! Waugh-waugh! Gr-r-r-r-r! Przemysl! [Exit growling.]

## ACT II.

Scene: "The Lame Duck" café, a horrible haunt of depravity.

Poulard (the Proprietor, to long-bearded customer). Yes, Sir?

L.-B. Customer. H'sh! (Removes portion of beard.) I am Inspector Heidegg!

Poulard. Fried egg?

Inspector (annoyed). Heidegg. (Replaces beard.) A gang of desperate desperados, headed by the ruffianly ruffian whom they call The Baron, will be here to-night. I shall be hiding under the counter. Ten men and two dachshunds surround the house. If you betray me your licence will not be worth a moment's purchase.

[He dives under the counter. Poulard, rather upset, goes out and kicks the waiter.]

Enter the gang of desperados, male and female. A scene of horrible debauchery ensues.

Charlier (revelling recklessly). Small lemonade, waiter.

Picard (with abandoned gaiety). A dry biscuit and a glass of milk.

Jacquot (letting himself go). Dash, bother, hang, bust!

Picard (to Merlin). Why don't you revel?

Merlin (giving Suzanne a nudge). What-ho! (Relapses into silence again.)

Picard (gaily). A song! a song!

Charlier (in an agonised whisper).

You fool, none of us can sing!

Picard. What about the girl who sang the recruiting song before the play began? Isn't she behind the scenes still? (Cracking his biscuit.) Well, let's have a dance anyway. We must make the thing go. Waiter, another glass of milk.

Enter Judge Hallers in scowl and muffler.

Charlier (enthusiastically). Ha! The Baron!

Hallers. I mean business to-night, boys. Look at this! (He produces a dagger and a pistol.)

Charlier. What a man!

[He throws away his pea-shooter in disgust. Jacquot, who has just begun to strop a fish-knife, realizes that he has been outdone in devilry, and gives it back to the waiter. Picard replaces his knotted handkerchief.]

Hallers. Yes, boys, I've got a crib for you to crack to-night. It's Judge Hallers' house. (A loud bumping noise is heard from the direction of the counter.) What's that?

It is Inspector Heidegg. (Raising his head incautiously, in order to catch his first sight of the notorious Baron, he has struck the top of his skull against the counter and is now lying stunned.)

All. A spy!

Hallers. Bring him out . . . Ha!

Who is he? Is that his own beard or Clarkson's?

Charlier. It's a police inspector in a false beard!

Mr. BOURCHIER (contemptuously). A real artist would have grown a beard. (Producing his knife.) He must die. (There is a loud noise without.)

Noise without. Open! Bang-bang.

Open! Bow-wow, bow-wow. [It is the police and the two dachshunds.]

Hallers. Quick! The trap-door!

[They escape as the dachshunds enter.]

## LAST ACT.

Scene: Next morning at Judge Hallers.

Dr. Ferrier. Good morning, Judge.

I've come with that other thermometer.

I have ventured to tie a piece of string to it, so that in case the—er—temperature goes down again—

But what's happened here? You seem all upset.

Hallers. Burglary. I dropped asleep at my desk here last night, and when I wake up I find that a criminal called The Baron and two accomplices have burgled my house. The Baron escaped, but Heidegg caught the others.

Ferrier. Extraordinary thing. What theatres have you been to lately?

Hallers. Only the Garrick. (Enter Heidegg.) Well, anything fresh to report, Inspector?

Heidegg. Yes, Judge. The prisoners say that you are The Baron. But they say you had a muffler on last night. That might account for our dachshunds missing the scent.

Hallers. Good heavens, what do you make of this, Doctor?

Ferrier (picking up programme). Cases showing prevalence of this mental disorder—

Hallers. You mean I am a dual personality! (Covers his face with his hands.)

Ferrier. Come, come, control yourself.

Hallers (calmly). It is all right; I am my own man—I mean my own two men again. What shall I do?

Ferrier. You must wrestle with your second self. I will hypnotise you. (He glares at him.)

Hallers (after a long pause). Well, why don't you begin?

Ferrier. You ass, I'm doing it all the time. This is the latest way . . . There! Now then, wrestle!

[A terrible struggle ensues. After what seems about half an hour the Judge, panting heavily, gets The Baron metaphorically down on the mat, and—

Ferrier. Time! (Replacing his watch.) That will do for to-day. But continue the treatment every morning—say for half an hour before the bath. Good day to you.

Hallers. Wait a moment; you can't go like this. We must have a proper curtain. Ah, here's my fiancée. Would you—Thank you!

[The Doctor leads her to the Judge, who embraces her.]

CURTAIN.

A. A. M.

"It was dark, and as he stumbled on his way he called out, 'Are you there, Fritz?' A French soldier with a knowledge of German shouted back, 'Here.'"—Daily Mail.

At the critical moment his knowledge of German seems to have failed him.

From the report of the Manchester Medical Officer of Health:—

"An important step forward was taken in 1909, when an Order of the Local Government Board made Tuberculosis of the Lungs obligatory on the Medical Officers of the Poor Law Service; in 1911 a second Order extended the obligation to other Institutions."

So far, luckily, the Order has not been extended to journalists. Regarding it, however, from the standpoint of the onlooker, we think that the L. G. B. has gone a little beyond its powers.



WHY HAVE WE NO SUPERMEN LIKE THE GERMANS?



HOW THEY MIGHT BRIGHTEN REGENT STREET.



HOW THEY MIGHT WAKE UP OUR RESTAURANTS.



AND HONOUR US WITH THEIR GALLANTRY.



AND, BEST OF ALL, HOW AMUSING TO SEE THEM MEET A SUPER-SUPERMAN.





### FACTS FROM THE FRONT.

STORM OF RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION AT THE ENEMY'S HEADQUARTERS ON THEIR BEING SHOWN A "BARBAROUS AND DISGUSTING ENGINE OF WAR" IN USE BY THE ALLIES. [The Germans have taken a strong objection to the French 75 m/m gun.]

#### THE GREAT SHOCK.

(Or a tragic result of Armageddon as gleaned from the Evening Press.)

No more the town discusses  
The Halls and what will win;  
Now stifled are the wags' tones  
On Piccadilly's flagstones,  
And half the motor-buses  
Have started for Berlin.

New eyes to war adapting  
We stare at the Gazette;  
Yon eager-faced civilian,  
When posters flaunt vermilion  
And boys say "Paper, capting,"  
Replies "Not captain—yet."

"Remains," I asked, "no station  
Of piping peace and sport?  
Oh yes. Though kings may  
tumble,  
No howitzers can rumble,  
No sounds but cachinnation  
Can boom from DARLING's Court.

"That garden of the Graces  
Can hear no cannon roar  
From that dear island valley  
No bruit of arms can sally,  
But men must burst their braces  
With laughter as of yore.

"While dogs of war are snarling  
His wit shall sweep away  
Bellona's ominous vapour;"  
Therefore I bought a paper  
To see what Justice DARLING  
Happened to have to say.

In vain his humour sortied,  
In vain with spurts of glee  
Like field-guns on the trenches  
He raked the crowded benches;  
My evening print reported  
No kind of casualty.

No prisoner howled and hooted,  
No strong policemen tore  
With helpless mirth their jackets,  
There was not even in brackets  
This notice: "(Laughter—muted  
In deference to the war.)"

EVOC.

#### A Traitor Press.

"BRITISH PRESS BACK THE ENEMY."  
*Manchester Courier.*  
Punch anyhow backs the Allies.

Cardiff claims the honour of having  
enlisted the heaviest recruit in the  
person of a police constable weighing  
nineteen stone odd. He should prove  
invaluable for testing bridges before the  
heavy artillery passes across.

#### A ROYAL CRACKSMAN.

WHEN the housebreaking business is  
slack

And cracksmen are finding it slow—  
For all the seashiders are back  
And a great many more didn't go—  
Here's excellent news from the front  
And joy in Bill Sikes's brigade;  
Things are looking up since  
The German CROWN PRINCE  
Has been giving a fillip to trade.

His methods are quite up to date,  
Displaying adroitness and dash;  
What he wants he collects in a crate,  
What he doesn't he's careful to  
smash.

An historical château in France  
With Imperial ardour he loots,  
Annexing the best  
And erasing the rest  
With the heels of his soldierly boots.

Sikes reads the report with applause;  
It's quite an inspiring affair;  
But a sudden idea gives him pause—  
*The Germans must stop over there!*  
So he flutters a Union Jack  
To help to keep Englishmen steady,  
Remarking, "His nibs  
Mustn't crack *English* cribs,  
The profession is crowded already."





## UNCONQUERABLE.

THE KAISER, "SO, YOU SEE—YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING."  
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. "NOT MY SOUL."









### MORE HORRORS OF WAR.

*Lady Midas (to friend).* "YES, DO COME TO DINNER ON FRIDAY. ONLY I MUST CAUTION YOU THAT IT WILL BE AN ABSOLUTE PICNIC, FOR MY FOURTH AND SIXTH FOOTMEN HAVE JUST ENLISTED."

#### WAR ITEMS.

THE reiterated accusations made by Germany of the use of dum-dum bullets by the Allies, although they are not believed by anyone else, appear to be accepted without question by the German General Staff. New measures of retaliation are being taken, which, while not strictly forbidden by International Law, may at any rate be said to contravene the etiquette of civilised warfare. We learn from Sir JOHN FRENCH'S Eye-witness that numbers of gramophones have made their appearance in the German trenches north of the Aisne River.

Papers captured in the pocket of a member of the German Army Service Corps contain bitter complaints of the enormous strain thrown upon the already over-taxed railway system in Germany by the KAISER'S repeated journeys to and fro between the Eastern and the Western Theatres of War. He is referred to (rather flipantly) as "The Imperial Pendulum" (*Perpendikel*). The writer, while re-

cognising the eager devotion with which the KAISER is pursuing his search for a victory in the face of repeated disappointment, congratulates himself that the Imperial journeys, though they are not likely to be discontinued, will at least grow shorter and shorter as time goes on. Indeed, it is hoped that before long a brief spin in the Imperial automobile-de-luxe will cover the ground between the Eastern and Western Theatres.

#### WORKS OF KULTUR.

IN some respects, apparently, the enemy has been less affected by the War than we have. While in England the book-trade has been slightly depressed, in Germany it seems to be flourishing. We give samples from the latest catalogues:—

#### POETRY.

The most interesting volume announced is *A Humming We Will Go, and Other Verses*, by WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, whose *Bleeding Heart* attracted so much attention.

#### HISTORY.

*Kaiser's Gallic War Books, I. & II.*, a new edition, very much revised since August by General von KLUCK and other accomplished scholars, are certain to be of great use for educational purposes.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

In this department a work likely to be enquired for is *The Dogs of St. Bernhardt*, by General von MOLTKE.

#### FICTION.

The demand for fiction in Germany is said to be without parallel and the supply appears to be not inadequate. Among forthcoming volumes there should be a demand for *Der Tag*; or, *It Never Can Happen Again*.

#### GENERAL.

*Proverbial Philosophy* contains the favourite proverbs of various persons of eminence. From the Imperial FINANCE MINISTER comes: "It's never too late to lend." From General MANTEUFFEL (the destroyer of Louvain library): "Too many books spoil the Goth." The CROWN PRINCE contributes: "Beware the rift within the loot."



## ZEITUNGS AND GAZETTINGS.

## ROOSEVELT UNMASKED.

It is sad to relate, but persistent efforts to maintain the disinterested claim on American friendship which we Germans have always (when in need of it) advanced, continue to be misrepresented in that stronghold of atheistical materialism and Byzantine voluptuousness, New York. To the gifted Professor von Schwank's challenge, that he could not fill a single "scrap of paper" with the record of acts of war on our part which were incompatible with Divine guidance and the promulgation of the higher culture, the effete and already discredited ROOSEVELT has merely replied, "Could fill Rheims." This is very poor stuff and worthy only of a creature who combines with the intellectual development of a gorilla the pachymenia of the rhinoceros and the dental physiognomy of the wart-hog. ROOSEVELT, once our friend, is plainly the enemy and must be watched. Should he decide, however, even at the eleventh hour, to fall in line with civilisation, he can rely on finding in Germany, in return for any little acts of useful neutrality which he may be able to perform, a generous ally, a faithful upholder of treaty obligations, and a tenacious friend. There must surely be something that America covets—something belonging to one of our enemies. Between men of honour we need say no more.

## BASE CALUMNY EXPOSED.

Let us speak plainly with regard to the Rheims affair. We have successively maintained that this over-rated monument of Arimasian decadence (1) was not injured in any way; (2) was only blown to pieces in conformity with the rules of civilised warfare; (3) was mutilated and fired by our unscrupulous and barbaric opponents themselves; (4) was deliberately pushed into our line of fire on the night of the 19th September; (5) never existed at all, being indeed an elaborate but puerile fiction basely invented by a baffled enemy with the object of discrediting our enlightened army in the eyes of neutral Powers. Any of these was good enough, but what now appears is better. Exact measurements have since demonstrated beyond all question of cavil that Rheims Cathedral had been built with mathematical accuracy to shield our contemptible enemy's trenches around Chalons from

our best gun positions outside Laon. This act of treachery proves that, instead of Germany being the aggressor, France has been cunningly preparing ever since 1212 A.D. for the war which at last even our chivalrous diplomacy has been powerless to avert.

## GENEROUS OFFER TO MONACO.

It is time for Monaco to reconsider its position. Should it maintain its present short-sighted and untenable neutrality what has it to gain from England, France, or Russia? Nothing that it has not already got. Monaco very naturally wants something more. Let us be frank. We of Germany



PERCY REYNOLDS.

"PFUTSCH! DEY VAS JUST A FEW TINGS VAT I USE TO FRIGHDEN DER CATS FROM MEIN GARTEN!"

speaking very differently. It is not desirable to be specific, but short of that we may say that whatever Monaco asks for it will be promised. England, we would then repeat, is the enemy. Has Monaco forgotten the sinister malignity of an article in an English paper disclosing "How to Break the Bank at Monte Carlo." It is unnecessary to labour the point, to which we will return in our next issue. Monaco, in short, like Turkey, Bolivia, China, the United States, Hayti and Oman, is the natural ally of Germany.

"After exhaustive research a Scotch scientist has decided that no trees are species is struck as often as another."

Vancouver Daily Province.

He must have a rest and then try some more research.

## THE SLUMP IN CRIME.

"PRAISE is due to criminals," remarked Mr. ROBERT WALLACE, K.C., at the London Sessions, "for the self-control they are exercising during this period of stress and anxiety."

It is to be feared that Mr. WALLACE's views are not entirely shared by the legal profession. As the junior partner in Mowlem & Mowlem confided to our representative: "That's all very fine, but what's to become of us? Not a burglar on our books for the last six weeks. Not a confidence man; not a coiner; not a note expert. And they had the opportunity of their lives with the JOHN BRADBURY notes! We shall have to shut up our office, and then what's to become of our clerk? What's to become of our charwoman? I ask you, what's to become of our charwoman's poor old husband dependent on her? No, let's have patriotism in its right place!"

An old-established firm of scientific implement merchants showed even more indignation. "We had taken our place in the firing-line in the War on Germany's Trade," they declared. "We had made arrangements for home manufacture to supplant the alien jemmy. No British burglar would need to be equipped with anything but all-British implements, turned out in British factories and giving employment to British workmen only. And now what do we find? The market has gone to pot. Yes, Sir, to pot. And that's the reward for our patriotic efforts!"

Opinions of other representative men in the criminological world have reached us in response to telegrams (reply paid):—

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE: "Ruin stares me in the face."

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER: "Have decided to suppress *Raffles* for the period of the War."

Mr. RAFFLES: "Have decided to suppress GERALD DU MAURIER for the period of the war."

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON: "Have always maintained that patriotism is the curse of the criminal classes. Will contribute ten guineas to National Fund for Indigent Burglars Whose Front Name Is Not William."

Crown Prince WILHELM: "Have nothing to give away to the Press."

Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: "My first telegram for three months. To be a criminal needs brains. There are no English criminals."





Nurse. "GOODNESS ME! WHAT 'AVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOUR DOLLS?"

Joan. "CHARLIE'S KILLED THEM! HE SAID THEY WERE MADE IN GERMANY, AND HOW WERE WE TO KNOW THEY WEREN'T SPIES?"

### WITH HIGH HEART.

THE long line of red earth twisted away until it was lost in the fringe of a small copse on the left and had dipped behind a hillock on the right. Flat open country stretched ahead, grass lands and fields of stubble, lifeless and deserted.

There was no enemy to be seen and not even a puff of smoke to suggest his whereabouts. But the air was full of the booming of heavy guns and the rising eerie shriek of the shrapnel.

Behind the line of red earth lay the British, each man with his rifle cuddled lovingly to his shoulder, a useless weapon that yet conveyed a sense of comfort. The shells were bursting with hideous accuracy—sharp flashes of white light, a loud report and then a murderous rain of shrapnel.

"Crikey!" said a little man in filthy rain-sodden khaki, as a handful of earth rose up and hit him on the shoulder; "crikey! that was a narsty shave for your uncle!"

The big man beside him grunted and shifted half an inch of dead cigarette from one corner of his mouth to the other. "You can 'old my 'and," said he with a grin.

Four or five places up the trench a

man stumbled to his knee, coughed with a rush of blood and toppled over dead.

"Dahn and aht," said the big man gruffly. "Gawd! If we could get at 'em!"

The wail of a distant shell rose to a shriek and the explosion was instantaneous. The little man suddenly went limp and his rifle rolled down the bank of the trench.

His friend looked at him with unspeakable anguish. "Got it—in the perishing neck this time, Bill," gasped the little man.

Bill leaned over and propped his pal's head on his shoulder. A large dark stain was saturating the wounded man's tunic and he lay very still.

"Bill," very faintly; then, with surprise, "Blimey! 'E's blubbing! Poor old Bill!"

The big man was shaking with strangled sobs. For some moments he held his friend close, and it was the dying man who spoke first.

"Are we dahn-'earted?" he said. The whisper went along the line and swelled into a roar.

The big man choked back his sobs. "No, old pal, no!" he answered, and "No-o-o!" roared the line in unison.

The little man lay back with a contented sigh. "No," he repeated, and closed his eyes for ever.

### THE SOUTHDOWNS.

THE Grey Men of the South

They look to glim of seas,  
This gentle day of drouth  
And sleepy Autumn bees,  
Pale skies and wheeling hawk  
And scent of trodden thyme,  
Brown butterflies and chalk  
And the sheep-bells' chime.

The Grey Men they are old,  
Ah, very old they be;  
They've stood upside the wold  
Since all eternity;  
They stood in a ring  
And the elk-bull roared to them  
When SOLOMON was king  
In famed Jerusalem.

KING SOLOMON was wise;  
He was KING DAVID's son;  
He lifted up his eyes  
To see his hill-tops run;  
And his old heart found cheer,  
As yours and mine may do  
On these grey days, my dear,  
Nor'-East of Piddinghooe.



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE COST."

Mr. Samuel Woodhouse, of the middle classes, being anxious to distract his son John during the critical moments of Mrs. John's confinement, relates how, in similar circumstances more directly affecting himself, he had been playing tennis, and the strain of the crisis had quite put him off his game. The little jest is, of course, adapted from the familiar lines:—

"I was playing golf the day  
When the Germans landed . . ."

It is of material interest not so much because it is borrowed (for it is not the only joke that Mr. THURSTON has conveyed) as because it serves as a brief epitome of the play. For the thing started with the War, and we were getting on quite well with it when an element of obstetrics was introduced and became inextricably interwoven with the original design. Indeed it went further and affected the destinies of the country at large. For England had to wait till the baby was born before it could secure its father's services as the most unlikely recruit in the kingdom.

But you must hear more about this John. He was an intellectual who threatened to achieve the apex of literary renown with a work in two volumes (a third was to follow) on the Philosophy of Moral Courage. At the outbreak of the present war he was at once torn asunder between his duty to his country and his duty to himself. The latter seemed to have the greater claim upon him, and this view was encouraged by an officer who found himself billeted upon the Woodhouse ménage. The dilemma had already worried John (and us) a good deal even before the extension of the age limit made him roughly eligible for the army. Indeed I never quite gathered what it was that ultimately decided him to enlist. Anyhow, six months later he received a bullet in the head, and the wound, though I am glad to say that he survived it, left him incapable of any further intellectual strain.

That was "the cost" of the war to him. Its cost to us (in the play) was almost as heavy. For John's head still retained such a command of brain power that he contrived to be very fluent over his theories of war in general, theories not likely to be of any vital service at a time when our men of fighting age are wanted to act and not think.

I give little for Mr. THURSTON's generalities (his talk of "hysteria," which was never a British foible, showed his lack of elementary observation), but the character of John intrigued me as a fair example of the type of egoist,

very common among quite good fellows, who is more concerned to satisfy his own sense of the proper thing to do than to consider in what way, less romantic perhaps, he can best devote to the service of his country the gifts with which nature has endowed him.

The play went very well for the first two Acts. The various members of the Woodhouse family were excellently differentiated. The father (played with admirable humour by Mr. FREDERICK ROSS) bore bravely the shock to his trade, and took a manly but quite ineffectual part in household duties for which he had no calling. His lachrymose wife (Miss MARY RORKE) was a sound example of the worst possible mother of soldiers. John we know, and Mr. OWEN NARES knew him too, and very thoroughly. John's wife (I can't think how she came to marry him) had the makings of an Amazon and would gladly have spared her husband for KITCHENER's Army at the earliest moment. Her part was played very sincerely and charmingly by Miss BARBARA EVEREST. John's eldest sister regretted the war because she had some nice friends in Germany, but she caught the spirit of menial service from her sisters, of whom the younger was a stage-flapper of the loudest. Finally the second son (Mr. JACK HOBBS) was a nut who began with his heart in his socks but shifted it later into the enemy's trench.

Perhaps the best performance of all—though it had little to do with the war and nothing to do with child-birth—was that of Miss HANNAH JONES as Mrs. Pinhouse, a perfect peach of a cook. There were also two characters played off. One was a maid-servant who declined to come to family prayers on the ground of other distractions. I admired her courage. The other was Michael, the precious infant whose entry into the world had occupied so much of our evening. Everybody on the stage had to have a look at him. I felt no such desire. He bored me.

For a play that made pretence to a serious purpose there was far too much time thrown away on mere trivialities. At first the exigencies of the stage demanded compression. The news of the ultimatum to Germany, the mobilisation, the rush to enlist, the attack on Germany's commerce, were all stuffed into the space of a few minutes. But the whole of the Third Act (laid in the kitchen) was wantonly wasted over the thinnest of domestic humour.

There is a light side, thank Heaven, even to war; but Mr. THURSTON had a great chance of doing serious good and he has only half used it. I am certain

(though he may call me a prig for saying it) that if he had set himself to serve his country's cause through the great influence which the theatre commands, he could have done better work than this; and he ought to have done it.

O. S.

The Ambassadors' Theatre is producing a triple bill which includes a "miniature revue" entitled *Odds and Ends*. The cost of the production may be gathered from the following note in the preliminary announcement:—

"N.B.—Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has spared no economy in mounting this Revue."

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

AMONG the more notable novels announced for immediate publication is *The Man in the Platinum Mask* by Samson Wolf (Black and Crosswell). By a curious and wholly undesigned coincidence the name of the hero is ATTILA, while a further touch of actuality is lent to the romance by the fact that the author's aunt's first husband fought in the Italian War of Independence.

Another story strangely opportune in its title, which was however chosen many months ago, is *With Nelson in the North* by Hector Boffin (Arrow and Long-i-th'-bow). Its appeal to the patriotic reader will be further enhanced by the interesting news that the author's wife's maiden name was Collingwood, while he himself is a great admirer of HARDY.

The same publishers also announce a Life of ATTILA by Principal McTavish, which was completed last March before the name of the redoubtable Hun had come so prominently before the public—another instance of the intelligent anticipation which is the characteristic of the best and most selling *littérateurs*.

Few writers of romance appeal to the generous youth more effectively than the Countess Corezoru, from whose exhilarating pen we are promised a tale of the Napoleonic era under the engaging title of *The Green Dandelion* (Merry and Bright). The pleasurable expectations of her myriad readers will be heightened when they learn the interesting fact that the Countess recently visited Constantinople, where such thrilling happenings have lately been in progress.

"The Petrograd correspondent of the 'Messaggero' telegraphs that the Austro-German Army was yesterday completely defeated in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, and suffered unanimous losses."—*Liverpool Echo*.

Carried, in fact, *nem. con.*





Boy Scout. "'Xcuse me, m'm. 'Av yer seen any Germans about 'ere?'"

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. V.

(From ALBERT, King of the Belgians.)

SIR,—This comes to you from France. Hospitably received and nobly treated by the great and chivalrous French nation I must yet remember that I am an exile on a foreign soil, that my country has been laid waste and that my people, so laborious, so frugal and so harmless, have seen their homes destroyed and have themselves been driven ruthlessly forth to cold and hunger and despair.

Yes, your designs on Belgium have been accomplished—for the time. A people of sixty-five millions has prevailed against a people of seven millions; a great army has overwhelmed a little army; careful schemes long since prepared have outmatched a trustfulness which you and your Ministers fostered in order that in the dark you might be able to strike a felon's blow with safety to yourself. No considerations of honour hindered you. Indeed, I do not know how I can bring myself to mention that word to one who has acted as you have acted. If I do so it is in order that I may tell you that for an Emperor (or any other man) to be honourable it is not enough that he should have great possessions, glittering silver armour, and armies obedient to their War Lord's commands. It is not enough that he should make resounding speeches and call God to witness that he is His friend. It is not even enough that he should succeed in carrying through his plans, and earn the applause of those flatterers who, agreeing with you, believe that an Emperor crowned with success and capable of bestowing favours can do no wrong. No, there must be something more than this. What that something is I will not discuss with you. To do so would be useless, for, since you will never possess it, you can never satisfy yourself that I am right.

And even in regard to this "Success" with which you comfort yourself are you so perfectly sure of it? How do

you feel when you call VON MOLTKE to you and question him about the progress of the war?

"How goes it," you say to him, "in the East?"

"We hope," he replies, "to hold the Russians in check, but they are very numerous and very brave."

"Presumptuous villains! And in the West?"

"In the West the French and English," he says, "still bear up against us. They have thrust us back day after day."

"May they perish! But, at any rate, there is Belgium. Yes, we have crushed Belgium and taught the Belgians what it means to defy our Majesty." And VON MOLTKE, no doubt, will murmur something that may pass for approval and will withdraw from the conference.

I believe you admire SHAKESPEARE. Do you remember what *Macbeth* says?

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if th' assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here."

But that it cannot be. Blows have their consequences, immediate and remote. You first, and then your memory, will be stained to all generations by this deed of treachery and blood. How have you excused it? "With necessity, the tyrant's plea." You had to hack your way through, you said, and it was on my people that your battle-axe fell. So when Louvain was burnt and its inhabitants were shot down you assured the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES that your heart bled for what "necessity" had forced you to do. President WILSON is a man of high principles and deep feelings. I wonder how he looked and how he felt when he read your whimpering appeal.

You have destroyed Belgium, but Belgium will rise again; and, even if fate should ordain that Belgium is to be for ever wiped away, so long as one Belgian is left alive there will be a heart to execrate you and a voice to denounce your deeds.

ALBERT R.



## THE SURPRISE.

## A SEQUEL TO "THE CHOICE."

Mr. Julius Bannockburn hung up his hat with a bang and stepped angrily into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Bannockburn was comfortably seated in an arm-chair, with the tea-table at her side and a fire blazing.

"That's right," she said placidly, ignoring her husband's very obvious mental disarray,—"just in time for a cup of tea."

"No tea for me," he said darkly.

"Oh, yes. It'll do you good," she replied, and poured some out.

"By the way, how much do you give for this tea?" Mr. Bannockburn sharply inquired.

"Two-and-eight," she replied.

He grunted. "I get excellent tea in the City which retails at two shillings a pound," he said. "Better than this."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Bannockburn, "you don't often have this. This is my tea. You prefer Indian."

"And why so many different kinds of cake?" Mr. Bannockburn went on.

"You wouldn't grudge me those?" she answered. "Surely, even with the war, little things like that might go on?"

Mr. Bannockburn sent his eyes round the room on a tour of critical exploration.

"Yes," he continued, "and how can you do with a fire—at any rate such a fire—on a day like this? The room is like an oven." He scowled murderously at the innocent flames and opened the window.

"I felt distinctly chilly," said Mrs. Bannockburn. "Besides, a fire is so much more cheerful."

"Cheerful!" said Mr. Bannockburn with a snarl. "I'm glad something is cheerful."

"My dear," said his wife soothingly, "you're over-worried. You've had a hard day at the office. But I've got something to show you that will make you happy again." She smiled gaily.

"Happy!" Mr. Bannockburn echoed with abysmal bitterness. "Happy!" He groaned.

"Yes, happy," said his wife. "Now drink your tea," she added, "and then light a cigar and tell me all about it."

"Cigars!" said Mr. Bannockburn; "I've done with cigars. At any rate with Havanas. We're on the brink of ruin, I tell you."

"Not any longer," said his wife with a little confident laugh. "That's all right now. Taking the new name was to settle that, you know."

Mr. Bannockburn was attempting to eat a cake, but at these words he gave it up. He struck a match angrily and

lit a cigar—a Havana. "Well, what is it you want to show me?" he asked.

"The cards," she said. "They look splendid. Here," and she handed a visiting-card across the table and drew his attention to the delicate copper-plate in which their new name had been inscribed: "Mrs. Julius Bannockburn."

Mr. Bannockburn scowled afresh. "How many of these have you ordered?" he asked anxiously.

"Five hundred for each of us," she replied. "And they're done. They all came this morning."

Mr. Bannockburn groaned again. "What ridiculous haste!" he said. "Where was all the hurry?"

Mrs. Bannockburn laughed. "Well, I must say!" she exclaimed. "You to complain of things being done quickly! I've done all you told me," she continued. "Everything. I sent a notice to the Post Office about the telephone directory, telling them to alter the name. I sent to KELLY'S about the London Directory. I told all the tradespeople. I got the cards. I even went further and ordered a few silver labels for your walking-sticks and umbrellas. I thought you would like that."

Mr. Bannockburn puffed at his cigar and said nothing.

"Aren't I a good head clerk?" she went on. "But, after all, when one does change one's name it is wise to go right through with it, isn't it?"

"Yes," said her husband ominously, "when one does change one's name."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Bannockburn asked sharply. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Everything," he said. "I've had a notice forbidding changes of name altogether. Everyone has had it."

"When did you get it?" his wife inquired with a flutter.

"To-day."

"Then it's all right," she said excitedly. "We made the change several days ago."

"Yes," replied her husband, "but the notice goes on to say that everyone who has changed since the war began must revert to the name he had before the war commenced. You can't get away from that."

"But we paid for it," Mrs. Bannockburn exclaimed. "We paid for it. Why did they take our money?"

"They didn't know then," said her lord. "It's only just decided by this infernal Government."

Mrs. Bannockburn turned white. "This is terrible," she said. "And how unfair! How grossly unfair! It's not as if we were Germans. I'm not a German at all, and you are merely a

German's son, and British to the core. Of course they'll give the money back?"

"It says nothing about that," replied the Briton.

"How very unlike England!" she said.

"Yes," he agreed; "but the point is, apart from the horrible expense of it all, that here we are, saddled with a name which is bound to keep customers away and which we thought we had got rid of for ever. It's horrible. It's wrong. It's a shame." He paced the room furiously.

Mrs. Bannockburn—or, as we now should say, Mrs. Blumenbach—looked in the fire for a few moments in silence. "Well," she said at last, "we must make the best of it, I suppose; we're not paupers anyway, and things are never so bad as one fears. After all, we haven't been to so very much expense. A few cards and so forth. You, dear, can hardly have spent a penny over it."

"Eh," said Mr. Blumenbach sharply—"what?"

"I said that the cost to which we have gone since we changed our name is very trifling," his wife repeated. "You yourself have been put to no expense at all, except perhaps office paper."

Mr. Blumenbach looked suspiciously at her and resumed his walk. "No, no," he said; "that's fortunate certainly."

At this moment a servant entered bringing the post, which included a long roll of paper addressed to "Mrs. Julius Bannockburn."

"I wonder what this can be," she remarked as she reached for a paper-knife.

Her husband snatched it and held it behind him. "Oh, I know all about that," he said; "it's a mistake. It's meant for me, not you."

"But it's addressed to me," said his wife. "Please let me have it."

Mr. Blumenbach for a moment flashed lightning. "Oh, all right," he said, "take it. I might as well confess to my folly, and, after all, I did it as a pleasant surprise for you, even though it's a failure. But I heard about some heraldic fellow, and I got him to draw me up a Bannockburn pedigree. A Scotch one, you know. I was going to have it framed in the hall. Burn the thing without looking at it."

"Was it—was it—very expensive?" his wife asked tremblingly.

"Fifty pounds," he said, half in pride at his own recklessness and half as though having a tooth out.

"Fifty pounds!" Mrs. Blumenbach moaned, and burst into tears.





*Lady* (diligent reader of spy articles and exposures of Anglo-German businesses) to alien window-cleaner. "LOOK HERE: YOU NEEDN'T COME ANY MORE."

*Window Cleaner.* "ENDIRELY BRIDISCH GOMBANY, LADY."

*Lady.* YES, I DARESAY. BUT FOR ALL I KNOW YOU MIGHT BE PART OF THE FLOWER OF THE GERMAN ARMY."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CAN imagine the feelings of a romantic maiden who, prone to choose her novels by title, has set down on her library list *The Price of Love* (METHUEN), and finds herself landed with one of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S intimate little guides to "Bursley" and the four other drab towns. And yet if she will set her teeth and read the first fifty pages without skipping she will discover that she is being let into real secrets of real human hearts; that handsome *Rachel* (penniless companion to a benign old lady), and her debonair *Louis* (who somehow never can run straight where money is concerned), are becoming known to her as she knows few, if any, of her friends; and that, because known, they are extraordinarily interesting. She will see *Rachel* drawn out of the haven of her stanch and critical common sense by her infatuation for *Louis*; threatened by the shipwreck of despair when she realises his weakness and her irrevocable mistake, and again putting into a new harbour of determination to pay the price of her love and make the best of things. And I should not be altogether surprised if even our romantic library-subscriber finds the next live-happily-ever-after story a little flat by comparison. For there is no doubt that Mr. BENNETT has some uncanny power of realising the conflict of human souls, and that there is an astonishingly adroit method in his mania for unimportant and unromantic detail. I refuse altogether to accept as adequate (or appropriate) his explanations of the

adventures of the banknotes on the night of their disappearance, but I am grateful for every word and incident of this enchanting chronicle and for the portrait of *Rachel* in particular.

*Modern Pig-Sticking* (MACMILLAN) is a book that, appearing at this particular moment, has an air of detachment not without its own charm. Chiefly, of course, it appeals to a special and limited public—a public, moreover, that is at present too busy to give it the attention that it would otherwise command. Certainly Major A. E. WARDROP'S spirited pages deserve to rank with the best that has been written about this sport. As one frankly ignorant, I was myself astonished to find how considerable a body is this literature. As for the gallant Major's own contribution, it is sufficiently well-written to make tales of sporting feats and adventures interesting to the outsider. Which is saying a lot. At the same time his sense of humour is sufficiently strong to save enthusiasm from becoming oppressive. Certainly he loves his theme, as I suppose a good pig-sticker should. "To see hog and hunter charge each other bald-headed with a simultaneous squeal of rage is," he says youthfully, "always delightful." It is all, in these more strenuous times, most refreshing and even a little wistful in its naïveté. The honest and brave gentlemen whose exploits it records are about another kind of pig-sticking now. One hopes that practice with the Indian variety may help them in their chase of the Uhlan road-hog. Here's power to their spears!



For all his good humour, Mr. PETT RIDGE can say a hard thing now and then about humanity in general and point it with a touch of startling sarcasm. Possibly it is this combination which makes him the favourite author he is. While we get tired of the harsh satirist who is always up against us, and pay little attention to his teaching, we not only profit by the occasional home truths of the genial humourist, but thoroughly enjoy hearing them. Certainly it is not Mr. RIDGE's plots which so attract everybody, including myself. *The Happy Recruit* (METHUEN) might as well (or even better) have been plotless. There is the central figure, *Carl Siemens*, who comes to England from abroad in his youth and has an unremarkable career, and there is a mysterious and rather tiresome trunk which is mentioned from time to time and finally opened; but apart from these the book is but a collection of little episodes more or less about the same people, the *Maynard* family in particular. It is not the story that lends the charm but the people who come into it, that upper-lower section of Londoners whose little peculiarities of thought word and deed Mr. Ridge so perfectly understands. Through their mouths he utters his truest sayings, and they make his books always worth reading. It should be added that this one has nothing to do with present warfare; it is antedated by a reign and a half. In this the title is misleading, for there are so many recruits about nowadays and all of them are happy.

After reading Messrs. HUTCHINSON's announcement that the critics describe Mr. F. BANCROFT as the most remarkable South African novelist now at work, I searched for a talent that was too successfully hidden for my finding. I was on the track of it two or three times, and once at least the scent was so hot that I thought the quarry was mine; but it got away. With *Dalliance and Strife* the author completes a trilogy upon the Boer War, but here we are given too much flirtation and too little fighting. His liberality in the matter of heroines compensates me not at all for his niggard accounts of the war. That he himself should apparently take more interest in dalliance than in strife seems to indicate sheer perversity, for, when once he has ceased to toy with tennis-teas and trivialities, it is possible to respect the opinions of those admiring critics even if it is impossible to agree with them. The little fighting and the few whiffs of the veldt that we are given come as welcome reliefs to the rather stuffy atmosphere that Mr. BANCROFT has been at such pains to create. The British officer in his hours of dalliance is in his hands merely a figure of fun, but the militant Boer in field and camp is a faithful picture, so faithful, indeed, when contrasted with the other, that it leaves me astounded at such a combination of skill and futility.

*Germaine Damien* was a little girl with considerable

force of character. Having been told by a Socialist shoemaker that Squires were a mistake, she endeavoured to correct this error by driving a large knife into the first specimen of the race whom she met. This was *Miles Burnside*, a decent young man enough, and one obviously qualifying to be the hero of the story. So that when, quite early in its course, *Germaine* caught him asleep and apparently left him dead with a dagger in his heart, I was for a little time considerably puzzled as to how Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS was going to get on with her tale. However, I need not have worried. Of course *Miles* was not dead; indeed the last six words of the book tell you that "His

smile was good to see." And naturally he wouldn't have been smiling like that if he had not been enfolding the heroine in his strong arms. But before this happy moment we had a lot to get through. *Miles* on recovery had told the properly apologetic *Germaine* that she must never, never let anybody else know about the dagger business, and she said she wouldn't. Personally, if I had been *Germaine*, I should have done the same. Later in life, reflecting upon this injunction, and discovering that her grandfather had also killed a man, *Germaine* got it into her head that the habit was inherited, and the idea worried her quite dreadfully. This, I suppose, is why her story is called *The Cost of A Promise* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Eventually, however, when the thing had gone on long enough and the revelation of her secret had scared away a superfluous rival, *Miles* informed her that her grandfather's record was (forgive me!) not germane to the matter, and that she was as sane as anybody in the story. My yes. But Mrs. REYNOLDS has done better.

#### WILHELM.

"No good thing comes from out of Kaiserland,"

Says Phyllis; but beside the fire I note

One Wilhelm, sleek in tawny gold of coat,  
Most satin-smooth to the caresser's hand.

A velvet mien; an eye of amber, full  
Of that which keeps the faith with us for life;  
Lover of meal-times; hater of yard-dog strife;  
Lordly, with silken ears most strokeable.

Familiar on the hearth, refuting her,  
He sits, the antic-pawed, the proven friend,  
The whimsical, the grave and reverend—  
Wilhelm the Dachs from out of Hanover.

We are surprised to hear of police constables being accepted for service abroad in view of the ban on the export of copper.

Austrians are being urged to send newspapers to the front to serve as chest-protectors for the troops. If possible the papers should be German, as these lie best.



"IT 'TAIN'T 'ARF FINE TER BE A GENERAL, COS 'E CAN CALL A BLOKE 'POODEN FICE,' AN' 'AVE 'IM SHOT IF 'E SORCES 'IM BACK."



## CHARIVARIA.

REPORTS that Germany is not best pleased with Austria-Hungary are peculiarly persistent just now. There would indeed seem to be good grounds for Germany's displeasure, for a gentleman just returned from Budapest says that the HUNGARIAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR has actually issued an official circular to the mayors and prefects throughout the land enjoining upon them the duty of treating citizens of hostile states sojourning in their midst with humanity and sympathy.

Inquisitive people are asking, "What is the KAISER'S quarrel with the Bavarians?" He is reported to have said, the other day, "My wish for the English is that one day they will have to fight the Bavarians."

The King of BAVARIA, by the way, has been operated upon for a swelling of the shoulder blade. We are glad to hear that he is progressing favourably, and it is hoped that the swelling will not, as in the case of another distinguished patient, spread to the head.

For the following little story we are indebted to the German army:—"Fears are now entertained of an epidemic breaking out among the German troops in Antwerp, as, the German artillery having destroyed the municipal waterworks, there is no drinkable water available."

Several striking suggestions have reached the authorities in connection with the danger from Zeppelins. One is that St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey should be covered over with dark cloths every night, and that shoddy reproductions of these edifices should be run up in another part of London, and be brilliantly illuminated so as to attract the attention of the enemy.

Another method of confusing the airships, it is pointed out, would be to drain the Thames, and to flood a great thoroughfare, say that from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush, and to place barges on it so that it would be mistaken for the river and cause the airmen to lose their bearings.

Meanwhile the authorities who are responsible for the safety of London are said to be anxious to hear of an intrepid airman who will undertake to paint out the moon.

There are, of course, always pessimists among us, but we would beg the editor of *The Barmouth and County Advertiser* to try not to be downhearted. Impressed, no doubt, by the recent sale of two German warships to Turkey, he gives voice to the following opinion in a leader:—"Our Fleet to-day is supreme; but no one knows when an auction may take place . . ."

It has suddenly become more imperative than ever that the War should be finished quickly. A publishing firm



"IT'S ALL VERY WELL, JARGE, FOR YOU T' SAY WHY DON'T KITCHENER AN' FRENCH DO THIS AN' THAT? BUT WHAT I SAY IS, IT DON'T DO FOR YOU AN' ME T' SAY ANYTHING WHAT MIGHT EMBARRASS EITHER OF 'EM."

has issued the first volume of a history of the war with an announcement that it will be completed in four volumes at a fixed price. If the war should last longer than a year the last volume threatens to achieve such a size that the publisher would either have to go back on his word or be ruined.

The L.C.C. has just produced a new, revised, up-to-date and fully detailed map of London, and the German War Office is furious to think that it has been put to the needless expense of compiling a similar document itself.

It has been pointed out that the War has had a most satisfactory effect on criminality. And even in civil actions witnesses would seem to be turning

over a new leaf, and even insisting on giving evidence against themselves. For example, we learn from *The Northwood Gazette* that a van driver, charged the other day with damaging a motor-car, said in cross-examination:—"I pulled up about fifteen years after the accident happened."

In spite of the War our Law Courts pursue the even tenour of their way, and the Divisional Court has just been asked to decide the important question, Is ice-cream meat? Personally we should say that, where it is made from unfiltered water, the answer is in the affirmative.

"DE WET OF THE SEA."

*Daily Mail.*

We should have thought this well-known characteristic was hardly worth mentioning.

"DISGUISED SPIES"

was the title of a paragraph in a contemporary last week. These cases must surely be exceptional. We always think of spies as wearing a recognised uniform, or at least a label to indicate their profession.

"CORK STEAMER SUNK BY

MINE."—*Evening News.*

This war is shattering many of our illusions.

Mr. FRED EMNEY, who is now appearing at the Coliseum, would like it to be known that he is not an Alien Emney.

The New Censorship.

"The country in which so much interest centres may be briefly described. From near — to — and onwards in a south-easterly direction there is a low range of chalky hills, closely resembling our South Downs. There is no harm in saying definitely that not a German is on this line."—*Daily Telegraph.*

No apparent harm, but you can't be too careful. If the news gets round to the Germans that they are not there, they might at once set about to correct this defect.

The Tandem.

"Mr. F. Marsham-Townshend's Polygamist, 3, 6-2, E. Crickmere O Mr. F. Marsham-Townshend's Polygamist, 3, 6-2, O. Grant O." *Irish Times.*

Racing, you will be glad to be reminded, still goes on, but of course only for the sake of creating employment. By putting two jockeys upon the same horse the desired end is attained more easily.



## CANUTE AND THE KAISER.

[Thoughts extracted from a sea-shell (howitzer pattern) by  
Our Own Special Conchologist on the Belgian Coast.]

THERE WAS a King by name CANUTE

(In ancient jargon known as KNUT),

And I, for one, will not dispute

The kingly figure which he cut;

A god in mufti—so his courtiers said—

Whatever thing he chose to have a try at,

He did it (loosely speaking) on his head,

By just remarking, "*Fiat!*"

One day they sat him by the sea

To put his virtue to the test,

And there, without conviction, he

Threw off the following, by request:—

"Ocean," he said, "I see your waves are wet"

(Bravely he spoke, but in his heart he funk'd 'em),

"So to your further progress here I set

A period, or *punctum*."

He knew it wasn't any good

Talking like that; and when the foam

Made for his feet (he knew it would)

He turned at once and made for home;

And "I'm no god, but just a man," he cried,

"And you, my sycophants, are sorry rotters,

Who told your KNUT that he could dare the tide

To damp his heavenly trotters."

The scene was changed. Another strand;

Another god (alleged) was there

(In spirit, you must understand;

His actual frame occurred elsewhere);—

"O clement designed for German ships,

Whose future lies," said he, "upon the water,

I strike at England! Ho!" and licked his lips

For lust of loot and slaughter.

Then by the sea was answer made,

And down the wind this word was blown:

"Thus far! but here your steps are stayed;

England is mine; I guard my own!"

And as upon his ear this challenge fell,

Out of the deep there also fell upon it, or

Close in the neighbourhood, a singing shell

From H.M. *Mersey*, Monitor.

And just as old CANUTE (or KNUT)

Stopped not to parley when he found

His line of exit nearly cut,

But moved his feet to drier ground,

So too that other Monarch, much concerned

About his safety, looked no longer foam-ward,

But said, "This sea's too much for me," and turned

Strategically home-ward. O. S.

## WAR AND THE HIGH HAND.

Scene: A MOTHERS' MEETING.

"THEY do say as this old Keyser or Geyser or whatever  
'e calls 'isself be goin' to 'op it."

"Afraid of 'is life, if t'other side should win—that it?"

"Likely 'e is—an' well may be. T'other side be our side  
in that case, baint it?"

"That's it. An' it's 'im for 'isself an' the rest for  
themselves, from what I can see."

"This old Keyser, 'e's to blame for most ev'rythin' hap-  
penin' nowadays. Reg'lar firebran' in our midst, 'e do seem."

"Daresay 'e was drove to it, if we could but see all."

"Some woman nagged 'im into it—if you ask me."

"They do say 'e craves for peace with 'is whole mind."

"Parson 'e says on Sunday as the hypocrit' cries for  
peace where there is no peace."

"This war seems to take people out of their true selves,  
makin' of 'em ravenin' beasts."

"Men, too, as otherwise acts quiet an' well-meanin'  
enough. You 'eard what Doctor done?"

"What 'e done?"

"Not to old Sally's son, Jim?"

"'Im as 'urted 'is 'and blackberry time—a year ago  
this very month?"

"'Im. Ill unto death, 'e were, with blood poisonin', and  
Doctor 'e says what a shockin' state 'is blood must 'ave  
been in for the poison to serve 'im so."

"An' old Sally been a-keepin' of 'im ever since. 'Er  
needle been at it reg'lar, but 'ardly earnin' a livin' wage  
owin' to the meanness of them who 'as it to pay."

"An' a poisoned and, when the worst be over, ain't  
no bar to the appetite."

"Glad she's been to do it sooner than lose 'im, as she  
lost 'is brother with 'oopin'-cough."

"That must be a matter of twenty-five year ago—before  
ever Jim was born."

"You ain't told us yet, dear, what Doctor done."

"I'm comin' to that. Jim, 'e's not without 'is uses an'  
'e's more time, like, to read the paper than the other men.  
So 'e reads the news an' tells it all over at 'Plough an'  
'Orses' nights, an' they do say the way 'e urges of the men  
to 'list is somethin' wonderful."

"Not thinkin' of goin' 'isself, of course?"

"Ain't 'e 'ad a poisoned 'and? Still, this 'e did; to a lot  
of chaps as 'eld back 'e says—'If you goes to Doctor to  
be examined I'll go with you,' 'e says—could a man do  
more? 'I tell you honest,' 'e says, 'that with my poor  
'and I'm a man marked down for stayin' at 'ome, worse  
luck. What would I give,' 'e says, 'to go forth in the  
pride of 'ealth, same as you? Still, I'll go to Doctor  
with the rest of you, if only to show 'ow these things  
should be done."

"Ow many went?"

"Three in all, includin' of Jim. 'E led the way up to  
Doctor's surgery, then 'e waved the others in front of  
'im. 'Take the sound men first, Sir,' 'e says, 'an' then, if  
you'll spare me a minute, I'll take it kind."

"What did Doctor do?"

"Doctor 'e does as Jim says and takes 'im last, after  
tellin' the other two as they were better at 'ome. 'I been  
waitin' for you,' 'e says, an' 'e turned on Jim that fierce as  
never was. 'A 'and as 'as been perfectly well for the last  
six months to my certain knowledge ain't goin' to prevent  
you fightin', he says, 'so off you go an' 'list."

"Poor old Sally! No one to work for now but just  
'erself, then?"

"War be an awful thing, it seems, for raisin' the wicked  
passions in peaceful men. Keyser, Geyser—whatever 'e  
calls 'isself—and our old Doctor . . . it be all the same."

Extract from Fortress Orders at Malta:—

"A box containing butchers' implements, and marked with a red  
cross. Finder should communicate with the D.D.M.S., 28, Strada  
Britannica, Valletta."

If we did not happen to know through our Secret Intelli-  
gence Bureau that D.D.M.S. stands for Deputy Director  
of Medical Services we should suspect that the Germans  
had been once more using the sign of the Red Cross as a  
screen for their barbarities.





## THE LIMIT.

*Scene: THE COAST OF BELGIUM.*

THE KAISER: "WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

WILD WAVES: "WE WERE JUST SAYING, 'THUS FAR, AND NO FARTHER!'"









### UNDER ONE FLAG.

*Genial Person (to retired Colonel, who for the past two months has put in fourteen hours a day recruiting). "LOVELY MORNING, SIR. I SEE YOU'RE ON OUR SIDE."*

### THE WATCH DOGS.

VI.

DEAR CHARLES,—We're tired of this place, so we're going to move on. Some said, "Let's go to Egypt and doze in the sun." Others were for India, and one, having a flame in Guernsey, proposed that the Division might just as well go to the Channel Islands as anywhere else. But what tempted the majority was the thought of a season's shooting without having to pay for so much as a gun licence, and so we decided for the Continent. We gave formal notice to the War Office of our requirements, said we would let them know in due course what time we should want trains, ships and motor omnibuses to start, and asked them to call for our luggage at an hour we would name, indicating that in the case of each man it would not be more than a couple of trunks or so, half-a-dozen odds and ends of smaller bags, and a case of golf clubs. To this

the War Office replied that they were in receipt of our favour, thanked us for our kind patronage, assured us of their immediate attention to our esteemed commands on this and all occasions, and begged (positively begged) to be allowed to remain our obedient servants. If then you hear (as you probably will in a few days) of our departure, you will appreciate the exact manner of it: a duly deliberated and quietly dignified excursion, undertaken by us in our own way at our own time, because we happen to feel so inclined and not because we happen to be so ordered. (Speaking in the language of the registered alien, "Yes, I don't think.")

Meanwhile we watch with interest the effect of our new recruits upon the battalion as a whole. You will remember that those recruits are from all classes, and the presence of the so-called Non-manual is clearly marked in the daily conversation overheard. Thus in the good-old B company you will hear: "'Ere, Bill, where's me pull-

through?" "I ain't seen yer ruddy pull-through." "You'm a liar; you've bin and took it." "Get off with yer; I ain't. If yer want a ruddy pull-through, why don't yer pinch Joe's ruddy pull-through? 'E's away on guard." In F Company as now constituted it runs: "Angus, have you seen my pull-through anywhere?" "No, Gerald, I have not." "You are sure you haven't taken it by mistake?" "I assure you I have not; but, if you want a pull-through, I am sure Clement would not mind your borrowing his temporarily."

Among our last draft of recruits was a newly-joined officer who had been at the military business before. What he liked about us was that we are Territorials, immune from this new "platoon" system. "I like people," he said, "who call half a company a half-company." He had tried the new business, but couldn't manage it; he could give the "On the left: Form section" all right, but when it came to platoons he would shout, "Form . . ." and then could



think of nothing better than pontoon or pantaloons. His brother, it appeared, had joined a Territorial regiment up North; being methodical he had read all the letters from the front which have appeared in the Press, and set about equipping himself accordingly. Even if he should lose all except what he stood up in he meant to keep dry and warm; so he scrapped all his shirts, socks, vests and whatnots, and substituted others of monstrous weight and thickness, lined his tunic with fleece, his breeches with waterproof, his puttees with fur, and his boots, it was said, with all three. Within twenty-four hours of completing his fortifications he was sailing for India.

We all contemplate that time when our valises shall be, unhappily, no longer with us. The odd things we must still have are: towel, razor, soap, shaving soap, shaving brush, tooth-brush, extra boots, socks and so on's, mess-tin, knife, fork, spoon, revolver, ammunition, compass, clasp-knife, field-service pocket-book, note-books, sketching-books, lamp, flask, bandages, mug and housewife. These might be accommodated in the haversack or elsewhere, but that all available sites are already occupied by what we, or better still our relatives, friends and acquaintances, consider indispensable, such as pipes, tobacco, matches, compressed victuals and drinks, maps, dictionaries, medicine-chests, chocolate, purses, cheque-books, letter-pads, fountain-pens, fountain-pen fillers, chronometers, electric-torches, charges for same, unpaid bills, unanswered correspondence, sponges, ointments, mittens, bed-socks, camera, boot-brushes, dubbin and spare parts. Obviously one will eliminate (as you were about to write and suggest) the bills and the correspondence, but those, Charles, are the only things that don't occupy room. What else can one eliminate? The only thing is to reform one's life and learn to be a pantechnician; one may also, with a little ingenuity, use one's clothes to serve a double purpose. I have only got as far as evolving a scheme for tying up all the outlets of my breeches and then filling them with air, so that one leg makes a bolster and the other a pillow—two articles which, you will observe, were omitted from the inventory.

By the way, our new officer was only gazetted on the very day he travelled down with us. He started badly with a heavy reverse and casualty list, for we played bridge on the way and he lost his first day's pay, messing allowance and field allowance, all except twopence, which goes (I believe) to income-tax. When we arrived at our billet we found Pay in process. A private, who has a moment or so ago saluted and withdrawn with his pay, seeks re-admission. "Colour-Sergeant!" he says. "What is it?" "I think you have given me sixpence short." To which the brutal Colours replies briefly, "Op it." Later another private comes. "Colour-Sergeant!" says he. "What is it now?" "I think you have given

## STUDIES IN DISCIPLESHIP.

(In humble imitation of the exploits of the German Wireless Service.)

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Mr. KEIR HARDIE have joined Mr. BLATCHFORD in a recruiting campaign, with most gratifying results. In the course of one of his speeches Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD announced that the experience he had gained while tiger-shooting in India had enabled him to organise an elephant-gun battery, with which he was shortly about to proceed to the front.

It is reported that, at the instigation of the Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX, the Republic of San Marino has declared war on Germany, and appointed the

Chevalier as *generalissimo* of its forces, which are estimated at 250 men.

Great consternation has been caused in Vienna on receipt of the news that, in view of BEETHOVEN'S full name being VAN BEETHOVEN, and his origin Dutch, he has been removed from the list of belligerent composers and regarded as a neutral by concert-givers in London and Paris. A counter-movement has in consequence been started with the object of treating BEETHOVEN as a hostile alien during the progress of the war.

The transports of enthusiasm caused in Berlin by the announcement that Mr. G. B. SHAW had decided to be known in future as Mr. BERNHARDI

SHAW have given place to bitter disappointment on the peremptory denial of the rumour by the famous comedian himself. As a matter of fact he is hesitating between Benckendorff, Balakirev and Bomboudiac.

"War F. N. Belgian Manager going home, sold new F. N. Motorbike 2½ H.P. kick starter at cost price."

Advt. in "Ceylon Independent."

The starter will probably consider that it is not worth it.

"A flag day on behalf of the Belgian refugees was held at Wimbledon yesterday. A procession was formed in front of the Town Hall headed by the High Sheriff of Paris, M. Leo Strachey."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

We welcome M. STRACHEY to England, and trust that he will be impressed by such British institutions (e.g. *The Spectator*) as he may chance to come across during his stay.



Mary Jane (at climax of fearful story of German spy). THE POLICE SEARCHED THE CELLARS THEY FOUND ENOUGH AMBITION TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE OF LONDON."

me sixpence too much." "Come in, my lad, come in," replies the kindly Colours.

We were lectured in map-reading, and so forth this morning, and were told that, all else failing, we might get our bearings from observing the direction in which the local church pointed. But an active brain suggested that these Germans had no doubt thought of that years and years before and, in order to deceive us, had built their churches with the east windows pointing west. When, the other day, the R.A.M.C. man inspected the feet of the battalion, the same intelligent unit wished to know who had got the first prize and whether for quality or quantity.

Yours,

HENRY.

"PROGRESS IN NORTHERN FRANCE." North Eastern Daily Gazette.

Przemysl, however, remains in Galicia.



## THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

Who ran to watch how Nancy fell  
Beneath a storm of shot and shell,  
And, when she didn't, felt unwell?

The KAISER.

Who stimulates his gentle sons  
To ape the manners of the Huns?  
Who doesn't feed the Bear with buns?

The KAISER.

Who circulates ingenious glosses  
To minimize his army's losses,  
And scatters showers of Iron Crosses?

The KAISER.

Who suffers agonizing pains  
When stern necessity constrains  
The bashing-in of Gothic fanes?

The KAISER.

Who has for several weeks of late  
Omitted to communicate  
With any foreign potentate?

The KAISER.

Who in a cage of steel, we're told,  
The tides of war about him rolled,  
Watches the scroll of Fate unfold?

The KAISER.

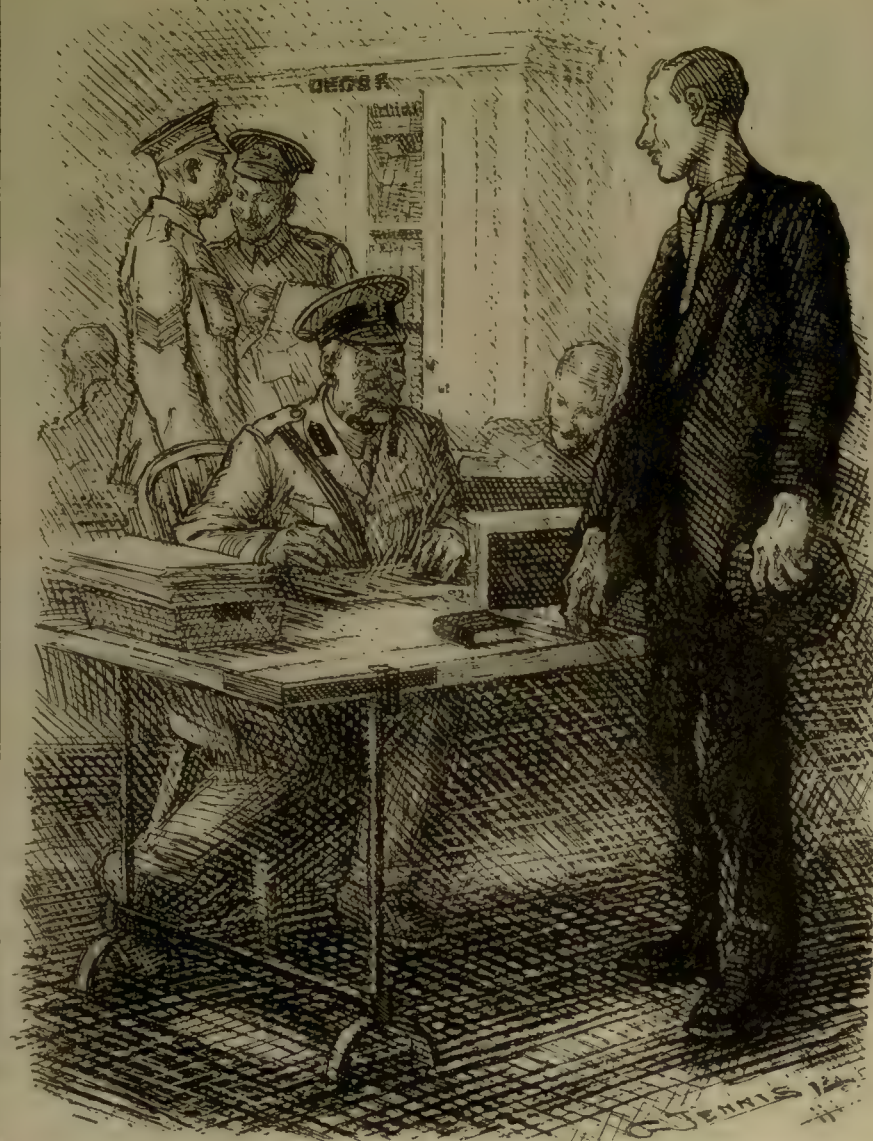
## FALSE PRETENCES.

SINCE the War began the military experts have monopolised one corner of the smoke-room. Don't imagine I am going to write about them. It is in the other corner of the smoke-room that the Cheering-Up Association meets. There we all come and relate our business troubles and listen to the troubles of our friends. It is wonderful how consoling other people's troubles are. Robinson brightens perceptibly when he discovers that Jenkins is also heading for the Bankruptcy Court.

Of course the talk began with Mitchell's play. It always does. We have followed with tempered interest its pilgrimage from one manager to another these two years.

"All U P," groaned Mitchell. "Algernon Princeton had promised faithfully to produce it in October. Now he's closed his theatre. He's a pretty patriot. If it had run—let us put it moderately—two hundred nights I should have made £4,000 clear. American rights would have been worth quite as much: Touring companies in the provinces, Colonial rights, translation rights—why, I should have made ten thousand—no, in business matters one must be accurate—say, twenty thousand. It's all that WILLIAM! If I wasn't over age and hadn't tobacco heart, I'd go and have a pop at him myself."

"That's just speculative loss," said Nairn. "Now I've lost an actual



*The Recruit here portrayed, being most anxious to get into KITCHENER'S Army, is determined to accommodate himself to any conditions as they arise.*

*Officer (filling in form). "WHAT'S YOUR RELIGION?"*

*Zealous Recruit. "WELL, WHAT ARE YOU SHORT OF?"*

income. You men know I'm by way of being a financial authority. Well, who wants financial advice nowadays? I give you my word of honour I've sold nothing since the war began except half-a-dozen articles on the weakness of Germany's financial position. If it is anything like my financial position the war won't last long. I envy Wilson over there. He's got something to sell that's wanted. Nothing like the wholesale woollen business nowadays."

Wilson shook his head. "You don't know all," he said. "I don't mind telling you fellows in confidence that I owe over four thousand pounds, and

I don't know when I shall be in a position to pay it."

Everyone looked sympathetic, and when Wilson had risen from his seat and walked towards the door there was a general murmur of "Poor fellow, it's hit him very hard."

Wilson paused at the door and looked back. "Did I mention," he said, "that I owe that sum to German manufacturers?"

It was unanimously voted by the Cheering-Up Association that no club rule was violated when Mitchell hurled a match-stand at the member whom we had been cheering up on false pretences.



## THE LAST LINE.

III.

As our wives remark to each other nowadays over the knitted helmets, "It's extraordinary how dark London is at night." They then drop two and purl two, and add, "Particularly as the evenings are drawing in so." But while they prattle of it thus lightly we (their husbands) are outside in it all, marching . . . and wheeling . . . and tripping over each other. At what risk to ourselves I will show you.

It was Thursday the 22nd, and at six o'clock our Company might have been seen (had there been a better light to see it by) progressing smartly in column of platoons. The shades of night were falling fast as over Regent's Park we passed, and my platoon was marching last, excelsior. As my platoon came opposite our Commanding Officer he gave the order, "About turn." We did so. "Form fours, left"—we made it that. The night fell thicker; I can now speak only for myself and my immediate neighbours. "Right incline"—we inclined rightly. Another "Right incline" and a "Halt," and then the C.O. came up to look for us. My platoon had got together somehow, and murmurs came to us from the platoons behind us. You know how quickly a rumour will run through a company. Such a rumour now ran through ours. It went from man to man; it came to me at last; it went on . . . it got to our Commander.

"No. 1 platoon missing!"

The C.O. came up to us, struck a match and counted us. Only three platoons—we were a platoon short.

The rumour was true!

We never saw that platoon again. Its story, as we piece it together from the tales of park-keepers, policemen and other non-combatants, is as follows. It failed to hear the order "About-turn" and marched straight forward. In the Regular Army a combination of obedience with initiative is taught the recruit; we are still at the implicit obedience stage. No. 1 platoon had its orders. It came to some railings three hundred yards further on and climbed over. At the Ornamental Lake it took to the water. The survivors continued the march south. They were seen for a moment at the Marble Arch, and then again at Epsom. Nothing more is known definitely; but a specimen of the Corps badge has been found on the beach at New Shoreham, and it is supposed. . . . Well, well—we shall miss them.

These, then, are some of the dangers which we who drill in the evenings face cheerfully. But there are other spirits,

less brave but more energetic, who drill in the early mornings. I have been told the hour at which they fall in, and I tried at once to forget it. I am in bed then. But there is, I know, one hero who comes up thirty miles from the country to attend. In order to be there punctually he has to get up three days beforehand each morning, and have his breakfast over-night; but he does it . . . And I think the Germans ought to know.

However, he and all of us had our reward last Saturday, when we marched down to camp five hundred strong. It was not so much the remarks of the spectators (many of whom foolishly mistook us for Belgian refugees) which flattered us, as the respectful way in which the police held up the traffic to let us pass. Five hundred men take some time passing; to delay for that time the taxi of some impatient War Office official, bulging with critical despatches, gave one an importance never to be acquired in civil life. For a mere editor not even a tricycle would be held up.

As I have said, our exact status in the military world was misapprehended by the spectator. It so happened that our more elderly members were on the left or pavement side, and it was from the pavement side that I heard the remark (evidently from one who felt that his relief-fund subscription had not really been wanted), "Well, they don't look 'ungry.'" Others on this side surmised that we were suspected waiters rounded up from the different restaurants, and made humorous complaints to us in our late capacities—as that their ice-pudding had been fried too long. But on the road side we did better. Dear ladies, observing only the flower of the Corps (myself and others), took us for the real thing and called down blessings and kisses upon our heads; and for a time we even deceived a small boy who had been watching us eagerly. But only for a time. "Lumme," he said aloud to himself, "there's *anuvver* of 'em wiv knock-knees," and disillusionment cannot have been long delayed.

It may be admitted that some of the more active ones feel it a little that they have to carry the more elderly ones with them. A suggestion has been made that there should be an age-limit of eighty-five, but I don't know if it will come to anything. Another suggestion is that a special Veterans' Wing should be formed, which, instead of marching, would go out at the week-ends with a couple of cement-hounds, and look for cement foundations. It is felt that the work would be useful and yet not too

active. It is in the same spirit that we discuss what will be done with the Corps as a whole when the Germans arrive. The pessimistic view is that we shall be immediately interned by the War Office, to keep us out of trouble. Others, more hopeful, think that we might be kept for "exchanges," in case the enemy make any notable captures. For instance, five of us might be considered the equivalent of an artillery mule; a platoon would balance a Territorial subaltern; and the whole bunch could be offered for (say) the return of the Albert Memorial. But the most popular impression is that we shall be asked to give some sort of display in the centre, in order to lure the Germans on. And while we are forming fours strongly and persistently in front of them . . . the real attack (Regulars and Territorials—with rifles) . . . will fall suddenly upon their flanks . . . and decimate them.

So we talk, but at heart we take it seriously; and very seriously and gratefully we take the real soldiers who give up their time to teach us, and do not seem to think that that time will be altogether wasted.

A. A. M.

## MISTAKEN POLICY.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I am directed to give you notice that the Vesuvius Fire Insurance Co., Ltd. has lately acquired the freehold of these premises and desires to have the insurance against loss or damage by fire transferred to itself. The premium, at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per cent. on their value, is fifteen shillings. Upon receipt of this sum I will give immediate instructions for a policy to be issued and forwarded to you.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, Secy.,

The Vesuvius Fire Insurance Co., Ltd.  
H. JONES, Esq.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, I find that I have an unexpired policy for £1,000 with the Etna, an office which has enjoyed my confidence for many years and in which I have other insurances. Under this policy I am held covered till Lady Day not only against fire, but also against lightning, explosions of gas—most things, in fact, except riots, earthquakes, the King's enemies, aeroplanes and volcanoes. Regretting, therefore, that I am unable to give you the business, because of the more extensive benefits conferred by the Etna,

I am, yours faithfully,

The Secy., H. JONES.  
The Vesuvius Insce. Co.



"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter, but I would beg to refer you to your lease. You will find it there expressly stipulated that you shall insure in some office of repute in London or Westminster to be approved of in writing by the Lessors. In these circumstances you will no doubt be persuaded of the desirability of sending me the premium forthwith, in order to effect an insurance which has your Lessors' approval. It is possible that the office you name would give you credit for so much of the premium as is proportionate to the risk unexpired. Yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, etc., etc.

H. JONES, Esq.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I feel very keenly the suggestion that the Etna is an office of questionable repute. The likelihood of fire is small, as unfortunately the premises are at present standing empty, though I have a tenant in prospect. But in any case it is unthinkable that the Etna could not assemble a thousand pounds, should the need arise. If you care to write to me again shortly before Lady Day with terms no less advantageous than those I now enjoy, I do not say that I should not be prepared to consider them. But in the meantime this unprofitable discussion must cease.

Yours faithfully,

The Secy.,

HY. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insee. Co.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—I am directed to inform you that, unless the premium for effecting a fresh insurance in this office is forwarded within a week, proceedings will be taken to enforce the forfeiture of your lease without any further notice whatever. Yours faithfully,

D. SMITH, etc., etc.

H. JONES, Esq.

"Thorny Bank."

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous of effecting an insurance of these premises against fire, I should be obliged if you would kindly give instructions for a policy to be issued at once. I enclose postal order for fifteen shillings. The policy when issued should be forwarded to me. Yours faithfully,

The Secy.,

HY. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insee. Co.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

DEAR SIR,—I regret that owing to my absence in Scotland the safe receipt of this policy was not sooner acknowledged. But I still more regret to have to inform you that the insured premises were totally destroyed by fire at a late hour last night, the cause of ignition being ascribed to the caretaker's habit of



Patriotic Teacher. "'ENGLAND EXPECTS——' THE SENTENCE? 'ENGLAND EXPECTS——.'"

Bright Pupil. "To WIN!"

Now, WILL ONE OF YOU BOYS FINISH

smoking in bed. Whilst sympathising with you in your loss, I find, on reference to my lease, that I am under covenant to reinstate them as speedily as possible. As I particularly wish to avoid any unpleasantness with my Lessors, may I ask you to proceed with the work at once?

Yours faithfully,

The Secy.,

HY. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insee. Co.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday, which has been handed to the Claims Department. I recollect that in a former letter you adverted to an existing policy with the Etna Office, and as that office will be liable to contribute a share of the moneys covered

by the double insurance you are required to furnish particulars of the policy.

Yours truly, D. SMITH, etc., etc.

H. JONES, Esq.

Policy No. 3,262,854.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose, as requested, particulars of my policy with the Etna. For my own part, I do not quite see how it will help you, since, profiting by your advice, I succeeded in obtaining a part rebate of premium—thus, I apprehend, releasing the risk. But no doubt you know best. Yours very truly,

The Secy.,

HY. JONES.

The Vesuvius Insee. Co.

"91 TO SING SOLO."

Asbury Park Evening Express.

Too many.





First Trooper. "THAT'S A NICE PAIR OF OOLAN BOOTS YOU GOT THERE, BILL."

Second Trooper. "YUS; NOT BAD. HAD TO KNOCK OUT SIX OF THE BLIGHTERS AFORE I GOT A PAIR TO FIT ME!"

### IN DARKEST GERMANY.

(Being a humble appeal to English Divines, suggested by the attitude of Teuton Professors to the Belgian atrocities.)

HEAR me, most noble missionaries who,  
Toiling on Africa's half-tutored shore,  
Had words quite recently at Kikuyu  
Whereof the motley bard may say no more.

I would not dare to judge of warring creeds;  
It may be that the dark-skinned Hottentot  
Has skill to balance up his spirit's needs  
And know that this is truth and that is not.

But there are sloughs of ignorance so deep  
That sect and rubric seem to fade away,  
Souls unaroused as yet from barbarous sleep  
That have not glimpsed the prospect of the day.

These have no art to tell the wrong from right  
Who tot up two and two to sums unknown;  
Uganda, relatively erudite,  
Has wants unfelt by Frankfurt and Cologne.

So, when the flags are furled, the trumpets mute,  
And soft-voiced messengers replace the guns,  
Let it be yours to stifle old dispute  
And found a first-aid mission to the Huns;

Teaching them not at first the subtler things  
Of dogma, suited to a folk more wise,  
Such gospel as ye bear to savage kings,  
But "steal no longer" and "have done with lies."

Tell them that murder is esteemed "*tabu*,"

That the Red Cross is now a sacred sign;  
Tell them no more than that; it will be new;  
They have no need of ritual on the Rhine.

Let presently a non-sectarian school,  
Where knowledge shall be taught to Teuton men  
That mumbo-jumbo is an out-worn rule,  
Be built at Heidelberg or Göttingen.

There shall the Vandal sages come and go,  
And learn at last why Belgium felt chagrin,  
And pace the Prussian goose-step very slow,  
From class to class, with lots of halts between.

They shall attain in time, but not as yet,  
To starrier heights that now the negroes win;  
Meanwhile your common goal is clearly set  
To wake the untouched blindness of Berlin. *EVOC.*

### Another Impending Apology.

"Lieutenant Asquith's first thought is for the comfort and feeding of his mary . . ."—*Daily Record.*

From an ante-War advertisement:—

"HOLIDAY COURSES IN GERMAN,  
KAISERSLAUTEN, RHENISH PALATINATE.  
Lectures under the auspices of the International Peace  
Association.—Aug. 3 to Aug. 29."

This course of pacific lectures has had to be postponed, but it is hoped that it may be given by the end of next summer under the auspices of the Allies in Berlin.





## A PLAIN DUTY.

BRITANNIA (*to Holland*). "MY RESOURCES AND MY OBLIGATIONS ARE GREATER THAN YOURS; LET THIS SERVICE FALL UPON ME."

[The number of Belgian refugees in Holland is probably ten times as great as the number in England.]









"WELL, WILLIAM, HEARD ANYTHING OF YOUR SON?"

"No, Miss; BUT THEY'LL SEND 'E TO THE FRONT RIGHT AWAY. 'E BE JUST THE MAN THEY BE WANTIN' THERE."

"I'M SURE HE IS. BUT WHY DO YOU THINK HE WILL GO STRAIGHT TO THE FRONT?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, MISS, 'E'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW 'EM THE WAY ABOUT. 'E WAS AT THE BOER WAR, AN' KNOWS ALL THEM FURRIN' PARTS."

### THE REAL REASON.

Mr. Arthur Grayson, recently returned from Bad Nauheim, brings an interview with His Excellency Herr von BODE, which he obtained under curious circumstances. It seems that the famous Director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, and for long the ultimate arbiter of taste in Germany, wishing to send a message to the American people, wrote to an American journalist, also, as it chanced, named Grayson, and also a resident in the other Grayson's hotel, making an appointment. But the American Grayson had then gone, and the English Grayson having opened his letter by mistake, and being not unwilling to see Berlin for himself during war-time, carried the missive to the capital, met the illustrious virtuoso and received the confidences intended for the instruction of New York and Washington, correcting their preposterous view of the German origin of the war.

We now give Mr. Grayson's words: "To make you understand the situation clearly," said Herr von BODE, "we

must go back a little into history. Some years ago I was offered by an English dealer a wax bust of Flora, which I saw in a moment was by LEONARDO DA VINCI. No trained eye could have mistaken it for anything else. I therefore bought it and made it the very jewel of this superb collection. England, however, always envious and acquisitive, in matters of connoisseurship dense, and now mad with rage to think that I alone had sufficient culture to discern the true and beautiful, at once set up the cry that the bust was the work not of LEONARDO in the fifteenth century, but of an Englishman named LUCAS in the nineteenth. They stopped at nothing in defence of this claim. The English sculptor's son was even produced to remember his father at work on it; while it was affirmed that a piece of his father's waistcoat had been used as an internal support for the bust. The campaign of calumny and mis-information, in short, was as thorough as if WOLFF's Bureau—I mean it was very thorough."

"And what happened?" I asked.

"We had no doubt ourselves," said

my companion. 'Had Mr. TUSSAUD himself sworn that he was the modeller only yesterday we should have had no doubt, so indelibly, to the competent German eye, was the genius of LEONARDO stamped upon it. But we permitted the bust to be opened from the back, and true enough a piece of modern cloth was found within. That, however, as I say, could not affect the authenticity of the work, for it might easily have been sent to LUCAS for renovation, and it is well known that a renovator often stuffs something inside the shell of these busts to keep it from falling in while he is at work.'

"Still it was, perhaps, awkward for you?" I asked.

"In the contemptible English art circles some cry of triumph was raised," he replied, 'but no one in Germany was shaken. Moreover, they knew—what I knew—that England raised these doubts merely to cover her own original stupidity and ignorance. She was now convinced that it was by LEONARDO, because she knew I could not err, and her game was to belittle the bust. How barbaric! how devilish!



but how characteristic! And why did she belittle it?" he continued.

"Why, indeed, go to that trouble?" I said.

"Because"—his words were slow and impressive—"because she wanted it! She wanted it, hungered for it, thirsted for it. She had let it go and she could not forgive herself. How much she wanted it no one will ever know!" He paused.

"What then did she do?" he resumed. "Finding that her bitter attack on the bust was useless, and served only to make us prize it the more, she began to plot to steal it. I could not tell you the number of attempts that have been made to get possession of this world-wonder. No one could tell you. Day after day Englishmen, dis-

Fortunately we knew that. We therefore marched through Belgium first."

"With these words the famous virtuoso sat back in his chair.

"If you will consent to be blind-folded for a part of the journey—a necessary precaution which I am sure you will appreciate," he remarked a moment or so later,—"I will show you the priceless masterpiece in its hiding-place. Then you will understand. Also I should like the world to know how Germany reveres and guards its choicest treasures."

"Naturally I consented, and a bandage being bound over my eyes I took the hand of my companion and was led away.

"You may wonder that after everything that has been happening recently

my virtuosity. The cause of my ennoblement."

"Before us was the famous wax bust, fresh from the hands of LUC—I mean LEONARDO.

"And the early-Victorian waistcoat," I said, "which the clumsy fellow who renovated this bust always stuffed into the Leonardos which he was called upon to botch—you still have that?"

"Oh no," replied the enthusiast hastily, "we threw that away. Why keep that? But you can understand," he continued, "why we have taken all the precautions we have? Whatever else might be lost in any attack on Berlin—should one be within the bounds of possibility—this must be saved."

"Not only must," I replied, but



I.



II.



III.

"MORNING, MATE. BIT BREEZY FOR GETTING A LIGHT, AIN'T IT?"

guised even as German gentlemen, thronged the museum, all asking the way to the bust. We were continually on our guard. Attendants patrolled the room day and night. Our efforts were successful."

"He paused again and looked at me in triumph.

"Yes," he resumed, "the bust remained where it was. England, in despair, then decided that a supreme effort must be made, and began to arm and mobilize. The art faction got hold of Sir EDWARD GREY—nobbled him, as you say. It was upon learning of this treacherous preparation and its dastardly motive, that our sublime KAISER took the action he did. I say it with conviction, there would have been no war but for England's mad desire to possess again the LEONARDO wax bust."

"But what about the violation of Belgium?" I asked.

"Ah!" he said darkly. "It was England's intention to march through Belgium to Berlin to get the bust.

I was willing thus to entrust myself to a German, but you must remember that so far as he knew I was an American, a member of a country whose goodwill has been angled for with every conceivable bait. It is not as if I had been a cathedral or a French priest or a Belgian mother.

"For how far I was led I cannot say, but we seemed to descend an incredible distance into the earth and then pass along interminable passages. At last my eyes were unbound and I discovered myself to be in the midst of a company of soldiers armed to the teeth, obviously underground, and I saw opposite me, in the light of an electric torch, a massive iron gate, which the supreme expert proceeded to unlock.

"We entered a gloomy cavern and again were confronted by a massive gate, which in its turn was also unlocked, revealing an inner chamber in the midst of which was a glass case.

"My companion reverently uncovered. 'The triumph of my career,' he murmured. 'The coping-stone of

will be saved. I feel certain that your plans have been sufficient. England, whatever else she may take from Berlin, will leave this bust with you."

"He wrung my hand. 'You hearten me,' he said. 'But now for the return journey;' and again the bandage was applied."

Among other items being produced at the Ambassadors' Theatre by an Anglo-Franco-Belgian company is "My Lady's Undress." A contemporary describes this as "a good take-off."

"English submarine after a rude battle drowned the German Ship Heine." This is from *The Bahia Blanca Times* (the only foreign paper we take in), and shows how the news gets about.

*The Daily News* quotes the *Berlin Taegliche Rundschau* as follows:—

"Germany and Holland . . . are neighbours of ethnological affinity and united by numerous commercial and intellectual bonds." Even the bombs in Germany are cultured.



## THE ARREST.

"Excuse me, but can you tell me which is Hunter Street?" said the tall pleasant-looking man with the slightly foreign aspect.

"Hunter Street," I said, waving a vague hand, "lies over there. It is," I continued, fixing him with a stern look, "for constabulary purposes a chapel-of-ease to Bow Street."

He did not seem in the least perturbed.

"Ah!" he said, "a special constable, I suppose?"

I was only going on duty—theoretically I am never off duty—but I am missing no chances.

"Yes," I said, "I am. Do you mind telling me, quite between ourselves, you know, whether you are a German spy?"

He smiled slightly.

"Because if you are," I said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind holding on a minute. The strap of my truncheon has (tug) got fouled (tug) with my (tug) braces."

I got it out at last and stroked it lovingly. "I can't start before I'm ready," I said. "Rather neat bit of wood—what? Chose it myself at Bow Street. I take a 13½-ounce racquet, you know."

"You seem," he said, "to have given up caring whether I am a German spy or not."

"Your mistake," I said; "I was merely gaining time to size you up properly. Better take your pince-nez off. Broken glass is such a nuisance, don't you think?"

He ignored the friendly hint. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I am partly German."

"Show me the German part," I said, gripping the corrugations of my truncheon more tightly. "I'm a little pressed for time."

"And partly French," he went on.

"That's rather awkward," I said.

"And I was born in Russia."

"Worse and worse," I said.

"And spent practically the first twenty years of my life in Italy."

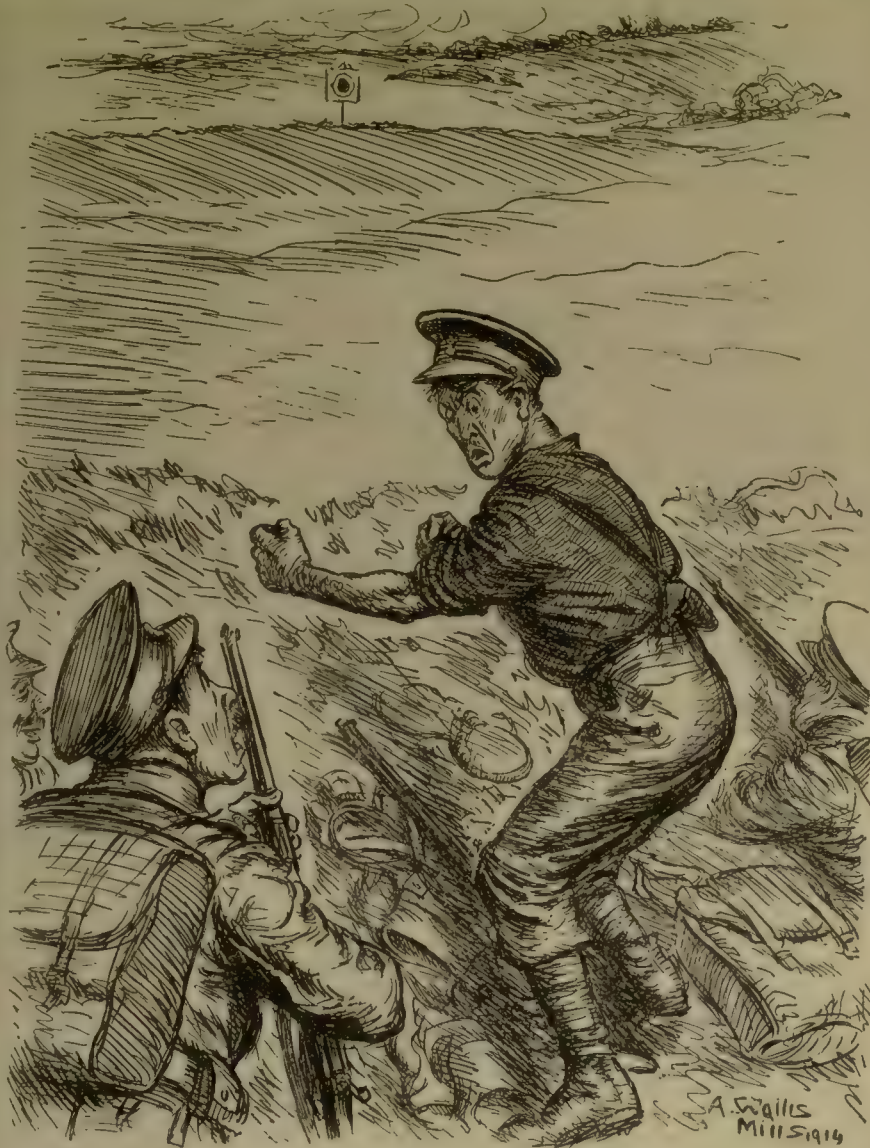
"This," I said, "is the absolute boundary. Yours is a case for the New Prize Courts."

"But you haven't formally arrested me yet," he said.

"True," I said, "I'm just coming to that part, but at the moment I've forgotten the opening movements of the half-nelson."

"My wife," he said musingly, "will be very annoyed. She's extremely English, you know."

"Look here," I said, "I really think I shall let you go, after all. So little of you is the enemy, so much the friend, that I don't care to take the



## TALES FROM THE TRENCHES.

*Some of our Soldiers, who were within seventy yards of the German trenches, hoisted an improvised target. The Germans did the same. Both sides signalled the result of the shooting.*

*First Tommy. "Get down! Do you want 'em to cop yer?"*

*Second Tommy. "Blimey! The perishers signalled my bull a miss, and I'm just agoin' to 'op over an' tell 'em abaht it."*

responsibility of arresting you. But perhaps I ought to resign. Come and have a sandwich, I've just time for one, and we can talk it over."

"Right," he said, "we may as well. By the way, it was my grandparents on my mother's side who were French and German." Then, producing his warrant card, he said, "I am a Special too. My name's Briggs."

The following reaches us from General Headquarters abroad:—

"ARMY TROOP ORDER, No. 40.—Information has been received that many Field Service postcards are arriving at the G.P.O. without any address on them. The instruc-

tions printed on the cards that nothing is to be written on them does not apply to the address. O.C.'s. are requested to bring this fact to the notice of all ranks. Oct. 12, 1914."

The discipline in the Army seems to be almost too good.

"The German Press is conducting a campaign to prove that Belgium was deceived by the English, who, it is asserted, depicted the Germans as sausages; hence the people were frightened when the German troops approached."—*Yorkshire Evening Press.*

The Scotch, however, are even less polite, *The Aberdeen Evening Express* announcing boldly—

"GORILLA FIGHTING ON THE BELGIAN FRONTIER."



# THE KHAKI MUFFLER.

THE blinds were drawn, the lamps were lit and the fire was burning brightly. I was reading an evening paper—we get the 5.30 edition at the moment of publication, though we are thirty miles from London—and I had just found Przemyzle (my own pronunciation) on the map for the thousandth time. Helen says that quite in the early days of the war she was told it ought to be pronounced Perimeeshy, but that seems impossible. Rosie declares for Prozmeel. Still she isn't very confident about it. One thing seems certain: when the Russians take this jaw-cracking town they will pronounce it quite differently from the Austrian form, whatever that may be. Just think of what happened to Lemberg. There appeared to be a kind of finality about that, but no sooner were the Russians in it than it turned into Lwow. After that anything might happen to Przemysl.

However, there were the three of us sitting in the library. I was helping the common cause with the evening paper and the map, and Helen and Rosie were knitting away like mad at khaki mufflers for Lady FRENCH. Click-click went the needles; the youthful fingers moved with incredible deftness and celerity, and line after line was added by each executant to her already enormous pile. There had been a long silence, and the time for breaking it seemed to have come.

"Well done, both of you," I said. "You really are getting on to-day. A week ago I thought you'd never get finished, and now—" I waved my hand encouragingly at the two heaps of wool-work.

"There," said Helen, "you've made me drop one."

"Pick it up again," I said with enthusiasm. "What were girls made for if not to pick up dropped stitches? But tell me," I added, "what would happen if you didn't pick it up?"

"My soldier," said Helen gloomily, "would go into the trenches and, instead of having a muffler, he would suddenly find himself coming undone all over him. Do you think he would like that?"

"No," I said, "he wouldn't. No soldier could possibly like a thing of that sort when he's got to fight Germans."

"I wonder," put in Rosie, "what *my* soldier will be like. I think I should like him to have a moustache—yes, I'm sure I want him to have a moustache."

"He'll have a moustache all right," said Helen, who is practical rather than dreamy. "And he'll have whiskers, too, and a beard as long as your arm. Do you think people have time to shave when they're in trenches?"

"Well, anyhow," said Rosie, "both our soldiers will be very brave men."

"That," said Helen, "is quite certain. Let's put in some good hard stitches to thank them for their bravery."

There was a short silence while this operation was performed with great zeal. The fingers flew through their complicated task and the web seemed to grow visibly.

"Haven't you both," I said, "done about enough? Talk about mufflers! In my day a muffler was something a man wore round his neck; but your mufflers would serve to clothe a whole platoon from head to heel with something left over. Benevolence is all very well, but you shouldn't overdo it. There isn't a soldier alive who wouldn't trip over your mufflers. Think of him tripped up by a muffler and caught by a German."

"Lady FRENCH," said Helen, "wrote in her letter to *The Times* that every muffler was to be two yards and a half long and twelve inches broad."

"Well," I said, "you've got the breadth all right."

"Yes," said Helen, "we got that in the first line, and

we've never let go of it since. Anybody could get the breadth. You could do that if you tried."

"Graceless child," I said, "you don't seem to be aware that in my earliest boyhood I once began to knit a sock."

"But you didn't finish it," said Helen. "I know that story."

"Fathers," said Rosie, "could knit very well if they tried, but they won't try."

"Come," I said, "I won't compete with you in knitting, but I'm game to bet you've done seven feet six inches in length already."

"All right," said Helen, "we'll bet a penny. Only remember, mine was only six feet yesterday and Rosie's was four inches shorter."

I spread the fabrics on the floor and set to work with a tape measure. The first result was, Helen five feet eleven inches; Rosie five feet six inches.

"This," I said, "is maddening. You are imitating Penelope."

"I don't know about Penelope," said Helen, "but you haven't straightened them out enough."

I smoothed them out carefully and measured again. This time the result was, Helen six feet two inches; Rosie five feet ten inches.

"Capital!" I said; "I will do some more smoothing."

"No," said Helen, "that won't be fair to Lady FRENCH or our soldiers. We must give them an inch or so over, if anything;" and they picked up the unfinished mufflers and set to work at them with renewed energy.

This was four days ago. Now both the mufflers are gloriously finished and ready to be despatched. When our two soldiers wear them we hope they will feel that there is a little magic in them as well as a great deal of warmth. There is love knitted into them and admiration and gratitude, and there are quiet thoughts of beautiful English country-sides and happy homes which our soldiers are helping to guard for us, though they are far away.

R. C. L.

## THE LOST SEASON.

(A Point of View.)

FAREWELL to the stretches of pasture and plough  
And the flicker of sterna through the gorse on the hill,  
And the mulberry coats there, alone with them now,  
To cheer as they're finding and whoop at the kill;  
Farewell to the vale and the woodland forlorn,  
To the fox in his earth and the hound on his bench;  
Unheard is the pack and unheeded the horn,  
So loud and so near are the bugles of FRENCH.

The lines of blood hunters are gone from the stalls  
And a host of good men to the millions that meet,  
For grim is the Huntsman, in thunder he calls,  
And continents roar with the galloping feet;  
There's a country to cross where the fences are steel,  
And, though many must fall and the finish is far,  
There is none shall outride them, with heart, hand  
and heel,  
Who have gone hard and straight in "The Image of  
War."

The German "Dove."

(Suggested by recent exploits of the "Taube" Aeroplane.)

In ancient and in happier days the Dove  
Stood as an emblem sure of peace and love;  
Now must we link it with the fiend who flies  
Down-dropping death on children from the skies.





*Sportsman.* "LAST TWO CARTRIDGES, DAN. WHAT'S TO BE DONE NOW?"  
*Dan'l.* "Y'LL HEV TO TAKE TO THE BAINIT, COLONEL."

## A NEW ART.

[It is rumoured that Cinema playwrights, following the example of certain well-known stage dramatists, are likely in future, in addition to the film representations, to publish their works in novel-form. The manuscript of one of the earliest of these productions has just come into our hands.]

### LOVE AND DIPLOMACY.

#### CHAPTER I.

The last rays of the setting sun, shining through the windows of the Foreign Office, fell upon Clement Carmichael, the brilliant young Foreign Secretary, as he sat at his desk studying despatches. A slight noise caused him to raise his head sharply, and he observed a stranger of alien appearance standing before him.

Without a word the intruder produced a revolver and levelled it at Carmichael. Caught like a rat in a trap, the latter, after a moment's hesitation, handed over the despatches and leaned back with an expression of bitter despair.

"It is Raymond Blütherski!" he gasped when he was again alone. "I am ruined!"

#### CHAPTER II.

There was not an instant to be lost.

Dashing down the steps of the Foreign Office, Carmichael leapt into the waiting motor and shouted hoarsely to the driver. A moment later the car was disappearing rapidly down the street.

#### CHAPTER III.

Felix Capperton, the detective whose fame had penetrated two hemispheres, was playing chess with his daughter Madge, a tall and beautiful blonde. Suddenly the door opened and Carmichael entered hastily. In a few tense words he explained the situation to the famous sleuth, while Madge Capperton stood silent, pressing her hands to her heart.

The detective pointed meaningfully at the chessboard, and Carmichael bent over it with an expectant face.

"It is checkmate!" he said.

"We will checkmate Blütherski!" replied the other confidently.

The eyes of the Foreign Secretary met those of the girl and a sympathetic smile passed between them.

#### CHAPTER IV.

In his private sanctum Capperton with skilful fingers fixed a moustache and side whiskers to his lean and mobile

face. His daughter handed him a soft hat and a Gladstone bag, and he was transformed before her eyes into a commercial traveller.

#### CHAPTER V.

Raymond Blütherski paced the deck of a Channel steamer, deeply absorbed in the fateful despatches. Suddenly he turned smartly on his heels.

He was face to face with Capperton, disguised as a commercial traveller.

Accustomed to such emergencies his mind was made up in an instant. Rolling the papers into a ball, he hurled them into the mouth of a large ventilator which stood near.

Unhesitatingly the detective threw himself into the ventilator and disappeared head first. With a cry of baffled rage Blütherski followed.

#### CHAPTER VI.

In the bows of the same steamer stood Madge Capperton and Clement Carmichael, gazing anxiously before them. Her fingers tightened on his arm. Their faces took on an expression of horror and despair.

A huge liner was bearing directly down upon them!



## CHAPTER VII.

In the treacherous waters of the English Channel the brilliant young Foreign Secretary supported Madge Capperton with one arm, while with the other he swam strongly towards the only floating object in view.

As they drew near he perceived that it was a large ship's ventilator. It was sinking fast, and from its mouth protruded the heads of two men engaged in a life-and-death struggle. They were Capperton and Blütherski.

With a cry of encouragement Carmichael redoubled his efforts.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A ship's lifeboat, propelled by strong and willing arms, travelled swiftly across the sea. Presently a shout went up from the man in the bow. Four figures were seen struggling frantically in the water, and the rowers bent themselves with renewed energy to their oars.

## CHAPTER IX.

On board the liner which had been responsible both for the collision and the rescue, Raymond Blütherski, a sinister figure, was seen to leave his cabin and disappear down the corridor. An instant later Carmichael and Capperton entered stealthily. With quick cat-like movements the detective pushed open the door and tip-toed into the cabin.

Carmichael waited outside in an attitude of intense watchfulness. As a steward passed down the corridor he assumed a careless expression and lit a cigarette with nonchalant elaboration.

Directly the steward had gone the watcher resumed his vigil, every nerve on the alert.

## CHAPTER X.

Inside the cabin the detective hurriedly opened drawers, turned over bed-clothes, tapped partitions and felt in boots. Then with an expression of disappointment he turned to the door.

## CHAPTER XI.

In the corridor the two men stood face to face.

"Have you found them?" asked Carmichael hoarsely.

"No. They have sunk in the sea!" replied the other.

## CHAPTER XII.

Across the smooth waters of the English Channel a motor-boat moved swiftly. In the bows the Foreign Secretary and the detective gazed earnestly forward.

Presently the latter clutched Carmichael's arm with an oath. Another boat had come into view, and they perceived that a diver in full costume was climbing into it.

The motor-boat came to a stop alongside the other. It could be seen that the diver held in his hand a ball of paper.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The diver's headpiece was being unscrewed. On either side of him stood Capperton and Carmichael, each with a loaded revolver.

At length the cumbersome helmet was lifted off and the face of the diver was revealed.

It was Madge!

## CHAPTER XIV.

The motor-boat drew up beside the quay and the Foreign Secretary stepped out with the detective and his daughter. All were plainly in a joyous mood, and they smiled happily at each other.

So gratified were they at their success that they quite failed to observe three men, who crept up stealthily behind them and thrust pads soaked in chloroform over their mouths.

In a few seconds the struggles of the victims ceased, and their inert bodies were roughly thrust into a waiting motor.

From the driver's seat Blütherski smiled sardonically.

## CHAPTER XV.

Madge Capperton lay in a cellar of Blütherski's house, tightly bound and gagged. But her indomitable spirit was not yet cowed.

Using the edge of a rough stone as a saw she was laboriously severing the cord which tied her wrists. At length her persistence was rewarded and the frayed ends of the rope fell apart.

In fifteen seconds she stood up free.

## CHAPTER XVI.

In another cellar, similarly shackled, the resolute detective was exerting all his mighty strength to burst his bonds.

With a superhuman effort he broke the cord which held his arms, and in fifteen seconds he also was free.

## CHAPTER XVII.

In a small room in the same house the detective's daughter methodically pressed her hand against picture after picture hung on the walls. Her face was grimly determined.

At last she was successful. A large section of the wall slid back, revealing a dark opening.

After a few seconds' natural hesitation the brave girl stepped through the aperture.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Raymond Blütherski lay asleep. On his dressing-table rested the fatal ball of paper.

Suddenly a portion of the wall moved back and Madge Capperton appeared

in the opening. As noiselessly as possible she crept forward and snatched up the despatches. In a few seconds she would be safe!

At that instant Blütherski awoke, leapt out of his bed and grasped her roughly by the arm. But he had reckoned without Capperton.

The commanding figure of the detective appeared in the room. He levelled a large revolver at Blütherski, and the latter threw up his hands with a cry of baffled hate.

## CHAPTER XIX.

In a moonlit garden Clement Carmichael was waiting impatiently. Presently Madge came to him with a radiant face and placed the lost despatches in his hands. His reputation was saved!

Seizing the girl in his arms he pressed his lips to hers in a long passionate kiss.

THE END.

## CASUS BELLI.

(For a sensitive Scot.)

TEA-SHOP, how I loathe thee!  
Our connection's o'er;  
Henceforth I don't know thee  
Any more.

'Tisn't that I did not  
On thy pastry dote;  
'Tisn't that it slid not  
Down my throat;

'Tisn't that thy crumpets  
Fell a trifle flat—  
If I've got the hump it's  
Not from that.

'Tisn't that the waitress  
Tried to wink at me,  
Or let fall a stray tress  
In my tea;

'Tisn't that I tossed thee  
Tenpence in the till  
For a snack that cost thee  
Almost nil . . .

Nay, 'twas *this* unnerved me—  
Just a scöne alone,  
Which the lass who served me  
Called a scöne.

## IN A GOOD CAUSE.

In connection with his chief Cartoon of this week, *Mr. Punch* begs to invite his readers to help the kind people of Holland on whom the care of so many Belgian refugees has fallen. Contributions will be gladly received by the International Women's Relief Committee (Miss Chrystal Macmillan, Treasurer), 7, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.





Scene: A Recruiting Station in Ireland. IN ORDER NOT TO LOSE A STALWART RECRUIT WHO HAPPENS TO BE UNDER THE STANDARD HEIGHT MEASUREMENT THE EXAMINING OFFICER MAKES A BRILLIANT SUGGESTION TO SERGEANT O'FLANAGAN —



—WHICH SUGGESTION SERGEANT O'FLANAGAN CARRIES OUT WITH A HIGHLY SATISFACTORY RESULT.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Coasting Bohemia* is the attractive title of a series of essays upon men and matters by Mr. COMYNS CARR, issued in a portly volume published by MACMILLAN. During the last forty years Mr. CARR, eminently a clubbable man, has made the acquaintance and enjoyed the friendship of a galaxy of painters, authors and actors. He was equally at home with MILLAIS, ALMA-TADEMA, ROSSETTI, BURNE-JONES, WHISTLER, GEORGE MEREDITH, HENRY IRVING and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. A shrewd observer, quick in sympathy, apt in characterisation, he has much that is interesting and informing to say of each. Perhaps the chapter on WHISTLER is the most attractive, since in some respects his individuality was the most pronounced. In a couple of brief sentences, pleasing in the slyness of their gentle malice, Mr. CARR hits off a striking quality in the character of the WHISTLER we most of us knew. "At times," he writes, "Whistler was even greedy of applause, and, provided it was full and emphatic enough, showed no inclination to question its source or authority. There were moments indeed when, if it appeared to lack volume or vehemence, he was ready himself to supply what was deficient." Mr. CARR has in his time played many parts. He made a start at the Bar, but did not get further than the position of a Junior, which suited him admirably. As a critic, he cannot plead in extenuation the dictum of DISRAELI that critics are those who have failed in Literature and Art. He has written several successful plays, was English editor of *L'Art*, was among the founders of the New Gallery, and remains established as one of our best after-dinner speakers. Of such is the kingdom of Bohemia. From these various sources he draws a stream of reminiscence that runs pleasantly through many pages. The only drawback to the delight with which I read them arose from the circumstance that

the volume was uncut. Why should a harmless reviewer be compelled to "coast Bohemia" armed with a paper-knife, interrupted, when he comes to an exceptionally interesting point, by necessity for cutting a chunk of pages? *R.S.V.P.*, MESSRS. MACMILLAN.

The ease with which the nuptial knot  
In Yankee-land is severed—such is  
The underlying theme of what  
*The Letter of the Contract* touches;  
So, but that BASIL KING has brain  
And uses it when he is writing,  
The book (from METHUEN) might contain  
Little that's novel or inviting.

Yet it's so good it's doomed to miss,  
I rather fear, the approbation  
Of folk who hope such books as this  
May help the cause of reformation;  
For, if divorce in U.S.A.  
Inspires such work, it stands to reason  
To change the law in any way  
Amounts to literary treason.

In contemplating the present season's output of fiction I have been impressed by the number of novels that might apparently have been written with an eye to the conditions that attended their publication. Which, unless one credits our romancers with much further sight than is commonly supposed to be their portion, is absurd. The thing is a coincidence; and of this there is no more striking example than the story that ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK has prepared for the world this autumn. She calls it *The Encounter* (ARNOLD), and it is all about the struggle between "the Nietzschean attitude of mind in Germany," as exemplified in an egotistical, crack-brained genius named *Ludwig Wehlitz*, and the ideals of civilized Christianity exemplified in several



other more agreeable persons. You will own that this is at least *à propos*. The whole thing is, of course, quite charmingly told. All the characters are thoroughly alive; most of all perhaps the placid, tolerant and entirely practical mother of the heroine. *Persis Fennamy* had been introduced to the genius as a suitable disciple and possible helpmate by the *Signorina Zardo*, who worshipped him from afar. *Persis* met *Ludwig*, was interested, impressed and even willing to admire. There were two other men also, attendant upon the great one: *Conrad Sachs*, who was gentle and deformed, and *Graf von Ludenstein*, who represented another type of German manhood. He represented it so well, indeed, that, when *Mrs. Fennamy* discovered that he had taken *Persis* off for an intimate conversation in a wood, even her tolerant placidity was deranged. But it was all right, and *Persis* escapes heart-whole from the lot of them, clay superman and all. She is, to be congratulated. So is the author, for her book is both apt to the moment and interesting in itself.

There is, for all its gaiety, a certain external quality of pathos (now that the German is to us so sinister a figure) in much of *The Pastor's Wife* (SMITH, ELDER), with its types of an East Prussian village drawn in with those deft, half kindly, half malicious touches to which the creatrix of *Elizabeth of the Garden* has accustomed us. *Ingeborg* is the daughter of an English bishop—a bishop, by the way, so needlessly odious that even those who would cheerfully believe the worst of the order must protest against this hitting below the gaiters—and she meets her pastor in a railway carriage on a cheap trip to Lucerne. This utterly-by-the-pursuit-of-knowledge-dominated *Herr Dremmel* (his subject is scientific manure) has a lapse from the even paths of research into the disturbing realms of love, and with an egotistic single-mindedness which is beyond all praise overwhelms her into marriage by the heroic process of ignoring all objections, refusals and

obstacles. And lo! in this manse of lonely Kokensee we have a problem! *Elizabeth*, tongue in cheek, in the mask of IBSEN! . . . I couldn't get myself to believe in the ineffable preoccupations of *Herr Dremmel* that made so desolate a pastor's wife; nor could I see the later enchanting *Ingeborg* in the little negligible mouse of the episcopal study (though I liked them both); and, as I said, I entirely refused to accept the bishop. But I heartily and thoroughly

enjoyed the story, the happy little strokes of humour and irony, the apt, pert thumbnail-sketches of the subsidiary characters, the tender love of country things and moods; and saw that I'd been an ass to take it all too seriously. It was written to charm—and it's charming.

Laughter in these dark days is so wholesome a corrective that we mustn't be too exacting with Mr. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, that fertile spinner of yarns, when in *The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton* (METHUEN) he presents us with the diverting idea of a mean, little, loud, untruthful auctioneer's clerk converted by the eating of a mysterious brown bean into a paragon of candid truth, refined taste and romantic desire. There's an amusing scene when *Burton's* chief, a thoroughly resourceful specimen of his tribe, cries down, under the same mysterious influence, the pseudo-antiques he is selling, and so intrigues his

old friends the dealers that, with a curious *naïveté*, they make absurdly high bids in the belief that the auctioneer is up to some profitable little game. *Mr. Alfred Burton* himself becomes at a stroke a famous author just by merely writing what he sees and seeing true. (But wouldn't his readers also need a nibble at the bean?) Finally falling from grace as the effect of this food of the gods wears off, he accepts a directorship of the new mind-food company, "Menatogen," which brings him untold wealth. Quite innocent fooling which yet leaves one with the impression that our popular authors let themselves off rather lightly from the labour of working out their themes.



### A GARGOYLE OF NÔTRE DAME DE PARIS.

(With acknowledgments to the etching by M. Méryon.)

SPIRITS OF EVIL, WHEN THEY'RE THROWN  
OUT OF A CHURCH, ARE TURNED TO STONE;

BUT THE ABOVE WAS PETRIFIED  
EVEN BEFORE HE GOT INSIDE.



# CHARIVARIA.

THE *Fremdenblatt* of Hamburg congratulates itself that "the British campaign of pin-pricks is fast coming to a miserable end." If the reference is to bayonets, our contemporary is in error.

A Berlin news agency states that General LEMAN, of Liège, is actually a German. It is characteristic of the Germans to bring an accusation like that against a brave and innocent man in adversity.

The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* records the foundation of a "German Truth Society." We are glad that it is realised over there at last that there is a difference between Truth and German Truth.

It is semi-officially announced that the KAISER's headquarters are now in France. His headquarters were recently seen in Russia.

A detachment of British cavalry, while playing water polo in the Oise, suddenly spotted a patrol of German Uhlans, jumped on their horses naked, and in that state charged the enemy. We understand that a protest has been lodged at the War Office by the British Propriety League.

A motor wireless section in Scotland is searching for a mascot and regimental pet, and a Glasgow newspaper invites its readers to supply a suitable animal. What would be wrong with a wireless terrier?

Shortly before the outbreak of the war, it is said, the KAISER ordered a Gloucester spotted pig in this country. Later on the shipment of the pig was countermanded. Presumably sufficient pigs had already been spotted in the German army.

A pretty tribute to our ability to keep our hair on in a crisis was paid last week at the Bow County Court by an itinerant vendor of a hair restorer. He informed the Court that since the war there had been no demand for his goods.

A correspondent writes to *The Times* to object to the nickname "Tommies" applied to our soldiers. "Thomases" would undoubtedly be more respectful and dignified.

An original production of *Everyman* is to be given at the Cathedral Hall, Westminster, on the 12th, 13th and



"NOT BIG ENOUGH! D'YER KNOW 'OO I AM? D'YER KNOW FOIVE YEAR AGO I WAS CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT OF WAPPING?"

"I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'BE A GOOD MAN; BUT, YOU SEE, YOU DON'T COME UP TO THE REQUIRED MEASUREMENTS, SO I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE END OF IT."

"OH, ALL RIGHT, THEN. ONLY, MIND YER, IF YER GO AN' LOSE THIS 'ERE WAR—WELL, DON'T BLAME ME—THAT'S ALL!"

14th instant, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. We trust that Everyman will do his duty and bring in a large sum for this admirable object.

The French authorities have seized ten race-horses stabled at St. Symphorien, near Tours, which belonged to M. MUMM, of the famous champagne firm, who is a German subject. Motto for those Germans who were captured speechless in the neighbourhood of Rheims:—"Mumm's the word!"

We note that there is a strong cast in *The Glad Eye* which has made its appearance again.

Which reminds us that they are calling a certain cheery correspondent on our Generalissimo's Staff "The Glad Eye Witness."

The latest news from South Africa would seem to show that Beyers are sometimes sold.

## THE FLASH-LIGHT THAT FAILED.

(Lines suggested by a recent incident on the Firth of Forth.)

THERE was a young alien in Fife  
Who on spying was keen as a knife,  
Till a sentry—good egg!—  
Plugged him bang through the leg  
And ruined his prospects for life.

"Along the coast the French Fleet are now aiding the British monitors, smashing the heavy buns rolled up to the coast by the Germans."

In the heavy bun department we fear no rivals, and the Germans will soon find that in more than one railway-station refreshment department they will meet their Waterloo.



## TO A FALSE PATRIOT.

HE came obedient to the Call;

He might have shirked like half his mates  
Who, while their comrades fight and fall,  
Still go to swell the football gates.

And you, a patriot in your prime,  
You waved a flag above his head,  
And hoped he'd have a high old time,  
And slapped him on the back and said:

"You'll show 'em what we British are!  
Give us your hand, old pal, to shake;"  
And took him round from bar to bar  
And made him drunk—for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday,  
Clear-eyed and earnest, keen and hard,  
He held himself the soldier's way—  
And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you; you're all right;  
Your easy conscience takes no blame:  
But he, poor boy, with morning's light,  
He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand  
Nothing of all his bitter pain;  
You have no regiment to brand;  
You have no uniform to stain;

No vow of service to abuse,  
No pledge to KING and country due;  
But he had something dear to lose,  
And he has lost it—thanks to you. O. S.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. VI.

(From Professor HERMANN MÜLLER, Ph.D., Private in the  
—th Regiment of Prussian Infantry.)

Belgium.

YOUR MAJESTY.—I am one of your Majesty's most loyal and most faithfully devoted subjects, and, if I now write to you, it is not because I doubt for one moment that you are inspired in all your actions by a clearer wisdom and a firmer grasp of facts than any that I can pretend to, but because there are certain questions which obstinately press upon me to such an extent that I must relieve my mind of them.

At the beginning I was a firm believer in the necessity of this war, and in the perfect and not-to-be-shattered justice of our cause. I had read all that there was to read: TREITSCHKE, NIETZSCHE, BERNHARDI, FROBENIUS and a hundred others, from whose writings it can be most easily shown that Germany alone among nations has the power and the will to expand and to rule; that expansion and rule must be accomplished by war, which, far from being a misfortune, is a noble object to be aimed at and not avoided by statesmen; that all other nations are degenerate and must for their own good be crushed by Germany; and that any nation which resists Germany is through that very act an enemy of the human race. I also believed that German culture is something different from and superior to such culture (if it be worthy of the name) as is possessed by other countries. All these beliefs I set out in my booklet entitled, "Der Lorbeerkrantz," which I humbly and with the most profound heart's-devotion dedicated to your august

and glorious Majesty. Did you, I wonder, deign to cast your Imperial eyes on this effort of my pen? How well I remember obtaining my first copy of the book on the happy day that saw its publication. It seemed printed in letters of gold, and, filled with high yearnings and expectations, I took it home to my beloved Anna. We read it aloud together, turn and turn about, with laughter and applause and tears, for we saw therein the foundation of fame.

So, at the war's beginning, I shouted with the rest for my KAISER and my country, knowing that the war was just and that we should end by annexing England's colonies, after destroying her armies and her ships, and those of France and Russia into the bargain.

Well, that is already, as it seems to me, a thousand years ago, and I must admit that at that time I did not consider it possible that I myself with all my weight of learning as well as my regulation knapsack should be marching about, or lying in a trench on the plains of Flanders, divided by a few hundred yards from English soldiers, who have in their hands rifles and bayonets, and know how to use them. In the intervals of firing, as we lie there, a man has time to think, and it is wonderful how clear his ideas become in such conditions. Some of us do not think or think only what they are told. Poor simple fellows, they still believe they are even now at the gates of Paris, and that to-morrow is the day appointed for the entrance; whereas I know that, having been close to Paris in a mad rush, our armies have since retreated day after day.

But all this happened before I myself had to join the fight with the older men. Now I know that the English and the French have much to say for themselves, and, in any case, that it is plain nonsense—I beg Your Majesty's pardon for using this word, but it is there and I will not strike it out—it is plain nonsense to believe that the good God who has made us all has had any interest in making our Germans out of better clay than that which He has used for other men. I cannot even make an exception in the case of your Imperial Majesty's own self. Thus do my thoughts run in the trenches during this dreadful battle. What things have I heard, what awful sights have I seen since I received my marching orders! I think of Anna and of little Karl, and hope only that some day I shall be far away from these scenes in a place where peace shall reign and I can see them both again. But when will this be?

With most humble respect,

HERMANN MÜLLER.

## "THE GREATER GAME."

This Cartoon, which deals with professional football and the War, and appeared in the issue of *Punch* for October 21, has now been reprinted in the form of Posters and Handbills. These will be gladly sent free of charge, for the purpose of distribution or exhibition, to anyone interested in recruiting among football players and the enormous crowds that attend League Matches. Applications, stating the number required, should be addressed to The Secretary, *Punch* Offices, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C., who will gratefully acknowledge any contributions towards the expense involved.

"The Greater Game" is also being reproduced in the form of a Lantern Slide for exhibition at Cinemas, etc.

"Plaintiff, Mr. W. E. Brown, trading as Brown & Co. (London) Ltd. (on the 1st of January 1914) against the Defendants, Messrs. Brown & Co. (London) Ltd. (on the 1st of January 1914) and Messrs. Brown & Co. (London) Ltd. (on the 1st of January 1914). The Defendants claimed a sum of £4 13s. 6d."—*Bournemouth Echo*.

In our "List of firms which must have a telegraphic address" Mr. Brown takes a high place.





## FOREWARNED.

ZEPPELIN (as "The Fat Boy"). "I WANTS TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CREEP."  
JOHN BULL. "RIGHT-O!"









*Jim (just leaving for Egypt). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, MOTHER; TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. I'LL BRING YOU A PYRAMID WHEN I COME BACK HOME."*

*Mother. "THA MUN DO NOWT O' T' SOORT, I AD. THA MUNNA GET THYSEN I' ANY TROUBLE FOR ME."*

### ANOTHER INNOCENT VICTIM OF THE WAR.

SIR,—Will you grant me the hospitality of your columns for the exposure of a grievance? The rest of the Press, which until recent months have welcomed my communications, seem to have become indifferent to matters affecting the health and comfort of the intellectual classes.

I am a professional man. For the past five-and-twenty years, with only one exception (the year following the Diamond Jubilee of the late QUEEN VICTORIA), I have fallen a victim during the first days of November to an attack of bronchial catarrh. In this distressing complaint, as you may be aware, an early symptom is a fit of sneezing, with other manifest discomfort which I need not here particularise.

For the past twenty-five years (with the one exception to which I have alluded) my first sneeze has been the signal for alarm among the women-folk of my household. My elder sister goes quietly upstairs for the bottle of ammoniated quinine; my younger sister explores the recesses of a cupboard for the piece of red flannel to which I have been accustomed; and Emily, the maid,

without being instructed, puts the kettle on the gas-stove. Any lady visitor there may be in the house is ready with suggestions of alternative remedies, recalling numerous interesting and instructive examples. Light and nourishing dishes are prepared for my dinner; a hot-water bottle is placed in my bed; and in the bedroom a fire is lit. I retire to rest at 9.30, and, having disrobed and covered myself with an augmented supply of blankets, I am brought a glass of hot milk by one of my sisters, who gently places my dressing-gown round my shoulders while I drink it. Afterwards I lie down to sleep, with the bell-push within reach. A tap at the door wakes me next morning. "May I bring in a cup of tea, dear Septimus?" asks my other sister. I am implored to remain in bed for the day, and swift arrangements are made with the butcher, when he calls, to telephone a message to the office. Emily refrains from singing while washing up, and wears felt slippers during her duties about the house.

Such, Sir, has been the routine attending this practically annual event for the past five-and-twenty years.

But I regret to inform you that a secret and sinister change has been at work in our domestic relations. The first sneeze of this year's attack took place last evening. My once attentive sisters, immersed in wool and flannel of all shades, took no notice; Miss Annistay, an old family friend, alone remarked upon my condition, stating that colds were very prevalent, and adding somewhat irrelevantly that it must be terrible in the trenches this weather. For dinner I had nothing more sustaining than our customary fare, and when I asked for hot milk at bedtime my sisters inquired, "Whatever for, Septimus?" I sought my chamber, only to find, on enquiry, that my dressing-gown, my extra blankets and my hot-water bottle had disappeared—gone, I understand, to a local hospital. And, far from remaining in bed to-day, I am writing this from my office, an exceedingly draughty apartment.

Yours cordially,

SEPTIMUS CODDELL.

P.S.—Of course I thoroughly approve of the idea that we must all make sacrifices in time of war; but, as I tell my household, these sacrifices should be personal and not vicarious.



## OUR GUY.

WE feel just a little hurt that the police have not prohibited our village bonfire. Why shouldn't Zeppelins come to Little Pilswick? Why should an arrogant metropolis monopolise everything? Still we hid our mortification and the Guy Committee met as usual in the saloon bar of the "Bull."

In the first instance Prodgers moved that the celebration be dropped, and that all material already collected be given to the Belgian refugees. It was pointed out to him that a gift of two empty tar-barrels and half-a-dozen furze bushes, though meant in all kindness, might prove embarrassing to any relief committee. Besides, we are happy in the entertainment of two Belgian families, and the feeling was that the sight of an uncultured fire would cheer them. So Prodgers was temporarily crushed. Then came the all-important question of the guy.

Mr. Flodden, the landlord, began the discussion. "Last year we'd LLOYD GEORGE, but we can't have no politics now, though he's—well, I wish I could tell him what he is. Year before we'd the Squire for stopping up that footpath, but he's in the Yeomanry now, so he's barred."

"The KAISER!" cried Jenkins. "Have him with mailed fists holding up a torn scrap of paper."

"No, the CROWN PRINCE," suggested Webb. "Every one would know him if we put a silver spoon in each hand and hung a silver coffee-pot round his neck."

"DE WET," proposed Cobb.

"Had him twelve year or more ago," said the landlord. "DE WET's off."

A fierce controversy now ensued between partisans of the KAISER and the CROWN PRINCE. Prodgers argued ably that it was much worse to destroy a cathedral than to steal plate; whilst Unwin, the jobbing builder, declared that the damaging of a cathedral gave work to a very deserving class of men, and said he would very much rather see the parish church-tower knocked down than the Vicar's spoons stolen. At last feeling ran so high it was decided to put the matter to the vote. Five voted for the light-headed KAISER, five for his light-fingered heir. All eyes turned on the landlord to see which way his casting vote would go.

"Friends all," said Mr. Flodden, "we've kep' ourselves respectable in

this village. Even our guys have been respectable, though, mind you, that LLOYD GEORGE—well, if it wasn't war-time, I'd say he come precious near the line. Now what's the good of us letting ourselves down to burn these 'Uns? What about old GUY FAWKES? I grant you he wanted to blow up the 'Ouses of Parliament; but, if there was licensing bills in those days, I don't blame him. I say stick to old GUY and be respectable."

It was carried unanimously.

Somewhere in his rush from theatre to theatre of the war a message will reach the KAISER. The hatred of a world may flatter him, but the cold, chilling contempt of Little Pilswick will pierce to his very heart.



OBVIOUS EMBARRASSMENT OF LITTLE BINKS, WHO HAS INJURED HIS HAND IN THE PEACEFUL OCCUPATION OF PICTURE-HANGING, AT BEING MISTAKEN FOR A WOUNDED HERO.

## THE REPORT FALLACIOUS.

I HAVE a son, William. But there are compensations; he is at school.

It was at the crisis of parting at the station that it seemed to me necessary to give William a word of parental advice. I hate seeing small boys at such moments stuffing themselves in refreshment-rooms.

"William," I said, "life is not all cricket and football."

"No, father," replied William, looking hard at the refreshment-room, "there's golf."

"That, William, is scarcely a game. I should describe it in my own case as an exercise taken under medical advice, to obtain relief from business strain."

"Father," burst out William, "there's Cheffins minor in the refreshment-room."

"William," I proceeded, "at the end of each term I receive an unsatisfactory

report about you from your house-master. It is only then that I know you have wasted three months of golden time." ("Golden time" was a happy inspiration.)

"Old Starks is a rotter," said William briefly.

"Now I put you on your honour, William, to send me a truthful report of your progress at the half-term. Then if you are not doing well I can write and ask that you should have special attention. On your honour, mind."

"Yes, father. Shall we go across to the refreshment-room now?"

"Ah, yes, certainly," I said, noticing a signal drop. "Oh, no; here's your train coming in."

Then having done my duty I forgot all about the promised report. It arrived unexpectedly this morning. He had framed it precisely on the model of his house-master's reports:—

*Position in Form.* First.

*Progress.* Very marked; decidedly more attentive and industrious.

*Latin.* A distinct improvement in versification. Translates easily and intelligently.

*Greek.* Displays remarkable promise.

("Of course it won't be much use to him in my leather business," I said to my wife; "still it shows grit.")

*Mathematics.* Again marked progress is to be recorded.

*Conduct.* Courteous, orderly, obedient. A good

influence in the house.

*General Remarks.* Will achieve a high position in the school, but must take care that too close absorption in study does not interfere with his athletic development.

"Most gratifying," I said to my wife. "I just put the boy on his honour. I don't believe in lecturing boys. Ah, what's this at the bottom?"

I read with horror the foot-note, "*Per Wireless from Berlin.*"

I am a parent, so I instructed my wife to write a letter saying how much I was pained by William's frivolity. I am a patriot, so, without her knowledge, I slipped a postal order for ten shillings into the envelope.

We hear there is no truth in the report that Mr. JAMES WELCH intends renaming his successful farce (now moved to the New Theatre) "When Nights Were Dark."





Visitor (leaving inn after sleepless night). "I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A GERMAN?" Landlord. "DO I LOOK LIKE IT?"  
 Visitor. "NO; BUT I THOUGHT I'D JUST ASK BECAUSE MY ROOM LAST NIGHT HAD A CONCRETE BED IN IT."

### THE GREAT PETARD.

(Being some further reliable information about the enormous siege gun which is to shell us from Calais.)

THIS is the tale of the Master Hun  
 And how, on thinking it over,  
 He bade his henchmen build him a gun  
 With a belly as huge as the Heidelberg Tun  
 To batter the cliffs of Dover.

See how the Uhlans' lances toss!  
 As a mother her child they love it;  
 Guarding it well from scathe and loss  
 They have stamped its side with a big Red Cross,  
 And the white flag waves above it.

First it was cast in Esson town;  
 Junkers in gay apparel  
 Flocked to sample its high renown,  
 And a dozen or more, they say, sat down  
 To dinner inside its barrel.

Fair and free did the Rhine wine flow  
 Till the face of every glutton  
 Shone with a patriot's after-glow,  
 And then they retired a mile or so  
 And the WAR LORD pressed the button.

*Hoch!* The howitzer stood the test,  
 Belching like fifty craters,  
 And (this is perhaps the cream of the jest)  
 There was more than metal inside its chest,  
 For they hadn't removed the waiters.

Now it has come on armoured trains  
 To the further side of the Channel;  
 Prayers are said in a hundred fanes  
 For its godlike soul, and whenever it rains  
 They muffle its throat with flannel.

Strange indeed is the cry of its shells,  
 Like a pack of hounds in full wail,  
 Like the roar of a mountain stream that swells  
 Or like anything else from a peal of bells  
 To the bark of a wounded bull-whale.

But the worst of it is that when—and if—  
 It begins its work of slaughter  
 It will possibly harm the Kentish cliff,  
 But it's perfectly certain to go and biff  
 The French one into the water.

So when you shall hear a noise on high  
 Like the medium brush of a barber,  
 And a monstrous bullet falls from the sky  
 And blows off the head of a Prussian spy  
 As he dallies in Dover Harbour,

You shall know that at last the WAR LORD's host,  
 By dint of a stout endeavour,  
 Have chipped off a bit of the Calais coast  
 And caused the isle that they pant for most  
 To be further away than ever. EVOE.



## THE PEACE CIGAR.

"By the way, Lorna was there this morning," said Celia. "Her brother's in the War Office."

"And what did KITCHENER tell him when they last had lunch together?" I asked.

"Well," smiled Celia, "he does say that—"

I get all my best news from Celia nowadays. When I meet you in the City and mention that I know for a fact that the KAISER is in hiding at Liverpool, you may be sure that Celia saw Vera yesterday morning, and that Vera's uncle is somebody important on the Liverpool Defence Committee.

Twice a week Celia ties up parcels for the Fleet. Ordinary people provide the blankets, sea-boots, chocolate, periscopes and so forth; Celia looks after the brown paper and string, which always seems to me the most tricky part. There are a dozen of them, all working together; and you can imagine (or, anyhow, I can) Vera or Kitty or Isobel, her mouth full of knot, gossiping away about her highly-placed relations, while Beryl or Evelyn or Lorna looks up from the parcel she is kneeling on and interrupts, "Well, my brother heard—I say, where did you put my scissors?"

"Well," smiled Celia, "Lorna's brother in the War Office says the war will be over by Christmas."

"Hooray," I said; and I went out and looked at my cigar.

This cigar arrived at my house in a case of samples last July. The samples went up from right to left in order of importance, each in his own little bed—until you got to Torpedo Jimmy at the end, who had a double bed to himself. Starting with *Cabaja fino* in the right-hand corner, the prices ranged from about nine a penny to five pounds apiece, the latter being the approximate charge for T. James or any of his brethren.

Celia was looking over my shoulder when I opened the case, and she surveyed my brown friends with interest.

"When are you going to smoke *that* one?" she asked, touching Torpedo Jimmy's cummerbund with the tip of her finger.

"On your birthday," I said.

"Bother, then I shan't see much of you. Couldn't you smoke it on two ordinary days instead?"

"You can only smoke a cigar that size after a very good dinner," I explained.

"What was the matter with the tapioca pudding last night?" said Celia sternly.

"I mean you must have champagne and bands and lots of lights, and

managers bowing all round you, and pretty people in the distance, and—all that sort of thing. You can't do that at home. Besides, I shall want a waiter or two to hold the far end of it while I'm smoking. It'll be all right going there; we can put it on the top of a cab."

"Of course it will be lovely going out with you," said Celia, "but Jane will be very disappointed. She'd have liked to hear it buzzing."

"I hope it won't buzz," I said.

"Couldn't you smoke it now, and then we'd go out next week and celebrate your recovery." She sighed. "My birthday's a long way off," she said wistfully, thinking of the band and the lights and the pretty people in the distance—and not necessarily in the distance either.

"Well, p'raps we'll think of another excuse. Anyhow it will be a very great day, and if I survive we shall often look back upon it."

Celia stroked it again.

"It's just like a torpedo, isn't it?" she said. And so we called it Torpedo Jimmy. A torpedo is actually a little bit bigger. Not much, however.

That was July. When August came we knew that there would be no excuse before the birthday and that the birthday would be no excuse. The great dinner was postponed. It didn't matter, because we forgot about the great dinner.

But towards the end of September Celia came across the sample case again. All the beds were empty now but one. Torpedo James still lay in his four-poster, brown and inscrutable.

"Better put him away," she said, "and on the day that peace is signed you can take us both out."

And so Torpedo Jimmy became a symbol. The more I long for peace, the more I long for that historic smoke. When Louisa's brother or Nora's uncle has a long pessimistic talk with KITCHENER, then I look sadly at my cigar; but when FRENCH and JOFFRE unbend to Vera's stepfather or Beryl's cousin and give him words of cheer, then I take it out and pinch it fondly, and already I see the waiter coming round with a torch to light it.

I have been looking at it to-day, and I see that it is giving a little at one end. I fancy that the moth has been getting at it. Well, if it does not last till peace is signed, it will be a peace that I shall not believe in. For a stable peace, as all our eminent novelists keep pointing out in all the papers, many things are necessary, and one of them is that I should smoke my cigar happily on the first night of it. Torpedo Jimmy must do himself justice. No premature

explosions; no moths flying out from the middle of it; no unauthorised ventilation. The exact moment must be chosen by the Allies. My cigar must be ripe . . . and yet not too ripe.

Celia says she is sure it will be just lovely. So sure is she that she suggests hanging the cigar in the hall and tapping it to see how the war is going. "When it taps exactly right, then we shall know the war is just over."

But I think we shall know that anyhow. EDWARD GREY will break it to Beryl's nephew all right; Celia will climb down off her parcel and rush home to me with the news; I shall ring up the restaurant and order dinner . . . and at eight o'clock, in great spirits, we shall get into our taxi and drive off together—Celia and I and Torpedo Jimmy.

A. A. M.

## SOME FACTS ABOUT THE WAR

(An essay in the prevailing mode).

THE actual cost of hostilities has been estimated by reliable authorities at the enormous sum of £143,468 0s. 0d. *per diem* for this country alone. The odd halfpenny presumably represents the cost of an evening edition bought by the official contradictor in the exercise of his duties.

Amongst the (more or less) skilled industries that have been gravely affected by the outbreak of hostilities must now be placed the making of prophetic fiction. It is calculated that the number of novels dealing with *The Next Great War* that have had to be scrapped must run well into four figures.

On the other hand, the number of novelists who will in the future begin their Historical Romances, "It was in the late summer of 1914," is beyond human calculation.

In view of the reported insurance of Westminster Abbey against damage by air-craft, a correspondent asks what steps are being taken towards the illumination of the Albert Memorial.

It is at least odd that Olympia should have been selected as the Ideal Home for our Undesirable Aliens. The last German production in the same building was *The Miracle*. Many of the interned are said to be expecting another.

"Mrs. Mallaby Deeley is doing good work in securing withers for horses."

*Harrow Observer.*

And now every horse which goes to the Front can be certain of having its own withers.





First Lady (horrified at bright scarlet muffler for Navy, the creation of second lady). "MY DEAR—THE COLOUR! IT'LL MAKE A TARGET FOR THE GERMANS!"

Second Lady. "OH! THEN IT'LL HAVE TO DO FOR THE STOKER."

### THE LADY'S WALK.

I know a Manor by the Thames;  
I've seen it oft through beechen stems  
In leafy Summer weather;  
We've moored the punt its lawns beside  
Where peacocks strut in flaunting pride,  
The Muse and I together.

There I have seen the shadows grow  
Gigantic, as the sun sinks low,  
Leaving forlorn the dial;  
When zephyrs in the borders stir,  
Distilling stock and lavender  
To fill some fairy's phial.

There, when the dusk joins hands with  
night,  
(I like to think the story's right—  
I had it from the Rector—  
Still, don't believe unless you choose!)  
Doth walk, between the shapen yews,  
A little pretty spectre,

The Lady Rose, a well-born maid  
Whose true-love in this garden glade—  
A bold, if faithless, fellow—  
Had loved, but left her for the sake  
Of venturing with FRANKIE DRAKE,  
And died at Puerto Bello;

While she—poor foolish loving Rose—  
Of heart-break, so the story goes,  
Died very shortly after,  
One day—as Art requires—when Spring  
Had set the hawthorns blossoming  
And waked the lanes to laughter.

And so adown these alleys dim,  
Where oft she'd kept a tryst with him,  
She nightly comes a-roaming;  
And, sorrowing still, yet finds content,  
I fancy, where "Sweet Themmes" is  
blent  
With flower-beds and the gloaming.

Ah me, the leaf is down to-day;  
Does still the little phantom stray,  
Poor pretty ghost, a-shiver,  
When sad flowers droop their weary  
heads  
Along the chill Autumnal beds  
Beside the misty river?

Or does it, at the year's decline—  
As sensible as Proserpine—  
When Autumn skies do harden,  
Go down and coax the seeds to grow  
Till daffodillies stand a-row  
And April's in the garden?

I cannot tell; what's more, I doubt  
We've other things to think about  
This sorrowful November;  
I only know for such sad hours  
That dainty ghosts and Summer flowers  
Are pleasant to remember.

### The Absolute Limit.

"The directors of the Bradford Club have reviewed the position in regard to the free admission of soldiers to the ground, the number of men thus admitted having been far greater than was anticipated. It has now been decided that men in uniform or bearing other credentials of service shall be admitted to section E on payment of the nominal sum of 8d. This will prevent the jostling of the ordinary patrons."—Bradford Daily Telegraph.

A cruiser here and there may be sunk,  
a regiment here and there may be cut  
up, but thank God our Bradford football  
patrons will never again be jostled by  
any of these vulgar soldiers in uniform.

Notice in a Battersea window:—

"BRIDE CAKES  
ANY SIZE  
TO SUIT ALL POCKETS."

In these days of narrow skirts most women will find the guinea size sufficient.





### FACTS FROM THE FRONT.

TACTICAL USE, BY THE ENEMY, OF THE MORE RESILIENT UNITS OF THE LANDSTURM FOR NEGOTIATING BELGIAN DYKES.

### OUR LITERARY WAR LORDS.

["The other day the enemy's artillery fire on my battery was so great that we were forced to take cover. I sat crouched in my 'funk-hole' for seventeen solid hours. Luckily I had Jacobs's 'Sea Urchins' with me, which I read to the accompaniment of screaming and bursting shells."]

*Officer in the Royal Field Artillery.]*

Mr. Punch, while remarking that he is not surprised that the shells screamed in the circumstances, begs to assure his readers that, if the following information corresponds with the facts, Mr. JACOBS is not the only author who has been solacing our troops in the trenches.

Miss Carrie Morelli writes: "There has so far been no public mention of any books of mine being read in the trenches and affording solace to our gallant troops. This, however, is because all the reports from the Front come from men, and men are notoriously jealous of feminine activity in literature as elsewhere. I have no doubt in my own mind that many a soldier in action has been cheered by hurried glances at my novels, a list of which can be forwarded on application."

An unsigned letter from the Isle of

Man states that the writer, who rightly wishes to remain anonymous, possesses a copy of a novel of astonishing genius, in which a German bullet is embedded. This book, it seems, was the inseparable companion of a soldier in the 3rd Manx Highlanders, who carried it always next his heart, and in its position in that intimate and honoured spot it saved his life. The writer, who confesses to being the author of the novel in question, states that he would divulge both his own name and that of the title of the book but that his objection to publicity amounts to a mania.

The publishers of *The Orangery*, by Mrs. Markley, write to inform us of an astounding incident which throws a new and sensational light on the campaign in the Western Theatre of War. It appears that at a critical moment during the great effort of the Germans to break through the left flank of the Allies, General von KLUCK absolutely refused to see or consult with his Staff for the space of three hours. It subsequently transpired that a copy of *The Orangery*, which had been found in the knapsack of a British prisoner, had come into the General's possession

and so absolutely enthralled him that he abandoned all thought of strategy or tactics until he had finished its perusal. Owing to the extraordinary power of Mrs. Markley's genius the German advance was paralysed, and the Allies, resuming the offensive, drove the enemy back in confusion, with results which have vitally affected the progress of the campaign.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT has just received a remarkable letter from a British marine who was recently landed on the coast of Flanders. The writer describes how, as he was reading one of Mr. BENNETT's recent articles on the war in a carefully excavated trench, a "Jack Johnson" shell descended directly over him, but was suddenly diverted by the article, and soared away at right angles, bursting with a terrific chuckle at a safe distance.

### Latest War News.

Turkey has now joined the "Sossidges"—a trifle earlier in the year than usual.

We understand that Pietermaritzburg will shortly change its name to Petrobothrad.





## THE EXCURSIONIST.

Scene: TICKET OFFICE AT — (censored).

TRIPPER WILHELM. "FIRST CLASS TO PARIS."

CLERK. "LINE BLOCKED."

WILHELM. "THEN MAKE IT WARSAW."

CLERK. "LINE BLOCKED."

WILHELM. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT CALAIS?"

CLERK. "LINE BLOCKED."

WILHELM. "HANG IT! I MUST GO SOMEWHERE! I PROMISED MY PEOPLE I WOULD."







# BRITAIN TO BELGIUM.

SISTER, for the tears that thou hast shed,  
Sister, for thy dear undying dead,  
For the sons thou hast not grudged to give,  
Loyally, that Liberty might live;  
Sister, for the little child  
Dead beside a hearth defiled—  
Do I dream my love alone  
Can atone?

Can I bring again the brave that fell  
When thy heaven crumbled into hell?  
Can I banish from before thine eyes  
Haunting visions under haggard skies?  
Blazing home and blackened plain,  
Can I make them fair again?  
Can I ever heal thy smart,  
Broken Heart?

Sister, we be women, thou and I;  
Sorrow's craving who can satisfy?  
None may pay thee back so dear a loss,  
Only let me help to bear thy cross.  
Sick and hungry in their need  
Let me succour, let me feed;  
Little Sister, freely take  
For their sake.

## AS OTHERS WISH TO SEE US.

THE ingenious German device of writing private letters to English friends filled with German justifications of the War and news of the gaiety and normal prosperity of Berlin is now being carried farther, and extracts from private letters purporting to be addressed by English people to German friends have begun to be printed in the Berlin papers. Here follows an illustration of this type of composition:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sure you will like to hear from me, especially as I am in a position to enlighten you as to the deplorable condition of things in England under the fear of the Mailed Fist and forebodings of the worst. For it is only too true that all the best and most knowledgable people here have thrown up the sponge and are prepared for the inevitable.

A private letter is probably the only means of communicating the real situation to you, for the English papers of course do not tell the truth. In fact you must believe nothing they say, for there is a great conspiracy here to maintain the fiction that we are high-spirited, eager and confident. Everything is done to foster that illusion.

BERNHARDI'S great book has been translated and is being largely sold, and it is awful to watch the faces of the people reading it—how they blanch

and quiver. It is curious, you might think, that they read it at all; but you know the dread fascination of the snake for the humming-bird. The bird sees its doom, but cannot escape, and in fact draws nearer.

Would you believe it of this nation, so famous for its phlegm, that at the outset of the war there was such a panic among our intellectuals that they could not write prose at all, but all the papers were full of rhyme? As you know, there is no sign of hysteria more trustworthy than this.

You may have heard that recruiting has been brisk and keen, but do not believe this. Only by huge bribes have men been induced to join at all. The

finances of the country are being taxed to the utmost to find the extra "palm-oil" which these mercenaries demand.

The Birmingham factories are feverishly busy making dum-dum and explosive bullets.

You may have gathered from the papers that football goes on as usual. This is so, outwardly, but as a matter of fact the games are played with no spirit and are kept going wholly by force applied by the Government, whose aim is thus to suggest a feeling of security in the country. A few misguided people, who completely misunderstand the situation, hold that footballers should go to the Front and fight; but the Government take a more



"HE'S AS WILLING AS A CHRISTIAN; STRIKE ME BLIND IF HE ISN'T," SAID SIKES."

*Oliver Twist, Chap. XVI.*

*(With apologies to the late Fred Barnard.)*



prudent view and will not allow this, holding that their agility on the field in League Matches and so forth is of high service as an anodyne and distraction. I have heard of more than one case of a well-known hereculean player, accustomed not only to big money but applause and hero-worship, seriously wondering if fighting were not his real duty and if he ought not to make a bolt for the Front, but being compelled to acquiesce in the Government's plans and go on drawing his salary for the public pursuit of an air-bladder. This shows you to what a pass things have come.

There are also hundreds of young actors in London alone who are being forcibly kept in the country to go on entertaining and playing the fool for the same sedative purpose. These

youths are all healthy and fit, but it is held that their true function is to work in the theatres and halls to beguile the audiences and divert their thoughts from the terrible reality of German invasion. With each step that the Germans draw nearer the mummors redouble their efforts to excite laughter. Thus did NERO fiddle.

The terror produced by your nerve-racking Zeppelins is constant. Hardly a soul is now to be seen in the streets of London. Everyone is below the earth, in the Tubes and subways, which are packed by white and trembling crowds. Every cellar is congested, the top floors having been wholly abandoned. As a sign of the times I may tell you that a Company, called the Aerated Dread Co., has been formed to provide iron suits for those who can afford them,

and on the Board of Directors are both the PRIME MINISTER and Sir EDWARD GREY. So awful is the agitation from which everyone here is suffering under the Zeppelin menace that the noise of a tyre bursting in the street often prostrates as many as forty passers-by.

No more to-day, my friend. I will write again soon and add to the melancholy picture of a once powerful nation shuddering with craven fears.

Give my love to your dear children.

Your devoted K—L—.

"On the sea dyke the Germans have posted heavy artillery. . . . They have also posted gunes in the dunes."—*South Wales Echo*.

This settles us. We shall now begin our War Poem.



### FROM THE RECRUIT'S POINT OF VIEW.

Sergeant. "FORM FOURS!" "AS YOU WERE! FORM FOURS!!" "As you were!! FORM FOURS!!!" "...!!! .....!!!!"

### ARCHIBONG.

[Encouraged by the example of some eminent followers of *TYRTÆUS*, Mr. *Punch* has great pleasure in printing the following topical soldiers' song, composed by one of his young men after reading about a British force that seized Archibong in the Cameroons.]

O we're marching on to good old Archibong;  
And we're going most particularly strong;  
For our beef is really "bully,"  
And they feed us very fully—  
Yes, the feeding's fit for any restaurong,  
*Très bong,*  
Fit for any fust-class London restaurong.  
What's the matter with the road to Archibong?  
We didn't come out here to play ping-pong  
Or to get up a gymkhana—  
But we'll all have a banana  
When we've driven back the Proosians to Hong Kong,  
Ding-dong,  
When we've driven back the Proosians to Hong Kong.  
What's the matter with the town of Archibong?  
It isn't quite as lively as Boulong;  
But the name is very tuneful—  
Yes, I'll have another spoonful,  
For I never liked my soda-water strong;  
It's wrong  
For a man to drink his soda-water strong.

Then here's a parting cheer to Archibong,  
Where the natives play divinely on the gong;

It's not so cool and airy  
As the town of Tipperary,  
But it's just as good for tittuping along  
In a song,  
It's just as good for tittuping along.

### Scalped.

From Battalion Orders of a certain regiment:—

"The Brigadier-General regrets that the 5th are noticeable throughout the brigade for the long, slovenly and unkempt condition of men's hair. The Commanding Officer considers that this reflects on the credit of the battalion and directs Company Commanders to take immediate steps to have this slight removed for good and all."

### What's in a Hyphen?

From a cinema advertisement:—

"THE TWO-STEP CHILDREN (DRAMA)."  
It sounds rather more like Musical Comedy.

"Between them the vessels of the Allies succeeded in destroying a German battery of field artillery, dispersed a German bridging train collected to force the passage of the Yser, blew up an ammunition column, killed General von Tripp, expressed pleasure at the Russians winning in Galicia, and even regarded it as compensation for his wound."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

Is there anything the Fleet can't do?



## LITTLE AND GOOD.

YOUNG Thompson was a bit too short,  
But hard as nails and level-headed,  
And in his soul the proper sort  
Of dogged pluck was deeply bedded;  
To join the ranks he almost ran,  
But saw the weedy supersede him;  
Though he was every inch a man,  
His country didn't need him.

He read each passionate appeal  
On wall and window, cab and cart;  
How impotent they made him feel!  
He tried once more, though sick at heart.  
In vain! He saw the sergeants smirk;  
He argued, but they wouldn't heed him;  
So sullenly trudged back to work—  
His country didn't need him.

But, now the standard height's curtailed,  
Again he goes to join the ranks;  
Though yesterday he tried and failed  
To-day they welcome him with thanks.  
Apparently he's just as small,  
But, since his size no more impedes him,  
In spirit he is six foot tall—  
Because his country needs him.

## THE MYSTERY OF PRINCE —

WE seek information of the present whereabouts of Prince — of —.

Some few weeks ago the news came that he was carried wounded into a Brussels hospital, with a velvet mask over his face, so that none might recognise him. The PRINCE was visited in hospital by a tall man, also heavily masked, but not so heavily as to conceal a pair of soaring moustaches, freshly waxed. None dared speculate as to Who this Visitor might be. The hush was tremendous. The Visitor silently pinned on the patient a specimen of the Iron Cross and as silently left.

It was the 37000th Iron Cross bestowed since the outbreak of war.

At the autopsy it was proved conclusively that the bullet inside the PRINCE was of German origin.

After the post-mortem the PRINCE was luckily captured by the Belgians, and held at Antwerp as hostage for the good behaviour of the German troops occupying Brussels.

When the fall of Antwerp became imminent the PRINCE was secretly removed to England. A fortnight ago he was seen in a motor-car driving round Battersea Park, accompanied and guarded by an English officer.

The PRINCE wore his saxe-blue full-dress tunic, his corn-gold moustache

and his rather stout face, and was looking considerably depressed.

Since that date no word has come of him. The Censor seems to have rigidly suppressed all evidence of his movements.

Is the PRINCE kept prisoner on a trawler sweeping the North Sea for mines? Has he escaped in the German submarine which ventured up the Thames as far as the lower end of Fleet Street? Or is he interned in the searchlight apparatus at Charing Cross to insure it against attack by Zeppelins?

We seek exact information.

"As regards the quality of this beverage, he said he was at a loss to know on what grounds they called it coffee."—*Daily Mail*.

Coffee grounds, no doubt.



T. B. D.

Officer's Steward. "WILL YOU TAKE YOUR BATH, SIR, BEFORE OR AFTER HACTION?"

## Journalistic Candour.

"There comes a time when no responsible organ of public opinion can keep silence without sacrificing the tacit obligation under which it lies to its readers."—*The Globe*.

We are glad to note that in the same article there is a subsequent and reassuring reference to our contemporary's "well-deserved reputation for straightforwardness and accuracy."

The author of *Secrets of the German War Office* writes of the German FOREIGN MINISTER'S "atrocious taste in waistcoats":—

"The one he had on still sticks in my memory. It was a lurid peach-blossom creation, spotted with greed."

It is to guard against this that so many of his compatriots tuck their napkins in at their necks.



## AN ESCAPED PRISONER.

It was summertime, years ago, in the early days of the war.

Having distributed myself quite satisfactorily within a hammock, I had just decided that nothing short of invasion or the luncheon bell should disturb me, when my flapper niece shot forth in my direction from the French windows of the morning-room.

In one hand she flourished an empty birdcage and in the other what proved to be a tin of enormous hemp seeds.

"Wake up!" she cried as she approached rapidly through the near distance. "The precious Balaam has escaped! The brute must have got out while I was fetching his clean water, and the windows were wide open!"

The prospect of a canary hunt across country with a temperature at 80 degrees in the shade positively made me shiver.

"Your father is the man to catch it for you, Eileen," I suggested. "He's most awfully good at catching things. I—er think he's somewhere on the tennis-court."

"He's not, because he was splashing about in the bath-room just now when I wanted to fill Balaam's water-bottle."

"All right," I said resignedly, "I'll come. Was Balaam the man or the ass? I forget. And while we're at it why should you call the bird Balaam at all?"

Eileen was in no mood for foolish questionings.

"Get up!" she ordered. "I call him Balaam because he's not a proper canary—he's a mule."

"Then I am not at all sure," I began hopefully, "that I can countenance the keeping of mules in birdcages! Should the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals get to hear of it, they would certainly—"

"There he is!" interrupted Eileen shrilly as something yellowish flew jerkily across a neighbouring cabbage bed. "That's Balaam! Take the cage. I'll wait here in case he comes back!"

By the time I had reached the further end of the cabbage bed I was just in time to see a tawny bird vanish over a hedge, flop tantalisingly across the road and disappear among the branches of an apple-tree on the other side.

What I now see to have been a mistaken idea of my duty towards Eileen led me painfully through two

hedges to the foot of the tree in whose branches Balaam the Mule was possibly enjoying the first-fruits of his liberty.

In vain I produced vocal effects calculated to charm away the love of travel from the breast of any canary; then, as Balaam persistently refused to come to me, I proceeded slowly but surely, and accompanied by the cage, to make my way to him.

Whether tree-climbing shares the same age limit as that assigned to recruits, or whether the cage was too severe a handicap, I don't know, but halfway up I somehow found myself marooned on an obviously inadequate branch.



Salesman. "No, Sir, NEITHER OF THESE MASKS WAS MADE IN GERMANY."

For several minutes I balanced uncertainly. Then someone began to pass along the road beyond the hedge. As it seemed probable that their owner might prove of use to me, I hailed the footsteps with a shout.

The footsteps stopped and I shouted again.

This time there was a faint scream in answer and a mauve-and-white bonnet bobbed agitatedly up the road.

After a few more minutes of delicate and masterly balancing I was relieved to hear the approach of quite a number of people from the other side of the orchard.

Evidently the mauve-and-white bonnet had thoroughly realized my perilous position, for my rescuers seemed to include almost the entire village. Even the Vicar was there, armed with an assegai—no doubt a missionary trophy. It was thoughtful of them to have

turned out in such numbers to rescue a mere visitor, but still one ploughman with a ladder would have been ample.

Soon words floated up to me from the mouth of the leading rescuer. "I'll learn him!" he was saying with fervour. "I'll learn him to come German-spying round my orchard!"

Balaam or no Balaam, I drew the line at being assegaied to death as a Teuton spy, so I dropped the cage with a bang and, clinging to the end of my branch, I at last succeeded in gaining the ground in moderate safety.

When I had finished explaining about Balaam, they were convinced, though evidently disappointed.

"You see," explained the Vicar, prodding the apple-tree regretfully with his assegai, "poor Miss Tittlepatter said that she had been attacked by German spies from this very orchard."

At the third prod of the Vicar's assegai, a brown-and-yellow bird flew self-consciously from the top of the apple-tree and perched in full view on a five-barred gate.

"There he is!" I hissed, moving stealthily forward with the remains of the birdcage. "There's Balaam the canary!"

"Kenary!" contemptuously remarked the rescuer who had been so anxious to undertake the education of Teutonic spies. "That ain't no kenary; that's a bloomin' yellow'ammer!"

When, a dishevelled wreck, I reached my own gateway, I was met in the drive by Eileen.

"It's all right after all," she remarked cheerfully. "The stupid bird was on the curtain pole all the time. So lucky, because, if he *had* got out, it would have meant an awful bother. And, I say, is it true that they've caught a German spy down in the village?"

In aid of the Arts Fund for the relief of the many members of the artistic professions who are in distress owing to the War, a *Matinée* under the patronage of QUEEN ALEXANDRA will be given at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 3 o'clock. Mr. THOMAS BEECHAM will produce BACH's *Phœbus and Pan*, and Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER will produce *Philip the King*, a new play by Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD. Mr. Punch very heartily commends the cause to his readers.





Huntsman. "BLANKETY-BLANK THAT BLOOMIN' KAISER! I WISH MY 'OUNDS 'AD 'IM!"

Farmer. "WHAT'S 'E BIN DOIN' TO YOU NOW, JACK?"

Huntsman. "DOIN'?' JUST LOOK AT THE 'OSSES 'E'S LEFT US TO RIDE!"

### NOTES BY A WAR-DOG.

Now I don't want to snarl at the Cause—whatever it may be—but it isn't all beef-bones and country walks by any means. I first became aware of it about the same time the Dachs-hund at the corner house began to declare he was an Aberdeen Terrier. From that time on I scented something wrong, though could never quite dig it out. For one thing, the parrot began to practise a new phrase about "Down with the Kai . . ." and also "Veeve" the something or other. Then Mabel—who does absurd things but has to be tolerated because she waits upon me—started tying coloured ribbons in my hair, and later sticking little flags in my collar; but I put a stop to that. A week ago things came to a head, and don't look like improving.

For the last five years my daily life has been brightened in manner following. We live next door to a railway station and a pastry-cook's. Every morning Mabel gives me a round hard thing she calls a penny, and very slippery to hold in one's mouth. I

carry the penny to the pastry-cook's. The girl takes it and gives me a currant biscuit in exchange. Sometimes there are people in the shop, and then I gaze upon them meltingly. If they are the right sort, they melt—according to their means; usually it's pastry. The rest of the day I spend loafing about the station and the pastry-cook's. Now all that is changed.

Last Thursday Mabel took me to a Committee, a place full of typewriters and ladies; and I was registered—so they said; Mabel being given a sheet of paper all over scribble, and a wooden box with "War Relief Fund" on it. "On Monday, dear," said Mabel, "you begin."

I have begun. Would you believe it? I had to wear that beastly box tied to my collar! Retrievers, I know, are used to that sort of thing; but I'm a Collie. All that day I hung about on my old beat, and every now and then somebody gushed and called me silly names, and dropped a penny into my box. Conceive the hideous mockery of my position! By four o'clock there was I sitting outside that confectioner's,

wearing enough pennies to buy the shop out, and yet not a Bath bun to the good!

But that wasn't the worst. About five an urchin came along, looked at me, grinned, and tried to put something in my box. Clumsy little beast, he trod on my foot. I sprang forward with a growl, and his offering, whatever it was, rolled on the pavement. Round turned an old lady, and, "Oh you wicked boy," she cried, "trying to put buttons in the hospital box! No wonder the dog growled, sensible creature." She began fumbling with her purse, and I was certain I saw a macaroon in her eye. "There," she said, "there's half-a-crown for you, Doggie, dear," and, before I could stop her, put it in the box. I could have bitten her.

Yesterday an old gentleman stopped to stare at me, and, absent-mindedly putting his hand in his pocket, brought out something rather like a penny, but smaller and bright yellow, and dropped it into the box. The very next moment he gave a violent start, looked wildly about him, turned the colour of cold veal, and muttering, "Lord bless my soul . . .



what have I done? . . . thought it was only" . . . made a clumsy grab at my collar. Of course I knew what he was after; he wanted my pennies; so I just ambled off, and very soon outdistanced him. An Airedale, I suppose, would have held him till the police arrived, but I'm a Collie.

That very same afternoon, wandering about the station, I chanced to saunter into the ticket-office. The clerk's a man with a very well-regulated mind. He gives me chocolate. Just then, however, he was out, but his three-year-old boy-puppy was there sitting on a table all covered with bits of cardboard and little piles of pennies, ordinary brown ones, big white ones and a few little yellow ones. Well, in less time than it takes to cock your ears, that baby was shovelling pennies through the slit in my box and chuckling with joy. I stood it as long as I could, and then, in the nick of time, snatched a big white penny out of his paw and bolted off to the confectioner's. Imagine my astonishment when the girl actually refused to serve me! "Oh, Scottie," she cried, "there must be some mistake; I *know* your mistress wouldn't give you a two-shilling piece."

I thought Mabel was going to be ill when she felt the weight of my box. She dragged me off that very afternoon to the Committee, and when they discovered I'd collected seven pounds ten in three days the idiotic things they said about me beat anything in my experience since the time I killed the mouse in the conservatory. But I will say Mabel did the right thing by me at the pastry-cook's.

She's going to take me to a Church Bazaar to-morrow. But I doubt if a bazaar can beat that ticket-office.

### HERBERT.

"I HAVEN'T introduced Herbert to you yet, have I?"

Stella-my-niece spoke with her eyes on the *matinée* hat before her, and concluded, *a propos* of the hat, though at first I feared of Herbert—"I do hope and pray that it will come off. Hip! Hip! She's pulling out pins."

"I had no idea there was—a Herbert."

"Oh, Nuncle! and you're responsible for the fact that he's mine at all!"

"I responsible?"

"Well, but for you I never might have seen him even; and I'm sure there isn't another like Herbert in the whole round world. Everyone wants him."

Presently I enquired when she proposed to introduce this paragon to the person responsible for him.

"I've got him here to-day."

I looked at her in pained silence, for Stella-my-niece, calmly fishing for "hard ones" in a chocolate box, was, as it were, sheltered under the lee of a long-haired gentleman who occupied rather more than double half-a-crown's worth of red velvet seat.

"There?" I whispered, pointing to the long-haired gentleman who neighboured her, and wondering what her mother would have to say about it all.

Stella-my-niece smiled.

"Do you imagine that I should bring Herbert into the pit?"

"Point him out to me."

"I can't. Now they're going to begin!" She snuggled down into her place and invited me to do likewise in my own as the curtain rose and revealed the legs of one of our leading actor-managers, and the audience clapped, hoping for more. "Now we're going to enjoy ourselves! Don't forget to hold my hand if anything pops."

Stella-my-niece has made it a stern rule that we are not to talk during the Acts, contriving to telegraph her appreciation of most things by fervent clutches at my arm; but to-day the effects of this salutary regulation were spoilt for me by Herbert. My attention wandered.

"Is he an actor?" I asked sternly, as the lights leaped up again.

"Which do you mean? I think they were all perfect darlings in that scene."

"Why, Herbert, of course."

"HERBERT—Sir HERBERT? He isn't in this, is he? I didn't see anyone looking as bored as he does. Hunt him up in the programme—it's down there under your boots."

"I didn't mean TREE. I meant Herbert—your Herbert."

"My Herbert?" Stella-my-niece opened her mouth showing astonishment and very pretty teeth.

"Yes, your Herbert. He's an actor fellow, isn't he?"

"No, he's an umbrella—my new umbrella. I bought him with the sovereign you sent me for my birthday, and he is such a darling! I felt he ought to have a name of his own, so I called him Herbert. He looks like that."

"A girl's name—Maud, for instance, only one doesn't use them in the garden much—"

"A girl's name, like Pauline, may suit your fountain pen, and Dad may call the motor 'Mary Jane' when he's pleased with how he's mended her; but I decided I would have a man's. It sounds better to say, 'Herbert is seeing me home, thank you.' The sad thing is that I'm sure I shan't keep him long; he's so pretty. When he's waiting for

me in umbrella-stands I feel nervous, and in trains. He's so unique—so utterly unlike anyone else's umbrella. I know you'll love him."

I did as soon as ever I saw him coming out of the cloak-room hanging on her arm. There was a gentle coyness in the turn of Herbert's handle, a nutty daintiness about his little gold tie which made me look involuntarily for his socks.

"Now, you wait and see if someone doesn't try to run off with him before we get home," said Stella-my-niece. "I'll hold him on a long lead so that people will think he's out by himself, and we'll await developments."

We settled ourselves by tact and firmness in a crowded *après-matinée* 'bus, and Stella-my-niece, having set down all her belongings the better to persuade the programme to ride inside her pocket, took Herbert by his long tassels, leaving him leaning against the seat between herself and her neighbour, a lady with many trimmings and a book.

"I hope she'll go before we do," said Stella-my-niece in my ear. "I sort of feel that she'll try to take Herbert."

She did; as she read, her hand reached out and took a grip upon Herbert's immaculate head! Stella-my-niece stifled a squeak of pure excitement.

"Oxford Street," announced the conductor dispassionately, and the trimmed lady shut her book and rose to get out. Stella-my-niece, holding Herbert by his tassels, smiled indulgently.

"You have my umbrella, I'm afraid," she said sweetly. "It is such a very uncommon one that I simply couldn't be mistaken."

The trimmed lady looked round; so did everyone in the 'bus. Then she pointed to a slim object propped against the seat between Stella-my-niece's blue skirt and my own striped garments.

"That's yours by the gentleman; they're just the same pattern."

So they were!

As Stella-my-niece said afterwards at tea, the worst of it was that it proved that Herbert wasn't quite unique; at the best he was a twin. I think that privately we thought him something worse than a triplet, but we neither knew quite how to say it. Anyhow, all the Herberts are fascinating.

### The Universal War.

"Into this gap the Germans placed a number of gus—six or eight."—*People*.

The "Gorilla Warfare" (mentioned last week) having failed, the enemy tries a new dodge. But the Allies remain unalarmed.





### LATEST DEVICE OF THE ENEMY.

LEARNING TO SING "It's a long, long way to Tipperary" FOR THE PURPOSE OF DECEIVING THE ALLIES.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF, as is just conceivable, the Teuton braggart fails to convert the universe into a German empire, his downfall will be partly due to his lack of humour. Among the things that go to make this saving grace are an agile imagination and a nice sense of proportion, and it is when a man starts lying about himself that he shows most clearly whether or not he has it. Some weeks ago an "Honorary Committee of thirty-four distinguished" (or, if you will, notorious) "Germans and a Board of Editors," eleven strong, gathered together to concoct an epoch-making fib, which, upon completion, was labelled "The Truth about Germany: Facts about the War," and was circulated, secretly but thoroughly, throughout the United States. The Forty-five Liars content themselves with a methodical misstatement of every fact, disregarding all the evidence, and, indeed, their own diplomatists' admissions, to the contrary. There is no ingenious perversion of the truth, no subtle invention of argument and no appeal whatever to the intelligence of the reader; it is from beginning to end heavy and quite incredible bosh. Though it was never intended to be read in this country, Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has been lucky or clever enough to secure a copy of it, which he reproduces cheaply under the title *Germany's Great Lie* (HUTCHINSON). I congratulate him upon having obtained such excellent copy, but I think he has somewhat spoilt the effect of it by the manner of his annotations interposed in italics. His facts and quotations are apt and useful, but his indignant denials and sarcastic epithets run to excess; every time one reads the emphatic assertion

that black is white one does not want to have also to read that this is an amazing lie. I recommend the public to consume every word of the text, but to omit the larger part of the notes.

In the nature of things it is possible that the 1914 crop of gift-books for boys may not be a bumper one as far as quantity is concerned, but Mr. HENRY NEWBOLT has already removed any danger of a famine. Indeed, he has done more than that, for, if quality can (as it should) be considered a satisfactory substitute for bulk, there is no reason why 1914 should not be remembered as a year in which the palates of discerning boys were most delightfully tickled. I find a difficulty in preventing my congratulations upon *The Book of the Blue Sea* (LONGMANS) from being fulsome. To begin with, the title itself is simply irresistible. Then, before you even get to the preface, there are some verses, "The Song of the Larboard Berth," which cry "halt" so arrestingly that after I had got by them and was fairly revelling in the entrancing pages that follow I kept on going back to have another look at

"When moonlight flecks the cruiser's decks  
And engines rumble slow . . ."

To a nicety Mr. NEWBOLT knows how to reproduce the spirit of the sea and of adventure thereon, and whether he is writing of EDWARD PELLEW, JOHN FRANKLIN, DAVID FARRAGUT, or of Trafalgar, it is only possible to escape from his grip when he endeavours to be a little edifying. Boys may conceivably resent this tendency to point out what they can see extraordinarily well for themselves, but all the same they will admit their heavy debt to him.



*The Book of the Blue Sea* (I must write that again), excellently illustrated by Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON, had better be confiscated forthwith by parents who do not wish their sons to become sailors. And in the end I am left wondering whether the Admiralty, overburdened by clamorous applicants, would not be wise to intern Mr. NEWBOLT in one of those camps where no ink or paper is provided, because, if he repeats this performance, we shall want a dozen new naval colleges and hundreds and hundreds more ships.

*Shifting Sands* (LANE) reads like a book with a purpose from which the purpose has been by some oversight omitted. When a young person fails to "find herself" (as the phrase used to go) there should surely be provided some foil to her instability, either implicit in the behaviour of other characters or expressed in the meditations of the author. Even if the author only means to tell us that human life is all like this, she ought at least to let us know that she means it. *Gabrielle Brenda* is presented to us by ALICE BIRKHEAD as a girl brought up in the remoter parts of Cornwall by a father who was a semi-retired doctor and something of a dreamer. She develops dramatic talent, and having become engaged to her instructor gives him up to her younger sister for no better reason apparently than that she has always been accustomed to give that sister everything she wants. Afterwards *Gabrielle* becomes the secretary of a domineering little manufacturer in the Black Country with expensive sons and daughters. She resists his proposals of marriage and also the temptation to purloin his eldest daughter's fiancé, and then reverts to her original vocation, without finding on the stage either satisfaction or any remarkable success. For I see

no indication that the offer of a fairly lucrative engagement in America, with which the book ends, is regarded by the author as the golden moment of her heroine's career. Altogether I am at a loss whether to learn from *Shifting Sands* the disadvantages of a haphazard education, the unfair position of woman in the labour-market, or merely the irony of fate. And this is a pity because, though the manner of the story is very episodic, there are scenes and conversations of considerable vivacity and truth.

BARONESS ORCZY is to be congratulated on a distinctly ingenious idea. Searching about her, no doubt, for a successor to the famous *Pimpernel*, her attention was caught by a certain picture in the WALLACE Collection, a picture everyone knows and admires for its rollicking and adventurous high spirits. "Capital!" said she (as I imagine it); "why not trace back the line of *Blakeney*, and make the subject of this picture the ancestor from whom he inherited his endearing qualities?" *The Laughing Cavalier* (HODDER

AND STOUGHTON) is the result. Having thus divined the origin of the hero, I feel that any further indication of his character would be almost superfluous. You will certainly not find this new *Blakeney* unworthy of his house. It is perhaps something of a surprise to find him a mercenary in seventeenth-century Holland; but the old touch is there. Thus, having been hired by a gang of conspirators to abduct the sister of one of them, who has overheard their plans for the slaying of the Stadtholder, and keep her prisoner till the deed be done, what more *Blakeneyish* than that he should recognise in his captive the particular object of his affections? or that, having abducted the girl according to instructions received, he should presently be offered untold gold by her distracted parent for her discovery and return. A faintly embarrassing situation this, even for an ancestor of the elusive *Pimpernel*. How he manages to turn it all to favour and romance you must allow Baroness ORCZY to tell you herself. Incidentally, the appearance of the book at this particular moment, and in spite (so the publishers inform me on a slip) of the author's first resolve to postpone it, proves her to possess something of the sporting spirit of her creation. Here's luck to them both!

A novelist creating a novelist-hero is on dangerous ground. If he be a little less than perfectly sincere he runs risk of being pretentious, fatuous even. But sincerity is just Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT's conspicuous quality, and here in *The Unpetitioned Heavens* (HUTCHINSON) it commands a dexterous and fastidious workmanship. You'll find, if you read a scene over again, that there's more, not less, in it than you thought. Mr. MARRIOTT makes his characters alive by realisation of their subtleties rather than of their obviousnesses, and that's a feat to which I doff my beaver.

The main theme, sensitively felt and developed, is a delicate one—the love of a middle-aged woman for a man who is rapt in worship at a distance of a younger woman, the other's friend. The manœuvring of the elder, which might easily have been vulgarised on the one hand or devitalised on the other, just remains refreshingly and believably human. Mr. MARRIOTT's story is not a yarn, but a brocade of intricate design and exquisite colouring. Let justice be done and *The Unpetitioned Heavens* fall to a wide circle of perceptive readers.

#### The Patriot.

"At Monday's meeting, Mr. H. H. Gibbs, J.P., the Chairman, expressed the opinion that the town should not be so conspicuous at night, as in the event of a Zeppelin raid Bognor might be mistaken for Portsmouth."—*Southern Weekly News*.

It would be small consolation to England, if Bognor Cinema Palace fell, that Portsmouth Dockyard had been saved.



Amateur Constable (Policeman's son). "I ARREST YER ON SUSPICION O' STEALIN' A RESERVOIR. ANY 'OLLERIN' 'LL BE TOOK DAHN AGIN YER."



## CHARIVARIA.

"IN Buenos Aires and other parts of Argentina," *The Express* tells us, "people are tired of the war, and a brisk trade is being done in the sale of buttons to be worn by the purchaser, inscribed with the words '*No me habla de la guerra*' ('Don't talk to me about the war')." The KAISER, we understand, has now sent for one of these buttons.

The Crown Prince RUPPRECHT of Bavaria, in an order to his troops last week, referred to the British in the following words:—"Here is the enemy which chiefly blocks the way in the direction of restoration of peace." Conceive a "contemptible little army" being able to do that! It makes one wonder whether the first epithet was perhaps a misprint for "contemptuous."

The Germans are now calling the Allies a Menagerie, though curiously enough it is the others who have a Turkish waddling after them.

According to a report which reaches us the crews of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* are wearing a most curious garb, being clothed in Turkish fezes and breaches of neutrality.

"GERMANS MOWED DOWN  
FRENCH MARINES' BIG FEET."

*Irish Independent.*

This is really a most unfortunate misprint, for it is just this kind of carping statement that leads the Germans to say we are falling out with our Allies.

There is much speculation as to whether there is German blackmail behind the announcement that the maximum period of quarantine for imported dogs has been reduced from six months to four.

The only animals left alive in the Antwerp Zoo are reported to be the elephants, which are now being used for military traction purposes. Later on it is proposed by the Germans to drive them into the lines of the Indian troops with a view to making the latter home-sick.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON asks in *The Evening News*, "Why is the Poet Laureate so strangely silent?" Everyone else will remember Mr. BRIDGES' patriotic lines at the begin-

ning of the War, and we begin to suspect that Mr. ASHTON's well-known repugnance to writing for the papers has been extended to the reading of them.

*The Daily Mirror*, to signalise its eleventh birthday, produced a "Monster Number," yet it contained no portrait of the KAISER.

Happening to meet a music-hall acquaintance we asked him how he thought the war was going, and he replied, "Oh, I think the managers will have to give in."

America is evidently attempting to attract some of the devotees of winter

during the present war." This, however, will not involve many alterations.

Orders have been issued by the Federal Council of the German Empire that no bread other than that containing from 5 to 20 per cent. of potato flour will be allowed to be baked. Such bread is to be sold under the name of "K" bread. At first this was taken to be a graceful tribute to Lord KITCHENER, but it is now officially stated that "K" stands for the German for potatoes.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* complains that English prisoners in Germany "are allowed to lead the lives of Olympian Gods." Our choleric contemporary is evidently unaware that we are allowing German prisoners to reside in Olympia, which is the next best thing to Olympus.

The British steamer *Remuera* reported on reaching Plymouth last week that a German cruiser had attempted to trap her by means of a false S.O.S. signal. We ought not, we suppose, to be surprised at a low trick like this from the s.o.s.sidges.

There is one quality that no one can with justice deny to the Germans, and that is thoroughness. The other day, having laid a mine, they seem to have used one of their own cruisers to test its destructive power.

"It is noticeable," says *The Daily Mail*, "that the Kaiser's speeches no longer include references to God, only Frederick the Great." This confirms the rumours of a quarrel.

## Famous Town Captured by Germans.

"In the south of Ypres we have lost some points, D'Appui, Hollebeke, and Landvoorde."

*Worcester Daily Times.*

If your map doesn't give D'Appui, buy a more expensive one.

"Capstan Hands.—First-class Men, used to chucking work, for motor vehicle parts."

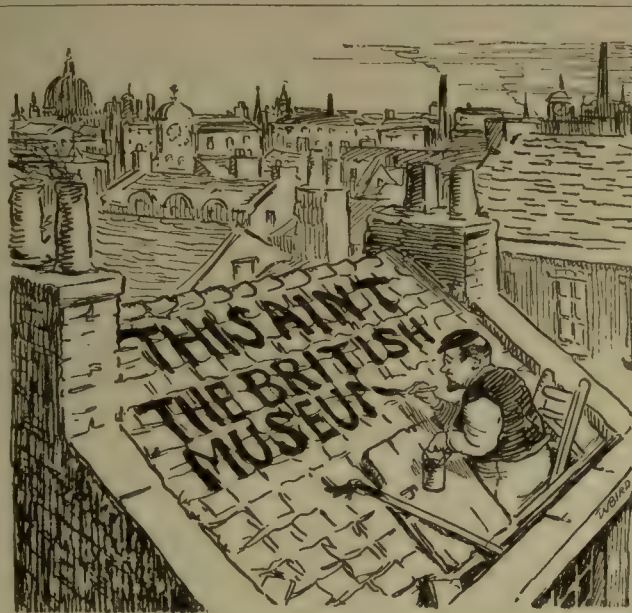
*Advt. in "The Manchester Guardian."*

They ought to be easy enough to get.

"Guardsmen again provided a dramatic element in the trial by guarding the prisoner and the door which fixed bayonets."

*Evening News.*

You should see our arm-chair give the salute.



THE AIRSHIP MENACE.

sports who usually go to Switzerland. Another landslide on the Panama Canal is now announced.

We are sorry to have to bring a charge of lack of gallantry against *The Leicester Mail*. We refer to the following passage in its description of an ovation given to Driver OSBORNE, V.C., at Derby on the 31st ult. After describing how, in the course of a great reception given to him by a large crowd at the station, two or three buxom matrons insisted upon embracing him, our contemporary continues: "Driver Osborne has now practically recovered, and reports himself for duty again at the end of this week."

The municipality of Berlin has decided to substitute for the existing designations of some of the principal streets in that city the names of "German generals who have become famous



## TO THE SHIRKER: A LAST APPEAL.

Now of your free choice, while the chance is yours

To share their glory who have gladly died  
Shielding the honour of our island shores

And that fair heritage of starry pride,—

Now, ere another evening's shadow falls,

Come, for the trumpet calls.

What if to-morrow through the land there runs

This message for an everlasting stain?—

"England expected each of all her sons

To do his duty—but she looked in vain;

Now she demands, by order sharp and swift,

What should have been a gift."

For so it must be, if her manhood fail

To stand by England in her deadly need;

If still her wounds are but an idle tale

The word must issue which shall make you heed;

And they who left her passionate pleas unheard

Will have to hear that word.

And, losing your free choice, you also lose

Your right to rank, 'on Memory's shining scrolls,

With those, your comrades, who made haste to choose

The willing service asked of loyal souls;

From all who gave such tribute of the heart

Your name will stand apart.

I think you cannot know what meed of shame

Shall be their certain portion who pursue

Pleasure "as usual" while their country's claim

Is answered only by the gallant few.

Come, then, betimes, and on her altar lay

Your sacrifice to-day! O. S.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. VII.

(From the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.)

Bordeaux.

SIRE,—You will pardon me, I know, if for a moment I break in upon the serious occupations and meditations in which your time must be spent. I like to picture you to myself in the midst of your Staff, working out for them and your armies great problems of strategy and devising those movements which, so far, have overwhelmed not your foes so much as the minds of your fellow-countrymen. You too, Sire, sanguine and impetuous as is your nature, are no doubt beginning to realise that a great nation—let us say France, for example—is not to be overcome by mere shouting and the waving of sabres, or by the making of impassioned speeches in which God, having been acclaimed as an ally, is encouraged to perform miracles for the benefit of the Prussian arms. I do not deny that your soldiers are brave and that your armies are well equipped; but our Frenchmen too have guns and bayonets and swords and shells and know how to make use of them, and their portion of courage is no smaller than that of the Prussians, or even of the Bavarians whom you have lately been vaunting. Moreover—and this you had perhaps overlooked—they have something which is deadlier and more enduring than shot and shell and steel—the unconquerable spirit which leaps up in the hearts of men who are gathered to defend their country from invasion and their national existence from destruction.

Oh, Sire, how little you have understood France and her people; how little you have understood the minds and motives of men! "France," your Professors and your

Generals told you, "is degenerate; her population is smaller than ours; she has lost her skill in fighting and her courage; she has no culture, never having heard of TREITSCHKE and having neglected the inspired writings of NIETZSCHE; she will be an easy prey, for no one will lift a hand to help her. England is lapped in ease behind her ocean and will never fight again; Russia is distant and slow, and we can despise her; Belgium will never dare to deny us anything we care to ask. Let us make haste, then, and crush France to the earth for ever." So you planned, and your legions set out to trample us down, with the result that is now before the eyes of the world.

Only a few words more. There is at Sampigny, in Lorraine, a modest country-house, which was, in fact, my home. Your troops passed through the place, and for no military reason that I can discover they reduced this house to ruins. I know that that is a small price to pay for the honour of being allowed to represent the French nation in this hour of peril and glory, and I pay it willingly. When so many are laying down their lives with joy why should I complain because a few walls have been shattered? But I am reminded and I wish to remind you of another story. One hundred and eight years ago, in October, the Great NAPOLEON, having scattered your predecessor's armies to the four winds of heaven, proceeded to Potsdam, where he visited the tomb of the great FREDERICK. They showed him the dead King's sword, his belt and his cordon of the Black Eagle. These Napoleon took, with the intention of sending them to Paris, to be presented to the *Invalides*, amongst whom there still lingered a few who had been defeated by FREDERICK at Rosbach. Certainly the relics took no shame from such a seizure and such a guardianship. But the palace at Potsdam was not destroyed and stands to this day. I do not wish to liken myself to FREDERICK, nor do I compare you with NAPOLEON, but I tell you the story, which is true, for what it is worth. I wonder if you will appreciate it?

Agree, Sire, the expression of my distinguished consideration.

RAYMOND POINCARÉ.

## THE IRON CROSS.

(For German looters.)

[*In tempi barbari e più feroci*

*S' appiccavan' i ladri in sulle croci;*

*In tempi men barbari e più leggiadri*

*S' appiccano le croci in petto ai ladri.*—GIUSTI.]

In former ferocious and barbarous times,  
The thief was hung up on the cross for his crimes,  
But Culture to savages offers relief—  
The cross is now hung on the breast of the thief.

"Amended and more stringent regulations concerning the lights of London have been issued by Sir E. R. Henry, the Commissioner of Police. A number of them are in the same terms as those which were published in *The Globe* nearly a month ago, but others make important changes. For example, the third order, as originally drafted, ran: 'The intensity of the inside lighting of shop fronts must be reduced from 6 p.m. or earlier if the Commissioner of Police on any occasion so directs,' but it is now as follows:—

The intensity of the inside lighting of shop fronts must be reduced from 6 p.m. or earlier if the Commissioner of Police on any occasion so directs."—*Globe*.

The italics ought to make it a lot darker.

Gifts of money for the purchase of blankets are being made in Germany not less than here, and we understand that a large sum has been sent out to South Africa addressed: "De Wet Blanket Fund."





### HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

THE KAISER (to Turkey, reassuringly). "LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO EXPLODE."

TURKEY. "YES, I QUITE SEE THAT. BUT WHERE SHALL I BE WHEN IT'S ALL OVER?"









*Talkative Passenger.* "I SEE THAT THE YOUNG EARL OF HARBORE' HAS JUST DONE A VERY PLUCKY ACT AT THE FRONT."  
*Rabid Socialist (indignantly).* "WELL, SO HE OUGHT."

### THE MISUSED TALENT.

(A mild apostrophe to the young man next door.)

Augustus! ever prone at eve to gurgle a  
 Melodious distych from the music-halls,  
 Piping in summer from beneath a pergola,  
 Piping to-day behind these party-walls,  
 Three months ago and more, when Mars had thrust us  
 In doubt and dread alarm and cannons' mist,  
 I found one solace, for I mused, "Augustus  
 Will probably enlist.

"I know not what his dreams of glory may be,  
 I know not if his heart is full of grit,  
 But I do know that he disturbs the baby,  
 And, judging by his lungs, he must be fit;  
 His is the frame, or else I've never seen one,  
 His are the fitting years to fight and roam,  
 He has no ties (except that pink and green one)  
 To tether him to home.

"When he returns he'll possibly be sager;  
 If not (for glory of his long campaign)  
 We shall be thrilled to hear the sergeant-major  
 Singing the good old songs he loved again;  
 Bellona, too, has something of the witch in her;  
 It may be he will learn more tact and grace  
 When that mild tenor has been turned by KITCHENER  
 Into a throaty bass."

Thus jestingly I dreamed. And now, Caruso,  
 You have not budged one inch upon the road;  
 Whi e half the lads have got their khaki trousseau,  
 You still retain that voice and nut-like mode;

Peace holds you with the tightness of a grapnel,  
 And, still adhering to her ample hem,  
 You enfilade us with your tuney shrapnel  
 From 9 to 12 P.M.

So here's my ultimatum. Though it loosens  
 The kindly bonds that neighbours ought to keep,  
 I'll take a summons out to curb the nuisance  
 Unless you stop it. Can I laugh or weep  
 For those who fling their challenge at the blighting  
 gale,  
 Who smile to hear the cannon's murderous croon,  
 When you go on like a confounded nightingale  
 Under a fat-faced moon?

The streets are darkened now that once were ringing  
 Through all the lamp-lit hours with festal fuss,  
 And songs are changed, and so's the time for  
 singing,  
 But I'd be greatly pleased to hear you, Gus,  
 Out in the road there, watched by Anns and Maries,  
 Op'ning your throttle to the mid-day light;  
 Fate gave it you to prove that Tipperary's  
 A long way off. Left—Right! EvOE.

We commend *The Pioneer* to the notice of our evening contemporaries. Its "Extraordinary War Special" — price, one anna—consists of the following:—

"No Reuter received since 8.30 a.m."

A more enterprising paper, such as *The* — or *The* —  
 [censored] would have provided some new headlines from  
 yesterday's news.



## TOMMY BROWN, PATRIOT.

II.

Tommy Brown has already been in disgrace, although it is only a fortnight since he wrote the famous patriotic essay which determined Mr. Smith, his Form-master, to go to the Front. You see, Miss Price, who is deputising for Mr. Smith, does not like lizards, and has an especial aversion to white rats, whereas Tommy is very fond of these and other dumb animals.

So Tommy was reported to the Headmaster. At first the Headmaster thought that the application of "some-what severe measures, my boy," would meet the case; but whoever heard of caning a curly-headed boy with blue eyes and an ink-stain on both lips? The interview took place in the Headmaster's study. To the question, "What do you mean, Sir, by bringing lizards and white rats to school?" Tommy said, "Yes, Sir," and then, after thinking for fully three seconds, he said he had a ferret at home, and did the Headmaster know how to hold a ferret so that it couldn't bite you?

It seems that ferrets, if they once get hold of your thumb, never let go—not never—and that you have to force their jaws open with a penholder; also ferrets exhibit a marked preference for thumbs. All this information Tommy conveyed without drawing a breath. The Headmaster said, "Quite so, my boy, quite so. But don't you know it is extremely reprehensible conduct to bring animals to school in your pocket?" Well, you see, that is how Tommy's mother talks to him, so he knew what to do, and, looking up into the Headmaster's face with that wistful look of his, he imparted the deep secret that he had a tortoise.

Tortoises, the Headmaster learnt, had a way of getting lost among the cabbages, but, if you wanted to prevent them from straying, all you had to do was to turn them over on their backs and put a piece of brown paper over them for their feet to play with. Also they were stuck fast in their shells, because Tommy had tried. A boy had told Tommy that tortoises laid eggs, but although Tommy had showed his tortoise a hen's egg and then put the tortoise in a nice new nest the tortoise had taken no step in the matter.

However, Tommy promised never to bring any more animals to school and to express his sorrow to Miss Price.

And he was richer by sixpence when the interview closed.

At parting, Tommy offered to lend the Headmaster his tortoise for a week, and told him that, if he stood for a whole hour on its back, it wouldn't hurt it, because Tommy had trained it; also it never crawled out of your pocket.

Tommy apologised to Miss Price for bringing the white rats to school—they weren't white rats really, not to look at; they were rather piebald through constant association with ink. Also he brought an apple and showed her how, by holding it a certain way whilst eating it, she would miss the

hutch, and he had already used the cover of his mother's sewing-machine for the piebald rats

On the other hand, you could get a mouth-organ with a bell on it for ninepence; he knew.

It was a splendid instrument!

Tommy took it to bed with him and put it under his pillow, and when his mother came to see that he was all right at night his hand was clutched round it—as he slept—content.

The next day Tommy gave an organ recital in the playground before a large and enthusiastic audience. For a marble he would let you blow it while he held it. For two marbles you could hold it yourself.

One boy paid the two marbles, and noticed the words "Made in Germany" in small letters on the under side. The silence that followed the announcement of this discovery was broken only by the sound of Jones minor biting an apple. All eyes were on Tommy Brown. For the fraction of a second he hesitated, and in that fraction Brook tertius giggled.

Tommy seized the mouth-organ with a determination that was almost ferocious; he threw it on the ground, stamped on it with his heel again and again, and finally took and pitched it into a neighbouring garden. He then fell upon Brook tertius and punched him until he howled.

Before Tommy Brown could go to sleep that night his mother had to sit by his bedside and hold his hand; he never released her hand until he was fast asleep. How like his father (the V.C.) he looked! She wondered what made him

loss so in his sleep and what had become of his mouth-organ with the bell on it.

"FRENCH PRESIDENT AT THE FRONT."

*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

Where he received his baptism of fire?

"German infantry on the morning of the 5th ventured an assault and were repulsed by blithering fire."—*Pioneer.*

Some of their Professors should be able to do good work in the blithering line.

"Reuter's agency learns that according to an official telegram received in London Turkish vessels have entered the open port of Odessa and bombarded Russian ships.

6 to 1 agst Cheerful, 7 to 1 agst Flippant."  
*South Wales Echo.*

Not at all; we remain both.



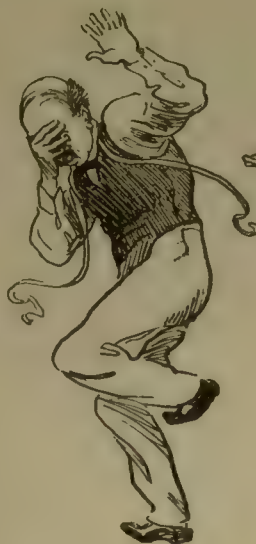
HOW TO BRING UP A HUN.  
THE TEUTONIC SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK.

bad part. In further sign of amity he showed her his knife, and especially that instrument in it which was used for removing stones from horses' hoofs. Not that Tommy had removed many stones from horses' hoofs, not very many, but if you had a tooth that was loose it was very helpful. Miss Price give him a new threepenny bit, and Tommy tried hard to please her in arithmetic by reducing inches to pounds, shillings and pence.

With ninepence in his pocket Tommy felt uneasy. It was a question between a lop-eared rabbit and a mouth-organ. A lop-eared rabbit, that is to say a proper one, cost two shillings; for ninepence it was probable that you could only get a rabbit which would lop with one ear.

Besides, a lop-eared rabbit meant a





# WHAT OUR TAILOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Scene I. A PERFECT FIT.

Scene II. AFTER A WEEK'S DRILL.

## BEGBIE REBUKED.

FLEET Street was thrilled to the depths of its deepest inkpot last week when it read in *The Daily Chronicle* of the historic meeting between Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE and Mr. W. J. BRYAN in New York. The sensation was caused not so much by the announcement that Mr. BRYAN "has the long mouth of the orator, the lips swelling and protruding as he speaks, thinning and compressing when he is silent," or that "the full and heavy neck, which seems to be part of the face, is corded with muscles," although either of those statements is startling enough. Nor was it Mr. BEGBIE's struggle to decide whether he should devote his attention to the great statesman or to the railway station in which they met, the statesman being selected only just in time. No, what nearly stopped the clock of St. Bride's church was this paragraph in Mr. BEGBIE's record of the event: "At this point I asked quite innocently, and with a real desire for information, an obvious but indiscreet question, which Mr. BRYAN rebuked me for asking, reminding me that he was a member of the Government."

What a subject for an Academy painting in oils! Or, if MILTON had been living at this hour, how he would have immortalised the touching scene!

A desire to present to our readers some fuller details of this world-staggering event prompted us to cable to a few correspondents in New York. One cables back: "The scene was dramatic in the extreme. The journalist, his big blue eyes brimming with innocence, gently breathed his question, when the great statesman shook his shaggy mane and roared out his rebuke like a lion in pain. The journalist's apologetic gesture was one of the most delicate things I have ever seen."

Another tells us:—"When Mr. BEGBIE put his question so great a stillness reigned throughout the crowded railway station that you could have heard a goods-train shunt. Mr. BRYAN looked long and earnestly at the journalist, then, placing his hand affectionately on his shoulder, he said to him in a throbbing voice, "Oh, HAROLD, how can you?"

## "The Incurribles."

"The enemy made attacks, but each effort was repulsed with great laughter."—*Star*.

"One recalls in this connection the statement made by Alexander the Great, that Napoleon's invasion of Russia was defeated not by the Cossacks, but by Generals January and February."—*Stock Exchange Gazette*.

This reminds us of CÆSAR's comment on the sack of Louvain:—"Magnificens est, sed non bellum."

## WIRELESS.

THERE sits a little demon  
Above the Admiralty,  
To take the news of seamen  
Seafaring on the sea;  
So all the folk aboard-ships  
Five hundred miles' away  
Can pitch it to their Lordships  
At any time of day.

The cruisers prowl observant;  
Their crackling whispers go;  
The demon says, "Your servant,"  
And lets their Lordships know;  
A fog's come down off Flanders?  
A something showed off Wick?  
The captains and commanders  
Can speak their Lordships quick.

The demon sits a-waking;  
Look up above Whitehall—  
E'en now, mayhap, he's taking  
The Greatest Word of all;  
From smiling folk aboard-ships  
He ticks it off the reel:—  
"An' may it please your Lordships,  
A Fleet's put out o' Kiel!"

"Much indecision prevails as to what the value of sultanas will be in the near future."  
*Daily Telegraph*.

What the Germans want to know is the price of Sultans.



## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WAR GOSSIP.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The situation here is unchanged, though we have made some progress in knitting. Forgive me, *m'amie*, but one does get so much into the *despatch* habit! The other day I'd a letter from Babs, in which she told me she'd "nothing fresh to report on her right wing" before she pulled herself together.

Norty's at the front as a flying-man. He's finding out all sorts of things, dropping bombs on Zeppelins and covering himself with glory. I had a few lines from him last week. He dated from "A place in Europe" (they have to be *enormously* cautious!), and said he was having the time of his life. He was immensely pleased with the last letter I managed to get through to him, and was particularly struck, he says, with my advice to him: "Find out all you can, and above all don't get caught;" he considers it simply *invaluable* advice and says all airmen ought to have it written up in letters of gold somewhere or other.

Stella Clackmannan's had a fortnight's training as a nurse and is off. I ran in to see the dear thing the night before she left. She'd been posing to a photographer in her Red Cross uniform for *hours and hours* and was almost in a state of *collapse*; but the heroic darling said she was ready to do even *more than that* for her country. In one photo she's sitting by a cot with her hands folded, looking sad but *very* sweet. In another she's standing up, singing, "It's a long way to Tipperary;" and in a third she's bandaging someone (she had one of the footmen in for this photo), and, *à mon avis*, it's the least successful of all. She appears to be *choking* the poor man! However, they're immensely charming, and will all be seen in the "Aristocratic Angels of Mercy" page of next week's *People of Position*.

Dear Professor Dimsdale has only just got back to England from his eclipse expedition. I'm not sure now whether it was an eclipse or an occultation, but anyhow the only place where it could be properly seen was a mountain in the Austrian Tyrol. It was due in the middle of August, and the last week in July the Professor set off with his big telescope and his lenses and his assistants and his note-books and everything that was his. He lived a week or two on the mountain, to get used to the atmosphere and prepare all his things, so he didn't know what was going on in the world below. And then, just as the eclipse or whatever it was

began, and the Professor was looking up at the sky for all he was worth, a lot of fearful creatures came rushing up the mountain and said there was a war and that he was an alien enemy and that he was making signals and that his big telescope was a new sort of howitzer; and they pushed him down the mountain, and broke his telescope and all his lenses, and tore up his note-books, and shook their fists at him and used such language that he said for the first time in his life he was sorry he was such a good linguist!

They finished by shutting him up in a fortress, and there he's been ever since. He hardly knows how it was he got away, but he believes the whole garrison was marched off to meet the Russians, and that they're all prisoners now—which is his only drop of comfort. I've tried to console him for having missed what he went to see. I said, "Perhaps the eclipse or whatever it was will happen again soon—or one like it." He groaned out, "My dear lady, that particular conjunction of the heavenly bodies will not occur again for 2,645 years, 9 months, 3 weeks and 2 days." So there it is, my dearest!

Would it cheer you up to hear a small romance of war and knitting? Here it is, then. Some time ago Monica Jermyn brought round some terrific mitts she'd knitted to go in one of my parcels for the troops. She's easily the worst knitter who ever held needles! "My dear child," I said, "what simply ghastly mitts! They're full of mistakes." "What's it matter?" Monica answered. "Mistakes will keep them quite as warm as the right stitches. Besides, they're all right. I knit ever so much better now than when I used to make socks for the Deep Sea Fisherman last year." "That's not saying much," I said. "I remember those socks for the Deep Sea Fishermen, and I doubt whether even the *deepest* sea fishermen would know how to put them on! What's this?" "It's a message to go with the mitts," replied Monica. This was the message:—"The girl who made these mitts hopes they will be a comfort to some dear brave hands fighting for her and her sisters in England." "Oh, my dear!" I remonstrated. "It's very young and romantic of you, but don't you think it's just a little—" "No, I don't!" she cried. "And if it is, I don't care. Please, please let it go!" So it went.

Soon after that the Jermyns went down to their place in Sussex, and later I heard they'd some convalescent war heroes as guests. Monica wrote me: "All six of them are dear brave darlings, of course, but *one* of them is

*darling*er than the others. Tell it not in Gath, dear Blanche, but I think I've met my fate!" Later she wrote: "He's getting on splendidly. He turns out to be a cousin of the Flummerys. He performed *prodigies* of valour, but won't say a *word* about it. When he leaves us my heart will quite, quite break—and I sometimes hope *his* will too!"

Yesterday came the following:—"Claude and I belong to each other. And what, oh *what* do you think helped to lead up to the dear, delicious finale? But wait. My hero is almost quite well now, and this morning, when we took what would have been our *last* little walk in the grounds, it happened! He walks *beautifully* now, though he still needs an arm at about the level of *mine* to lean on. It was a chilly morning and, as I was looking down and trying to think of something to say, I gave a sudden shriek, for on his dear heroic wrists I recognised—*My Mitts!* And when he heard I'd made them he was just as *confondu* as I was. 'They were in a bale of comfies sent to my company,' he said, 'and I had the lading out of them to the men. But when I came to these mitts, with the sweet little message pinned to them, I simply couldn't part with them! And to think you made them—and wrote the little message! It makes one believe in all those psychic what-d'-you-call-'ems.'

"I felt a crisis was coming and so I said hurriedly, 'Oh, I only wish they were worthier of—of—brave hands and wrists. I'm a wretched knitter—they're full of mistakes—I kept forgetting to keep to the pattern—it ought to have been, "*knit two together and make one*"—but of course you don't understand knitting.' 'I understand it right enough if *that's* all there is to it,' he said. "'Knit two together and make one.'" Monica—no, you mustn't run away—'And that's all you're going to be told, Blanche, except that the powers that be have given their consent and I'm too happy for words!'"

*Et voilà mon petit roman de guerre et de tricotage.*

My poor Josiah is still at the uttermost edge of beyond. He began to come home, and the boat was chased and ran to an island for shelter, and then the island was taken by one of our enemies and he was a prisoner. Then it was retaken by one of the Allies and he was free again. Since then more things have happened and he's been a prisoner again, and free again. And now he's lost count, and says he doesn't know *what* he is or *who's* got the island!

Ever thine, BLANCHE.





Cyclist. "MANY RECRUITS GONE FROM THIS VILLAGE?"

Shopkeeper. "WELL, SIR, AFTER GOING CAREFULLY INTO THE MATTER, WE, IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, DECIDED TO REMAIN ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL."

Shopkeeper. "No, Sir."

Cyclist. "OH, WHY'S THAT?"

### FATHER WILHELM.

"You are bold, Father WILHELM," the young man said;  
"Your moustache, too, is fiercer than mine;  
But I'm tempted to ask by the size of your head,  
Do you really suppose you're divine?"

"In my youth," said his father, "you probably know  
That I held the most orthodox views;  
But since I have hypnotized HARNACK and Co.  
I simply believe what I choose."

"You are bold," said the youth, "as I've mentioned  
before,  
Yet you frequently talk through your hat;  
For you told us the English were worthless in war;  
Pray what was the reason of that?"

"In my earlier days," said his sire, "through and through  
I studied that decadent race,  
And in failing to prove that my forecast was true  
They have covered themselves with disgrace."

"You are bold," said the youth, "and the Nietzschean  
creed  
Cries, 'Down with the humble and meek;'  
Yet the sack of Louvain made your bosom to bleed;  
Why were you so painfully weak?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I studied the Arts  
With a zeal that no force could restrain;  
And the love of mankind which that study imparts  
Has made me unduly humane."

"You were bold," said the youth, "but it seems to be clear  
That you're losing your grit and your fire;  
And, if I may whisper the hint in your ear,  
Don't you think that you ought to retire?"

"I've answered three questions," the KAISER replied,  
"That might baffle the wit of a ZANCIG;  
I'm tired of your talk and I'm sick of your 'side':  
Be off, or I'll send you to Danzig."

### The Way of the Turk.

THE position of Turkey is muddled and murky,  
But the course she's resolved to pursue  
Is true to her mind, which we constantly find  
*A l'Enver(s) et contre tous.*

"The Hun and the Tartar stand together—*par mobile patrum.*"  
*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

We cannot speak with equal confidence of the head of the  
Tartars, but the KAISER certainly makes a very mobile  
parent.





Cavalry Instructor (to nervous Recruit). "NOW THEN; NONE O' THEM COSSACK STUNTS 'ERE."

## THE WATCH DOGS.

VII.

DEAR CHARLES,—We haven't gone yet. Upon my word, we don't know what to do about it. We start off for the Continent and then we halt and ask ourselves, "Won't they be wanting us to go to Egypt and have a word with the enemy there?" So we come back and change our underclothes and start out again; but we haven't got far before a persistent subaltern starts a scare about invasions. At that we halt again and have a pow-wow. Thick underclothes for the Continent; thin underclothes for home defence? And that, old man, is the real difficulty about war: what clothes are you to make it in? Our official programme is, however, clearly defined now. It is this: We sail on or about — to —, and thence to —, pausing for a cup of tea at —. We then change direction left and turn down by the butcher's shop and up past the post-office. Here we form fours, form two deep, slope arms, order arms, present arms, trail arms, ground arms, take up arms, pile arms, unpile arms, move to the right in fours, by the left, left wheel. The essence of these manœuvres is that

they make it impossible for even the most acute enemy to guess which is our real direction. He gathers that it is one of two things: it is either right or, failing that, left. But which? Ah, that is the secret! Sometimes I am in some doubt myself after having given the order.

Our musical repertoire is extensive, and, I venture to think, very aptly and poetically expresses the feelings of soldiers in the several aspects of military life. Their deep-seated respect for ceremonial is expressed thus, to the *Faust* airs:—

"All soldiers live on bread and jam;  
All soldiers eat it instead o' ham.  
And every morning we hear the Colonel say,  
'Form fours! Eyes right! Jam for dinner to-day!'"

His heart's sorrow upon leaving his fatherland is rendered exactly thus:—

"The ship is now in motion;  
We're going to cross the Ocean.  
Good bye er!  
Fare-well-er!  
Farewell for ever mo-er!"

And lastly his deep concern for his country's and his own and everybody's welfare is thus put:—

"I don't care if the ship goes down,  
It doesn't belong to me."

We had a Divisional Field Day yes-

terday. Recollecting a previous experience, the G.O.C. sent for his three Brigadiers, when the division was assembled for action, and, it seems, said to them, "There must be less noise." The Brigadiers, returning to the field, called out each his four battalion-commanders and said to them, distinctly, "There must be less noise." The twelve battalion commanders called out each his eight company-commanders, who called out each his four section-commanders, and in every instance was repeated, quite audibly, the same utterance, "There must be less noise." Three hundred and eighty-four section-commanders were engaged in impressing this order, with all the emphasis it deserved, upon the men, when the General rode on to the field. His anger was extreme. "THERE MUST BE LESS NOISE!" said he.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"The Press also avoids very carefully all discussion of the status of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. Practically the only reference to the subject is a remark in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that Turkey has alone to decide what ships are to fly under her flag."—*Times*.

If Turkey decides that the *Goeben* is to fly, we hope she will warn the man who works the searchlights at Charing Cross.





“A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE.”

ABLE-BODIED CIVILIAN (to Territorial). “THAT OUGHT TO GIVE YOU A GOOD LEAD, MATE.”  
TERRITORIAL. “YES—AND I MEAN TO TAKE IT! WHAT ABOUT YOU?”









A PRUSSIAN COURT-PAINTER EARNING AN IRON CROSS BY PAINTING PICTURES IN PRAISE OF THE FATHERLAND FOR NEUTRAL CONSUMPTION.

## "CHARLIE" BERESFORD.

By TOBY, M.P.

"**LORD CHARLES** has broken his chest-bone—a piece of which was cut out in his boyhood leaving a cavity—his pelvis, right leg, right hand, foot, five ribs, one collar-bone three times, the other once, his nose three times." Thus Mr. COPE CORNFORD in one of the notes with which he illuminates the *Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford*, published by Messrs. METHUEN in two volumes, illustrated with a score of plates, the portrait of Lady CHARLES adding the charm of rare beauty to the collection.

For many years I have been honoured by the friendship of Lord CHARLES, and have had frequent opportunity of witnessing his multiform supremacy. Till I read this amazing catalogue of calamities, I never dreamt that among other claims to distinction he might have been billed as The Fractured Man, principal attraction in

a travelling show, eclipsing the One-Legged Camel, the Tinted Zebra, and the Weird-Eyed Wanton from the Crusty North, who can sing in five languages "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." Ignoring the monotony of experience suffered by the ribs, and noting the obtrusiveness of one collar-bone, we may, with slight variation from a formula in use by the SPEAKER in the House of Commons, declare "The Nose has it." Happily no one regarding Lord CHARLES's cheery countenance would guess that its most prominent feature had been "broken three times."

Here is a man whose life should be written. Fortunately the task has been undertaken by Lord CHARLES himself, and the world is richer by a book which, instructive in many ways, valuable as throwing side-lights on the slow advance of the Navy to the proud position which it holds to-day on the North Sea, bubbles over with humour.

Record opens in the year 1859, when Lord CHARLES entered the Navy, closing

just half-a-century later, when he hauled down his flag and permanently came ashore. Within the space of fifty years there is crammed a life of adventure richly varied in range. A man of exuberant individuality, which has occasional tendency to obscure supreme capacity, of fearless courage, gifted with a combination of wit and humour, Lord CHARLES is the handy-man to whom in emergency everyone looked not only for counsel but for help. It is a paradox, but a probability, that had he been duller-witted, a more ponderous person, he would have carried more weight alike in the councils of the Admiralty at Whitehall and of the nation at Westminster.

As these memoirs testify, behind a smiling countenance he hides an unbending resolution to serve the public interest, whether aboard ship or in his place in Parliament. Perhaps the most familiar incident in his professional career is his exploit during the bombardment of Alexandria, when the signal



flashed from the flag-ship, "Well done, *Condor*." A more substantial service was his command of what he describes as "the penny steamer" *Safieh*, whose manœuvring on the Nile amid desperate circumstances averted from Sir CHARLES WILSON's descent column, hastening to the rescue of GORDON, the fate which earlier had befallen STEWART.

Another splendid piece of work was accomplished when, after the bombardment of Alexandria he was appointed Provost-Marshal and Chief of Police, and had committed to his charge the task of restoring order. His conspicuous success on this occasion bore fruit many years later when he was offered the post of Chief Commissioner of Police in the Metropolis. His story of the Egyptian and Soudan Wars, carried through several chapters, is a valuable contribution to history. It suggests that, all other avenues to fame closed against him, Lord CHARLES would have made an enduring name as a war correspondent.

It is a circumstance incredible, save in view of the authority upon which it is stated, that, as part of the reward for his splendid service in the Soudan, Lord CHARLES narrowly escaped compulsory retirement from the Service before he had completed the time required to qualify for Flag Rank. The Queen's Regulations ordained that before a captain could win this prized position he must have completed a period of from five to six years of active service. In 1892, Lord CHARLES, the flag almost in reach of his hand, applied for permission to count in the 315 days he was strenuously and brilliantly at work in the Soudan. The Board of Admiralty, invulnerable in their environment of red tape, refused the request, repeating the *non possumus* when on two subsequent occasions the request was preferred.

It must be admitted that the Board had no reason to regard Lord CHARLES with favour or even with equanimity. When returned to Parliament, the man who had superintended the mending of the boiler on the penny steamboat on the Nile, devoted himself to the bigger task of mending the Navy, at that time in an equally pitiful condition. During his brief and solitary term of office as Junior Lord of the Admiralty, Lord CHARLES, who thought he was put there to do some work, drew up a

memorandum on the necessity of creating at the Admiralty a Naval Intelligence Department. The memorandum was laid before the Board, and the Junior Lord was told he was meddling with high matters that did not come within the scope of his business. A few weeks later a Naval Intelligence Department (of a sort) was created. *Sic vos non vobis*.

'Twas ever thus. Lord CHARLES, whether in office, on active service, or from his familiar place above the Gangway in the House of Commons, bringing to bear upon Naval affairs the gift of keen intuition and the endowment of long practical experience, has, with one exception, done more than any man living to deliver the Navy from mistakes inevitable in the case of the over-lordship of a civilian who is subject

Instead he put his hand on my knee and asked, "Are you a German?"

"Unless I am descended from HEN-GIST or HORSA," I replied, "there isn't an atom of culture in me."

"Then I can confide in you. A disturbance is advancing in this direction from Eastern Europe."

"You mean that the CROWN PRINCE is retreating towards us from Poland?"

"No," he snapped. "And another disturbance is coming from the vicinity of Iceland."

"Good heavens! This is too much. At my time of life how am I to learn how to pronounce *Pzreykjavik*?"

"Let me tell you what I prophesy for the next few days. Saturday will be bright."

"Splendid! A cheerful week-end will do us all good."

"Sunday will be gloomy, and on Monday will come the downfall."

"WILLIAM's or ours?"

"Accompanied by strong south-westerly winds, rising to a gale, and a rapid fall of the barometer. So now you know. My mind is easy. I have told someone. I have been cruelly censored—only allowed to predict just wet or fine from day to day. I felt that I must tell someone. The Censor and Count ZEPPELIN between them were killing me."

I pitied the agony of the professional weather fore-caster. I promised to respect his confidence. I left the carriage proud of

the fact that I was one of the two men in England who knew what Saturday's weather would be. That is why I left my umbrella at home while apparently every other man took his out. It is also the reason why my new topper was ruined. And now I wonder whether the prophet was mistaken, or whether at the last moment he detected signs of culture in me and lied.

From an Indian paper:—

"The Germans are continuing the questionable tactics of sowing floating mines in neutral waters to the danger of neutral shipping, as well as of British and French war vessels. They are apparently tying them in Paris, so as to make it more difficult to avoid them."

As a result, the *Iron Duke* has had to give up entirely its morning run down the Rue de Rivoli. At the same time we are glad to hear that these floating mines are tied. It stops them from floating quite so much.



GERMANISED TURKEY.

"HERE YOU ARE, MEIN FRIENDT; DER SAME OLD FLAG. MIT A LEEDLE DIFFERENCE."

to currents of political and party feeling. By way of reward he has received more kicks than ha'pence.

#### ANOTHER RUINED TRADE.

I HAD secured an empty compartment. Something in my blood makes me rush for an empty compartment. I suppose it is because I am a Briton, yet it was another Briton who intruded upon my privacy.

At the first glance I saw that he would talk to me about the—well, what do you expect? I can always tell when men want to talk about it. Would that I had the same subtle instinct when they wish to borrow money! I was ready for him. If he said, "Have you heard?" I was going to answer, "About the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR ordering Lord FISHER to be imprisoned in the Tower as a spy? Why, my brother-in-law told me all about it last week."



## IN THE WINGS.

(NOTE: If this essay in the well-informed manner achieves any success, the credit is largely due to the timely interruptions of the Censor.)

Few people, I think, realise the tremendous significance of waterproof overalls in a war like the present. I was talking to one of our most prominent Midland manufacturers at Sheringham the other day and he remarked confidentially [passage deleted by the Censor] at fifteen per cent. reduction to our soldiers for spot cash.

Which reminds me of a stifling Malta afternoon, when I first saw the good ship *Sheringham* steam slowly up through the haze of Sliema Creek. It was in the early days of the Navy's grey-paint era. The change was a drastic one, as all service-men admitted. And why grey? I make no secret of the fact that I have always advocated ultramarine for the Mediterranean station; but the Grey Water School, you know—well, there, I must not be indiscreet.

Life on a cruiser may be the tally for some, but give me the nimble t.b.d.! There you have none of "the great monotony of sea" which drove W. M. T. to his five meals a day. Nothing but the charming *fraternité* of the ward-room, the delightful inconsequences of the chart-house kitten, and the throb of the oil-fed turbine! Unless I am greatly mistaken [passage deleted by the Censor—which shows that I wasn't].

I was dining the other evening at the Buckingham Palace with a friend who is well known in Foreign Office circles. The conversation turned, naturally enough, on the dangers in our midst from foreign waiters. The English waiter who was attending us happened at the moment to dislodge with his elbow a wine-list which, in falling, decanted a quantity of Sauterne into the lap of my *vis-à-vis*, who remarked [passage deleted by the Censor].

I learn from reliable sources that one wing of our "contemptible little army" is resting upon —. Dear old —! How often have I wandered down your sleepy little High Street to the *épicerie* of our lively old *Thérèse*! But that was in the old days, before the black arts of Kaiserism transformed the peace of yesterday into the Armageddon of to-day. Next week I shall deal more intimately with life behind the scenes in German frontier towns; but you must wait with what patience you can for these further confidences.



"No, Sir, they wouldn't take our Fred, 'cos they said he 'd a-got bellucose veins."

## GREY GIBBONS.

With fingers too canny to bungle,  
With footsteps too cunning to swerve,  
They swing through the heights of the jungle,  
These stalwarts of infinite nerve;  
Blithe sailors who heed not the breezes  
Which play round their riggings  
and spars,  
Lithe gymnasts who live on trapezes  
And parallel bars.

In ballrooms of plantain and mango  
They scamper, they slither and slide  
In the throes of a tropical tango,  
In the grip of a Gibbony glide;  
'Tis thus in these desolate spaces,  
Away from humanity's ken,  
They mimic the civilised races  
And strive to be men.

As the grey little acrobats patter  
O'er creepers of myriad shapes,  
They mouth not the meaningless  
chatter

Of dull and demoralised apes;  
But, proud of their portion as  
creatures

Who know not the stigma of tails,  
They screw up their weather-worn  
features

And practise their scales.

And oft in this primitive Eden  
When I study some antic that hints  
At the physical fitness of Sweden,  
The speed of American sprints,  
I dream of the wreaths and the ribbons  
Their prowess would certainly win,  
If there weren't any war, and my  
gibbons

Could go to Berlin. J. M. S.



## MY FAVOURITE PAPER.

By A VORACIOUS READER.

ALL day long I read the papers that keep this little island noisy and tell us how we ought to be governed. I can't help it. I want to know the latest, and reading the papers seems (more or less) the way to get at it. The best way of all, of course, is to meet a man at a club or a resident in a locality favoured by retired colonels; but, in default of those advantages, one must buy the papers. And then of course it follows that one reads far too many papers and gets one's head far too full of war news. Still, what would you have? The war is so eminently first and everything else nowhere that this is inevitable.

Outside suggestion has its share, too. Morning papers are a matter of course. One reads one's regular morning papers and no others. But after that the trouble begins with the evening paper placards, each with its lure. How can one resist them? The progress of the Allies! The repulsing of the enemy! The ten miles gained! The Russian advance! A German cruiser sunk! Each newsman has a different bait, and as the day goes on they become more attractive, so that one goes to bed at night filled with optimism. Well, these all have to be bought.

Speaking as a reader of too many of them I must admit to a grievance or two; and the chief is the difficulty that we have in finding the fulfilment of all the promises which are set out in the headings to the principal war news. For example, I find among these headings on the day on which I write a reference to a German admission of failure and dismay. But can I find the thing itself? I cannot. It may be there, but again and again has my eye travelled up and down the columns seeking the nutritious morsel and not yet has it alighted thereon, and that is but one case out of many. Sometimes after a long hunt I do track these joyful tit-bits down, and then discover that they are separated from the heading by several columns. Some day a newspaper editor will arise who can achieve a really useful index to his contents. *The Times* used to have something of the sort, but under the stress of battle that has gone.

Another grievance—but I shall say no more on that subject. Grievances are for peace time, when a general huffiness and stuffiness about the way that everyone else conducts business is natural and indeed expected. In wartime no one should be harassed by criticism. So I pass on to the paper which I like best of all those now being published. I like it because it contains

the news I most want to read, and every day, or rather every night, it gets better and will continue to get better until the Brandenburg gate opens to let the Allies in. This paper is not a morning paper and not an evening paper. It is published at night, in the smallest of the small hours, and I am its sole subscriber, for it is the paper of my dreams. Whether or not I am its editor I could not say. That question leads to the greater one which would need a volume for its decision: Do we compose our own dreams, or are they provided by Ole Luk Oie or some other dream-spinner? Anyway, no one can read the paper of my dreams but I, and it is, after all, the best reading. It contains the oddest things. Last night it had a fine article about a football match in the North of England. Twenty-two terrific fellows, whose united salaries came to a respectable fortune and whose united transfer fees, should their Clubs ever let them go, would be sufficient to build a *Dreadnought*, had been charging up and down the ground in a series of magnificent rushes, while ten thousand North of England lads roared themselves hoarse to see such glory. Suddenly a newspaper boy, reckless of his life, dashed on to the ground with a placard stating that a whole regiment of British soldiers had been trapped by a German ruse and annihilated. In an instant the game was broken up and every player and every spectator who was of age ran like hares to the nearest recruiting office and enrolled themselves as soldiers. They had seen in a flash that the only chance for England to get rid of this German menace was for every eligible man to do his share.

In another part of the paper I read of a young and powerful man in an English village who, on being asked if he did not think that England was in danger, replied "Yes." He was then asked if he did not think that it was necessary to fight for her, and he replied "Yes" again. He was then asked who in his opinion were the most suitable volunteers to come to her aid, and he replied, "Other people." So far the story is not appreciably different from a story that you might read anywhere. But the version in my paper stated that he was seized by all the company present and not only ducked in the nearest horse-pond but held under the water for quite a long time, and then held under the water again.

And another article—a most exciting one—described the success of a British aviator who flew over Essen and dropped five bombs on KRUPP's gun factory and did irreparable damage.

I forget his name, but, although he was pursued, he got clear away and returned to the Allies' lines. There was a fellow for you!

So you see that I get some good reading out of my favourite paper. And more is to come!

## THE PRICE OF WAR.

Now woe is me! My treasure, my delight,

My guerdon after many toilsome days,  
Shall gladden me no more. It was a sight

To bid men gape in wonderment, and praise

My patient courage that endured despite  
The gibes of friends and Delia's pitying ways.

Ah, cruel fate that forced my hand to snip

Such costly growth as graced my upper lip!

Moustache most cherished! Not as other men

That let their lush growth riot as it will,

With just a formal waxing now and then,

Did I maintain it. Nay, with loving skill

And all the precious oils within the ken  
Of cunning alchemists I strove until  
Its soaring points aspired to pierce the skies,

And I was martial in my Delia's eyes.

Great store of gold I lavished. Yea, I went

To one that works in metals and I bought

A kind of dreadful iron instrument

With leathern straps, most wonderfully wrought,

And wore that horror nightly, well content

To bear such anguish for the prize I sought.

And all this patient toil was thrown away—

They stoned me for the KAISER yesterday!

At a time when every penny that can be spared is needed for the help of our soldiers in the field and of our wounded, or to relieve the distress of the Belgian refugees or our own sufferers from the War, a public appeal is being made to the citizens of Newcastle-on-Tyne for subscriptions to a fund for presenting a testimonial to their Lord Mayor, on the ground that he has done his duty. We beg to offer our respectful sympathy to the LORD MAYOR of Newcastle-on-Tyne.





Colonel of Swashbucklers. "NAH THEN, SWANK! THE WIMMIN CAN LOOK ARTER THEIRSELVES. YOU 'OP IT AND JINE YER REGIMENT."

### A TOBACCO PLANT.

I HAD done the second hole (from the vegetable-marrow frame to the mulberry-tree) in two, and was about to proceed to the third hole by the potting-shed when I thought I would go in and convey the glad news to Joan. I found her seated at the table in the breakfast-room with what appeared to be a heap of tea spread out upon a newspaper in front of her. Little slips of torn tissue-paper littered the floor, and on a chair by her side were several empty cardboard boxes. The sight was so novel that I forgot the object of my errand.

"What's all that tea for, and what are you doing with it?" I asked.

"It isn't tea; it's tobacco," Joan replied, "and I'm making cigarettes for the soldiers at the front."

"Where on earth did you get that tobacco from, if it is tobacco?" I went on.

"Let me see now," mused Joan, pausing to lick a cigarette-paper—"was it from the greengrocer's or the butcher's? Ah! I remember. It was from the tobaccoist's."

Joan gets like that sometimes, but I do not encourage her.

"But what made you choose this Hottentot stuff?" I enquired.

"The soldiers like it strong," Joan replied, "and this looked about the strongest he'd got."

"What does it call itself?"

"It was anonymous when I bought it, but you'll no doubt see its name on the bill when it comes in."

"Thanks very much," I said. "That's what I should call forcible fleecing. Not that I mind in a good cause—"

"Isn't it ingenious?" interrupted Joan. "You just put the tobacco in between the rollers, and twiddle this button round until—until you've twiddled it round enough; then you slip in a cigarette-paper—like that—moisten the edge of it—twiddle the button round once more—open the lid—and shake out the finished article—*comme ça!*"

An imperfect cylindrical object fell on to the floor. I stooped to pick it up and the inside fell out. I collected the *débris* in the palm of my hand.

"How many of these have you made?" I asked.

"Only three thoroughly reliable ones, including *that one*," she replied. "I've rolled ever so many more, but the tobacco *will* fall out."

"Here, let me give you a hand," I suggested. "I'll roll and you lick."

"No," said Joan kindly but firmly.

"You don't quite grasp the situation. I want to do something. I can't make shirts or knit comforters. I've tried and failed. My shirts look like pillow-cases, and anything more comfortless than my comforters I couldn't imagine. I wouldn't ask a beggar to wear an article I had made, much less an Absent-Minded Beggar."

"What about that tie you knitted for me last Christmas?" I said.

"Yes," said Joan; "what about it? That's what I want to know. You haven't worn it once."

It was true, I hadn't. The tie in question was an attempt to hybridise the respective colour-schemes of a tartan plaid and a Neapolitan ice.

"That," I explained, "is because I've never had a suit which would set it off as it deserves to be set off. However, if I can't help I won't hinder you. I only came in to say that I had done the second hole in two. I thought you would like to know I had beaten bogey." And I retired, taking with me the little heap of tobacco and the hollow tube of paper.

When I reached the seclusion of the mulberry-tree I found that the paper had become ungummed, so I placed the tobacco in it and succeeded after a while in rolling it up. The result,



though somewhat attenuated, was recognisably a cigarette. I lit it, and when I had finished coughing I came to the conclusion that if only I could induce Joan to present her gift to the German troops instead of to our Tommies it would precipitate our ultimate triumph. I had to eat several mulberries before I felt capable of proceeding to the third hole. When I got there (in two) I found it occupied by a squadron of wasps while reinforcements were rapidly coming up from a hole beneath the shed. Being hopelessly outnumbered I contented myself with a strategical movement necessitating several stiff rearguard actions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Joan, growing a little more proficient, had in a couple of days made 500 cigarettes. I had undertaken to despatch them, and one morning she came to me with a neatly-tied-up parcel.

"Here they are," she said; "but you must ask at the Post Office how they should be addressed. I've stuck on a label."

I went out, taking the parcel with me, and walked straight to the tobacco-nists.

"Please pack up 1,000 Hareems," I said, "and post them to the British Expeditionary Force. Mark the label 'Cigarettes for the use of the troops.' And look here, I owe you for a pound of tobacco my wife bought the other day. I'll square up for that at the same time. By-the-by, what tobacco was it?"

"Well, Sir," the man replied, "I hardly like to admit it in these times, but it was a tobacco grown in German East Africa. It really isn't fit to smoke, and is only good for destroying wasps' nests or fumigating greenhouses, which I thought your lady wanted it for, seeing as how she picked it out for herself. Some ladies nowadays know as much about tobacco as what we do."

I left the shop hurriedly. The problem of the disposal of Joan's well-meaning gift was now solved. I returned home and furtively stole up the side path into the garden. Under cover of the summer-house I undid the parcel and proceeded rapidly to strip the paper from those of the cigarettes that had not already become hollow mockeries. When I had collected all the tobacco I went in search of the gardener, and encountered him returning from one of his numerous meals.

"Wilkins," I said, "there is a wasps' nest on the third green, and here is some special wasp-eradicator. Will you conduct the fumigation?"

As Joan and I were walking round the garden that evening before dinner Joan said—

"I don't want to blush to find it fame, but—do you know—I prefer doing good by stealth."

A faint but unmistakable odour was borne on the air from the direction of the third green.

"So do I," I said.

### OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

My wife attributes our success (so far) in the entertainment of Belgian Refugees solely to the fact that we have not, and never have had, a vestige of a committee. We all work along in the jolliest possible way, and we have no meetings, or agenda, or minutes, or co-opting of additional members, or remitting to executives or anything of that kind. We just bring along anything that we think will be useful. Some of us bring clothes and others butter or umbrellas, or French books, or razor-strops or cigarettes. Hepburn, the dairy farmer, keeps sending cart-loads of cabbages; old Miss Mackintosh at the Brae Foot sends threepence a week. And when we are short of anything we just stick up a notice to that effect in the village shop. I issued a call for jam yesterday and ever since it has rained pots and pots. We have three large families of Belgians and we have already got to the stage where the men are at work and the children at school—though no one really has the least idea what they do there.

But although I admit that it is magnificent to be without a committee—we escaped from that by the simple plan of getting the Belgians first and trusting to the goodwill of the Parish to take care of them afterwards—there are other important factors in our success. There is our extraordinary foresight—of course it was a pure fluke really—in obtaining among them a real Belgian policeman. You can have no idea what a fine sense of security that gives us in case anything goes wrong. We have already enjoyed his assistance in a variety of ways, and we have something still in reserve in the very unlikely event of his being professionally called in—his uniform. When we put him into his uniform the effect will be tremendous.

Then again we have the advantage of being Scotch. I simply don't know how English country people are going to get on at all. Here we find that by talking with great emphasis in the very broadest Scotch—by simply calling soap *sape* and a church a *kirk* you can quite frequently bring it off and make yourself understood. I had a most exhilarating hour of mutual lucidity with the one that makes furniture in the carpenter's shop. It

seemed to me that he called a saw a *zog*, which was surely quite good enough; and when he referred to a hammer as a *hamer* it might surely be said to be equivalent to calling a spade a spade.

Still the language difficulty remains, and the worst of it is that it gives an altogether unfair advantage—where all are so anxious to help—to the few select people in our neighbourhood who happen to be able, fortuitously, to talk French. They are—(1) Dr. Anderson, whose French is very good; (2) my wife, who is amazingly fluent in a crisis, though her constructions simply don't bear thinking of; (3) the school-master, who is weak; (4) the joiner, who is bad; (5) myself, who am awful. Several of our Refugees talk French.

Of course we all have pocket-dictionaries, but even they don't always help us out. I found my wife once engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the one who does the cooking about some household necessity that was sadly lacking. She was completely baffled. It was pure stalemate, a deadlock. I pulled out my dictionary and suggested to the cook (by illuminative signs) that she should look it up and point to the English word. There was some rejoicing at this, and she at once called upon the collective wisdom of her whole family. At last they got it with much nodding of heads and exhibited the book, buttressed with an eager finger at the place. And we looked and read "A young gold-finch;" so you will see that that didn't help us much. It was only by the almost miraculous emergence of the word *Fat* in the course of their own private conversation shortly afterwards that light came to us.

That they are quite at a loss to understand the meaning of honey in the comb did not greatly surprise us—though it was rather queer—but the Parish is deeply distressed at their total ignorance of oat-meal. They are quite at sea there, and so far have only employed it for baiting a bird-trap: and that touches us closely, for the very foundation of our being in these parts is oatmeal. Even their beautiful devotion to vegetables of all sorts cannot, we feel, compensate for their attitude of negation towards this very staple of existence. There is a strong party among us bent on their conversion. We hope with all our hearts that they will be comfortable and contented among us till the day comes when they can return to their own country; and we feel that their exile will not have been entirely wasted if they have learned to appreciate the purpose fulfilled by porridge in the Divine Order of things.





## WORD PERFECT.

Sentry (on duty for first time). "ALT! WHO GOES THERE? ADVANCE TO WITHIN FIVE PACES, AND GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN 'WATERLOO.'"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN the good old days when that royal pipsqueak, our FIRST JAMES, came to the throne, if you were a physician of a little more than common skill and furnished with theological opinions of a modernist complexion, or a lonely woman with (or without) some cunning in the matter of herbs, who cherished a peculiar (or normal) pussy-cat, you were quite likely to be burnt out of hand. And, in her competent way, MARY JOHNSTON, in *The Witch* (CONSTABLE), deals with this dark blot on the escutcheon of Christianity. Through what suffering and what joys Dr. Aderhold, the kindly free-thinking mystic, and Joan Heron, the simple village maid, found their ultimate and, for the times, merciful release by halter in place of fire, readers who have nerves to spare for horror will read with eagerness. It is indeed a dreadful story. Miss JOHNSTON is not one of your novelists who lets herself off the contemporary document, and on her reputation you may take it she is not far out. The grim tale serves to show to what lengths the force of suggestion will, in times of excitement, carry folk otherwise sober and truthful. Manifestly preposterous evidence, freely given, was freely admitted by trained legal minds—evidence on which innocent lives were sacrificed at the average rate of over a thousand a month in England and Scotland in the two centuries of the chief witch-baiting period. But, after all, have we not, most of us, near relations who saw a quarter-of-a-million of astrakanned Russians steal through

England in the dead of an August night? And have we not— But I grow tedious. *The Witch* is an eminently readable story of adventure of the coincidental kind.

What I like best in the stories of Mr. W. W. JACOBS, apart from their mere hilarity, is their triumphant vindication of the right to jest. They spread themselves before me like a pageant representing the graceful submission of the easy dupe. They tempt me to filch away chairs from beneath stout and elderly gentlemen who are about to sit down. Take the case of *Sergeant-Major Farrer in Night Watches* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). He was afraid of nothing on earth, or off it, but ghosts, and he despised the weedy young man who was in love with his daughter. So the weedy young man dared him to come to a haunted cottage at midnight, and, dressed up as a spectre, terrified the soldier into something more than a strategic retreat, with the result that he surrendered his daughter. In real life of course it is different. I know a colour-sergeant, and somehow I rather think that if I—but never mind. In Mr. JACOBS' beautiful world, as it is with Mr. Farrer so is it with *Peter Russet*, with *Ginger Dick* and with *Sam Small*. They know when the laugh is against them, and, waiving the appeal to force or to law, they grumble but retire. There is one exercise in the gruesome in *Night Watches*, but it hardly shows Mr. JACOBS at his best in this particular vein. There are also several charming illustrations by Mr. STANLEY DAVIS, executed with a buff tint, which help to sustain the gossamer illusion.



If I were a woman I should always be a little irritated with any story which shows two women in love with the same man. Miss MAY SINCLAIR in her new novel does not mind how much she annoys her own sex. She shows us no fewer than three women engaged in this competition, and they are sisters. True, there was not much choice for them in their lonely moorland village, which contained a young doctor and no other eligible man. Of this fellow *Rowcliffe* we are told that "his eyes were liable in repose to become charged with a curious and engaging pathos," an attraction which had broken many hearts before the story opened, and gave to their owner a great sense of confidence in himself. This set me against him at the start, but the three sisters, as I said, were not in a position to be fastidious. *Mary's* love for him was of the social-domestic kind; *Gwendolyn's* was spiritual; *Alice's* frankly physical. Though alleged to be "as good as gold," *Alice*, the youngest of *The Three Sisters* (HUTCHINSON), was one of those hysterical women who threaten to

die or go mad unless they get married—a very unpleasant fact for a young doctor to have to discuss with her sister, and for us to read about. Indeed, if I were to tell in all its incredible crudity the story of the relations of this gently-bred girl with the drunken farmer who, to her knowledge, had previously betrayed her own servant-girl, I think even Miss SINCLAIR would be revolted. Her exposure of certain secret things which common decency agrees to leave in silence is a treachery to her sex, not excusable on grounds of physiological interest; and I, for one, who was loud in my praise of the fine qualities of her great

romance, *The Divine Fire*, confess to a sense of almost personal sorrow that such high gifts as hers, which still show no trace of decline in craftsmanship, should have suffered so much taint. I sincerely hope that the noble work she is now doing with the Red Cross at the front—where the best wishes of her many friends follow her—may make more clear the claim that is laid upon her to devote her exceptional powers as a writer to the higher issues of life and death; or, at the least, to something cleaner and sweeter than the morbid atmosphere of her present theme.

It has been my private conviction that the most depressing and shuddersome of all natural prospects is the wide expanse of mud and slime to be found at low water in the estuary of a tidal river. Such scenes have always been singularly abhorrent to me. Mr. "ADRIAN ROSS" appears to share this feeling, for out of one of them he has made the novel and very effective setting for his bogie-tale, *The Hole of the Pit* (ARNOLD). It is a story of the Civil Wars, though these have less to do with the action than the uncivil and very gruesome war waged between the Lord of Deeping Castle and the Unseen Thing that lived in the Pit. The Pit itself is real joy. It was covered always by the tide, but could be distinguished

by a darker shadow on the surface of the sluggish stream, a shadow streaked at times by wavering bands of greyish slime, strangely agitated . . . There were smells, too, dank, sodden, drowned smells that came in upon the sea mist. Moreover, Deeping Castle I can only describe as an eligible residence for the immortal *Fat Boy*. It was built right upon the water, within convenient distance, as the auctioneers say, of the Pit; and between the two of them your flesh is made to creep more than you would believe possible. As for the great scene where the Thing finally gets out of the Pit, and comes slobbering and sucking round the castle walls—I cannot hope to convey to you the horror of it. Perhaps you may feel with me that Mr. Ross has been at times a little too confident that the undoubted thrill of his bogie would save it from being unintentionally funny. I confess I did laugh once in the wrong place. But everywhere else I shivered with the fearful joy that only the best in this kind can produce.



*Hedger.* "THERE'S AWFUL ACCOUNTS IN THIS 'ERE PAPER OF THEY GERMANS—SEEMS THERE'S SOME PEOPLE AS DON'T 'OLD NOTHING SACRED.'"

*Huntsman.* "AH! YOU MAY SAY SO! AND IT AIN'T ONLY GERMANS. ONLY LAST NIGHT I FOUND AS FINE A DOG-FOX AS EVER I SEE WITH A BULLET-WOUND THROUGH 'IS 'EART!'"

I remember that I have before this admired the mixture of cheerful cynicism and dry humour that is the speciality of Mr. MAX RITTENBERG. He has shown it again in *Every Man His Price* (METHUEN), but hardly, I think, to quite the same effect as formerly. My feeling about the book was that it started with a first-class idea for a plot of comedy and intrigue, but that the author, instead of being contented with this, wanted to give us a novel of character-development on the grand scale, and somewhat spoilt his work in the attempt. The earlier chapters could hardly

have been better. There was a real snap in the struggle between the English hero, *Hilary Warde*, who had nearly perfected a system of wireless telephony, and the Berlin magnates who wished to bluff him out of the results. As I say, I liked these early scenes and some others subsequently that dealt with rather sensational finance (it always cheers me up when the hero makes half-a-million pounds in a single chapter!) better than those that had to do with *Warde's* domestic entanglements and the deterioration of his character. And the climax seemed inadequate to the point of bathos. But there is much in the tale to enjoy; and you might read it if only for a vivid word-picture of what Berlin used to be like before the beginning of the great *débâcle*. This has now an interest almost historical.

#### "TURKISH AMBASSADOR LEAVES BORDEAUX."

The Turkish Ambassador left Paris yesterday on a visit to Biarritz. He announced before leaving that he would return. This was the first visit paid by the Turkish Ambassador for over a fortnight. He did not see Sir Edward Grey, but had a long conference with Sir Arthur Nicolson, Permanent Under-Secretary.

*Edinburgh Evening News.*

The only possible answer to this extraordinary conduct was a declaration of war.



# CHARIVARIA.

CONTRARY to the usual custom there were no official dinners on the eve of the opening of Parliament. The explanation of this is clear to the German Press. It was due to scarcity of food.

Upon receipt of the Japanese ultimatum, the KAISER, it may be remembered, cabled to the commander of his Chinese fortress:—"Bear in mind that it would shame me more to surrender Kiaochau to the Japanese than Berlin to the Russians." The kind-hearted Russians will now, we feel sure, have less compunction in taking Berlin, seeing that the blow will have been softened to an anticlimax.

The KAISER's hair, it is said, is now bleached; but this attempt to look like a white man will deceive no one.

Just as we go to press a report reaches us which certainly bears the impress of truth on the face of it. It declares that the CROWN PRINCE has been shot for looting by a short-sighted brother-officer who did not recognise the son of God's Vice-regent on Earth.

"The British Navy is in hiding," says the *Kölnische Zeitung*. We beg our fragrant contemporary not to worry. In due course the Germans shall have the hiding.

It is so frequently stated that the leaders of the German Army attach no importance to the lives of their men that it seems only fair to point out that last week Brussels was fined £200,000 for wounding a couple of German policemen.

Neither the French, Russian, Belgian, nor British troops like the idea of fighting against the mere youths whom a paternal KAISER is now sending in on the firing line, and a humane suggestion has been put forward for correcting this embarrassment. Would it not be possible, it is asked, to arrange Boys' Own Battles, in which the German little ones would be opposed by the young of the Allies?

"Klopstock, one of our greatest geniuses," says the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, "taught us, 'Be not excessively just.' We shall endeavour now to follow that teaching." We

should say that there is no great danger of the German nation breaking down under the strain of this effort.

"How ever do the Teutons manage to produce so many lies about us?" asks "A Lover of Truth." Our correspondent is evidently not much of a gardener or he would have heard of "Intensive Culture."

The reply published by the *Vossische Zeitung* to the protest of French clergymen against the destruction of Louvain and the shelling of Rheims Cathedral contained at least one un-

When in Breslau, *The Evening News* tells us, the KAISER promised that the Russian Army should be crushed. Fortunately in this case the undertaking was not even written on a scrap of paper.

"For thirty-two years," says the *Vossische Zeitung*, "Egypt has had to endure British rule." Curiously enough this bright little sheet does not go on to point out that during the same period the poor Egyptians have also had to put up with a good deal of prosperity.

## A Beauty Spot.

"This photograph of the town of Pervyse, on the road from Nieuport to Dixmude, has been taken and retaken by both sides several times. Our photograph was taken just after it had again come into the possession of the Allies."—*Daily Chronicle*. It is now the German photographer's turn again.

Another song for the KAISER:—"COME 'TSING TAU ME."

Translation of a letter received by *The Morning Post*:

"By spring-time of the 6,000,000 German soldiers there will remain only three capable of fighting."

The CROWN PRINCE and two privates.

"PATRIOTISM FOR PAUPER CHILDREN.—The Lambeth Guardians yesterday decided that in order that the Poor-law school children may have an opportunity of appreciating the position of national affairs the usual practice of allowing each child an egg for breakfast on Christmas morning be suspended this year."—*Times*.

If this doesn't learn them to love their country, it ought, at any rate, to encourage them to

honour and respect the patriotic Lambeth Guardians.

"Pending operations for her capture, or destruction, effective steps have been taken to block the Königsberg in by inking colliers in the only navigable channel."

*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

Aren't they black enough already?

Examples of official enthusiasm are always welcome, and we therefore give further publicity to the following:—

"The Cossacks who have been mobilised in the Amur district have sent the following telegram to the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces:

'Your children are coming to your aid, father commander. They come shouting 'Hurrah!'"

The Grand Duke Nicholas replied: 'I shall be very pleased to see you.'—*Reuter*."



"WOT'S THE USE OF THIS 'ERE EARLIER CLOSING?"  
"WY, IN CASE OF A ZEPPELIN RAID. IF THE 'UN SMELLS  
BEER 'E'LL 'AVE IT!"

fortunate expression. It asserted that the GERMAN EMPEROR and the German People are both permeated with a burning love of peace.

The Rev. Mr. EDWARDS has resigned his assistant curacy at Tettenhall under somewhat peculiar circumstances, but we are sure the case is not so bad as *The Wolverhampton Express* would have us believe. According to our contemporary this gentleman exhorted his congregation "not to hate the Germans, but rather to pay for them."

A wounded Tommy in one of our London hospitals, on being asked, the other day, by a lady visitor what he thought of the French soldiers, replied that he very much admired the French Curacaos.



## TO THE BITTER END.

(A word with the War-Lord.)

A RUMOUR comes from Rome (where rumours breed)  
That you are sick of taking blow on blow,  
And would inter with all convenient speed  
The hatchet wielded by your largest foe.

Is it the shadow Christmas casts before  
That makes the iron of your soul unbend,  
And melt in prayer for this unholy war  
(Meaning the part that pinches most) to end?

Is it your fear to mark at that high feast  
The writing on the wall that seals your fate,  
And, where the Christ-star watches in the East,  
To hear the guns that thunder at your gate?

For on your heart no Christmas Peace can fall.  
The chimes shall be a töcsin, and the red  
Glow of the Yule-wood embers shall recall  
A myriad smouldering pyres of murdered dead.

And anguish, wailing to the wintry skies,  
Shall with its dirges drown the sacred hymn,  
And round your royal hearth the curse shall rise  
Of lowly hearths laid waste to suit your whim.

And you shall think on altars left forlorn,  
On temple-aisles made desolate at your nod,  
Where never a white-robed choir this holy morn  
Shall chant their greeting to the Birth of God.

Peace? There is none for you, nor can be none;  
For still shall Memory, like a fetid breath,  
Poison your life-days while the slow hours run,  
Till it be stifled in the dust of Death.

O. S.

## WHY I DON'T ENLIST.

[Curiosity is often expressed regarding the causes which have prevented young men from enlisting. Considerable interest, therefore, should attach to the following replies to enquiries, an inspection of which has been permitted us by the Secretary of the Patriotic League, an organisation which seeks to stimulate recruiting by writing to young healthy and unmarried men and asking them why they do not join the colours.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I fully understand your views—in fact I am in cordial agreement with them. It would be quite fair to say of most young unmarried men that they could and should be spared. But this cannot be said of all young men. There is a small section of literary and other artists whose lives must continue to be immeasurably precious to the nation which has given them birth. From this company it is impossible for me to exclude myself. There is a higher patriotism, to the dictates of which I must respond. With infinite regrets, and thanks for what is doubtless a well-meant endeavour,

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,  
ENDYMION BROWNE.

P.S.—If you should be in town on the 24th, I am giving a reading from my own works at the United Intensities Club—"A Night with Endymion Browne."

DEAR SIR,—What you say is O.K. KITCHENER must have men and all that sort of thing. Show the KAISER who's boss, and so on. But there are some men who *can't* possibly go. And I'm one. It's all very well to say "Go," but *if* I go—let me ask you quite seriously—how on earth is Smoketown Tuesday F.C. to lift the English pot? I don't want to shout about myself, but it is a known fact that I'm positively the *only* centre forward they've got.

I'm worth £200 a week to the gate alone. If you don't care to accept my word, that it is absolutely *impossible* for me to go, I'll refer you to what our secretary says at foot.

Yours,

ALF BOOTER.

Note by Secretary—What Booter says is quite true. He is indispensable. We paid £1,000 for his transfer, and could not possibly sanction his leaving us. Besides, some of his many thousand admirers might want to follow his example, and where would our gate be then?

DEAR SIR,—If I was to go and enlist, how could I follow the Occident and help 'em to win the League Championship? There it is, quite short—how? And if I didn't follow, and if others like me didn't follow, how'd the club stick it? How'd it keep going? What price duty of staying at home?

I am, yours truly,

BERT SOCKSLEY.

[Dictated.]

SIR,—I snatch a moment to answer your letter, "Why don't I go to fight the Germans?" I *am* fighting them. I cleared £500 this morning which, before the war, would have gone into a German pocket. My motto is "Business as usual," and I have no complaints whatever against the Germans so long as I can go on fighting them some more in my own way.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE CRABBE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter for my brother, John Halton, has reached me by mistake, but I'll answer it. "Why don't I go?" Just send me a recipe for turning me into a boy, and you'll not have to ask me twice.

Yours very sincerely,

JOAN HALTON.

DEAR SIR,—I know what my job is, so don't you come poking your nose in where it isn't wanted. I'm for England, I am. And I'm doing my bit. *The Evening Wiper* said only the other day that a Britisher's duty was to keep cheerful, and that the man who did that was serving his country. Well, I *am* cheerful—I didn't turn a hair even over Mons—slept exactly the same, and had bacon and tomato for my breakfast. Then they say, "Carry on." And I do carry on. I go out as usual, dress just as carefully—spats, fancy waistcoat, buttonhole, etc. One night it's the Imperial and another it's the Cinema. Men are wanted to cheer the patriotic songs and to sing the chorus of "Tipperary." I help here. Then I spend my money freely—*freely*, I tell you. Any Tommy I meet can have a drink—half a dozen at my expense, and no return expected. I got two quite blind last night, and never asked 'em for a sou. Then again, I've spent quite a lot on flags. I always wear six on the front of my bike when I scorch through the crowds coming out of church on Sundays. I've got portrait buttons, too, of JOFFRE and KITCH., and I'm never ashamed to wear 'em. And I'm always urging chaps to go and enlist. So you see I *am* doing my bit.

Yours truly,

ALBERT SPOTTLE.

## In a Good Cause.

A *Matinée* will be given at the Empire on Thursday, the 26th, in aid of *The Daily Telegraph's* Belgian Relief Fund. Among the patrons are THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR, the BELGIAN MINISTER and the Grand Duke MICHAEL.

Many popular *artistes* have offered their services, including Miss PHYLLIS BEDELLS, Miss GLADYS COOPER, Miss ETHEL LEVEY, Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, Miss WISH WYNNE, Mr. WILKIE BARD, Mr. WILL EVANS, Mr. ALFRED LESTER, Mr. JAMES TATE, Mr. LEWIS WALLER and Mr. JAMES WELCH.

Mr. *Punch* very heartily commends the cause and its advocates to his gentle readers.





GOOD HUNTING.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.









"MOTHER, LOOK AT THAT POOR SOLDIER: WOUNDED IN BOTH FEET."

### WITH ALL RESERVE.

DEPARTING from the time-honoured custom of believing everything they see in print, the British people are learning in these times that one should only run the risk of believing printed news that has passed the Censor. By the time the war is over the new habit will have become established, and we may look for items like the following in our daily papers:—

The right hon. gentleman went on to say that so long as the people of this country permitted the present Government to remain in power, so long would this country be governed in a manner which could never win the approval of the Opposition.

[The above having been passed by the Censor may be accepted as correct.—ED.]

The weather yesterday varied throughout the country. While in the extreme north it was warm and sunny, in the south snow fell. A violent hailstorm swept Battersea from end to end; yet in Stornoway the day was marked by a sky of cloudless blue. Once more the climate of these islands showed itself to be a fickle and unstable thing.

[The above has been submitted to the Censor, who sees no reason why it should be withheld from the public; and it may therefore be taken that in the main it is moderately accurate.—ED.]

Lady A.'s dinner-party at the Ritz Hotel last evening was not a great success. The decorations of pink carnations were but moderately admired by her undistinguished guests. The Blue Petrogradese Orchestra played without particular brilliance. Among those absent without reason

assigned were the Duke and Duchess of W., the Earl and Countess X., the Bishop of Y., and Mr. Z., the unknown poet.

[The above has been submitted to the Censor, who possessed no official knowledge of the facts, but considered that the report had an air of sufficient probability.—ED.]

### TO THE UNDYING HONOUR OF A SUPER-PATRIOT.

COMMEMORATE, ye gods, the noble mind  
Of Brown (A. J.), a youth of classic parts,  
Whose soul was ever faultlessly inclined  
To music, verse, and all the gracious arts;  
At things of taste, in fact, Augustus John  
Was always, and is yet, a perfect don.

But lately I have fathomed deeps unknown  
Before in my incomparable friend;  
No mere artistic trifter, he has shown  
A patriot heart of high heroic trend,  
And showered sacrifice with fearless hand  
Upon the altar of his Motherland.

I hailed him to a "music" hall to hear  
The Great Recruiting Song, and watched him wince  
And writhe throughout, as though his end were near;  
But now I learn that, every evening since,  
Brown has been there, in England's sacred cause,  
To greet that patriot song with loud applause!



## AUNT LOUISA'S SONG SCENA.

Just as adversity sometimes brings out men's strongest characteristics, hitherto unsuspected, so can amateur theatricals lead to surprising discoveries of humour and resource. Everyone must have noticed it.

No one had ever credited Aunt Louisa with any dramatic sense whatever. She is so gentle and so placid. She was always something of a knitter, and, like all essential knitters, given to sitting a little outside of life; but since the war broke out she has knitted practically without ceasing; and who would dream of going to a knitter for stage effects?

Therefore we were astonished when, in talking over the projected Saturday night's entertainment, Aunt Louisa ventured the statement that she had thought out a scheme for a little interlude, and might she be permitted to carry it out? Just a mere fill up, but topical, or possibly even more than topical—prophetic.

Of course she might.

"Is it a tableau?" our stage manager inquired.

"No, I shouldn't call it a tableau," said Aunt Louisa; "I should call it a song scena."

How on earth did she hear that phrase? She never goes to music-halls. I would as soon expect to hear her speak of "featuring."

"A song scena," she went on, "the hero of which is the KAISER; and I shall want half-a-dozen gentlemen to assist."

The busy fingers knitted away and the gold spectacles were fixed on us with bland benignity. Aunt Louisa writing a song scena and ordering a chorus, just like Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, was not the least of the miracles produced by this war.

A company of six of us volunteered, of whom I was one. Another was Mr. Herbert Foley, who has made private theatricals his life study.

"Anything I can do to help you in coaching the performers and so on," he said, "I shall be only too pleased to do. You know I'm no chicken at this sort of thing."

"Thank you," said Aunt Louisa, "but I think I can manage."

"All right," replied Mr. Foley, "but, of course—. Want of experience—"

"First of all," said Aunt Louisa, "I must choose a Kaiser. Someone who can act."

We all became very self-conscious. Our expressions said severally, "No one can act as well as I, but it's rotten form to push oneself forward."

Aunt Louisa scanned us narrowly and, much to everybody else's surprise, picked out Tommy Thurlow. To my mind she could not have made a worse choice; but, as it happened, her judgment was sound.

Foley seemed piqued. "Then what do we do?" he asked.

"You are chorus men," said she.

"Chorus!" said Foley.



*Patriotic Wife.* "Now, RICHARD, BEFORE YOU GO, LET ME HEAR YOU REPEAT MY INSTRUCTIONS."

*Richard.* "I MUST REMEMBER I'M THE HUSBAND OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN, AND I'M NOT TO COME BACK WITHOUT THE KAISER!"

"Isn't that the right word? I know so little about these things. Perhaps I ought to have said 'supers.'"

She then told us what to do, knitting all the while.

On the evening Aunt Louisa's song scena was the success of the show. It was called "The Haunted Kaiser," and it began with a distracted demented Tommy Thurlow, with the familiar Potsdam moustache and an excellent wig from London, rushing on with his fingers in his ears. No doubt as to who it was—the WAR LORD in a state bordering on delirium. Having calmed down a little, he began to sing:—

For years and years I'd waited,  
Preparing for *The Day*—

The day that meant for Germany  
A universal sway.

Alas, alas,  
For my set back!

At this point a number of tea-trays were smitten resonantly "off." Tommy dramatically heard them and sang:—

What's that that smites upon my ear,  
The sound of cruel guns I hear,  
That sound of fear?

More tea-tray.

The British, French and Russians  
They are murdering my Prussians:  
Why did I make this war?

They're in my way by day, by night:  
In vain, in vain I take to flight,  
I'll hear them evermore—  
Those guns! Those guns!

Tremendous applause, while Tommy prepared for the second verse and Aunt Louisa's great effect.

Alas! for my ambition,  
My glory passed away!  
What is there left of Germany  
But misery to-day?  
Alack, alas,  
For such a pass!

Here on several concertinas in different parts of the hall, as well as upstairs, was heard, "It's a long way to Tipperary." Tommy began to behave like a maniac. He rushed about more wildly than before. He stopped his ears. He tried to hide. Then he began to sing again:—

What's that that bursts upon my ear,  
That overwhelming song I hear,  
That sound of fear?  
Though brave my men and wary,  
They've been done by "Tipperary;"  
Why did I make this war?  
It's in my brain by day, by night,  
In vain, in vain I take to flight,  
I'll hear it evermore—  
That song! That song!

Now came the great dramatic effect. On to the stage climbed, in the latest revue manner, from all parts of the house, the army of which I had the honour to be one, all pointing the finger of doom at the cringing Tommy

Thurlow. Having got him well into our midst and broken to the world, we sang at him these stirring lines to a too familiar tune:—

It's a long way to get to Paree,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's the wrong way through little Belgium,  
The wrongest way we know.  
Good-bye, KAISER BILLY:  
Farewell, O mein Herr;  
It's a long, long way to St. Helena,  
But your home's right there!

Terrific success; and, after some moments of reluctance, Aunt Louisa, still knitting a sock, was induced to bow.

But it wasn't a bad first effort at drama by an old lady in gold spectacles, was it? I have seen worse by professional writers.





MR. THESPIAN JONES, THE FAMOUS ANIMAL IMPERSONATOR, OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS "COLLECTING DOG" UNDER THE AUSPICES OF A RELIEF COMMITTEE—



—BUT SUDDENLY FORGETS HIMSELF ON THE ARRIVAL OF GOOD NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

### THE KAISER'S "HATE."

[The feeling in Germany, it appears, is now quite friendly towards France and Russia, and all the fury of the Press is concentrated on England.]

WHEN first the champions were listed,  
When first the shells began to fall,  
Some trace of animus existed  
Between the Teuton and the Gaul;  
King WILLIAM was extremely callous,  
Nay, even found a certain zest  
In riding from his Potsdam palace  
To show his purple to the West.

But what a charm the Frenchman carries!  
His compliments how wide they range!  
Before King WILLIAM got to Paris  
His feelings underwent a change:  
"Our ancient feud against the Latin,"  
He said, "has sensibly decreased;"  
And rising from the trench he sat in  
He moved his umbrage to the East.

He trampled on the Polish border;  
He cried that Russia was the foe;  
The German Press received the order  
And answered meekly, "That is so;"  
But when King WILLIAM met the Tartar  
His soul sustained another wrench,  
He found the Slavs were even smarter  
At entertainments than the French.

They gave him such a royal greeting  
With Cossack horsemen making curves  
That WILLIAM asked them, on retreating,  
To try his Prussian game preserves;

"Duke NICHOLAS is not the canker,"  
He told his German scribblers then;  
"His treatment has disarmed my rancour"  
(It certainly disarmed his men).  
"Out yonder in the circling billows  
There lies the object of my scorn,  
We hate these English armadilloes,  
We wish they never had been born;  
Their name to us is rank and fetid,  
And on their sins our rage is fed;"  
And all the German Press repeated  
Precisely what the KAISER said.

Eh well. That water is a worry!  
And doubtless, if the iron glove  
Should meet us here in Kent or Surrey,  
Its clasp might soften into love;  
We might despatch him with a grey grin,  
And all the German Scribes would vow  
"Our bugbear is the Montenegrin;  
We do not hate the English now."

But better still to cool his dudgeon  
Where week by week our nobler sons  
Have proved Britannia's no curmudgeon  
By salvoes of applauding guns;  
To save him toil without his landing,  
To meet him with more warm advance,  
And help to share that "understanding"  
He has with Russia and with France.

EVOC.



## THE LAST LINE.

IV.

WE progress. The days when the whole art of war consisted of "On the left, form platoons . . . On the left, blanket," are over. Skirmishing, signalling, musketry, Swedish drill—a variety of entertainment is now open to us; there is even a class for buglers. To give you an idea of the Corps at work, I offer you a picture of James and myself semaphoring to each other.

James is in the middle distance, a couple of flags draped over his person. I am going to send him a message. I signal to him that I am about to begin; he waves back that he is ready. Now then . . .

My mind becomes a complete blank. I find that I have absolutely nothing to say to James.

"Go on," says my instructor.

"Yes, but what?" I ask. All desire to interchange thought with James has left me.

"Anything. Ask him, if a herring and a half costs three ha'pence, how much——"

"Yes, but that's too long. It would take me at least a week, and by that time the herring would be censored. No, I've got it."

It has occurred to me suddenly that it would annoy James if I reminded him of his professional life. He looks so military in his puttees and khaki shirt.

"Do—you—want—a—nice—mortgage?" I signal.

James takes it up to "nice," and then breaks down. The "m-o" he reads as "s-w" (an easy mistake to make), and he imagines that I am offering him a nice sword—a fitting offer to one of his martial appearance. When the third letter turns out to be not the "o" which he expected, he loses his head and signals "Repeat."

I give it him again slowly. He reads the first five letters as s-w-r-t-g and assumes this time that I am offering him a nice town in Poland. It is five minutes before we get the mortgage properly established, and by then James is utterly disgusted.

He is now going to send a message to me. There is nothing half-hearted about James when he has his khaki shirt on.

"Why the devil don't you send up those guns?" he signals.

General James is hard pressed. The enemy is advancing in echelon against his left wing; cavalry beat themselves against the hollow square on his right; his centre has formed platoon after platoon unavailingly. Still the enemy comes on. Where the devil are those guns?

I signalled back:

"Sorry, but B Company is using the bullet."

It was a blow to James. Reluctantly he came to his decision.

"Must fall back," he said, and he caught a flag between his legs and did so . . .

Well, there you have us signalling. To show you us skirmishing I cannot do better than describe the fierce engagement between A and C Companies, which resulted in the entire annihilation of A. But perhaps that would not be fair. I am a prejudiced recorder; let one of A Company speak.

He was annoyed.

"We worked round their flank," he said, "and we'd got quite close up to them under cover of a wood when we came on one of them smoking a pipe. He said he was an outpost, and that he'd decimated us all long ago."

"What did you do?" asked his friend.

"We scragged him."

Personally I had a safer position among the supports. A decimated enemy in the first flush of annoyance can be dangerous. I merely lay in a ditch and counted ants . . . But I was very glad to hear we'd won.

Rifle exercises go on apace. We have a curious collection of weapons ("weapons of precision" as they are called by those who have never seen my targets), an order for six hundred of one family having fallen through, owing to a clerical error. "We can offer you 600 rifles, 1900 pattern," the firm wrote; but an inspection of them showed that the "6" and the "9" had got mixed up.

But even with more modern weapons than these we are not very formidable as yet, and for some weeks we must rely on other methods of striking terror into the hearts of the enemy. Luckily we are acquiring an excellent substitute for lead. As an example of "frightfulness" nothing can exceed the appearance of one of our really mixed platoons lying on its backs and waving its legs in the air. This is one of the Swedish drill movements . . . and, as I think I have mentioned before, we are all ages and shapes . . .

Let me conclude with a little story to show the dangers to which we are subject and the fearlessness with which we face them. I cite the case of Reginald Arbuthnot Wilkins.

R. A. Wilkins is just as keen as they make them, and it is his great sorrow that, being in an important Government office, he is not allowed to enlist. For my liking he is too smart; when he does a "right-turn" he does it with a jerk that you can almost hear. The

click of the heels is all very well, but Reginald Arbuthnot makes his neck click too. An "eyes-right" nearly takes his head off.

A dozen of them, including Reginald, were being taught saluting the other day. There was an imaginary Field-Marshal or somebody on the left, and they were told to turn the head smartly to the left, at the same time bringing the right hand up to the salute. . . . "Sa-lute!" Reginald Arbuthnot Wilkins whizzed his head round to the left, but accidentally brought the wrong hand up. There was a crash as his left thumb met his left eye-ball, and Reginald was in hospital for a week.

The remarkable thing is that the other eleven, quite undismayed, went on practising the salute. That gives you some idea of our spirit.

A. A. M.

## STRATEGIC DISEASE.

[Some of the German military authorities having explained that their retreat from Paris was due to the spread of cholera in that city, we may perhaps expect to have something like the following further "explanations" elsewhere.]

Our recent rather smart retreat  
From Warsaw need not causedis-  
quiet;

Our army met with no defeat  
Nor suffered from detective diet;  
We marched away because we knew  
Warsaw was reeking with the 'Flu.

Our move from Calais was, of course,  
A great strategic retrogression,  
We were compelled, though not by force,  
To leave another in possession;  
But that's no ground for doleful dumps,  
Calais was chucked because of Mumps.

Soon we shall see, though scarce as yet,  
Huns and howitzers hustled over  
Yon nauseous streak of heaving wet

Which still divides our arms from  
Dover;  
And should "high failure" then occur  
Lay the whole blame on Mal-de-mer.

## Le mot juste.

"Reports of military movements behind the Germans' front in Belgium are contradictory and too fragmentary to be worth much."—*Western Mail*.

"Mr. Churchill: Six, nine, twelve months hence you will begin to see results that will spell the doom of Germany."—*Daily Mail*.  
We could spell it better than that in three months.

"The smallness of the members present was due in large measure to the war."

*Edinburgh Evening Despatch*.

The shortage of food, due to the German blockade, is at last making itself felt.—[*Wireless from Berlin*.]





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THE HISTORY OF A PAIR OF MITTENS.





"WAAL, IT'S THIS WAY. WE AMURRICANS DON'T TAKE NO SIDES—WE'RE AB-SO-LOOTLY NOOTRAL. WE DON' GIVE A ROW O' BEANS WHICH OF YOU KNOCKS THE KAISER OUT."

### SAFEGUARDS.

It was the special terms to Special Constables that tempted me—and I fell.

I don't just remember how many times I fell, but it was pretty nearly as often as the "Professor" of the wily art took hold of me. Before the first lesson was over, falling became more than a mere pastime with me, it grew into a serious occupation.

So I left the jiu-jitsu school at the end of the second lesson with a nodding acquaintance with some very pretty holds and a very firm determination to practise them on Alfred when he got back to the office next day from Birmingham.

I suppose I ought to have persevered with my lessons a little longer, but I was losing my self-respect, and felt that nothing would help me to gain it better than to cause somebody else to do the falling for a bit.

Alfred is six-foot-two, but a trifle weedy-looking, and so good-tempered that I knew he wouldn't resent being practised on.

As he came in I advanced with outstretched hand to meet him.

"How goes it?" he said cheerily, holding out his hand.

"Like this," I said, as I gripped his right wrist instead of his fingers, turned to the left till I was abreast of him, inserted my left arm under his right, gripped the lapel of his coat with my left hand and turning his wrist downward with my right, pressed his arm back. To attack unexpectedly is the great thing.

"Don't be a funny ass," said Alfred, as I lifted myself out of the waste-paper basket.

How I got there I wasn't quite sure, but concluded that I had muffed the business with my left arm by not inserting it well above his elbow for the leverage.

"Sorry," I said; "the new handshake. Everybody's doing it."

"Are they?" said Alfred. "Well, I've been having some lessons in etiquette myself the last few days from a naval man I met down at Hythe. Seen the new embrace?"

"Er—no," I said, putting a chair

between us, "I don't think I have; but I'm not feeling affectionate this morning. I'm going to lunch."

Thank goodness, if I do meet a spy, I've got a truncheon and a whistle.

### Making the Best of It.

"Now that supplies of German chemicals and drugs are not procurable, sufferers from nervous dyspepsia, etc., should give a trial to nervous dispepsia, etc."

*Bristol Evening Times.*

*Sufferer (after trial).* "No, it's just as painful spell with an 'i'."

"Other Petrograd despatches state that an increase in taxation by one-half is expected. . . . It is believed the increase will produce a milliard of troubles."—*The Mirror (Trinidad).* We think better of Russian patriotism.

"Four or five had been landed at Ramsgate. It was a comparatively fine, peaceful morning. People were resting on the promenade enjoying the sea, and the fresh air anglers of both sexes were calmly fishing from the pier."

*Glasgow Herald.*

A hardy race, these South Coast fresh-air anglers. Our idea of November sport with the rod is sniggling for goldfish in the conservatory.





## THE EAGLE COMIQUE.

KAISER (reviving old Music-hall refrain). "HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN CALAIS?"









## THE RULING PASSION.

"TEN-SHUN! FORM FOURS!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Wednesday, 11th November.*—Both Houses met for what will be last Session of ever-memorable Parliament. Usual ceremony at State Opening by KING, but atmosphere distinctly different from that familiar on such occasions. No crowd talking and gesticulating in Lobby before SPEAKER takes the Chair. That done, Benches seemed strangely empty. In Commons, as in Lords, most men wore mourning, the gloom a little lightened here and there by khaki uniform. Whilst LEADER OF OPPOSITION and PRIME MINISTER spoke Members sat silently attentive. Only now and then subdued cheer indicated approval of a statement or a sentiment. There was sign neither of depression nor elation. The country, fitly represented within these four walls, has undertaken a great task, its performance making heavy demand of blood and money. At whatever cost mean to see it through. Meanwhile are grimly silent.

In course of brief proceedings curious instance forthcoming of prevalence of martial spirit even in unexpected quarters. Did not witness it myself, being at the moment engaged in showing a constituent the House of Lords at historic moment when, in absence of LEADER OF CONSERVATIVE PARTY, GEORGE CURZON

rose temporarily to assume functions he will surely inherit. Story told me by the MEMBER FOR SARK, whom I find a (more or less) trustworthy recorder.

Seems that two new Members were in attendance prepared to take oath and their seat. In accordance with custom they were ranged at the Bar awaiting SPEAKER's summons. Observing one of them between his introducers, SPEAKER stiffly drew himself up to full height, and called out in ringing tones—

"Ten-shun! Form Fours!"



"THE PILOT IS PICKED UP AGAIN."

[LORD FISHER COMES ABOARD.]

House stared in amazement. Nothing disconcerts Mr. LOWTHER. Recognizing slip, he quietly ignored it; made fresh start.

"Order! Order! Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table."

Thereupon PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, assisted by Mr. BURT, the revered Father of the House, affably conducted towards the Table his parent, Sir WALTER RUNCIMAN, newly elected Member for Hartlepool. Having seen him duly sign roll of

Parliament he stood him tea on the Terrace, made him free of the smoking-room, and invited him to partake to-morrow night of famous House shilling dinner.

These filial amenities pleasantly vary the austerity of Parliamentary life.

*Business done.*—Parliament reassembled. Address in reply to Speech from the Throne moved in both Houses.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—A new-comer to Ministerial Bench. It is LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE, commonly and affectionately known as "Jack." Three years ago, fatal age limit being reached, Admiralty regretfully but compulsorily Dropped the Pilot. Now, three years older as the almanack counts, actually as young as ever, the Pilot is picked up again. His appearance at the helm greeted with hearty cheer resounding from shore to shore.





### A PROMISING SLEUTH-PUP.

Nurse. "I WONDER IF THAT MAN'S A GERMAN SPY?"

Young Briton. "OH, NO, NURSE! HE CAN'T BE. HE HASN'T GOT A GUN!"

Everyone knows that present condition of Navy, making it dominant on all seas, is mainly due to him. Recognized as fitting thing that he should be placed in charge of weapon that with patient endeavour, supreme skill, unerring foresight he had forged. Never yet in time of war have these Islands been in such safe keeping. With K. K. at the War Office and JACK FISHER at the Admiralty British householder may sleep in his bed o' nights unafraid.

By another happy concatenation of circumstance Admiralty is represented in both Houses. With WINEOME WINSTON in the Commons and JACK FISHER in the Lords, the Navy will have a good show. Only doubt is whether FIRST SEA LORD will think it worth while to devote to Parliamentary duties the measure of time exacted from FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY. Essentially a man of action, he has little patience with custom of talking round a matter. Nevertheless well to know that, if occasion serve, he can make a speech far beyond average in respect of power and originality. Discovery made when, six or seven years ago, he fluttered the decorous dove-cotes of the Royal Academy by delivering at its annual banquet a memorable speech on condition and prospects of Navy.

Unlikely, too, that JACK FISHER will take part in perfunctory performances, as when the House, meeting at 4.15, sits twiddling its noble thumbs till 4.30, the hour on stroke of which public business commences. There being none, or not any that occupies more than five minutes, they straightway adjourn. But, if serious debate on Naval affairs arises, FIRST SEA LORD may be counted upon to be at his post.

*Business done:*—Address agreed to. House adjourned till Monday.

### A DEBT OF HONOUR.

[The author would be very proud if his lines might bring in any subscriptions to the Belgian Relief Fund. Cheques, payable to "Belgian Relief Fund," should be sent to the Belgian Minister, 15 West Halkin Street, S.W.]

OLD England's dark o' nights and short Of 'buses; still she's much the sort

Of place we always used to know.

There's women lonely—hid away,

But mills at work and kids at play,

And docks alive with come and go.

But Belgium's homes is blasted down;  
Her shops is ash-heaps, town by town;

There's harvests soaked and full of dead;

There's Prussians prowling after loot

And choosing who they'd better shoot;  
There's kids gone lost; there's fights for bread.

It's thanks to that there strip of sea,  
And what floats on it, you and me  
And things we love aren't going shares  
In German culture. They'd 'a' tried  
To spare us some, but we're this side.

It's so arranged—no fault of theirs.

Them Belgians had the chance to shirk,  
And watch, instead of do, the work;

But no! They chose a bigger thing  
And blocked the bully; gave us breath  
To get our coats off. Sure as death

They're Men—a King of Men for King.

Don't think they're beat with what  
they've got,

And begging pennies, 'cos they're not.

It's this—their job is good and done;  
They're fighting-pals; they're hungry,  
cold;

We owe for blood that's more than  
gold—

A debt of honour, or we've none.

They've stood for us; for them we'll  
stand

Right through; and so we'll lend a hand  
Until the foe's account is quit.

That happy day is working through;  
But, meanwhiles, it's for me and you—

Well, dash it, pass along your bit.





"WHY, JACOB, WE THOUGHT A STURDY CHAP LIKE YOU WOULD HAVE ENLISTED. THERE'S NOT A SOUL GONE FROM THE VILLAGE."  
 "BAIN'T THERE, THEN? THEY'VE GOT VOWER O' MAISTER'S 'ORSES!"

### A TRAGIC MISTAKE AT POTSDAM.

(In the manner of the Spy Books.)

At about half-past ten this morning I took my little black bag and walked to the Palace. Presenting my pass, I was about to enter by the side door reserved for civilians when I felt a heavy blow on my shoulder and, turning, beheld an officer. Forbidding me to apologise he led me into the palace by another door, and, placing me in a small room and enjoining strict silence upon me, he left me alone. This was so different from the procedure adopted on former occasions that I took stock of my surroundings. The room was obviously a waiting-room, containing as it did a pianola, a gramophone and a photograph album of German generals. I was aroused from my slumbers about two and a-half hours later and beheld before me an elderly bespectacled officer. I knew him at once from the picture postcards as Bluteisen, head of the secret service. He examined me minutely, omitting, however, to look into my little black bag, which clearly escaped his notice. I began to explain, but he ordered silence and beckoned me to follow. He led me up three flights of stairs, along a corridor, down four flights, and so on for about three-

quarters of an hour, his idea, I suppose, being completely to mystify me. At length we arrived at a door deep underground, upon which Bluteisen knocked mysteriously. Receiving no answer he turned to me and said, "Push." I leaned hard upon the door, fell suddenly forward and stepped briskly into the room.

We were in total darkness save for a circle of green light at the further end of the apartment. In this circle was a desk, at which was seated a man writing. One glance at him and I trembled with excitement. *I was in the Presence.*

For fully thirty minutes he kept me standing. Nothing was heard but an occasional graunch, graunch, as he devoured the end of his pen. At last he spoke. "Number?" he said.

I was about to stammer an explanation, but Bluteisen cut me short with a warning look, saluted and said, "Three nine double nine."

"How long have you been here?" the Personage asked.

"About three hours," I replied.

He seemed pleased. Then he gave me a paper. "Read that," he said.

I read it. My hair, usually complacent, rose with fear and astonishment. What I read was this:—"You will blow up the British Albert Memorial

at your earliest convenience. Telegraph when completed, if still alive."

"Have you got it?" he asked. I could only nod. He then held the paper in the flame of a candle till he scorched his finger and thumb.

"You will never see that again," he said. And I never did. Then he thrust his face at me. "You will succeed?" he snapped. "Sire," I ventured, my head swimming with apprehension, "I—I humbly apologise, but I—I have never yet blown up anything."

"What!" he shrieked, giving to his moustaches an upward direction, "what! you are Number three nine double nine, from the Ammunition section, are you not?"

"No, Sire," I replied, "I'm sorry, but I'm not in any section at all."

There was a terrible silence. With one eye he annihilated me, with the other he detained Bluteisen, who was sneaking off into the darkness. Then in a fury he hissed, "What are you? What are you doing here?"

With choking voice I blurted out the simple truth. "Sire," I said, "I have the honour to inform you that I am here to tune the Imperial piano."

I understand that I am to be shot at dawn to-morrow. So, thank heaven, is Bluteisen.



## THE DOCTOR'S WAR SPEECH.

Martin Cassidy told it to me. He was there, and he saw the boys form fours when they marched to the station the next day. There were seventeen of them, and he said he'd never forget it.

"'Twas the Docthor's war speech that did ut," said Martin. "He had thim all in Micky's shebeen—sure they'd have been there annyhow—and the Docthor had volunteered himself; why not?"

"Yes, the women and childer were admitted. Wouldn't they be wantin' to know the way of it? Av coorse.

"You'd not keep them out anyway. 'Tis the whole of Ballymurky that was there that night.

"'Twas an o-ration the Docthor gave thim. Ye could have heard a pin drop. Isn't it meself that would be away there now, if they'd let me? Didn't Patsy Doolan have to sit on me head to keep me from gettin' into the thrain with thim?"

"'Sure the KING knows ye've been drawin' the ould-age pension this two years,' sez he. 'Won't he have it down in his note-book?' sez he; 'and you wanten to pass for thirty. Gwan,' sez he."

Old Martin applied a piece of glowing turf to his pipe and sucked audibly before continuing.

"Don't I remimber ivery wurrd the Docthor shpoke," said Martin slowly—"oeh, the way he had with him.

"'The KAISER is it?' sez he. 'What would ye be askin' for bettther?' sez he. 'Tis this way and that way wid the KAISER,' sez he, 'and he'll not be aisy till he's wiped Ballymurky off the map, so he would. And the GERMAN EMPEROR is as bad,' sez he. 'It's Bairrlin or Ballymurky, boys, so it is,' sez he; 'just that.

"'Is ut have the Germans over here in Ballymurky ye would?' sez he. 'Sure 'tis not buttermilk and praties they'd be contint with, Doolan, me boy,' sez he; 'faith 'tis your pig they'd be afther atin. And 'tis not you the KAISER would be decoratin' with an iron cross; 'tis more like a lick of his shtick ye'd be afther gettin, Doolan—and the thrubble ye've taken with the rarin' of the crayther. Oeh, ye could niver look the pig in the face again if ye shtayed."

Martin subsided a while to show me Doolan's pig, which was taking the air outside. "And that," he remarked, "is corrosive ividence of what I'm tellin' ye." The pig grunted his compliments, and Martin continued.

"'Wait till I tell ye what they did at Louvain,' sez the Doc. 'Whist now, till ye hear this,' sez he.

"'Oeh, 'twas black murder they

did there, the villians! The curse of CRUMMLE seize thim,' sez he. 'Arrah! hould yoursilf in, you there, Oonlan,' sez he; 'go aisy, now,' sez he; 'sure they'll do worse here. 'Tis not satisfied with Louvain they'll be, Shamus; 'tis knockin' your cabin about your ears ye'll have them—and what will hersilf say to that?' sez he; 'sure, 'twill be the best ventilated cabin in Ireland, so it will.'

"'Is ut the GERMAN EMPEROR ye would have sittin' shmokin' his pipe in your cabin and fryin' sausages in your best pan, without so much as by your lave, and you waitin' on him, Mrs. Murphy?"

"'Sure, ye know it is not, Docthor dear,' sez she.

"'Drivin up and down the street in your side-car he'd be, Patsy Burrke, him and his ginerals, till your horse dropped dead on him, and divil a bit he'd care.

"'I'm lookin' at you there, Larry,' sez the Docthor. "'Tis waitin' for Molly to say the wurrd ye are, Larry, me boy; but sure 'tis yourself that'll say the wurrd now. Oeh, 'tis fallin' over herself Molly will be to see ye in your rigimintals.

"'Ballymurky, is ut? Arrah ye'll not know Ballymurky afther the KAISER has done with it. Isn't it changing the name of the dear ould place that he'll be afther?"

"'First-class he'd be thravellin', no less, with the boots of him on the sate, and him without a ticket; and 'tis Rothenberg would be the name on the station, bad cess to him!

"'Rothenberg! d'ye hear that, Casey? And you a railway porther. Isn't KITCHENER an Irishman, good luck to him, and isn't he lookin' for ye all to go? Isn't the TSAR of Russia himsel goin' to Berlin, and won't he be lookin' for ye there, Micky? What'll he think if ye are not there to meet him? "So Micky didn't come," he'll say; "what's come over him?" he'll say. "Sure he's not the boy I thought he was," he'll say. Just that. And you there, Micky, ye divil, all the time. Ye'd have the laugh on him thim, Micky, so ye would.

"'Begorra!" he'll say, looking round, "sure the whole of Ballymurky's here." And why not? Bedad 'tis not the first time that Ballymurky's been on the spree.

"'The KAISER is ut, boys,' sez the Docthor. 'Arrah have done with ye,' sez he. 'Sure there won't be anny KAISER worth mintoning afther Ballymurky's finished wid him. . . .

"Be this and be that I'm thinkin' the same too," said Old Martin Cassidy, as he relighted his pipe.

## THE LIMIT OF IGNORANCE.

(*Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in one of his recent works speaks of having met a Town Clerk who had never heard of H. G. WELLS.*)

As in a Midland city park

Great BENNETT latterly was walking,  
He came across a live Town Clerk,

Who, as they stopped and fell a-talk-  
ing,

Confessed—so truthful ARNOLD tells—  
*He'd never heard of H. G. WELLS!*

This ghastly ignorance, alas!

Of that renowned investigator,  
Whom every age and every class

Hails as its only educator,

Is no experience isolated,

But can be promptly duplicated.

The only Mayor I know—at least

I know by sight—a splendid creature,  
Whose presence at a civic feast

Is always a conspicuous feature,

Has lately in his favourite organ  
Proclaimed his ignorance of DE  
MORGAN.

Again, the other day I ran

Against a friend ('twas in Long Acre),  
A simple estimable man—

He plies the trade of undertaker—

Who filled me with dismay and awe

By asking, "Who is BERNARD SHAW?"

My hatter, too, who ranks among

The leaders of his useful calling,  
Shows in regard to FILSON YOUNG

An apathy that's quite appalling,

For this benighted, blighted hatter  
Has never read *The Things that  
Matter!*

Saddest of all, a Don I know,

A man of curious futile learning,  
Studied JANE AUSTEN long ago

With admiration undiscerning,

Till *Mr. Bennett*, thanks to JANE,

Ousted all others from his brain.

## THE OLD BULLDOG BREED.

*The Wavecrest Hydro, Hastings.*

*To the Editor of "Punch."*

DEAR SIR,—I have on several previous occasions communicated to you some instructive and illuminating examples of the extraordinary intelligence of my dog Boanerges, but so far (doubtless owing to extreme pressure on your space) you have not been able to publish them.

In view of the present grave national emergency, however, I feel confident that you will be able to find space for the latest instance.

Boanerges is of the old bulldog breed; that is to say, he is not precisely a bulldog, but inherits the breed from one





Daughter (whose husband is at the front). "OH, MOTHER, ISN'T IT SPLENDID? HARRY'S SENT ME THIS PAPER WITH A MARKED PASSAGE ABOUT WHAT HE'S BEEN DOING. IT SAYS, 'CAPTAIN — OF THE — FUSILIERS, UNDER HEAVY —, RESCUED — FROM THE —.' NOW EVERYBODY WILL KNOW HOW BRAVE HE IS!"

of his grandfathers. Superficially he presents more the appearance of a wire-haired retriever pom, and it has been difficult to classify him at Dog Shows. Indeed, I have claimed for him (though unsuccessfully up to the present) a new class, viz., Pom-Poms. *The Canine Chronicle* lent me the weight of its editorial support, suggesting as an alternative name: Dum-Dums, or Soft-Nosed Bulettes, but I fear me it was scarcely dignified enough to carry weight with the authorities.

However, all that is by the way. His heart is in the right place. No WILHELM shall land upon Hastings soil while Boanerges guards the beach.

To resume, it is my custom to take Boanerges with me on my weekly visit to a local picture palace. He enjoys it; it stimulates his already keen intelligence; and there is no charge made for dogs. He stands on my knees with his fore-paws on the stall in front, and follows the films with rapt attention. Occasionally he will express his approval or disapproval by barking, but always in a thoroughly gentlemanly way. He is critical, but not captious; laudatory, but not fulsome.

He makes allowances for the limitations of the camera. He usually cheers at what, I believe, are technically known as "the chases," and his hearty bark of approval is welcomed by the manager of the theatre and by the regular patrons. Indeed, I firmly believe that Boanerges attracts extra patronage to the Thursday matinées. He also enjoys lions and tigers, but not crocodiles or snakes. As I have said, he is of the old bulldog breed.

On Thursday last I took Boanerges with me as usual. It was a dull programme at first, being chiefly devoted to imaginative drama in a Red Indian reservation. Boanerges growled the old bulldog growl once or twice, and I could see that he was disappointed with the performance.

Then came the film of topical events. A heading appeared on the screen: "The Germans in Louvain." I could feel Boanerges stiffen all over his wiry bristles.

The stark ruins were shown, with Prussian soldiers on arrogant sentry-go. Somebody, no doubt a refugee, hissed out: "*A bas les Bosches!*" Boanerges growled a deep menace.

Then came a picture of the main square of Louvain, with a group of generals waiting for the march-past and the salute. The soldiers marched towards us, victorious and triumphant, at the goose-step.

That was the breaking-point. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. All the bulldog strain pounded in his veins. With a roar of anger such as I have never before heard from him, Boanerges leapt from my restraining hands and made for the picture.

He dashed straight at the screen and through it! He devoured a whole company of goose-stepping Prussians at, so to speak, one mouthful.

I also, unwontedly moved, rose in my seat and shouted, "Up and at 'em!"

Boanerges hit the boarding behind the screen, and I think that his nose, now in bandages, is permanently damaged. Still, his brave deed echoes through Hastings, and recruiting in the town is brisker than it has ever been before.

This time, Sir, I feel confident that you will not refuse Boanerges his well-deserved place in your columns.

Yours, etc., ANTONY McWHIRTER.



## PARIS AGAIN.

BIG blue overcoat and breeches red as red,  
And a queer quaint *képi* at an angle on his head;  
And he sang as he was marching, and in the Tuilleries  
You could meet him *en permission* with Margot on his knee.  
At the little *café* tables by the dusty palms in tubs,  
In the Garden of the Luxembourg, among the scented  
shrubs,  
On the old Boul. Mich. of student days, you saw his red  
and blue;  
Did you come to love the *fantassin*, le p'tit piou-piou?

He has gone, gone, vanished, like a dream of yesternight;  
He is out amongst the hedges where the shrapnel smoke is  
white;  
And some of him are singing still and some of him are  
dead,  
And blood and mud and sweat and smoke have stained his  
blue and red.  
He is out amongst the hedges and the ditches in the rain,  
But, when the *soixante-quinze* are hushed, just hark!—the  
old refrain,

"*Si tu veux faire mon bonheur, Marguerite, O Marguerite,*"  
Ringing clear above the rifles and the trampling of the  
feet!

Ah, may *le bon Dieu* send him back again in blue and red,  
With his queer quaint *képi* at an angle on his head!  
So the Seine shall laugh again beneath the sunlight's quick  
caress;  
So the Meudon woods shall echo once again to "*La  
Jeunesse*";  
And all along the Luxembourg and in the Tuilleries,  
We shall meet him *en permission* with Margot on his knee.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

## No. VIII.

(From Richard Dickson, generall yknown as Cock-eyed Dick,  
Private in the South Loamshire Light Infantry.)

I SUPPOSE I ought to beg your Majesty's humble pardon  
for using a pencil for this letter, but it's a good pencil, and,  
anyhow, we don't run to ink in the trenches. I don't want  
to be disrespectful to your Majesty's Highness. Fact is  
I'm just a bit fond of you; you're doing our chaps such a  
world of good, keeping our hearts up in a manner of  
speaking and making us all so angry. When your regi-  
ments come out against us, the word goes round, and it's  
"Steady, boys; remember we're a contemptible little army;  
let's show 'em a bit of contemptible shooting at 800 yards,"  
or "Fix your contemptible bayonets and go for 'em;" and I  
warrant there's many a German chap out of the fighting  
line for good and all just on account of that nasty word.

There's another word, too, that some of your chaps have  
slung at us. They say we're a "mercenary" lot, meaning  
that we took up with soldiering just because we're paid to  
do it. Well, we *are* paid a shilling or two now and then,  
but don't you go and make no mistake; we don't stick it  
out in the trenches, with Black Marias playing bowls with  
us, and the machine-guns crackling at us and the snipers  
picking us off just because of getting a few shillings, which  
very often we don't get regular. We're in for this job, ah,  
and we're going to see it through, too, because we think  
it's the right thing to do and because we wanted to do a  
turn of fighting. We ain't bloodthirsty, and I'm not going  
to say we shall be miserable when it's all over, but while it's  
going on we like it. There's risks everywhere, even with  
the quietest jobs. I knew a chap once as drove a goat-cart

for children at the seaside, and one day when the wind  
was strong it blew off his hat, and he got to chasing it, and  
before he knew where he was he'd gone over the cliff. A  
careful man he was, too, but he hadn't reckoned up that  
particular chance when he put his savings into a goat and  
a two-wheeled cart. You can't think of everything, even if  
you happen to be a Kaiser. I've heard, by the way, that  
you ain't paid so badly for *your* job of Kaisering; and old  
Uncle Franky over in Austria, he rakes 'em in, too, but we  
don't call you a mercenary pair, though what drove you to  
take up the business is more than I can make out.

I don't want you to go and make no mistake. You've  
stirred us up a bit with all your talk, but we've got no  
grudge against your soldiers. We don't *hate* 'em. They're  
good fighting men, though I'm not saying that we ain't  
better, and good fighting men don't hate one another. We  
got one of your blokes the other day. He came on with  
the attack, and when we'd beaten it off, there he was still  
coming on. He'd dropped his rifle and his helmet was off,  
and he was groping about with his hands, and he wasn't  
shouting "Hock! Hock!" but he didn't stop. We didn't  
loose off at him, there was something so funny about him,  
and in another minute he tumbled in right atop of us and we  
took him. He told us afterwards he'd lost his spectacles  
and couldn't see a yard in front of him, and that was the  
reason for his being so brave. He talked English, too, but  
in a funny way, slow and particular and like as if he'd got  
a bit of suet pudding in his mouth. Well, we soon made  
him snug and tidy and then we started to pull his leg and  
fill him up, and he swallowed it all down. We told him  
something had gone wrong with the beefsteak pie and the  
jam tartlets and the orange jelly, and he'd have to satisfy  
himself with his own rations; but to-morrow there'd be a  
prime cut of mutton and an apple-tart; and he believed all  
our fairy tales and said he'd write the story of the English  
army's food if ever he got home alive. He was a learned  
man too, but his lost spectacles gave him a lot of trouble.  
The end of it was we made quite a pet of him, and we were  
quite sorry when we got relieved and took him to the rear  
and handed him over as a prisoner. There wasn't any  
hatred about it. Yours, COCK-EYED DICK.

## REPATRIATION.

AN interesting alien, he charmed our hours of ease,  
Being either Blue Hungarian or Purple Viennese,  
And he cut a gorgeous figure in his blue (or purple) suit  
As he coaxed enticing noises from (I think it was) the flute.

If his name upon the programme ever chanced to be defined,  
It was Otto Heinrich Ollendorf, or something of the kind,  
But his casual conversation served surprisingly to show  
That the accent of Vienna much resembled that of Bow.

When the rumour ran that battle was a-going to begin,  
He was heard to say *his* country would inevitably win  
(Had it chanced that in my presence such an insult had  
been said,

As he wasn't able-bodied, I'd have punched the beggar's  
head).

He declined in public favour; it was rumoured he was sent  
To keep watch upon our doings as he puffed his instrument,  
And we said, "Eject this alien, let him soothe the savage  
breast

In a beer-house at Vienna or a band at Budapest."

But the way was not so lengthy to his own, his native land;  
And where British flautists whistle in a wholly British band  
He performs as well as ever, and confesses to the town  
(With no fear of unemployment) that his proper name is  
Brown.





Tommy (reaching flooded trench lately occupied by the enemy). "WELL, THEY SAY THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE 'OME; BUT IT'S A BLOOMIN' UNCOMFORTABLE PLACE TO MAKE SUCH A FUSS ABOUT LEAVIN'!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Sinister Street*, Vol. II. (SECKER) is a book for which I have been waiting impatiently this great while, and I welcomed it with eagerness. The first volume left off, you may remember, with *Michael* just about to go up to Oxford. Knowing what Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE could do with such a theme, I have anticipated all these months that to watch his hero at the university would be to renew my own youth. The book has appeared now, and I am justified of my faith. I say without hesitation that the first half of this second volume (which, by the way, to show that it is a second volume and not a sequel, starts at page 499) is the most complete and truest picture of modern Oxford that has been or is likely to be written. For those who, like myself, have their most cherished memories bound up with the life of which it treats, the actuality of the whole thing would make criticism impossible. But as a matter of fact these seventeen chapters seem to me to show Mr. MACKENZIE'S art at its best. They display just that strange combination of realism and aloofness that gives to his writing its special charm. No one has ever (for example) reproduced more perfectly the talk of young men; and this scattered speech, in what Mr. MACKENZIE himself might call its infinitely fugacious quality, contrasts effectively with the deliberate, somewhat mannered beauty of the setting. Mr. MACKENZIE is an overlord of words, old and new, bending them to strange and unexpected uses, yet always avoiding affectation by the sheer vitality of his strength. As for the matter of these first chapters, one might say that nothing whatever happens in them. They are an

epic of adolescence wherein growth is the only movement. Events are for the second half of the volume. Here *Michael* has come down from Oxford, and has set himself to find and rescue by marriage the girl *Lily*, whom (you remember) he loved as a boy, and who has since drifted into the underworld. About this part of the story I will only say that, though the art is still there and the same haunting melody of style, Mr. MACKENZIE has too strong a sense of atmosphere to allow him to treat squalor in a fashion that will be agreeable to the universe. Frankly, the over-nice will be prudent to take leave of *Michael* on the Oxford platform. The others, following to the end, will agree with me that he has placed his creator definitely at the head of the younger school of English fiction.

For me, the pleasure of travelling consists less in the sight of museums, cathedrals, picture galleries and landscapes, than in the study of the native man in the street and his peculiar ways. When abroad, "I am content to note my little facts," and so is Mr. GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM; in fact, it was he who first thought of mentioning the matter. The reverend canon tours in the U.S.A., which is, when you come to think of it, about the only safe area for the purpose nowadays; he observes the manners and oddities of the Americans, whether as politicians, pressmen, hustlers, holiday-makers, hosts, undergraduates, husbands or wives, and remarks upon them, in *Connaught to Chicago* (NISBET), with just that quiet and unboisterous humour which his public has come to demand of him as of right. His first chapter shows that he has ever in mind the multitude of his fellow-countrymen who have, in the past, made the same journey but for good and all. This memory leads



him at times into excessive praise of his subjects, especially the ladies, and so to apparent disparagement of his people at home. For my part I vastly prefer the Irish, men, women and children, in Ireland to all or any of their relatives and friends elsewhere; for when they leave their island their humour runs to seed and loses that detachment and delicacy which constitute its unique charm. That Mr. BIRMINGHAM, however, was not nearly long enough abroad to suffer this deterioration, must be patent to all who linger over this happy book.

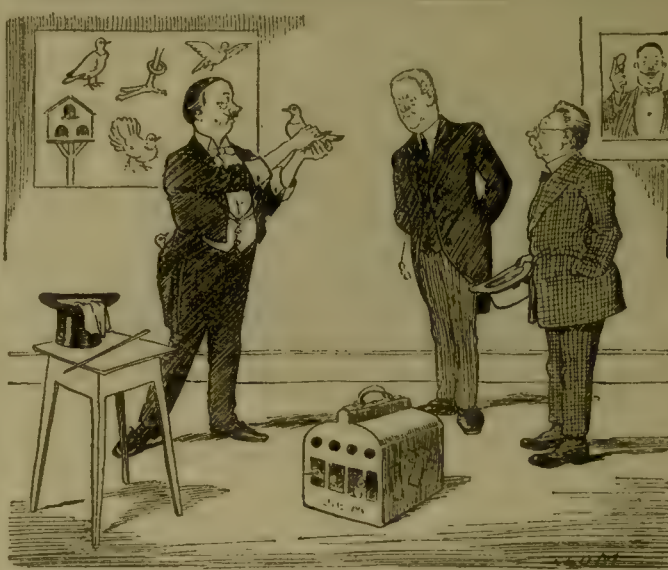
If Miss JESSIE POPE receives her just reward, she will soon have to put a notice in the daily papers to the effect that she is grateful for kind enquiries, but is unable at present to answer them. For I think that any enterprising boy who reads *The Shy Age* (GRANT RICHARDS) will forthwith make it his business to find out the name of the school at which *Jack Venables* amused himself, and that even if unavoidable circumstances prevent him from going there he will, at any rate, remain disgruntled until he can place his finger upon it on the map. After reading these tales of school and holiday life, I can only say that the school which harboured me must have been a dull place, and that I should now like to return there for a term at least—I doubt if I should be allowed to stay longer—and liven things up. Miss POPE starts with one great advantage over men who write of boys' schools, because the critics cannot say that her work is autobiographical, and then proceed to "recognise" most of her characters. That is the terror lurking by day and night for any man who dares to write a school-tale. On the other hand, although Miss POPE has fitted herself remarkably well into the skin of *Jack Venables*, who tells these stories but is not (thank goodness) the hero of most of them, she has not been able entirely to avoid what I must call Papal touches. For instance, I do not believe that a boy of *Jack's* age and character would use the word "feasible," and a special society would have to be started for the prevention of cruelty to any boy who ventured to talk of his "aunties." On the whole, however, she has a fine understanding of boy-nature, and if there are some improbabilities in these ingenious stories, she is armed with the crushing retort that the chief characteristic of any properly equipped boy is his improbability.

POSSIBLY owing to some personal disinclination towards violent bodily exertion on the part of his creator, *Father Brown*, the criminal investigator of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON's fancy, is not a fellow of panther-like physique. For him no sudden pouncing on the frayed carpet-edge, or the broken collar-stud dyed with gore. He carries no lens and no revolver. Flashes of psychological insight are more to him than a meticulous examination of the window-sill. When the motive is instantly transparent, why bother about the murderer's boots? In the circumstances it is perhaps fortunate for the reverend sleuth that he nearly always

happens to be in either at the death or immediately after it, instead of being summoned a day or two later when the grotesque circumstances of the crime have baffled the panting ingenuity of Scotland Yard. You find him now in this part of England, and now in that, now in America, and now in Italy. He is, in fact, a hedge-priest and has not even a cure of souls in Baker Street. But wherever he goes with his flapping hat and his umbrella he chances on some fantasy of guilt. Yet any pangs we may feel for the absence of the familiar setting—the pale-faced butler in the guarded dining-room of the country-house and the staggered minions of the local constabulary—are assuaged by the brilliant narrative manner in which *The Wisdom of Father Brown* (CASSELL) is set forth. Here is the paradoxical world of Mr. CHESTERTON's imagination described in his own verbiage and proved by actual and grisly events. In that starry dream of a detective story which I sometimes have, where sleuth-hounds are pattering along the Milky Way and pursue at last the Great Bear to

his den, *Father Brown* and *Sherlock Holmes*, the one spectacled, the other lynx-eyed, are following the prey in leash.

Should you, among wild by-ways of Donegal or Connemara, meet a procession composed of *Patsy McCann* the Tinker and the Ass and *Mary* with *Finnian* the Archangel, *Caellia* the Seraph, *Art* the Cherub, *Rileen* or *Cooley* (a savage lady of easy morals), *Billy the Music*, the Seraph *Cuchulain* and *Brien O'Brien*, a lost soul who had a threepenny-bit stolen on him by *Cuchulain* that same, you would guess there's only one living man could be behind it—to wit JAMES STEPHENS, *Crock-of-*



GERMAN SPIES TAKING LESSONS FROM CONJURER IN THE ART OF CONCEALING PIGEONS.

*Gold* STEPHENS. Fantastic things indeed happen in *The Demi-Gods* (MACMILLAN), which is a kind of inspired nightmare, a sort of Chestertonian inconsequence done into Gaelic, a little less violent and with a little less malt, but even less coherent. At the risk of being reckoned among the egregiously imperceptive I would ask Mr. STEPHENS solemnly whether he is not in danger of letting his fancy take bit between teeth and land him in some bog of sheer literary chaos. The most distant of the futurists notwithstanding, there must be some rules to the game or you don't get your work of art. When those modern wizards of the halls set themselves to a piece of *bizarre* juggling, say, with a string of pearls, a dumb-bell and a rose-petal, they do toss and catch—don't merely let everything just drop. Mr. STEPHENS will know what I mean without caring overmuch. There's something in it all the same. Anyway, there really are in *The Demi-Gods* delicate shy pearls and grams of the authentic gold of the original *Crock*. And after all it wasn't written for middle-aged gentlemen of the Saxon tribe.

#### Another Impending Apology.

"The Shipton family were too well known for anything to be said in their praise."—*Burton Advertiser*.



# CHARIVARIA.

ENVER PASHA, in a proclamation to the Turkish troops, says: "The army will destroy all our enemies with the aid of Allah and the assistance of the Prophet." It is rumoured that the KAISER is a little bit piqued about it.

We learn from a German paper that, since the brave Ottomans have discovered that their Culture and that of the Germans are one, many Englishmen who live in Crescents are crying out in fury for an alteration of their addresses.

According to a Berlin journal, about 2,000 players of orchestral instruments have been thrown out of employment by the war. It is suggested that, with a view to providing them with more employment, reverses as well as victories should be musically celebrated in the capital.

We are glad to see that the names of battles in Belgium show a tendency to become more cheery. The other day, for instance, we had the battle of the Yperlee—and we may yet have a battle of Yip-i-yaddy-i-yay.

It is rumoured that a compromise has been arrived at in regard to the proposal, emanating from America, that the war shall be stopped for twenty-four hours on Christmas Day. The combatants, it is said, have agreed to fire plum-puddings instead of cannon-balls.

Among the promotions which we do not remember seeing gazetted is that of KARL GUSTAV ERNST, a German barber-spy. At the Old Bailey, the other day, Mr. Justice COLERIDGE promoted him to be a Steinhauer or stone-hacker.

## "MIRACLE" PRODUCER KILLED.

Daily Chronicle.

This is unfortunate for the Germans, for if ever they needed a miracle it is now.

"Information that has come into our possession," says *The Grocer*, "proves to our satisfaction that Germany has been receiving plentiful supplies of tea from our shores through neutral countries since the outbreak of hostilities." The italics are ours: the satisfaction appears to be our contemporary's.

A cynic sends us a tip for the recruiting department of our army. "Why go for the single man?" he asks. "We may expect just as much courage from the married man. He has already proved his pluck."

## "HOW DE WET ESCAPED. A MISSING LINK IN THE CORDON."

Observer.

The Germans, who have already been calling the Allied forces "The Menagerie," should appreciate this item.

Angry newspaper men are now calling a certain institution the Sup-press Bureau.

A solicitor having announced that

## The End of the Press Bureau.

"Members of several guilds carried their banners in the procession which went round the church to the accompaniment of impressive music and the swinging of censors."

South Western Star.

If this had got about, there would have been a bigger crowd at the ceremony. As it was, Fleet Street was taken by surprise, and only had time to prepare a few fireworks for the evening.

"Among other public buildings in a certain town which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning . . . on a day and date which I need not trouble to repeat . . ."

No, this is not from our Special Representative behind the Front; it is the opening passage of *Oliver Twist*, and shows what a splendid War Correspondent DICKENS would have made.

## Teuton Anatomy.

"The clay feet of Germany will be revealed when we take off the gloves."—Mr. ARNOLD WHITE in *The Sunday Chronicle*.

So that's where they wear them.

"Questioned with reference to a letter written by him to Steinhauer, in which he said, 'The name of the gentleman in Woolwich Arsenal is —,' the prisoner said that was a false name."

Times.

It's a very silly name anyway.

"The announcement issued by the Press Bureau that carrier pigeons are to be used

officially for certain purposes is an extremely interesting reversion to what we had regarded as almost premature ways of carrying news."

Westminster Gazette.

Not so premature as the WOLFF method.

## More Information for the Enemy.

"BRITAIN'S SUGAR SUPPLY.  
SUFFICIENT FOR EIGHT MOUTHS."

Aberdeen Evening Gazette.

We insist on providing one of them.

"Now came the drums and fifes, and now the blare of the brass instruments, and continuously the singing of the soldiers of 'Die Wacht am goose step, while the good linges of of Brus-Rhein.'"—*Adelaide Advertiser*.

A good song, but (so it has always struck us) a clumsy title.

Extract from Army Routine Orders, Expeditionary Force, Nov. 9th:—

"It is notified for information that shooting in the Forest of Clairmarais and certain portions of the adjacent country is preserved." Clever Germans are now disguising themselves as pheasants.



THE RULING PASSION.

Customer. "BRING ME SOME SOUP, PLEASE."

Waitress (absent-mindedly). "YES, SIR; PURL OR PLAIN, SIR?"

he is prepared to make the wills of the men of a certain regiment free of charge, another enterprising legal gentleman, not to be outdone, would like it to be known that he is willing to act as residuary legatee without a fee.

In his interesting sketch, in *The Times*, of the PRINCE OF WALES' career at the University the PRESIDENT of Magdalen mentions that His Royal Highness "shot at various country houses round Oxford." We hope that this will not be quoted against the PRINCE by a spiteful German Press, should any bullet marks be found one day on the walls of some castle on the Rhine.

It came as quite an unpleasant surprise to many persons to learn from Mr. ASQUITH that the War is costing us a million pounds a day, that being more than some of us spend in a year.



## THE PRICE OF PATRIOTISM.

HELEN and I are economising; so the other evening we dined at the Rococo.

"That's no economy," you cry; so let me explain.

In common with most other folk who are not engaged in the manufacture of khaki, or rifles, or Army woollens, or heavy siege-guns (to which I had not the foresight to turn my attention before the war came along), we have found it necessary to adopt a policy of retrenchment and reform; and one of our first moves in this direction was to convert *Evangeline* from a daily into a half-daily. *Evangeline* is not a newspaper but a domestic servant, and before the new order was issued, she had been in the habit of arriving at our miniature flat at 7.30 in the morning (when it wasn't 8.15), and retiring at 9 in the evening.

Now, however, *Evangeline* goes after lunch, and Helen, who has bought a shilling cookery book, prepares the dinner herself.

On the day in question Helen suddenly decided to spend the afternoon repairing a week's omissions on the part of *Evangeline*. It proved a veritable labour of Hercules, the flat being, as Helen with near enough accuracy gave me to understand, an "Aegæan stable." Tea-time came, but brought no tea. Shortly before seven Helen struck, and declared (this time without any classical metaphor) that she wasn't going to cook any dinner that evening. Not to be outdone, I affirmed in reply that even if she did cook it I wasn't going to clear it away. So we cleaned and adorned ourselves and groped our way to the Rococo.

We were both too tired to go to the trouble of choosing our dinner, and it was therefore that we elected to make our way through the *table-d'hôte*, to which we felt that our appetite, unimpaired by tea, could do full justice. Luxuriously we toyed with *hors-d'œuvre*, while the orchestra patriotically intimated that ours is a Land of Hope and Glory; blissfully we consumed our soup, undeterred by repeated reminders of the distance to Tipperary. It was with the fish that the trouble started.

At the second mouthful it began to dawn upon me that what the band was playing was the *Brabançonne*. I looked around, and gathered that I was not alone in the realisation of that fact; for one by one my fellow-diners struggled hesitatingly to their feet, and stood in awkward reverence while the National Anthem of our brave Belgian Allies was in course of execution. I looked at Helen, and Helen looked at

me, and we both tried not to look too regretfully at our plates as we also adopted the prevailing pose. Not one note of that light-hearted anthem did the orchestra miss, and when it was over the warmth in our hearts almost compensated for the coldness of our fish. We decided to jump at once to the *entrée*.

Whatever else may be said of the *Marseillaise*, there can be no mistaking its identity. The first bar sufficed to bring the whole room to attention, and a promising dish of sweetbreads shared the fate of its predecessor. Before the final crash had ceased to reverberate we sat down with a thump, resigning ourselves to the prospect of doing double justice to the joint. But the orchestra was not so lightly to be cheated of its prey. True, we held out as long as possible while the Russian Hymn began to unfold its majestic length, and Helen actually managed to convey a considerable piece of saddle of mutton to her mouth while she was in the very act of rising. That joint, however, was soon but a memory of anticipation, and our hunger was still keen upon us when the funeral strains of the Japanese Anthem coincided with the arrival of a wild duck. I had always harboured secret doubts of the advisability of Japan's joining in the War, and now they were intensified many times. Cold wild duck is an impossibility even to a hungry man.

Ice-pudding, though scarcely satisfying, seemed to warrant the expectation that it would at least survive whatever further ordeal the band had in store for us. But that hope too was doomed to extinction. When *God Save the King* smote the air the growing lethargy of the company of diners vanished, and all joined with a will in the recital of all its verses. In the glow of loyal enthusiasm that filled the room the ice gradually melted, and as we surveyed the fluid mess upon our plates we knew that our dinner was gone beyond recall.

Wearied and unappeased we crept home through the City of Dreadful Night. I found a remnant of cold beef and some pickles in the kitchen, and on this we went to bed. I slept but little, and on five occasions watched Helen, who has dreams, get out of bed and stand to attention.

Of course it might have been worse; for the musicians of the Rococo evidently had not learnt the national airs of Serbia and Montenegro; and Portugal had not then been drawn into the War. But until the trouble is over I shall avoid restaurants which harbour an orchestra. As you say, it is no economy.

## TO MR. BERNARD JAW.

ILLUSTRIOUS Jester, who in happier days  
Amused us with your Prefaces and Plays,  
Acquiring a precarious renown  
By turning laws and morals upside down,  
Sticking perpetual pins in Mrs. Grundy,  
Railing at marriage or the British Sunday,  
And lavishing your acid ridicule  
On the foundations of imperial rule;—  
'Twas well enough in normal times to sit  
And watch the workings of your wayward wit,  
But in these bitter days of storm and stress,  
When souls are shown in all their nakedness,  
Your devastating egotism stands out  
Denuded of the last remaining clout.  
You own our cause is just, yet can't refrain  
From libelling those who made its justice plain;  
You chide the Prussian Junkers, yet proclaim  
Our statesmen beat them at their own vile game.

Thus, bent on getting back at any cost  
Into the limelight you have lately lost,  
And, high above war's trumpets loudly blown  
On land and sea, eager to sound your own,  
We find you faithful to your ancient plan  
Of disagreeing with the average man,  
And all because you think yourself undone  
Unless in a minority of one.

Vain to the core, thus in the nation's need  
You carp and cavil while your brothers bleed,  
And while on England vitriol you bestow  
You offer balsam to her deadliest foe.

Extract from a commercial traveller's letter to his chief:—

"DEAR SIR,—On Wednesday next I want you to allow me the day off: My wife having lost her mother is being buried on that date and I should like to attend the funeral."

Extract from a child's essay on CROMWELL:—

"In his last years, Cromwell grew very much afraid of plots, and it is said that he even wore underclothes to protect himself."

We wonder if the KAISER knows of this.





CARRYING ON.









*The Worst Character in the village (who has repeatedly been pressed by the inhabitants to enlist). "I DUNNA BELIEVE THERE AIN'T NO WAR. I BELIEVE IT'S JUST A PLOT TO GET ME OUT OF THE VILLAGE."*

### THE AWAKENING.

"HERE no howitzers speak in stern styles,  
Light and gay is the leathern bomb,  
We pay our sixpences down at the turnstiles,  
And that is our centre, name of Tom;  
Wild thunder rolls  
When he scores his goals,  
And up in the air go Alf and Ern's tiles;  
But what is this rumour of war? Whence cometh  
it from?"

So said Bottlesham, best of cities  
Watching the ball from seats above.  
"Belgium ruined? A thousand pities!  
Bother the KAISER'S mailed glove!"  
But it left no stings  
When they heard these things,  
Though they wept as the brown bird weeps for Itys  
On the day that the Wanderers whacked them two  
to love.

Suddenly then the news came flying,  
"English mariners meet the Dutch,  
Tars interned, with the neutrals vieing,  
Beaten at Gröningen." Wild hands clutch  
At the evening sheets  
And the swift pulse beats;  
Is the fame of HAWKE and FROBISHER dying?  
The heart of the town is stirred by the NELSON touch.

Six—five. It's true. And the tears bedizen  
The smoke-stained cheeks, and there comes a scream,  
"If our English lads in a far-off prison  
Are matched one day with a German team  
And the Germans win,  
They will say in Berlin

That a brighter than all our stars has risen;  
Will even the Bottlesham Rovers stand supreme?

"Infantry, cavalry, guard and lancer—  
Who on that day will bear the brunt,  
With twinkling feet like a tip-toe dancer  
Dribbling about while the half-backs grunt?  
There is only one

Who can vanquish the Hun!"  
And Bottlesham town with a cry made answer,  
"There is only one; we must send our Tom to the  
front." EVOE.

### A RIVAL OF "TIPPERARY."

WHILE much has been written of the songs that inspire  
our own brave troops on the march, little is heard of those  
affected by our Allies.

Happily Mr. Punch's Special Eye-witness with General  
Headquarters in the Eastern Area has been enabled to send  
us the words of a song which, set to an old Slav air, is  
rendered with immense *élan* by the gallant Russians as  
they go into battle. It is as follows:—

It's a hard nut is Cracow,  
It's a hard nut to crack,  
But it's not so hard to crack, oh!  
When once you've got the knack.  
Good-bye, Przemyśl;  
Farewell, Lemberg (Lwow);  
It's a hard, hard nut to crack is Cracow,  
But we'll soon crack it now.

By the more cultured Russian regiments, *i.e.*, those  
recruited in the neighbourhood of the German frontier, the  
last line is rendered:—

But we'll crack it right off,  
to rhyme with Lvoff—the correct pronunciation of Lwow,  
according to a contemporary.



## AT THE PLAY.

## KING HENRY IV., PART I.

I COMMEND Sir HERBERT TREE'S obvious desire to do his duty as an actor-manager and a patriot. His true intent is all for our good; and he supports his choice of a play in which *Falstaff* is the central obsession by a printed quotation from the words of "That Wise Ruler Queen Elizabeth of England," where she says: "'Tis simple mirth keepeth high courage alive." But yet he does not convince me that he has chosen wisely here. For in the first place we are not closely interested in civil war, as we came near to being in the dim Ulster period; and patriotism, which it is his object to encourage, is like to remain unaffected by a play in which our sympathies are fairly distributed between rebel and royalist. In the second place I cannot believe that the glorification of drunkenness and braggadocio in the person of *Falstaff* can directly assist the cause (which at this moment needs all the help it can get) of sobriety and self-respect.

Having made this protest I have little but praise for the performance itself, though I think Sir HERBERT TREE'S own lethargy was not wholly to be excused by the hampering rotundity of his girth; and that all this deliberate sword-play, where you wait till your enemy has got his right guard before you arrange a concussion between your weapon and his, fails to impose itself as an image of War. But it was no fault of the actors if we suffered a further loss of actuality by the incredible amount of fine poetry and rhetoric thrown off by military men at junctures calling for immediate action.

I also venture to make my complaint to the author that the *Falstaff* scenes are given too great a dominance, diverting us from the main issue so long that at one time we almost lost count of it; and that the picture of that fat impostor lying supine in a simulation of death within a few feet of the fallen body of the heroic *Hotspur* was repellent to one's sense of the proprieties.

Mr. MATHESON LANG was a brave figure as *Hotspur*; but, after lately seeing that other keen actor, Mr. OWEN NARES, in the part of a modern intellectual discussing the ethics of War, I could not quite get myself to believe in him as *Prince Hal*. He spoke some of his lines with a fine ardour, but he was too high-browed and slight of body, and it was unthinkable that he could ever have persuaded *Hotspur* to die at his hands.

Sir HERBERT TREE affected an almost proprietary interest in the bibulous

humours of *Falstaff*, presenting them with an easy and leisurely restraint; and Mr. BASIL GILL both in form and manner made a quite good *King*. The minor parts upheld the standard of His Majesty's; and a pleasant rattling of steel and shimmer of mail ran through the scenes of active service. Mr. PERCY MACQUOID had seen to it that the period was there, and Mr. JOSEPH HARKER had taken good care that the jewelry of SHAKESPEARE'S verse should have the right setting,



The King (Mr. BASIL GILL) reclaims young Harry (Mr. OWEN NARES) from old Harry (the Devil).

though I could easily have mistaken his Gadshill scene for a section of the Lake Country. O.S.

## A GRIEVANCE.

NOTHING is too good for our fighting men. Let my subscription to that axiom be complete; and yet—

Well, it is like this. A man who is only a year or so too old for active service, but feels as fit and keen as a boy, has so many opportunities for regretting his enforced civilism and absence from the arena that it is hard when additional ones are thrust upon him.

He may do his best at home. He may guard gasworks, or organise funds, or campaign as an enlistor, or visit the hospitals; but all the time he is conscious that being here is so different from being there. It galls him day and night, and the only thing that can help him at all is the society of lovely women, and now he has lost that!

I hate to grumble, and I have, I believe, shouldered my share of the new

taxes like a man, but I am not made of such stern stuff as to be superior to all human aid, and in my own case the mortification of non-combating, which now and then becomes depressingly acute, is to be alleviated only in this way. Nice women must do their part.

But do they? No. They did at first, but no longer.

Let me tell you. The other evening I found myself one of the complacent hosts of a party of merry chattering young women, who seemed to be quite satisfied with our attention. All of us were just beginning to be very jolly, and I had actually forgotten my hard destiny of inactivity, when who should come into the room but an officer on crutches, who happened to be an acquaintance of each of our guests but was unknown both to me and my other just too elderly male friends. In an instant we were alone, and alone we remained for certainly half an hour, while every attention was being paid by our guests to that other. When at last they tore themselves away and returned, their conversation was wholly confined to their wounded friend's adventures, and we need not have been there at all, except to pay the bill.

Now it is no fun to me to deceive anyone but myself, and hence I shall not go about with my arm in a sling and win sympathy and attention to which I am not entitled; but I do appeal to all the young women to have a little pity on some of us compulsory stay-at-homes. Nothing is too good for our fighting men. I repeat it. But just a tiny spark of animation might be retained in the feminine eye when it alights upon an old friend who is debared from taking arms. Just a spark, otherwise we shall go into a melancholy decline.

## Smart Work.

"Owner gone to the front, friend offers his Wolseley . . . £165, an extraordinary opportunity." Advt. in "Autocar."

If we were not confident that we should be wrong in putting upon these words the sinister interpretation which they invite, we shouldn't envy the advertiser when the owner returns.

From verses in *Punch*, October 21st:—

"We have made progress near to Berry au Bac.

And on our right wing there is nothing new."

From the French official report, November 12th:—

"We have also made some progress around Berry au Bac."

And on the right wing there was nothing new.





### UNRECORDED SCENES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS ATTEND A CLASS FOR THE PURPOSE OF LEARNING TO PRONOUNCE CORRECTLY THE PHRASE: "WE SHALL NOT SHEATHE THE SWORD UNTIL, ETC., ETC."

#### FAN.

Fan, the hunt terrier, runs with the pack,  
A little white bitch with a patch on her back;  
She runs with the pack as her ancestors ran—  
We're an old-fashioned lot here and breed 'em like Fan;  
Round of skull, harsh of coat, game and little and low,  
The same as we bred sixty seasons ago.

So she's harder than nails, and she's nothing to learn  
From her scarred little snout to her cropped little storn,  
And she hops along gaily, in spite of her size,  
With twenty-four couples of big badger-pyes:  
'Tis slow, but 'tis sure is the old white and grey,  
And 'twill sing to a fox for a whole winter day.

Last year at Rook's Rough, just as Ben put 'em in,  
'Twas Fan found the rogue who was curled in the whin;  
She pounced at his brush with a drive and a snap,  
"Yip-Yap, boys," she told 'em, "I've found him, Yip-Yap;"

And they put down their noses and sung to his line  
Away down the valley most tuneful and fine.

'Twas a point of ten miles and a kill in the dark  
That scared the cock pheasants in Fallowfield Park,  
And into the worry flew Fan like a shot  
And snatched the tit-bit that old Rummage had got;  
Floop, little Fan with the patch on her back,  
She broke up the fox with the best of the pack.

#### FOR THE CHILDREN.

[The Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, where many Belgian children are now being cared for, is in very urgent need of funds to enable it to maintain its beneficent work. The Treasurer will gladly receive and acknowledge any subscriptions that may be sent.]

O generous hearts that freely give,  
Nor heed the lessening of your store,  
So but our well-loved land may live,  
Much have you given—give once more!

For little children spent with toil,  
For little children worn with pain,  
I ask a gift of healing oil—  
Say, shall I ask for it in vain?

For, since our days are filled with woe,  
And all the paths are dark and chill,  
This thought may cheer us as we go,  
And bring us light and comfort still;

This, this may stay our faltering feet,  
And this our mournful minds beguile:—  
We helped some little heart to beat  
And taught some little face to smile. R. C. L.

"MONITORS AT WORK OFF KNOCKE," says *The Daily Mail*,  
and by way of reply the Germans knocked off work.



## THE PATRIOT.

THIS is a true story. Unless you promise to believe me, it is not much good my going on . . . You promise? Very well.

Years ago I bought a pianola. I went into the shop to buy a gramophone record, and I came out with a pianola—so golden-tongued was the manager. You would think that one could then retire into private life for a little, but it is only the beginning. There is the music-stool to be purchased, the library subscription, the tuner's fee (four visits a year, if you please), the cabinet for the rolls, the man to oil the pedals, the—however, one gets out of the shop at last. Nor do I regret my venture. It is common talk that my pianola was the chief thing about me which attracted Celia. "I must marry a man with a pianola," she said . . . and there was I . . . and here, in fact, we are. My blessings, then, on the golden tongue of the manager.

Now there is something very charming in a proper modesty about one's attainments, but it is necessary that the attainments should be generally recognized first. It was admirable in STEPHENSON to have said (as I am sure he did), when they congratulated him on his first steam-engine, "Tut-tut, it's nothing;" but he could only say this so long as the others were in a position to offer the congratulations. In order to place you in that position I must let you know how extraordinarily well I played the pianola. I brought to my interpretation of different Ops an *élan*, a *verve*, a *je ne sais quoi*—and several other French words—which were the astonishment of all who listened to me. But chiefly I was famous for my playing of one piece: "The Charge of the Uhlans," by KARL BOHM. Others may have seen Venice by moonlight, or heard the Vicar's daughter recite *Little Jim*, but the favoured few who have been present when BOHM and I were collaborating are the ones who have really lived. Indeed, even the coldest professional critic would have spoken of it as "a noteworthy rendition."

"The Charge of the Uhlans." If you came to see me, you had to hear it. As arranged for the pianola, it was marked to be played throughout at a lightning pace and with the loudest pedal on. So one would play it if one wished to annoy the man in the flat below; but a true musician has, I take it, a higher aim. I disregarded the "FF's" and the other sign-posts on the way, and gave it my own interpretation. As played by me, "The Charge of the Uhlans"

became a whole battle scene. Indeed, it was necessary, before I began, that I should turn to my audience and describe the scene to them—in the manner, but not in the words, of a Queen's Hall programme:—

"Er—first of all you hear the cavalry galloping past, and then there's a short hymn before action while they form up, and then comes the charge, and then there's a slow bit while they—er—pick up the wounded, and then they trot slowly back again. And if you listen carefully to the last bit you'll actually hear the horses limping."

Something like that I would say; and it might happen that an insufferable guest (who never got asked again) would object that the hymn part was unusual in real warfare.

"They sang it in this piece anyhow," I would say stiffly, and turn my back on him and begin.

But the war put a stop to music as to many other things. For three months the pianola has not been played by either of us. There are two reasons for this: first, that we simply haven't the time now; and secondly, that we are getting all the music we want from the flat below. The flat below is learning "Tipperary" on one finger. He gets as far as the farewell to Leicester Square, and then he breaks down; the parting is too much for him.

I was not, then, surprised at the beginning of this month to find Celia looking darkly at the pianola.

"It's very ugly," she began.

"We can't help our looks," I said in my grandmother's voice.

"A bookcase would be much prettier there."

"But not so tuneful."

"A pianola isn't tuneful if you never play it."

"True," I said.

Celia then became very alluring, and suggested that I might find somebody who would like to be lent a delightful pianola for a year or so by somebody whose delightful wife had her eye on a delightful bookcase.

"I might," I said.

"Somebody," said Celia, "who isn't supplied with music from below."

I found John. He was quite pleased about it, and promised to return the pianola when the war was over.

So on Wednesday it went. I was not sorry, because in its silence it was far from beautiful, and we wanted another bookcase badly. But on Tuesday evening—its last hours with us—I had to confess to a certain melancholy. It is sad to part with an old and well-tried friend, particularly when that friend is almost entirely responsible for your marriage. I looked at the

pianola and then I said to Celia, "I must play it once again."

"Please," said Celia.

"The old masterpiece, I suppose?" I said, as I got it out.

"Do you think you ought to—now? I don't think I want to hear a charge of the Uhlans—beasts; I want a charge of our own men."

"Art," I said grandly, "knows no frontiers." I suppose this has been said by several people several times already, but for the moment both Celia and I thought it was rather clever.

So I placed the roll in the pianola, sat down and began to play . . .

Ah, the dear old tune . . .

Dash it all!

"What's happened?" said Celia, breaking a silence which had become alarming.

"I must have put it in wrong," I said.

I wound the roll off, put it in again, and tried a second time, pedalling vigorously.

Dead silence . . .

Hush! A note . . . another silence . . . and then another note . . .

I pedalled through to the end. About five notes sounded.

"Celia," I said, "this is wonderful."

It really was wonderful. For the first time in its life my pianola refused to play "The Charge of the Uhlans." It had played it a hundred times while we were at peace with Germany, but when we were at war—no!

We had to have a farewell piece. I put in a waltz, and it played it perfectly. Then we said good-bye to our pianola, feeling a reverence for it which we had never felt before.

\* \* \* \* \*  
You don't believe this? Yet you promised you would . . . and I still assure you that it is true. But I admit that the truth is sometimes hard to believe, and the first six persons to whom I told the story assured me frankly that I was a liar. If one is to be called a liar, one may as well make an effort to deserve the name. I made an effort, therefore, with the seventh person.

"I put in 'The Charge of the Uhlans,'" I said, "and it played 'God Save the King.'"

Unfortunately he was a very patriotic man indeed, and he believed it. So that is how the story is now going about. But you who read this know the real truth of the matter.

A. A. M.

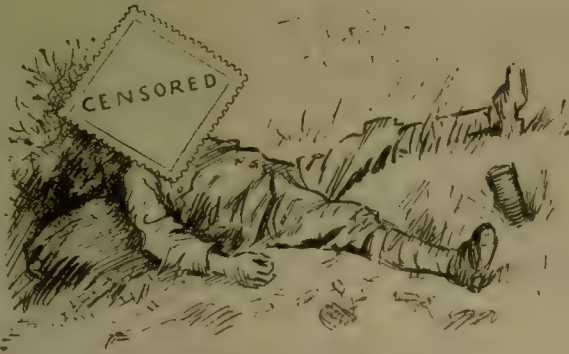
### Things worth waiting for.

"Other pictures are announced, among them 'Tribby,' with Sir H. Beerbohm Tree in the title rôle."—*Blackheath Local Guide.*

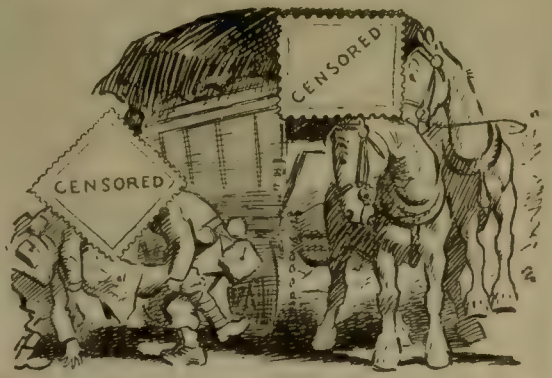


THE TRUTH ABOUT —.

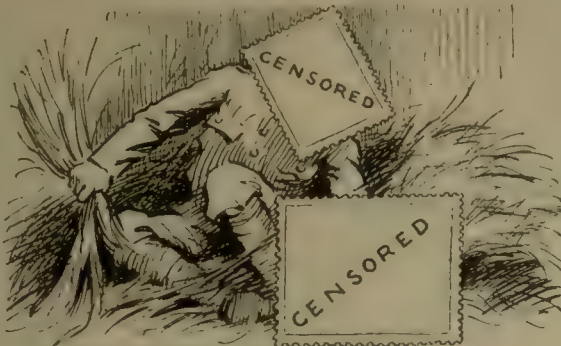
FACSIMILE SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT —.



FOR THREE DAYS — LAY WOUNDED.



WAS PICKED UP BY — AND PLACED IN PASSING WAGON.



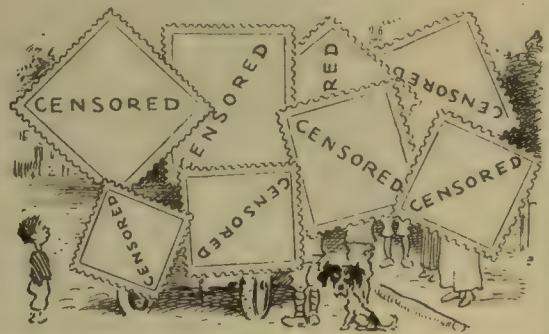
DISCOVERED THEREIN A QUANTITY OF HIDDEN —.



THE EXPRESSION ON THE DRIVER'S FACE TOLD HIM —.



AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE HE OVERCAME THE DRIVER AND DROVE WAGON TO —.



HE FOUND THE VILLAGE DAMAGED. THE ABOVE SKETCH GIVES THE EXACT POSITIONS OF — AND —. TO THE RIGHT OF THE — CAN BE SEEN THE RUINS OF THE —.



IGNORING THE —'S FIRE HE RAN FOR SEVERAL MILES;



AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH — WHO SAID —.



To the Memory  
of  
Field-Marshal Earl Roberts  
of Kandahar and Pretoria.

BORN, 1832.

DIED, ON SERVICE AT THE FRONT, NOV. 14TH, 1914.

He died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,  
Mindful of England in his latest prayer;  
God, of His love, would have so fair a life  
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,  
But, as of old, among his own he went,  
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,  
A courage still unspent.

So was his end; and, in that hour, across  
The face of War a wind of silence blew,  
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss  
Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay  
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier?  
What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,  
Would he have held most dear?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft;  
Not vain regret for counsel given in vain;  
Not pride of that high record he has left,  
Peerless and pure of stain;

But service of our lives to keep her free,  
The land he served; a pledge above his grave  
To give her even such a gift as he,  
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell  
His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,  
And through the mist the guns he loved so well  
Thunder a last salute! O. S.





## A PATTERN OF CHIVALRY.

THIS WAS THE HAPPY WARRIOR. THIS WAS HE  
THAT EVERY MAN IN ARMS SHOULD WISH TO BE.









MR. SPENLOW ASQUITH EXPLAINS TO MASTER WALTER LONG THAT "STATE OF THINGS COMPLAINED OF IS ENTIRELY DUE TO MONSIEUR JORKINS POINCARÉ."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, 16th November.*—"Let us think imperially," said DON JOSÉ in a famous phrase. Just now we are thinking in millions. Suppose it's somewhere about the same thing. Anyhow PREMIER to-day announced with pardonable pride that we are spending a trifle under a million a day in the war forced upon mankind by the Man Forsworn. To meet necessities of case he asked for further Vote of Credit for 225 millions and an addition of a million men to Regular Army.

Here was a chance for a great speech. Never before had English Minister submitted such stupendous propositions. Some of us remember how, thirty-six years ago, DIZZY, by way of threat to Russia, then at war with Turkey, created profound sensation in town and country by asking for Vote of Credit for six millions. At close of Boer War HICKS-BEACH, then Chancellor of Exchequer, launched a War Loan of 30 millions. 'Twas thought at the time that we were going it, taking a long stride towards national Bankruptcy Court. Now it is 225 millions in supplement of a hundred millions

voted in August. Moreover, the two together do not carry us further than end of financial year, 31st of March. Then we shall begin again with another trifle of same dimensions or probably increased.

How Mr. G., had he still been with us, would have revelled in opportunity for delivering an oration planned to scale! How his eloquence would have

glowed over these fantastic figures! HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH (had he been consulted at the font, he would certainly have objected to useless waste of time involved in a second baptismal name) spoke for less than quarter of an hour, submitting proposals in baldest, most business-like fashion. He wanted the men and he wanted the money too. Fewer words spoken the sooner he would get them. So, avoiding tropes and flights of eloquence, he just stood at Table, a sort of humanized ledger, briefly set forth items of his account, totalled them up and sat down.

WALTER LONG, following, voiced general dislike for prohibition that keeps War Correspondents out of fighting line in Flanders. Deprecated risk of circulating information useful to the enemy, but insisted, amid cheers from both sides, that there might be published letters from the front free from such danger "that would bring comfort and solace to the people and would do more to attract recruits than bands and flag-parading throughout the country."

Speaking later in reply, Mr. Spenlow ASQUITH, while sympathising with WALTER LONG's desire, explained that state of things complained of is entirely due to Monsieur Jorkins Poincaré.



WEDGWOOD BENN S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE.



"We are not free agents in this matter," he said. "We must regulate our proceedings by the proceedings of our Allies."

*Business done.*—Vote of Credit for 225 million and authority to raise another million men for Army agreed to without dissent.

*Tuesday.*—Lords and Commons united in paying tribute to the life, lamenting the death, of Lord ROBERTS—"BOBS," beloved of the Army, revered in India, mourned throughout the wide range of Empire. Even in Germany, where hatred of all that is English has become a monomania, exception is made in his favour. "There are moments," writes a sportsman in the German Press, "when the warrior salutes the enemy with his sword instead of striking with it. Such a moment came with the death of Lord Roberts."

Speeches in both Houses worthy of the occasion. Brief, simple, genuine in emotion, they were well attuned to the theme. One of the happiest things said was uttered by BONAR LAW: "In his simplicity, in his modesty, in his high-minded uprightness, and in his stern detestation of everything mean and base, Lord ROBERTS was in real life all, and more than all, that Colonel Newcome was in fiction."

PREMIER proposed that on Monday House shall authorise erection of monument at the public charge to the memory of the Great Soldier. When motion formally put from Chair heads were bared in farewell salute of the warrior taking his rest.

Not the least touching note of eloquence was supplied during proceedings in House of Lords. It was the empty seat at the corner of the Front Cross Bench where on rare occasions stood the lithe erect figure, in stature not quite so high as NAPOLEON, modestly offering words of counsel.

*Business done.*—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, presenting himself to favourable consideration of crowded House in homely character of coalheaver filling bunkers of a battleship, introduced second Budget of the year. Upon consideration House comes to conclusion that one is quite enough, thank you. Proposals in Supplementary Budget are what *Dominie Sampson* might, with more than customary appropriateness and emphasis, describe as "Prodigious!" Faced by deficiency of something over three-hundred-and-thirty-nine-and-a-half millions, CHANCELLOR launches War Loan of two hundred and thirty millions and levies additional fifteen-and-a-half millions in taxation.

*Items:* Income Tax doubled; three-pence a pound added to tea; a halfpenny clapped on price of every modest half-pint of beer consumed.

*Wednesday.*—Monotony of truce in respect of Party politics varied by wholesome heartening game. It consists of hunting down the German spies and chivving the HOME SECRETARY. Played in both Houses to-night. In the Lords HALSBURY attempted to make Lord CHANCELLOR's flesh creep by disclosure of existence of "ingenious system of correspondence" carried on between alien spies and their paymaster in Berlin. HALDANE replied that the matter had been closely investigated; turned out there was "nothing in it."



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "IN HOMELY CHARACTER OF COALHEAVER FILLING BUNKERS OF A BATTLESHIP."

CRAWFORD fared no better. Imperturbable Lord CHANCELLOR assured House that the military and civil authorities in Scotland were cognisant of rumours reported by noble Lord. Every case that seemed to warrant investigation had been looked into. Was found that many were based on hearsay. Impossible to find evidence to establish charges made.

Nevertheless, LONDONDERRY, having dispassionately thought the matter over, came to conclusion that conduct of HOME SECRETARY was "contemptible."

This opinion, phrased in differing form, shared on Opposition Benches in Commons. PREMIER explained that business of dealing with aliens is not concentrated in Home Office; is shared with the War Office and the Admiralty. Of late, on suggestion of Committee of Imperial Defence, there has been established at War Office an Intelli-

gence Department in correspondence with the Admiralty and assured of assistance of the Home Office wherever necessary.

That all very well. Hon. Members and noble Lords in Opposition not to be disturbed in their honest conviction that McKENNA is at the bottom of the bad business.

*Business done.*—On suggestion of BONAR LAW and on motion of PREMIER Select Committee appointed to consider scheme of pensions and grants for men wounded in the war, and for the widows and orphans of those who have lost their lives.

*Friday.*—Like MARLBROOK, WEDGWOOD BENN *s'en va-t-en guerre*. Has sallied out with a troop of Middlesex Hussars to "join our army in Flanders," where, according to contemporary testimony, once upon a time it "swore terribly." His Parliamentary services, supplemented by the Chairmanship of Committee controlling disposition of National Relief Fund, might seem sufficient to keep him at home. But valour, like murder, will out. So, as old *John Willett*, landlord of the Maypole Inn, Chigwell, used to say when asked of the whereabouts of his son, "he has gone to the Salwanners, where the war is," carrying with him the good wishes of all sections of House and an exceptionally full knowledge of the intricacies of the Insurance Act.

Many gaps on Benches on both sides. SARK tells me there are seven-score Members on active service at the Front. One of the first to go was SEELY, at brief interval stepping from position of Head of British Army to that of a unit in its ranks.

News of him came the other day from Private JAMES WHITE, of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, now in hospital at Belfast. Wounded by fragments of a shell, WHITE lay for an hour where he fell. Then he felt a friendly hand on his shoulder and a cheery voice asked how he was getting on.

It was Colonel SEELY bending over him, regardless of heavy shell fire directed on the spot by German batteries. He gave the wounded Fusilier a cigarette, helped him to get up and assisted him to his motor-car, in which he had all day been engaged in conveying wounded to French hospital in the rear.

"He is the bravest man I ever met," said Private JAMES WHITE. "He was as cool as the morning under fire, cheering us all up with smiles and little jokes."

*Business done:*—Report of Supply.





### THE AIRCRAFT CRAZE.

"ULLO, YOU FEILERS! WOT YER COME DOWN FOR? MORE PETROL?"

### A RECRUITING BALLAD.

[Recruiting in country districts is languishing because the folk hear nothing of their regiments, and local attachment is very strong. Unfortunately this ballad had to be founded on material supplied by the C—r. However, the permitted references to Germans ought at any rate to convince the public that the ballad has no connection whatever with the late Boer War.]

<p>This is the tale of the Blankshires bold, the famous charge they made;            This is the tale of the deeds they did whose glory never will fade;            They only numbered <i>X</i> hundred men and the German were thousands (<i>Y</i>),            Yet on the battlefield of <i>Z</i> they made the foeman fly.</p>	<p>For Colonel O. was struck by a shell and wounded was Major Q.,            And half a hostile army corps came suddenly into view;            And hidden guns spat death at them and airmen hovered to kill,            But the Blankety Blanks just opened their ranks and charged an (unnamed) hill.</p>
<p>Calm and cool on the field they stood (near a town—I can't say where);            Some of them hugged their rifles close but none of them turned a hair;            The Colonel (I must suppress his name) looked out on the stubborn foe,            And said, "My lads, we must drive them hence, else <i>A + B</i> will go."</p>	<p>Half of their number fell on the hill ere they reached the German trench;            Général J— cried out: "Très bon"; "Not half," said Marshal F—;            An angry Emperor shook his fist and at his legions raved,            And then (the C—r lets me say) the cheery Blankshires shaved.</p>
<p>Then each man looked in his neighbour's face and laughed with sudden glee            (The Briton fights his very best for algebra's formulæ);            The hostile guns barked loud and sharp (their number <i>I</i> cannot give),            And no one deemed the Blankety Blanks could face that fire and live.</p>	<p>Rally, O rally, ye Blankshire men, rally to fill the gaps;            Seek victories (all unknown to us), bear (well-suppressed) mishaps;            And when you've made a gallant charge and pierced the angry foe            Your names won't get to your people at home, but BUCKMASTER will know.</p>



## OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

II.

THE truth is that the Belgians in Crashie Howe are enjoying a *succès fou*. There is the enterprising Marie, who thinks nothing of going off on her own, on the strength of an English vocabulary only a fortnight old, overwhelming the stationmaster and boarding an ambulance train full of wounded Belgians at the local station to ask for news of her brothers. (We were all delighted when an adventurous letter miraculously arrived from the Pas de Calais on Saturday and reported that both brothers were well and unwounded.) There is Victor, who, although only thirteen, is already a *pupille d'armée* and has a uniform quite as good as any fighting man. I can tell you he has put our Boy Scouts in the shade. But Victor is afraid the war will be over before he is old enough to get at it.

Then, again, there is the small Juliette, who is dark, with a comfortable little face constructed almost entirely of dimples, and, at the age of eight, has been discovered knitting stockings at a prodigious pace while she looked the other way. I am afraid Juliette is being held up as an example to other children of the neighbourhood, but I think her great popularity may well survive even that. And there is Louis, who is a marvel at making bird-cages, and Rosalie, whose pride is in the shine of her pots and pans. They are all doing well.

Rosalie, it is true, has had a fearful bout of toothache, so bad that she had to retire to bed for a day. When Dr. Anderson, whose French is very good, had successfully diagnosed the trouble and told her that the only cure was to have the tooth out, she plaintively replied that she had thought of that herself, but, alas, it was impossible, for "it was too firmly implanted." For my part I sympathised with Rosalie—I have often felt like that.

The grandmother rather likes to sit apart, beaming, far from the general throng, and it was for that reason that I selected her at the very outset to practise on in private. I tried her more than once in my sadly broken French; I even went further and tried her in rapidly-improvised Flemish. Whenever I felt I was at my best I used to go and have a turn at her, and, although she smiled at me like anything and was awfully pleased, I never elicited the slightest response. Now I know that she is almost stone deaf and hasn't heard a word I have said. As I came sadly away after this discovery there occurred to my mind the

story of him who undertook to train a savage in the arts of civilization, only to learn, after some years of disappointing, unrequited toil, that his victim was not only a savage but also a lunatic. I don't mean that to be disrespectful to *Grandmère*—it is only a parallel instance of good work thrown away.

We are learning a good deal that is new about the art of knitting. One thing is that the Flemish knitter cannot get on at all comfortably unless the needles are long enough to tuck under her arms. I may safely say that I never dreamt of that. At first they fumbled about unhappily with our miserable little needles, but the ship's carpenter—who makes the bird-cages—has found quite an ingenious way out. He has mounted all the needles at the end of a sort of stilt or leg of cane (like a bayonet), and since this innovation they are working at a speed which, even in these days of universal knitting, would be pretty hard to beat.

The children are really getting on famously at school. A very touching little romance was enacted there one day. Eugène and Pierre, belonging to different families, arrived in our midst on different days and did not chance to meet each other at first. At school they happened to be put, away from their compatriots, in the same room. Eugène is eight and Pierre seven. It was, you may well guess, pretty lonely work for a small Belgian in a roomful of Scotch boys, but both bore up bravely. The subject, as I understand, was simple addition (which knows no frontiers and looks the same in any language), and there is no whispering or secret conversation in our school, I can tell you. There they sat side by side for two hours, each contemplating the other as an alien, each smothering pent-up feelings of home-sickness. And then suddenly, at a single Flemish word from the schoolmaster, the moment of revelation came; it dawned on both of them at once that they were not alone, and, rising to their feet, they embraced with tears of joy.

"Broeder!" cried Eugène.

"Broeder!" echoed Pierre.

That was nearly a week ago. By now Pierre is beginning to treat Eugène in a slightly off-hand manner. He has hardly time for him. He has so many Scotch friends.

"During the night a terrific gale raged in Manchester and surrounding districts, hail and sleet being accompanied by a torrential rainfall varied by Pendleton, Eccles, Seadley and other lightning."—*People*.

"Eccles lightning is the best."—(*Advt.*).

## THE IMMORTAL LEGEND.

IN the House of Commons on November 18, Mr. KING asked the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR whether he could state, without injury to the military interests of the Allies, whether any Russian troops had been conveyed through Great Britain to the Western area of the European War.

Mr. TENNANT's reply:—"I am uncertain whether it will gratify or displease my hon. friend to know that no Russian troops have been conveyed through Great Britain to the Western area of the European War."

The firm and faithful believers in this beautiful tale are not to be put off so easily as that, and there are so many thousands of faces to be saved, and such numbers of ear- (if not eye-) witnesses of the undying exploit, that we really must see if there is not after all some loophole in the official pronouncement. Let us pause for further scrutiny and meditations.

Why, of course, here it is. The UNDER-SECRETARY merely states his imperfect knowledge of the bias of Mr. KING. He does not know whether his questioner is one of the ardent souls who are ready to pass along and adorn the latest legend from the Clubs, or a cold-blooded sceptic fit only to be a Censor.

No, we are not to be done out of our Russians by any mere UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR; certainly not one who is capable of such prevarication. And anyhow, why should the Germans do all the story-telling?

## THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST END.

"A PROTEST.—Is there any reason why the War should be made an excuse for the abandonment of the niceties of life? Dining at a West-End restaurant nowadays one might well imagine oneself in America, from the variety and incongruity of the dress of the male patrons."—*Advt.* in "The Times."

WE fear that the protest is only too well justified. Indeed, much more might be revealed were it not for the heavy hand of the C—r. Our special representative reports:—

To the O.C., *Punch* Battalion, Bouverie Brigade, Fleet Division, E.C., of London Reserves.

*A City on the river T—s.*  
*Nov. the —teenth.*

Carrying out your order No. 69A, I made a night reconnaissance in force. I have the honour to report that at dinner at a certain hotel two hundred yards east by north of railway base C—g X, I counted only five boiled shirts. Have reason to suspect that



they were subsidised by the management, and were worn by Stock Exchange members thrown out of employment by the War and endeavouring to supplement their private incomes.

The rest of the male costumes were mainly khaki. One man entered dining-room with Buffalo Bill hat decorated with maple-leaf and A.M.S. (Athabasca Mounted Scalpers), which he deposited on chair next to him. The only nut present endeavoured to remove this object. The A.M.S. man touched his hip-pocket significantly, and said: "The drinks are on you."

At the table next to him was a group of South American magnates in tweed suits decorated with large buttons reading: "No me habla de la guerra!" If the man from Athabasca should start conversation with them about the war, it seemed probable that gun-fighting would ensue. I therefore enfiladed the position and took cover. However, the sergeant-waiter tactfully shifted a palm into screening position between the two tables, and thus averted the spreading of the War to Latin America.

Similar state of affairs existed in stalls of certain theatre within outpost distance of P—y C—s. Ladies were openly knitting socks and intimate woollen garments between the Acts. Management seemed powerless to restore the conventions of peace-time.

At the C—n Tavern the bar-tender had pasted notice on mirror behind him: "This Saloon closes at ten sharp. Gents are kindly requested not to start nothing here." The announcement seemed to have been effective, for very few bullet-marks were to be noted.

By midnight, L—r S—e and R—t S—t were comparatively clear of dagos. This was due to efforts of street-cleaning corps (3rd County of L—n Light Horse).

## THE NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

MEDICAL SCIENCE SUPERSEDED.

A CORRESPONDENT in whose accuracy we place the highest trust informs us of very remarkable results which have been achieved by the adoption of a new means of alleviating pain and suffering invented by a lady in London. This lady being suddenly taken with lumbago was in great agony until she remembered our soldiers at the front, and thought how much worse was a wound, and instantly, our correspondent is informed, some of her own distress left her. The case has been investigated by several eminent inquirers and they are satisfied with her story.

Meanwhile evidence of a similar nature comes from other parts of the



Recruiting Officer (to brawny pitman who has just passed his medical examination).  
"WHAT REGIMENT DO YOU WISH TO JOIN?"

Pitman. "I DON'T CARE."

Officer. "SURE YOU HAVE NO PREFERENCE?"

Pitman. "WELL, PUT ME IN ONE O' THEM THAT SPIKES THE BEGGARS."

country, in every case recording a sense of personal well-being, though only comparative, and an increased disinclination to complain, upon the realisation of what it must be to be a soldier just now—whether up to his knees in a flooded trench, or sleeping on the wet ground, or lying in agony waiting to be picked up and taken to a hospital, or being taken to a hospital over jolting roads, or going without meals, or having to boil tea over a candle-flame, or awakening from the operation and finding himself maimed for life.

Nor is the lenitive of this little effort of imagination confined to bodily ills;

for a well-authenticated case reaches us of a notoriously mean man of wealth who was not heard to utter a single word of grumbling over the new war taxes after realising what the soldier's burden was too. Hence Mr. Punch is only too happy to give publicity to the discovery.

## The Spy Danger.

Extract from a letter written by an East Coast resident:—

"The authorities are now looking for a grey motor-car, driven by a woman, who is thought to have a wireless apparatus inside."

R.A.M.C. forward, please.



### THE LAST BOTTLE.

I HAD been drilling all the morning, and had spent the whole of the afternoon squirming face downwards on the moist turf of Richmond Park in an endeavour to advance, as commanded, in extended order. In the morning—that is during compressed drill—I had been twice wounded. Owing to lack of education a famous novelist had confused his left hand with his right, with the result that when we were right-turned he had dealt me a terrific blow on the ear with the barrel of his rifle. It soon ceased to be an ear, and became of the size and consistency of a muffin. My second casualty was brought about by a well-known orchestral conductor, who however confidently he could pilot his players through the most complicated Symphonic Poem was invariably out of his depth whenever the ranks being turned about, he was required to form fours. His manoeuvre that morning had been a wild and undisciplined fugue, culminating in an unconventional *stretto* upon an exceedingly dominant pedal-point, that is to say, his heel on my toe.

Consequently when I arrived home in the evening, wet, soiled, hungry and maimed, I felt that I needed a little artificial invigoration. A bright idea occurred to me as I was waiting for the bath to fill.

"Joan," I cried, "don't you think I might open Johann to-night?" Joan, who had been trying to decide whether it would not be more advisable to have my sweater dyed a permanent shot-green and brown, demurred.

"I thought your anti-German conscience would not permit you to open Johann until after the war's over," she called back.

"My anti-German conscience has been severely wounded," I replied. "It hasn't sufficient strength to hold out much longer. In a few seconds it will surrender unconditionally."

"Be brave," urged Joan. "Just think how proud you will be in days to come when you look back to this evening and realise how, in the face of

the most terrible temptations, you triumphed!"

"That's all very fine," I remarked, "but to-night I feel I need Johann medicinally. If I don't have him, there may be no days to come. Do be reasonable. Do you suppose that if the KAISER, for instance, were bitten by a mad dog—a real one, I mean—that his anti-Ally conscience would forbid his adoption of the Pasteur treatment?"

"Then if you really feel the need of a special refresher," said Joan, "at least let me send Phoebe out for a

Bank Holiday after a strenuous day on the tennis courts. Later, when hostilities had started all round I had taken a terrible oath that nothing of German or Austrian origin should be used in our household until Peace broke out. This necessitated the sacrifice of at least four inches of breakfast sausage and the better part of a box of Carlsbad plums. Johann, being intact, was merely interned. But at that time I had not anticipated that some three months later I should be exhausted by long and tiring drills and manoeuvres.

However, on this night my body cried aloud for Johann's refreshing contents. I did not care two pins that he had been manufactured on the banks of the Rhine, or that he was the product of alien and hostile hands. After all, it wasn't Johann's fault; and besides, surely he had been long enough in England to become naturalised. At any rate it was both prejudiced and illogical to assume that Johann was my enemy solely because he happened to be born in Germany.

The bath took some time to fill. The taps, I think, wanted sweeping. But during the time that elapsed I made up my mind. Johann should be opened. I slipped on my dressing-gown and went in search of him. When I had secured him I met Joan on the landing; she was just going down to dinner.

"Haven't you had your bath yet?" she asked. "Hurry up and—oh! you've got Johann!"

"Yes," I said. "I have decided that there is no evidence to prove that he is not a naturalised British bottle. I am going to open him."

"You renegade!" Joan cried. "If you dare so much as to loosen his cork I'll—I'll give you an Iron Cross."

"I'm desperate," I answered. "I would still open Johann even if you threatened me with the Iron Cross of both the first and the second class."

"Coward!" said Joan. "Still, if you're really determined to open him, remember half belongs to me."

A moment later I had poured half the contents of Johann—his full name is Johann Maria Farina—into my bath.



The Sentimentalist (who has received socks from England). "SHE LOVES ME; SHE LOVES ME NOT."

bottle of some friendly or neutral substitute."

A vivid recollection of Phoebe's being despatched once before in an emergency for mustard and returning with custard flashed through my mind.

"She's much too unreliable," I cried. "She'd get bay rum, or something equally futile. It must be Johann or nothing."

"Then," said Joan, "let us say nothing"—an ambiguity of which I determined to take full advantage.

Johann, I must now explain, was the sole survivor of six small bottles of the genuine Rhine brand which Joan's uncle (who is in the trade) had given her last Christmas. Number Five had been opened on the evening of August





She. "THIS BE A TERRIBLE WAR, DOCTOR."

She. "IT'S A PITY SOMEONE DON'T CATCH THAT THERE OLD KRUGER."

She. "AW—CHANGED HIS NAME, HAS HE—DECEITFUL OLD VARMIN?"

He. "IT IS, INDEED."

He. "AH, YOU MEAN THE KAISER."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* (MACMILLAN) that impenitent pamphleteer, H. G. WELLS, returns yet again to the intriguing subject of marriage, and in a vein something nearer orthodoxy. Not, certainly, that worthy stubborn orthodoxy of accepted unquestioned doctrine, or that sleeker variety of middle-aged souls that were once young, now too tired or bored to go on asking questions, but an orthodoxy rather that is honest enough to revise on the evidence earlier judgments as too cocksure and hasty. *Sir Isaac Harman* was a tea-shop magnate, and a very pestilent and primitive cad who caught his wife young and poor and battered her into reluctant surrender by a stormy wooing, whose very sincerity and abandonment were but a frantic expression of his dominating egotism and acquisitiveness. Wooing and winning, thinks this simple ignoble knight, is a thing done once and for all. Remains merely obedience in very plain and absolute terms on the part of lady to lord, obedience which, in the last resort, can be exacted by withholding supplies—not so uncommon a form of blackmail as it suits the dominant sex to imagine. *Lady Harman's* emancipation does not take the conventionally unconventional form, for some deeper reason, I think, than that her sententious friend and would-be lover, *George Brumley*, could not altogether escape her gentle contempt; indeed, she recognises *Sir Isaac's* claims upon her for duty and gratitude in a way which modern high-spirited priestesses of progress would scarcely approve. She fights

merely for a limit to the proprietorship, for the right to a separate individuality, the right to be useful in a wider sphere (a phrase that stands for so much that is good and less good). Mr. WELLS has realised this gracious, shy and beautiful personality with a fine skill. It is no mean feat. He might so easily have made a dear mild ghost. And oh! if ladies of influence who regiment their inferiors in orderly philanthropic schemes had some of the wisdom and tolerance of *Lady Harman* in her dealings with the tea-shop girls. You see one instinctively pays Mr. WELLS the serious compliment of assuming that he has something material to say about the things which matter.

As a demonstration of the irony of history, I can hardly imagine a better subject for romance at the present moment than the fortunes of WILLIAM OF ORANGE, and if Miss MARJORIE BOWEN's *Prince and Heretic* (METHUEN) shows some traces of having been rather hastily finished it is easy to pardon this defect. The alchemist's assistant, part seer and part quack, whom she introduces into the earlier part of the story foretells the violent deaths of the young princes of the house of Nassau and the ravaging and looting of the Netherlands by ALVA, Defender of the Catholic Faith and servant of the House of Hapsburg; but he cannot conjure up out of his crystal the sight of a Catholic Belgium suffering these things, three hundred and fifty years later, at the hands of a Lutheran King allied with a Hapsburg and fighting for the sake of no cause but his own vanity. Most of the action takes place in Brussels—a Brussels placarded with squibs against CARDINAL



GRANVILLE; and the final retreat of WILLIAM, ruined in everything except his spirit, to join the army of the PRINCE DE CONDÉ, has a pathetic significance to-day that not many historical romances can claim. Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has a remarkable gift for the presentation of a number of lifelike portraits against a vivid and gorgeous background, and the successive pictures of the Dutch and Flemish Schools which she creates in *Prince and Heretic*, make it, if not quite so successful as *I Will Maintain*, at least a book which no lover of the Lowlands can afford to miss.

*Our Sentimental Garden* (HEINEMANN) is one of the very pleasantest garden-books I have encountered. One reason for this is that it is about such a lot of other things besides gardens. Volumes that are exclusively devoted to what I might call horticultural hortation are apt to become oppressive. But AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE are persons far too sympathetic not to avoid this danger. Instead of lecturing, they talk with an engaging discursiveness that lures you from page to page, as it might from bed to border, were you an actual visitor in the exquisite Surrey garden that is their ostensible subject. One thing with them leads to another. "Lilacs," they say. "Ah, lilacs—" and immediately one of them is started upon a whole series of rambling, DU MAURIERISH recollections of school-days in Second Empire Paris. Kittens and Pekinese puppies, village types, politics (just a little) and Roman villas—all these are the themes of their happy talk. "The Garden Garrulous" they might have called the book; and I for one have found it infinitely charming. Not that shrewd hints upon the choice of roses, the marshalling of bulbs, and other such aspects of the theme proper are wanting. Moreover, what they tell of garden triumphs is at once realised for you by a prodigality of drawings scattered among the text, some glowing in a full page of colour, others in line alone, from the pencil and brush of Mr. CHARLES ROBINSON. Altogether a very gentle book, of which one may echo the hope expressed by the writers in their graceful preface that "some unquiet heart, labouring under the strain of long-drawn suspense," may find in it "a passing relaxation, a forgotten smile."

Ernest students of military history should be grateful to Mr. EDWARD FOORD for the patient labour and perseverance he has spent on the compilation of *Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812* (HUTCHINSON). The book appears at a most opportune date, for most of us nowadays are military critics, and here we can, if we like, compare the Russian

methods of 1812 with those of 1914. On the other hand, in these strenuous days we may not have the time, even if we have the inclination, to devote ourselves to campaigns a hundred years old. For my own part, while frankly admitting the value of this book, I confess that I had sometimes to skip in an endeavour to avoid being bewildered by names and numbers. Using this desultory mode of progression I was still abundantly informed and profoundly interested. Mr. FOORD is out to give facts, however tedious, and I agree with him that it is the business of an historian to be accurate before he is entertaining. Yet I could have wished that he had been less parsimonious with his human appeals, for whenever he unbends he can be at once interesting and informing. The struggles of BARCLAY DE TOLLY against jealousy and intrigues are vividly told, and nothing could be

more graceful than the tribute Mr. FOORD pays to the memory of that great soldier, General EBLÉ. It is impossible to read the history of this disastrous campaign without being impressed by the terrible penalties of overweening arrogance and ambition, and without realising the flaming spirit of patriotism that has glorified, and will always glorify, the Russians in time of national peril.

In *A Morning In My Library* ("TIMES" Book Club), Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE has put together an anthology of English prose which has some high advantages to recommend it to popular favour even in what the compiler calls "these tumultuous times." It is a small book and fits easily into a coat pocket; it is well and clearly printed, and, best of



Old Lady (to wounded Officer). "OH, SIR, DO YOU 'APPEN TO 'AVE 'EARD IF ANY OF YOUR MEN AT THE FRONT 'AS FOUND A PAIR OF SPECTACLES WOT I LEFT IN A 16 'BUS IN THE EDGWARE ROAD?"

all, the selection is admirably made and does credit to Mr. COLERIDGE's taste. Every extract bears the stamp of inspiration, a quality difficult to define but unmistakable. RALEIGH's invocation to Death; JOHNSON's preface to the Dictionary; NAPIER's description of the battle of Albuera; RICHARD SHIEL's appeal on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN's immortal speech at Gettysburg—all these are to be found, and many more; and all go to show the might, majesty, dominion and power of that great language which it is our privilege to speak. I think we shall value that privilege a little more highly and shall endeavour to place a more careful restraint on our tongues and our pens after we have dipped through Mr. COLERIDGE's little book. He is a judicious guide, and such explanations as he adds are always short and never tiresome. Yet it must in fairness be added that KING CHARLES's head, in the shape of an anti-vivisection footnote, has once, but only once, crept into the "memorial." However the fault is such a little one that those who love noble English prose will easily forgive it.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER, we hear, has had much pleasure in not bestowing the Iron Cross on Herr MAXIMILIEN HARDEN, the editor of *Zukunft*, who, in a recent article, suggested that the Germans should give up the pretence that they did not begin the War.

Mr. CECIL CHISHOLM, in his biography of our Commander-in-Chief, draws attention to the fact that both Sir JOHN FRENCH and General JOFFRE are square men. This, no doubt, accounts for the difficulty the enemy has in getting round them.

The author also mentions that the subject of his biography is known as "Lucky French," though few persons understand the full appropriateness of the epithet. It was Sir JOHN LUCK who first gave him a chance of distinguishing himself.

"Before Christmas," says a German journal, "Londoners will have become familiar with the spectacle of seeing their public buildings guarded by German blue-jackets." This, of course, must refer to the interior of our prisons.

We hear that as a result of the raid by British airmen on the Zeppelin base at Friedrichshaven, the place has now been placarded with notices announcing that foreign aeroplanes are *verboten* there.

It is announced that the proposal at Lewisham to change the name of Berlin Road has been rejected by the residents. This is unfortunate, as the only effect can be to put fresh heart into the Germans.

The Russians having objected to being called a steam roller, the London and North Western Railway have tactfully taken their fast engine "Teutonic" and re-christened her "The Tsar."

The Russians succeeded, a few days ago, in catching the *Goeben* napping. Apparently the motto of the Turkish Navy is "Let lying dogs sleep."

A writer in *The Daily Chronicle* suggests that cats, with their marvellous homing instincts, might be used for the carriage of messages in the same way

as pigeons. Not quite in the same way, perhaps; though cases of flying cats have occurred. We know one, for instance, that flew at a dog only the other day.

"EYE-WITNESS" has remarked that the Germans in France are now equipped with a gun which is quite silent. As a result of this statement a number of men who had hitherto held back as being subject to headaches are now rushing to enlist.

The advertisement of a new rifle gallery in Dublin runs as follows:—"Learn to shoot at the Dublin Rifle School. The object is to teach every man to shoot irrespective of political



Recruiting Sergeant. "WANT TO JOIN THE CAVALRY, DO YOU? KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HORSES?"

Applicant. "WOT—ME? THREE WINNERS AND A SECOND YESTERDAY! LUMME, GUV'NOR! WOT DO YOU THINK?"

views." The old order changeth. Formerly, no doubt, the rifles were sighted in one way for Unionists and in another for Nationalists.

The watchmaking industry in Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland, has, it is stated, already suffered a loss of £700,000 since the outbreak of the war. This is attributed entirely to the competition of the Watch on the Rhine.

With reference again to the Silent Guns which the Germans claim to have invented, it is only fair to point out that, before they were heard of, English artillery-men had silenced many of the noisy ones.

"FREE PASSES AND OVER-CROWNING."

*Evening Standard.*

There was some excuse for this misprint, for the offence complained of took place at the Coronation Picture Palace.

CAUTION.—The members of the Old Boys Corps simply hate being called "Old B.C.s."

Plucky little Wales again! Russia may have her Przemyśl, but it transpired in certain police-court proceedings last week that Glamorgan has her Ynysybw. We would suggest that the competition should now stop.

## THE RECRUITING PROBLEM SOLVED.

THE recruiting problem would surely be solved easily if Lord KITCHENER would send for Captain Desmond, V.C., and his legions from Lahore. It will be remembered that in a polo tournament at that military station

Captain Desmond and his team reached the final after "they had fought their way, inch by inch, through eight-and-twenty matches." (Ch. XVI., *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, by MAUD DIVER.) If we generously assume that the hero's team played in the only tie in the first round—the rest being byes—we arrive at the result that there were 268,435,457 teams or 1,073,741,828 men playing. Might not just a small percentage of these, if brought over to France, decide the issue at once in favour of the Allies? Some of the four or five billion ponies might also be utilised for remounts and for transport. Nor should the committee which successfully managed this tournament

be lost sight of. They showed a power of organisation which could scarcely fail to be of use now at the War Office.

"Rosa pulled off her hat as she spoke, throwing it carelessly on the bed, and she laughed noisily."—*Ottawa Citizen.*

This is generally supposed to be an American habit.

A censored letter from a correspondent at the Front tells us that the most popular song with our Troops is the following:—

"It's a long way to ———,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to ———,  
To the sweetest ——— I know,  
Goodbye ———, farewell ———;  
It's a long, long way to ———  
But my heart's right ———."

It will be interesting to hear further details as soon as they can be divulged without giving the position away to the enemy.



## TO THE NEUTRAL NATIONS.

If you elect to stay outside  
And run no risk, on shore or sea,  
Where men for all men's sake have died  
In this the War of Liberty  
(The same whose figure points the pilot's way,  
Larger than life, in New York Bay);—

If you prefer to fold your hands  
And watch us, at your guarded ease,  
Straining our strength to sweep the lands  
Clean of a deadly foul disease,  
Which must, unless our courage find a cure,  
Fall on your children, swift and sure;—

Stay out by all means; none shall ask  
The help that your free will declined;  
We'll bear as best we may the task  
That duty's call to us assigned;  
And you shall reap, ungrudged, in happier years  
The harvest of our blood and tears.

Only—when this long fight is done,  
And; breathing Freedom's purer air,  
You share the vantage we have won—  
Think not the honour, too, to share;  
The honour shall be theirs and theirs alone  
By whom the thrall was overthrown.

Meanwhile a boon: if not your swords,  
Give us your sympathy at need;  
Show us the friendship which affords  
At least to let its pockets bleed;  
And get your tradesmen kindly to forgo  
Their traffic with a common foe.

O. S.

## HISTORY'S REPETITIONS.

[*It may be interesting to compare modern war items with some which have been culled from our own contemporary records of the past.*]

From *The Early British Weekly*, circ: 50 B.C.:—

The Chief Druid's Fund to provide wood for our gallant troops at the Front continues to progress.

Tried yesterday for flint-and-steel signalling to the enemy, a Roman spy was convicted and axed.

News from Rome continues to show that the capital of the enemy is growing very uneasy. A force of special lictors has been enrolled to keep order in the event of a popular rising.

An account of the fighting by an Eye-Witness with the Headquarters of CASSIVELAUNUS appears on another page.

From *The Saxon Chronicle*, 878 A.D.:—

KING ALFRED has given his patronage to a scheme for sending comforts to our troops in the trenches. Contributions are already pouring in, and it is said that the KING was particularly touched by a gift of confectionery from the wife of a humble neatherd.

From *The Saxon Standard*, 1065 A.D.:—

The Norman Lie Factory continues to try to frighten us by means of invasion stories. The latest tale of terror is to the effect that a great army is to be landed at Hastings before we know where we are. We are to be crushed under the mailed fist of Normandy. The General Staff of KING HAROLD can, we think, be trusted to deal with such dangers—when they come.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. IX.

(From General VON BERNHARDI.)

ALL-HIGHEST WAR LORD,—To have received from you a letter written in your own gracious and weapon-bearing hand is an honourable privilege, under the weight of which many a General might have felt his knees tremble, and I confess that I too, though used to your Majesty's kindnesses, have not been unmoved.

Your Majesty asks me what I now think of this war of mine—I quote your words—and goes on to insinuate that in some measure the humble books that I have from time to time written, and the conversations I have held with your supreme self and with others, are responsible for what is now taking place in France, Flanders, and the Eastern seat of war. This insinuation I must with all my strength repudiate. It is true that I have been an advocate of war. For the Germans it was necessary that war should be the object of their policy in order that when the hour struck they might be able to attack their foes under the most favourable conditions and conquer them in the shortest possible time. But in saying this I made myself merely the echo of your Majesty's speeches and the faithful interpreter of your august mind. When you in words of matchless eloquence spoke of the mailed fist and bade your recruits shoot their parents rather than disobey their Kaiser, a humble General like myself could not go far wrong if he supposed that the thought of war was constantly in your Imperial mind. No other nation, I knew, had the purpose of attacking us, and I assumed therefore that if we were to gain the world-power at which we aimed we must be ready to attack other nations. Everything, however, depended on the conditions and the moment.

As for a war begun, as this war was begun, in a sudden fit of temper, I must use frankness with your Majesty and say that I never contemplated it. War against France—yes; and war against Russia, if needs must be, though even then I deny that we ought to have made ourselves the mere instrument of Austrian ambitions and allowed ourselves to be dragged into danger for the *beaux yeux* of the Ballplatz. But to manage things so ill as to make it certain that England must declare against us and that Italy must refuse to help us—this, indeed, was the master-stroke of stupidity. Your Majesty will, no doubt, say that this was the fault of BETHMANN-HOLLWEG and VON JAGOW, but I am not sure that you yourself must not share with them the responsibility, for it was you who lost your head and gave the final word—which, of course, no one else could have given. You could have spared Belgium and kept England out of the war, so as to deal with her alone at a later date, but you took the bit between your autocratic teeth, and, alas, there was nobody who could stop you.

I say again, this is not my war. I never imagined it or planned it in this way, and I decline to be made responsible for it. I wanted a war that might be quickly prosperous and as safe for Germany as any war can be—a war of which we might keep the management in our own hands with great profit to ourselves. But now, though only four months have passed, we have lost the reins and Fate has taken them up and is directing the course of things. When that happens anything may happen. It is useless, therefore, to turn round and make accusations which are not founded in reason. My system was a good one and is still good, but it cannot now be used. There is nothing for it now except to continue hammering with our heads against a stone wall, which is not an agreeable occupation even when the heads are German.

Your Majesty's faithful subject, VON BERNHARDI.





## MEN OF FEW WORDS.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS. "ÇA MARCHE?"

GENERAL JOFFRE. "ASSEZ BIEN. ET CHEZ VOUS?"

GRAND DUKE. "PAS MAL."









*Small Visitor.* "AND HOW IS YOUR MOTHER, PENELOPE?"

*Penelope.* "THANK YOU, POOR MUMMIE'S A BIT BELOW HERSELF THIS MORNING—WHAT WITH THE COOK AND THE KAISER."

## THE WATCH DOGS.

VIII.

DEAR CHARLES,—We have got a move on at last. We don't know where we are going or why we are going or even if we are really going at all. It may be that we are on our way to the Continent; it may be that we are on our way to the coast to assume the defensive; it may be that the authorities are pulling our legs and are watching from behind the hedges *en route* to see how we take it. We march on till we are told to stop. We stop till we are told to march on.

I was, as you know, in London on Sunday. Having had a trying week I sought a change of air to recuperate my health, I also sought to recover my self-respect by being saluted in my native parks. Full of the good things of this world I returned in the evening to —

[*Censor.* Now then, don't you give it away.

*Myself.* But, dash it all, he knows where I'd come from.

*Censor.* That may be, but it's not to get about where you are.

*Myself.* But I'm not there now. I'm at —

*Censor.* H'sh.]

I got to my little nest (anonymous) at 10.30 P.M. and found the following among other orders awaiting me: "Company Officers will hold their companies in readiness to move at short notice." "Will they?" I asked, and leapt lightly into my bed; never a wise thing to do when your bed consists of a stick or two and a bit of canvas . . . I was collecting myself on the floor when a corporal came in, wearing that significant, nay sinister, look which corporals assume when they bring messages from orderly room. Having cursed him roundly for the collapse of my bed (in military life you may curse anybody for anything, provided he is an inferior) I told him to proceed and let me know the worst. "We move at 8 A.M., Sir," said he. "And what is it now?" I asked. "11.5 P.M., Sir," said he. "Then," said I, "I have under nine hours to pack up all my goods, dividing them into those which I shall carry myself on my forlight-articles-only back, those which the transport will carry and those which I shall leave here for Providence to send home; to inspect my half-company, its feet, its rifles, its packs, its kit-bags and the thousand-and-one other things which are its; to feed my men and myself and gather together a day's ration for both of us and to attend to

all those little odds and ends which will inevitably crop up when one is about to leave one's headquarters and never see them again. All this must be done by 8 A.M. you say?" "The battalion will march to the rendezvous at 7.15, Sir," said he. "Reveillé at 5.30, breakfast at 6.30, and sick parade at 6.45," he concluded, adding, with sarcasm more effective than any of my own, "Good night, Sir."

I went straight to sleep. What else could I do? Obviously the suggested programme was impossible of completion in the time allotted; why then attempt it? I decided to obey orders: to reveillé at 5.30, breakfast at 6.30, and then to start getting ready and continue doing so till called for. If the worst came to the worst, I should become a sick man and parade accordingly. It struck me as I dozed off that in civil life the very last thing an invalid would attempt would be to parade.

In supposing that I should at least be thorough about my sleep, I reckoned without my old though not always welcome friend, Banner. His view is that when a crisis arrives it is up to the people involved to be at least busy, if not worse. To him commotion is essential, and he has always distrusted our adjutant because the only thing he did on



receiving telegraph orders to mobilize was to send out an orderly for a hundred cigarettes and a *Daily Mirror*. When Lieutenant Banner receives orders he at once puts his cap on, pushes it to the back of his head and passes a weary hand across a worried brow. When he has confused himself to the top of his bent he searches round for other victims. On this Sunday night ill luck directed his footsteps to my billet; seeing me in bed, he became positively aghast, though I firmly believe he was inwardly delighted to discover so depressing a sight.

You may imagine the colloquy that ensued; how he repeated to me, with a nice sense of climax, the news which I had already received from the corporal.

"It is impossible to do it," said he. "Quite," said I, turning on my other side. "But good heavens, man, you're not going to *sleep*?" he asked. "I'm going to have a try," I told him. The result of the business was that Banner eventually did all my packing for me, feeling, no doubt, that I should be left behind if he didn't. Of course he was left behind himself. Really, I suppose, I ought to be very grateful to the dear old fellow; but I have the feeling that, if he had stayed away, I should have had my sleep and everything would have arranged itself in the meantime, and would have arranged itself *rightly*.

We marched forth at break of day from that town where we have been stationed the last three months, and it shows how unavailing are these precautions for secrecy when I tell you that the local tailor was up and about before dawn collecting his unpaid accounts notwithstanding. Since then we have slept in hay-lofts, and sometimes in eligible villas, knowing the dignity and pleasure of the white sheet again. Our willy-nilly hosts are all firmly convinced that we want conversation confined to the more gruesome experiences of their friends and relations who have got mixed up in this war, but otherwise they are kindness itself. At the house I at present inhabit it is found absolutely essential that the father and the mother, three daughters, two maid-servants, the nurse, and even, I believe, the infant son, should rise from their beds at 5 o'clock when *reveillé* is, at

the whim of the G.O.C., put at that unforgivable hour. It is only myself who may lie a-bed till six!

Well, Charles, I'll let you know in due course what becomes of me, that is if I ever know myself. I see little more of the business than the backs of the files marching ahead of me, and even if I discover the names of our resting-places I have generally forgotten them in the haste of our departure. I met a man who had returned from the Continent itself and I asked him where he had been and how he got his wound. He admitted frankly that he didn't know; in fact, he said, he'd been back in England for three weeks now and no one had ever let him know whether he had been at the front



The Victor (after being admonished for un-scoutlike behaviour). "WELL, YOU MAY SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, SIR, BUT I CONSIDER IT DISTINCTLY SUBVERSIVE OF DISCIPLINE FOR AN ORDINARY PRIVATE TO CALL HIS PATROL-LEADER 'TOFFEE-NOSE.'"

or not. If they don't inform you as to your present or your past, how can you expect to be informed as to your future? Thus I may at this moment be marching forward to Belgium, or I may be merely moving to another home station, or it may all be a test of my power and organization and I may be making a wide circle which will bring me back one fine morning to my original starting-place, Tiddlyumpton.

Drop it all, a soldier ought to be told whether he is going to war or not. It would make it so much easier to know what attitude to adopt to the schoolchildren who cheer him as he marches past. Yours, HENRY.

"In its issue of 22nd instant our estimable contemporary, 'La Patria degli Italiani,' published a magnificent translation of the latest poem of Rudyard Kipling: 'Rule Britannia.'"—*Buenos Aires Standard*.

Wait till you read ROBERT BRIDGES' new work, "God Save the King."

## WAR MEMENTOES.

A THOUGHTFUL and far-reaching suggestion toward the better regulation of the currency has been made by a Mr. JAMES INNES C. ROGER. He writes to the Press in the following terms:—"It has lately struck me that a silver 10s. piece might be introduced during the war instead of (or in addition to) the paper notes now current. Although these might be objected to on the ground of size and weight, they would be interesting as a memento of the great war, especially if the obverse side bore, say, a representation of the British Fleet in action."

It seems to us that this would provide a delightful little game for the

Government, which probably has not much else to do at present, and we do not see how the proposed coins could possibly be objected to on the grounds mentioned above. On the contrary they would be most useful in a variety of ways in which the sixpence and threepenny bit are of no service whatever. In thoroughly honest households they could be employed as letter-weights or for practising the discus-throw for the next Olympic Games (if any), or for keeping open a swing door while a teatray is carried through. We hope the idea will be vigorously followed up. A 15/- piece representing the British

Army crossing the Aisne River under fire would be certain to be popular, as also would a 17/6 piece showing the arrival of the Indian Troops at Marseilles.

Something, too, might be done with our stamps. Concrete gun emplacements would look very well on the five-shilling stamp, and the desired effect of secrecy could be obtained by printing them on the back; while we would suggest for the penny stamp a design of a muffler or a mitten with crossed knitting needles in each corner. At the same time an important step could be taken toward popularizing the postal order, by printing on the obverse side of it in red the whole of the first verse of "It's a long way to Tipperary."

We only throw out these suggestions for what they are worth. Like Mr. ROGER himself our sole idea is to contribute something really useful to the pregnant deliberations of the hour.





Officer (commanding skirmishing party). "VERY SORRY TO PUT YOU OFF YOUR GAME, SIR; BUT WE HAD TO COME ACROSS HERE."  
Golfer. "DON'T MENTION IT, SIR. IT MAKES ME FEEL I'VE DONE MY BIT."

### BOOK TRADE GOSSIP.

(The following communication has been submitted to our own Special Censor, who takes the responsibility of contradicting it in every particular. Subject to this, he has no objection to publication.)

#### Paternoster Row.

In spite of the drastic regulations against dealing with the enemy it is to be feared that books from British publishing houses continue to find their way into German hands. During the early days of the invasion of Belgium an unprecedented demand for *How to Collect Old Furniture* arose in neutral countries, accompanied by enquiries for similar works dealing with silver plate, pictures and bijoutry. Suspicion respecting the ultimate destination of these books is strengthened by the fact that of late the demand has given place to urgent requests for stilts, wading-boots, and "water-wings"—a class of goods in which Paternoster Row is not keenly interested.

The esteemed *Berliner Tageblatt* has recently set itself to discover the most suitable reading for civilians during the war. One of its correspondents recom-

mends *Gulliver's Travels*, "in order to learn to know the English." That weighty point may therefore be regarded as finally settled. Meanwhile from other sources no less authentic some interesting particulars have come to light of the literary relaxations prevailing among our enemy in the field. From these it would appear that early in September General VON KLUCK received, apparently from an anonymous admirer, a copy of *The Mysteries of Paris*, in which he has been thoughtfully absorbed ever since. His Imperial master's pocket-companion takes the form of a copy of Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON'S *There and Back*, which we learn is already beginning to show signs of hard wear. Many of the gunners stationed about French and Belgian cathedral cities are reported as being seriously interested in MAX MÜLLER'S *Chips from a German Workshop*, while Mr. H. G. WELLS' *Twelve Stories and a Dream* has become almost a book of reference to the officials disseminating German wireless news.

A work of timely importance, especially to Londoners during the present lighting regulations, is promised in the course of the next few weeks. The

novelty is to take the form of a brochure from the pen of Dean INGE, and will court popularity under the arresting title, *How to be Cheerful though Gloomy*.

### THE ARCHBISHOP'S APOLOGIA.

["I resent exceedingly the gross and vulgar way in which the German Emperor has been treated in the newspapers. . . . I have a personal memory of the Emperor very sacred to me."—*The Archbishop of York*.]

HIS GRACE OF YORK maintains the KAISER'S

Merely the dupe of bad advisers,  
And, simply to avoid a fuss,  
Reluctantly made war on us.

One marvels what his Grace will say  
When, peradventure, some fine day,  
Thanks to his German friend, he hears  
York Minster crashing round his ears!

#### Foresight.

"It was stated in Dover last night that an aircraft was seen over Dungeness this evening.—*Central News*.

The Press Bureau, while permitting publication, cannot vouch for the accuracy of this statement."—*Cardiff Evening Express*.

No wonder!



## A QUESTION OF LIGHT.

As soon as Celia had got a cheque-book of her own (and I had explained the mysteries of "— & Co." to her), she looked round for a safe investment of her balance, which amounted to several pounds. My offers, first of an old stocking and afterwards of mines, mortgages and aerated breads, were rejected at once.

"I'll leave a little in the bank in case of accidents," she said, "and the rest must go somewhere absolutely safe and earn me five per cent. Otherwise they shan't have it."

We did what we could for her; we offered the money to archdeacons and other men of pronounced probity; and finally we invested it in the Blanktown Electric Light Company. Blanktown is not its real name, of course; but I do not like to let out any information which may be of value to Celia's enemies—the wicked ones who are trying to snatch her little fortune from her. The world, we feel, is a dangerous place for a young woman with money.

"Can't I possibly lose it now?" she asked.

"Only in two ways," I said. "Blanktown might disappear in the night, or the inhabitants might give up using electric light."

It seemed safe enough. At the same time we watched the newspapers anxiously for details of the latest inventions; and anybody who happened to mention when dining with us that he was experimenting with a new and powerful illuminant was handed his hat at once.

You have Blanktown, then, as the depository of Celia's fortune. Now it comes on the scene in another guise. I made the announcement with some pride at breakfast yesterday.

"My dear," I said, "I have been asked to deliver a lecture."

"What ever on?" asked Celia.

"Anything I like. The last person lectured on 'The Minor Satellites of Jupiter,' and the one who comes after me is doing 'The Architecture of the Byzantine Period,' so I can take something in between."

"Like 'Frostbites,'" said Celia helpfully. "But I don't quite understand. Where is it, and why?"

"The Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society ask me to lecture to them at Blanktown. The man who was coming is ill."

"But why you particularly?"

"One comes down to me in the end," I said modestly.

"I expect it's because of my electric lights. Do they give you any money for it?"

"They ask me to name my fee."

"Then say a thousand pounds, and lecture on the need for more electric light. Fancy if I got six per cent.!"

"This is a very sordid conversation," I said. "If I agree to lecture at all, it will be simply because I feel that I have a message to deliver . . . I will now retire into the library and consider what that message is to be."

I placed the *Encyclopædia* handy and sat down at my desk. I had already grasped the fact that the title of my discourse was the important thing. In the list of the Society's lectures sent to me there was hardly one whose title did not impress the imagination in advance. I must be equally impressive . . .

After a little thought I began to write.

### "WASPS AND THEIR YOUNG."

*"Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday, December 8th."*

"Ladies and Gentlemen—"

"Well," said Celia, drifting in, "how's it going?"

I showed her how far I had got.

"I thought you always began, 'My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen,'" she said.

"Only if the Lord Mayor's there."

"But how will you know?"

"Yes, that's rather awkward. I shall have to ask the Secretary beforehand."

I began again.

### "WASPS AND THEIR YOUNG."

*"Lecture delivered, etc. . . ."*

"My Lord Mayor, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen—"

It looked much better.

"What about Baronets?" said Celia. "There's sure to be lots."

"Yes, this is going to be difficult. I shall have to have a long talk with the Secretary . . . How's this?—'My Lord Mayor, Lords, Baronets, Ladies and Gentlemen and Sundries.' That's got in everybody."

"That's all right. And I wanted to ask you: Have you got any lantern slides?"

"They're not necessary."

"But they're much more fun. Perhaps they'll have some old ones of Vesuvius you can work in. Well, good-bye." And she drifted out.

I went on thinking.

"No," I said to myself, "I'm on the wrong tack." So I began again:—

### "SOME YORKSHIRE POT-HOLES."

*"Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday, December 8th."*

"My Lord Mayor, my Lords—"

"I don't want to interrupt," said Celia coming in suddenly, "but—oh, what's a pot-hole?"

"A curious underground cavern sometimes found in the North."

"Aren't caverns always underground? But you're busy. Will you be in for lunch?"

"I shall be writing my lecture all day," I said busily.

At lunch I decided to have a little financial talk with Celia.

"What I feel is this," I said. "At most I can ask ten guineas for my lecture. Now my expenses all the way to the North, with a night at an hotel, will be at least five pounds."

"Five-pounds-ten profit," said Celia. "Not bad."

"Ah, but wait. I have never spoken in public before. In an immense hall, whose acoustics—"

"Who are they?"

"Well, never mind. What I mean is that I shall want some elocution lessons. Say five, at a guinea each."

"That still leaves five shillings."

"If only it left that, it might be worth it. But there's the new white waistcoat. An audience soon gets tired of a lecture, and then there's nothing for the wakeful ones to concentrate on but the white waistcoat of the lecturer. It must be of a virgin whiteness. Say thirty-five shillings. So I lose thirty shillings by it. Can I afford so much?"

"But you gain the acoustics and the waistcoat."

"True. Of course, if you insist—"

"Oh, you must," said Celia.

So I returned to the library. By tea-time I had got as far as this:—

### "ADVENTURES WITH A CAMERA IN SOMALILAND."

*"Lecture delivered before the Blanktown Literary and Philo—"*

And then I had an idea. This time a brilliant one.

"Celia," I said at tea, "I have been wondering whether I ought to take advantage of your generosity."

"What generosity?"

"In letting me deliver this lecture." "It isn't generosity, it's swank. I want to be able to tell everybody."

"Ah, but the sacrifices you are making."

"Am I?" said Celia, with interest.

"Of course you are. Consider. I ask a fee of ten guineas. They cannot possibly charge more than a shilling a head to listen to me. It would be robbery. So that if there is to be a profit at all, as presumably they anticipate, I shall have a gate of at least two hundred and fifty."

"I should hope so."





## HERO-WORSHIP.

*Slightly soiled Urchin.* "PLEASE, MR. GENERAL, IF YER WOULDN'T MIND BENDIN' DAHN A BIT, ME AN' EMMA 'D LIKE TO GIVE YER A KISS."

"Two hundred and fifty. And what does that mean? It means that at seven-thirty o'clock on the night of December the 8th two hundred and fifty residents of Blanktown will turn out the electric lights in their drawing-rooms . . . PERHAPS EVEN IN THEIR HALLS . . . and proceed to the lecture-room. True, the lecture-room will be lit up—a small compensation—but not for long. When the slides of Vesuvius are thrown upon the screen——"

Celia was going pale.

"But if it's not you," she faltered, "it will be somebody else."

"No; if I refuse, it will be too late then to get a substitute. Besides they must have tried everybody else before they got down to me . . . Celia, already the Zeppelin scare has shaken your stock severely; this will be the final blow. It is noble of you to sacrifice——"

"Don't go!" she cried in anguish.

I gave a deep sigh.

"For your sake," I said, "I won't."

So that settles it. If my lecture on "First Principles in Homeopathy" is ever to be delivered, it must be delivered elsewhere.

A. A. M.

## À LA RusSE.

EVERY November, just as I am beginning to look sadly down the long vista of apple—apple-tart, apple-pudding, stewed apple and custard, apple-charlotte and apple-dumpling—that stretches all the way from now to rhubarb, come cranberries.

I had forgotten them, as I do every year, and the pinky-red that tinged the knife yesterday, as soon as it entered what I feared was an apple-tart, ran right up my arm and spread in a glow to my face. Dear cranberries!

And doubly dear just now. How did you manage it? All the way from Archangel, was it—threading your way through mines and submarines, and not a keg broken, not a cranberry exploded? Thank you, JELlicoe.

Or are you a Southern Slav, a Crim-Tartar? And did you dare the Dardanelles, give the *Goeben* the slip, and disappoint the German ganders of their sauce? Artful ally!

Where is your home, bright berry? What are your habits? Do you push through the snow on the steppes? Do

you flower in the first thaw of spring, set in full summer and ripen when the snow falls again? I think so; you have the savour of snow. I hope so; I picture the snowfields stained with your blood when you burst.

We've known too little of you, but we shall want to know more now. The Vicar said the war would do good in more ways than one. *It does it now;* it sets me thinking.

Learning, too. My landlady, for whom I had composed a simple object-lesson on the value of a strong Navy, pricked all my bubbles with, "Russian, Sir? Did you say Russian? I wouldn't have a bit o' foreign fruit in the house. Them berries was picked in my sister's garden on the moors."

"Helmets galore strew the fields. Rifles, motor lorries, and field kitchens are common finds. Some day they will be collected, and—such is the scandalous heartlessness of mankind—distributed as souvenirs of the great Armageddon of 1914."—*Daily Chronicle.*

In case anybody wishes to bring us home a souvenir, we are keeping a little place on our writing-desk for a field-kitchen.





Vicar (his mind full of the recruiting posters). "WILT THOU TAKE THIS WOMAN TO THY WEDDED WIFE—FOR THREE YEARS OR THE DURATION OF THE WAR?"

### PEACE WITH HONOUR.

(Being a slight amplification, from another quarter, of the lines addressed to "Mr. Bernard Jaw" in last week's "Punch.")

OFT as I've wondered with a weary sigh  
At Mr. SHAW's incorrigible habit  
Of always seeing England with an eye  
That knows the armour's joint and where to stab it,  
And, sometimes taken by his style,  
Have half believed his taunts of guile,  
But oftener set them down to bile  
And eating too much green-stuff, like a rabbit;

I've dreamed a dream that, when the drums are still  
And stern Bellona, from her steel unbodiced,  
Regrets the overthrow of KAISER BILL  
(Of all strange cranks, excepting one, the oddest),  
Disarmament and gentleness  
May also come to G. B. S.,  
And, turned from wrath, he shall confess  
Britain in triumph was supremely modest.

A newer, better Poland shall arise,  
And Schleswig-Holstein be extremely perky;  
Alsace-Lorraine shall look with loving eyes  
To a clear dawn, where now the mists are murky,  
And messengers of peace shall stray  
On Balkan mounts, and my Aunt May  
Has frequently been heard to say  
That she intends to give the Belgians Turkey.

But what of England? Shall she not bestow  
Quiet upon the world, and ordered measure,  
And take no vantage of the fallen foe  
In land (which is but dust) and sordid treasure?  
But rather of her kindness yield  
The balm whereby hurt wounds are healed,  
That couchant in the selfsame field  
Lion and lamb may masticate at leisure.

Let it be written in the terms of peace,  
And evermore on brassy tablets graven,  
That England shall demand no right nor lease  
Of frontier nor of town, nor armoured haven,  
But cede with unreluctant paw  
To Germans and to German law  
The whole of this egregious SHAW,  
And only re-annex the BARD OF AYON. EVOE.

"The commission is also empowered to order the removal of advertising on existing marquises if it is deemed objectionable."

*Los Angeles Times.*

Who are these marquises who are large enough for a really telling poster on the waistcoat?

"Here Colonel Hoffmann remarked: 'We have a feeling of absolute superiority over the Russians. We must win; we will win.'"

*Daily Mail.*

Look out for our new opera, "Fairy Tales of HOFFMANN."





### A CHRONIC COMPLAINT.

AIDE-DE-CAMP. "THE ENGLISH FORCE, SO PLEASE YOU."

KAISER. "'TAKE THY FACE HENCE . . . I AM SICK AT HEART.'"

(MACBETH, Act V., So. 3.)







**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

*House of Commons, Monday, 23rd November.*—Dull sitting suddenly stirred to excitement by Apparition in Khaki starting up from below Gangway on Ministerial Side. It was WEDGWOOD (*sans* BENN). Wanted to know what advice Government are prepared to give civil population as to how they ought to behave in event of German invasion.

"Are they," asked the warlike WEDGWOOD, "to take it lying down and let the Germans walk over them? or shall they make the best possible stand for their country?"

From above Gangway in neighbourhood of LEIF JONES' seat came tremulous voice exclaiming, "Fight!"

Thus encouraged, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY to War Office, who day by day grows more martial in figure and manner, pointed out that "the first duty we [meaning the Army] and the Navy have to perform is to prevent invasion. That failing, our duty is to drive the invader into the sea as fast as ever we can."

As to action of civil population emergency committees are being formed in counties where there is danger of invasion, and instructions are being issued by them. What those instructions are TENNANT strategically declined to disclose.

After this reassuring statement Consolidated Fund Bill immediately passed second reading.

Later fresh protest, led off by Lord BOB and emphasised by BONAR LAW, against arbitrary conduct of Censor in dealing with the Press.

"We ought to stick to this till K. caves in," says the MEMBER FOR SARK. "The Press Bureau has about it stamp of things 'made in Germany.' Importation of other classes of these goods is prohibited. Let us either get rid of the Press Bureau or have it remodelled on principles of common sense, in accord with public feeling and concern for best interests of the Army."

*Business done.*—Stout bundle of Bills advanced a stage.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—The ways of the Press Censor are past finding out.

He worries the British Press day and night. He stands in the way of recognition of exceptionally gallant deeds on the battle-field by particular men or regiments. He arbitrarily strikes out passages from the letters of War Correspondents who, forbidden to ap-

going to press the material for whole columns of print.

This conscientiously and painstakingly done, he permits certain journals published in Ireland to circulate seditious garbage designed to stop the flow of recruiting which CARSON and

JOHN REDMOND, representatives of contending national parties, have loyally united in encouraging.

In the Commons the other night attention of SOLICITOR-GENERAL, head of this new department, called to notorious matter. Protested that he knew nothing of these Irish papers. General impression in both Houses that it is time he made the acquaintance of the particular organs alluded to and took action accordingly.

MIDDLETON to-night in spirited speech asked what the Government proposed to do? CREWE pleaded that he must have notice

of the question. CURZON, ever ready to oblige, promptly undertook to place one on notice-paper.

*Business done.*—In Commons Budget Bill passed Report stage, CHANCELLOR smoothing the passage by concessions to the brewers and publicans by way of easing burden of additional taxation.

*House of Commons, Wednesday.*—For some time there has been rumour, generally discredited, that Prince ALBERT, son of Prince and Princess

CHRISTIAN, had taken active service with the enemy in struggle with whom the best blood of the nation is being daily outpoured. To-day YOUNG asked whether story was true? PREMIER curtly admitted it.

"Is it considered just and expedient," inquired the Member for Perthshire, amid ominous cheering, "that the British taxpayer should be called upon to pay £6,000 a year for the maintenance of a family which includes this German officer?"

"The Question," replied the PREMIER, with something less than his accustomed point in dealing with Supplementary Queries, "relates to a particular individual."

House gladly got rid of disagreeable subject. But SARK tells me that, when in due course the pension comes up in Committee of Supply, more will be heard of the matter.



Mr. Tennant. "OUR DUTY IS TO DRIVE THE INVADER INTO THE SEA."

proach the fighting line, laboriously pick up such scraps of information as may filter through its outskirts. He holds over for days, sometimes for weeks, official despatches from the Front, for which the Public are eagerly waiting. Occasionally, by way of exhibiting his desire that not a moment shall be lost in communicating important information, he, about midnight, by preference an hour later, dumps down upon hapless newspapers just



THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL KNOWS NOTHING OF SEDITIONARY IRISH NEWSPAPERS.



*Business done.*—Several War Emergency Bills advanced a stage.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—K. of K. read brief paper on Military Situation in Flanders. In matter of picturesque detail it did not quite come up to pitch of "EYE-WITNESS'S" despatches from the Front, which in the main it resembled. But it was as comforting as it was concise. Summed up in sentence the position to-day of Expeditionary Force: "Reinforcements have replaced our casualties, and the troops under Sir JOHN FRENCH, now re-fitted, are in the best of spirits, confident of success under their Leader."

Touched lightly on rout of Germans in Poland, with which the world is ringing; but said nothing about capture of KAISER'S cloak. SARK suggests that this interesting robe should be put up for sale to highest bidder (as if it were the First £1 note), proceeds to be contributed to Fund for Relief of Belgians. This would give opportunity for remarking that having taken off his coat to devastate the homes of the Belgians, WILHELM gave them his cloak also.

Suggestion worth thinking about. Certainly something attractive about it in way of poetic justice.

*Business done.*—In the Commons UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA gave glowing account of the gallant deeds of Indian troops fighting in three continents.

*Friday.*—After heartening speeches by CHANCELLOR and FIRST LORD, together going to show that "we've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too," Parliament adjourned till Tuesday, February 2nd, with promise that, if necessary, it can be specially summoned at any time on six days' notice.

"The Germans did not even hesitate to bring up heavy artillery which quickly became embedded in the mud, some of which has since been found by our troops."

*Press Association War Special.*

From what we hear, our troops have found all the mud they want.

"In reply to Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS, Mr. McKENNA said:—Germans cannot land in the United Kingdom without the express permission of the Secretary of State."

New motto for Great Britain: "McKENNA and the Navy our shield."

## A SERVANT OF THE KING.

"Your King and country need you."  
"Lor!"

Tilda Perkins, her cap awry and a smudge on her diminutive nose, came to a sudden halt, arrested by the staring blue type.

"Your King and country need you."

That personal appeal drove straight home. Tilda's heart swelled; a flush of excitement invaded her cheeks.

"Bless 'em! They shall 'ave me," she vowed in a fervour of self-immolation.

Tightly clutching the newspaper containing her master's breakfast haddock she scudded off, ablaze with patriotic fire.

Jem obeyed.

"Old up yer 'ead. Don't loll," came the sharp command.

Jem drew himself up to attention, and Tilda manipulated an inch tape.

"Sixty-three inches an' a bit. Twelves into sixty go five. Five feet three an' a scrap. You'll jest do," she said with a complacent nod.

Jem, motionless, but turning a fine blush-rose under the touch of the busy fingers, levelled an enquiring gaze at the preoccupied face.

"I'm giving you to KING GEORGE," remarked Tilda. "I'm sorry you ain't taller, but he'll understand I've done the best I can for 'im," she added with a little sigh.

"But—but—" faltered Jem.

"There ain't no buts about it," broke in Tilda with swift asperity. "Think what you'd feel like if you was me."

"Why, it's you a-sendin' me," protested Jem. "I won't go if you don't want me to leave yer."

Tilda flung back her head with an impatient snort at man's obtuseness.

"You don't s'pose I'm whinin' cos you 're goin', do you?" she demanded.

An abashed Jem diminished perceptibly.

"Well, why then?" he asked humbly.

"Cos I can't go, stoopid. It ain't fair."



Shopkeeper. "CANDLES ARE UP IN PRICE TO-DAY, X' KNOW, MRS. O'FLYNN—ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR."

Mrs. O'Flynn. "OCH! BAD CESS TO THEM GERMANS! WHY CAN'T THEY BE FIGHTING BY DAYLIGHT?"

"There 'tis, Ma'am," she gasped breathlessly, plumping down her burden on the kitchen table. "An' now I'm goin'."

"Going! Where?"

"To KING GEORGE, God bless 'im. The poster ses 'e wants me."

Her mistress shook a regretful head.

"No, Tilda. It's not you and I he wants."

Gloom unutterable descended upon Tilda as her mistress expounded the situation.

"Men 'as all the luck," she jerked out. "I ain't surprised them Sufferajettes got sick o' things."

A pause.

"Still, I s'pose it ain't KING GEORGE'S fault. I'll 'elp 'im out as well as I can," she announced.

It was a resolute Tilda who awaited her swain at the kitchen door that night.

"Take off yer shoes," she said abruptly.

## A BENEFACTOR.

THEIR blazon flashed across the sky  
Or ever the War began;  
In divers spots it struck the eye  
Of every passing man.  
Aloft the flickering words would run,  
Curtly commanding me  
To use the Soap of Such a One,  
Or swallow Someone's Tea.

But oh, in London's sky to-day  
Such legends no man meets,  
And, as I go my cautious way  
By dark but decent streets,  
I think of him who bade depart  
These beacons' blatant din,  
And almost find it in my heart  
To bless Count ZEPPELIN.

## "FIVE HOLES IN HULL."

GLASGOW BEING REPAIRED IN RIO DE JANEIRO."—*Star*.

More news for Germans: "Successful bombardment of British towns."





Cavalry Instructor. "FROM WHERE DID YOU RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS TO DISMOUNT, SIR?"  
Raw Recruit. "FROM HINDQUARTERS, SIR."

### A SOLDIER'S SERVANT.

DEAR Mr. Punch, —I am only a dog, but as you have a dog of your own you will be able to sympathise with me and understand my feelings. If you don't, ask him and he will explain.

My master tells me he is going to a place called The Front, and he seems awfully pleased with the idea. But my mistress is not pleased at all, though she tries to smile and look happy when he talks about it. All the same, I have found her several times crying quietly by herself, and have had to lick her face thoroughly all over in order to cheer her up.

At first, when my master told me he was going to this mysterious place, I simply barked and wagged my tail and jumped about, because, of course, I thought I was going there too, and it doesn't matter to me where he goes as long as I go with him. Imagine therefore my feelings when it gradually leaked out that I was to be left behind. When the truth dawned upon me I was so upset that I lay for a whole day on the doorstep in a dazed condition, whilst several cats who knew me well came and washed themselves carefully right under my nose. I hardly saw them, though of course I couldn't help smelling them.

You see, Mr. Punch, what made me feel so very bad was that I had found

out something about The Front from other dogs. It appears that it is a very dangerous place, full of what they call Germans, where he would need me to look after him much more than he does at home. Why then not take me? I cannot understand it at all. I can fight. Ask the dog at the house at the corner of our road what he thinks, and just take a look at his ears. They speak for themselves.

Then, again, I can hear and smell a great deal better than my master, and could keep watch while he is asleep (I am told he will have to sleep in a ditch!), and after one or two sniffs and bites I should soon learn to tell a German.

In time of danger the place of every English dog is by his master's side, and he doesn't mind dying there either. Can't you help us to get to The Front with our masters?

Yours faithfully,

A VERY SAD DOG.

P.S.—I enclose untouched one of the most delicious bones I have ever smelt—not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

### The Men from Blankley's.

"MATES GIVEN FOR

Dinner Parties. Dance Suppers.

Wedding Receptions. At Homes."

Advt. in "Clifton Society."

A boon for the harassed hostess.

### THE OPPORTUNISTS.

'Tis a strange portent of the war  
That every advertiser  
Desires to be indebted for  
His income to the KAISER;

At all events

He's got the goods for military gents.

"Pypp's Playing-cards," we learn,  
"dispel

The longest siege's tedium."

"Tin of Tobacco turns a shell—  
Great feat by Mascot (medium)."

"No ally feels

Hungry or tired who carries Ponk's  
Pastilles."

"The nicest present you can get  
To soothe the soldier's nerve is  
Our Black Maria cigarette—  
The best for active service!"

"All haversacks

Should carry lumps of Entente seal-  
ing-wax."

"Ask for our French equivalent  
Of British Oaths. The French is  
More chic. A pretty compliment  
To Piou-Piou in the trenches!

A boon untold

To Indian colonels suffering from  
the cold!"

"Both persons have been taken prisoners  
and sent to Medan, where they will be fried  
for having broken Holland's neutrality."  
Provinciale Groninger Courant.

A severe, but perhaps necessary, lesson.



## A SPORTING DESPATCH.

[From William Wheezle, K.G. (Keeper of Game), addressed to our own Subaltern at the Front, and describing the operations of the Allied Forces in and round the West Wood and the Middle Planting, November, 1914.]

SIR,—I have the honour to report that on Saturday last the Allied Forces advanced, as soon as they could be got out of bed, in the direction of the West Wood. The troops under my command or supposed to be under my command, were drawn chiefly from the Old Fogey Division. In addition to the Household Extremely Heavy Infantry, there were two battalions of the 160th London Potterers (the "Puff Hards"), specially summoned from Pall Mall to act with us. These battalions, under the command of Colonel Bowindow, D.S.O., fully maintained the noble traditions that attach to their name. There were also two regiments of unmounted cavalry, the 210th (Flannel Feet) and the 326th Purple Lancers (Buster's Own). These sections declined to co-operate unless provided with shooting ponies.

Circumstances unfortunately deprived me of the assistance of other contingents, such as the Dog-potters, upon which I had in previous years been able to depend. At Westwood our troops deployed, and a hostile demonstration on the part of the enemy, signalled by loud von clucks, kept us thoroughly on the alert. They found our range very quickly, a good deal more quickly, indeed, than we found theirs; but as they advanced closer their casualties became more numerous. On the whole the result of this action was not unsatisfactory. After a short march through the bracken we occupied a well-chosen position in open country, our troops availing themselves of such cover as offered, though some of them took a good deal of concealing. A violent general engagement ensued, and for some time the firing was continuous. The enemy's losses were serious, a frontal attack in close formation and at a moderate pace being attended with great disaster. The Potterers, after taking some time to bring their guns into action, kept up a constant and, as they assured me, effective fire.

Reports having been received that the enemy were holding the Middle Planting in strength, I decided to manœuvre in that direction. There was an affair of outposts in the course of the march, Colonel Bowindow bravely engaging a strongly entrenched rabbit. There was no actual loss of life, the rabbit retiring in good order, but its

moral is, I understand, seriously shaken if not completely shattered. It subsequently succeeded in digging itself deeper in, and took no further part in the day's operations.

Before attempting to dislodge the main body of the enemy our forces took cover in open order under an adjacent hedge. With scarcely any delay large numbers of the enemy appeared above the top of the wire entanglements, the rapidity of their movements taking our artillery by surprise. Our gunners, however, served their pieces with regularity and determination until the enemy were reported to be in full retreat. Their casualties were few, chiefly owing to the speed at which their movements were conducted, and only amounted to one wounded, or said to be. Two more were alleged to be missing, but have probably by this time rejoined their regiments. The expenditure of ammunition during this skirmish was great.

At the battle of Middle Planting, which followed, the enemy suffered severely. Our encircling movement was capably carried out and our high-angle fire was very effective. On our left flank Colonel Buster found himself at one time almost completely enveloped by hares, but in this critical situation he handled his guns promptly, and in repulsing the adversary suffered no loss except that of his temper. That he did not inflict more damage was, according to his own statement, due to the fact that the opposing forces, when they saw him preparing to develop his attack, kept at a prudent distance. During this engagement numerous wood-taubes were sighted flying over our position, but at such a height that it was impossible, or appeared to be impossible, to bring them down.

Rations were then served out, the commissariat being under the able direction of Major Domo. The quality of the supplies was satisfactory, nor was there any real shortage, if I may judge from the report (received by me after lunch from General Torpor, in temporary command) that our troops were incapable of advancing, or indeed of any movement at all.

LATER.—On waking up we made a forced march in the direction of Mudford Village and occupied a wide front, the considerable spaces between units rendering our operations less hazardous to each other. A flanking movement upon the line Stubblefield-Tenacre-Turniptops was attended with some success, though several entire Army Corps of the enemy succeeded in extricating themselves without disaster. Nor were we able to come in touch with them again before darkness set in,

and the Allied Forces retired, highly pleased with themselves, to their base, in the immediate neighbourhood of Auction Bridge.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM WHEEZLE.

## WAR'S REVENGES.

(A True Story.)

THIS War has done many wonderful things;

It has altered our views of Kaisers and Kings,

And quite discounted the stern rebukes Of those who anathematized Grand Dukes.

It has hurled from many a lofty pinnacle The self-sufficient and the cynical;

And revised the judgments we once held true

In various ways that are strange and new.

For instance, the other day there came To see me, the same yet not the same, A former office boy, whom once I wholly misread as a Cockney dunce, Who only cared for music-hall tunes— And who went and 'listed in the Dragoons.

His khaki was much the worse for wear, Soiled and crumpled and needing repair, And he hadn't unlearned since his office days

His gruff laconic turn of phrase. So I had to drag it out by degrees That he hadn't been in the lap of ease, But from Mons to Ypres, out at the Front,

Had helped to bear the battle's brunt. Rest? Well, they had to do without it; But he didn't make a song about it. Last three weeks he'd never been dry: A sniper had shot him through the thigh;

But his wound had healed, he was right as rain

And anxious to get to the Front again. So there he stood, erect, serene, Unshaken by all he had suffered and seen,

And ready once more at his Country's call

To leave his wife, his home, his all. And I, as I thought of what he had done,

And the arm-chair band (of which I am one),

Elderly scribblers, who can't even drill, And are only good at driving a quill— Humbled and shamed to my inmost core

I wished I could drop clean through the floor.

For the tables were turned; I stood at zero,

And the office boy was a full-blown hero.



## ANOTHER MISJUDGED ALIEN.

Clarence (who pulls the path roller) says there's a Society for the Maintenance of Horses' Rights. I wish there was one for the Abolition of Eagles' Wrongs. I am an eagle, the handsomest eagle in the Zoo, and I sometimes wish I were a sparrow. Mould me, but I've even wished I were stuffed. And all because the authorities won't change my label. It's true the notice they've put on my cage telling people to keep their children from the bars has stopped the young brutes from shooting me with peas and monkey nuts, but it can't save my feelings, and all because—but there! this is how my own particular official label runs:—

IMPERIAL EAGLE.

SCHODDERSTOGHARDTMEISSEN. DEPOSITED.

You can imagine the situation. How in the firmament am I to tell the public that Schodderstoghardtmeissen is a craggy headland on the coast of Norway, and not in the least associated with Germany or Austria—places I never heard of till but recently. But ever since the men in khaki first made their appearance in the Gardens some four months ago a most extraordinary undercurrent of opprobrious criticism has crept into the public's conversation, that public once so full of admiration for my noble bearing—unless it saw me walk; for which reason I don't come off my pedestal in public hours if I can help it. But now the mildest visitors seem to hold themselves under a moral obligation to connect me in some manner with what Clarence calls the "present crisis."

Sixpenny days are my worst. "There's the German eagle!" says the crowd. I can't even sit in my water trough without being told I'm "entrenching" myself.

Only last chicken's-neck day (we dine alternately on poultry and—er—the joint) an old lady paused before my quarters and, her head on one side, murmured musingly: "Yet I always thought the Austrian eagle had two heads, but perhaps I'm thinking of the unicorn." Half an hour later a party stopped in front of me, and one of them says: "Them Jermins didn't deserve a nolle-looking bird like 'im to represent 'em, did they, Hemelie? Something with scales and bat's wings 'ud be more appropriate, I don't think." "Yes, an' a drunkard's liver," chimes in another, and then they all laughed. Scr-e-e-e-e-ak!!

Even the regular visitors are no better. The stout old gentleman—an editor and an F.Z.S., if you please—who used to get Michael, my valet, to let him see me from the private window,



Inspector. "WELL, WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GRUMBLE?"  
Constable. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT JUST BECAUSE I LOOK A BIT LIKE A GERMAN ME LIFE 'AS BECOME A BURDEN. PEOPLE SAY, 'I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF 'E WASN'T A SHEEP IN LION'S CLOTHES.'"

just glares at me over the top of his newspaper and mutters, "Hah! my fine bird, you're coming off your perch head-first before many months are over." And the newspaper cameraman, who used to take my portrait whilst Michael fed me with tit-bits—last week he caught me warming my spread wings in a little patch of sunlight. "Just the stuff," he twittered, as he struggled with his camera. "Great wheeze! Splendid snap for a full-page—'HIS PLACE IN THE SUN.' It wasn't my fault if I didn't spoil the photograph.

The very latest is a rumour that my right wing is likely to be crumpled up. And the griffin vulture next door, who saw something of the sanatorium

when he swallowed a lighted cigar-end in mistake for a glow-worm, hopes they'll give me chloroform. It's also whispered that I'm moulting, but that, I know, isn't true.

Well, I suppose it must all end one day. As it is, I find myself looking back longingly to the time when to the public I was just an eagle and a king of birds. I can even remember with toleration the two simple souls who once perched upon a garden-seat before my apartments. Said one, "There y'are, M'ria. There's one of them armadillers young Bert was tellin' us about." And the other replied: "Why, don't you know no more nat'ral 'ist'ry than that, Elfrid? That ain't an armadiller; that's a 'ummin'-bird!"



**TOMMY BROWN, AUCTIONEER.**

Tommy Brown knows all about India. You see his father served out there, and that is how Tommy knows so much. He says that everybody in India has to have a bath once a year in the Ganges, and that there is a delta at the mouth of the Ganges as big as Ireland.

Tommy says it is very hot in the shade in India, but you needn't walk in the shade unless you like. He showed me how an idol looked—it is like when you come to the castor oil under the ginger wine.

But it is about the Indian troops that I want to tell you. Tommy was very pleased when they came, because he knows all about them. He likes the Gherkins best, he says, because they are so hardy. Tommy says the Gherkins can hold their breath for five minutes without going red in the face, and that's why they can fight so well.

He says they never want anything to eat, because they have a kind of a twig that they chew, and then all they have to do is to keep tightening their belts. Tommy gave me some of the twig they chew; it tasted like cabbage. I didn't want anything more to eat all that day. Tommy had some himself; he says now he doesn't think it was the right kind of twig. Tommy told me that the Gherkins' mothers teach them to prowl when they are very young, and that they are always prowling. Tommy showed me how to prowl. You have to lie flat on your stomach, and wriggle about as if you were swimming. He says it makes the Gherkins very hardy. They always do it, Tommy says, even when they have a half-holiday. To do it properly you have to breathe through the back of your throat and move your ears.

When the King went to India, Tommy says he was surprised at the Gherkins. They used to prowl before him, and he was very glad. He said they were very hardy.

Tommy says they are very brave because they don't know what fear is; his father told him that. He says no one has ever seen a Gherkin blub; if they have to, they go and do it somewhere else.

There is only one way you can kill them. Tommy knows the way, but he daren't tell anyone.

Tommy says that when they want to kill a man they prowl after him for five miles, and then come back as silently as they went. He says it is no good shooting at them, because they are not there.

He showed me how they killed people. They come up behind you and

catch you round the neck, and it's no good saying, "Shut up," because they don't understand English; then you make a noise like gargling for sore throats, and that's how they know you are dead. It makes the people very angry, Tommy says.

If they take a dislike to anyone, you are sure to get killed, because they prowl after you until they do. And when you come to look at the dead man, you can see he has died a horrible death, and if you turn him over there isn't a mark on him. You see he didn't hear them coming. That's what Tommy Brown told me.

Tommy says a Gherkin once saved his father's life by killing a snake. Tommy's father gave the Gherkin a lot of money to put in his pocket, but he wouldn't take it. The Gherkins don't have pockets, Tommy says.

Tommy says that if two Germans stood back to back to see who was the taller, a Gherkin could cut through both of them with his two-handed knife, and it would be done so quickly that neither of the Germans would know which was killed first. They do it by practice, Tommy told me. They always use two-handed knives, so that when they are tired with using one handle they can use the other.

You can never catch a Gherkin because on the slightest movement in the bushes they throw a rope up into the air and climb up it, then they pull the rope up after them.

Tommy says that Gherkins wear turbots on their heads. He says that they wear very few clothes, but they don't catch rheumatism because it is not known there.

When Tommy's mother told him that people were sending presents to the Indian troops we had a meeting about it. We dug a deep trench in Tommy's garden and held the meeting there; Tommy didn't want the Germans to know.

When we had dug the trench Tommy stood at one end, and I had to come up to him and give him the sign we had arranged. You had to move your ears and say "Gherkin," then you were admitted to the trench. It was because of the German spies.

We decided to get money for the Indian troops by selling Tommy's white rats, and I was to lend Tommy my Jew's harp for a week as my share.

Tommy sold the white rats in the playground after school. He stood on a box near the fence. The man who lives next door thought Tommy was going to climb over into his garden after a ball, and he said to Tommy, "My steemy friend, you stay where you are."

Tommy took no notice because his mother said the man had been to India and brought back his liver and Tommy wasn't to listen.

I bid fourpence for the two white rats; we had arranged that in the trench.

Tommy Brown said with lots of scorn, "Fourpence!!"—just like that. Then he said the money was to go to buy things for the Indian troops, and what would they think of fourpence? Old Jones minimus said sixpence when he got his pocket-money on Saturday; then the Head came out to see what the row was about. When Tommy Brown told him all about it, the Head bid half-a-crown in a loud voice. We cheered, and just then the man who lives next door and who brought his liver home from India shouted out five shillings. Then the Headmaster said ten shillings. Tommy Brown had to clutch hold of the rails. The man who lives next door went red in the neck and bid a sovereign. Jones minimus began to blub when the Head bid two pounds.

The man who had been to India said: "My steemy Sir, it is no use; I bid four pounds." I could see old Tommy Brown moving his ears like anything. The Headmaster said: "The Gurkhas are some of the finest troops in the world"—he meant Gherkins, but he was excited; then he said: "Five Pounds, Tommy White, for the brown rats." The man who likes liver said something we haven't got to listen to, and then Tommy fell off the box.

"Knocked down at six pounds!" said the Headmaster, laughing; "we will have one each. They both gave Tommy Brown three pounds and then shook hands over the fence. Tommy says I needn't lend him my Jew's harp now."

**Faint Praise.**

"The House of Commons was seen at its best to-day. The benches, it is true, were more than all empty."—*Cork Constitution.*

From a letter to a school-teacher:—

"I think as Eliza as the mumps. Pleas look at her throte and if she as rub her jor well to tak away the stif feeling and oblig."

From War News in *The Peshawur Daily News*:—

"The 'Langford' knocked out the gunboat 'Smith' in three rounds."

How like a German gunboat (obviously "Schmidt") to disguise itself with an English name.

"MISS JEFFERSON RECALLED IN BREACH SUIT."

*"Evening News" Headline.*

Although the defendant in this case was a cycle-dealer, we think that these sudden changes of costume are liable to lead to confusion and should, therefore, be forbidden.





Officer (on rounds near revolving light). "ANYTHING TO REPORT?"

Sentry. "No, Sir; THERE'S NO MUCKLE TA RIPOORT; BUT YON FOLKS HAE BEEN HAVIN' A HEAP O' TROUBLE WI' THEIR LIGHT: IT'S GONE OOT TWENTY TIMES IN THE LAST OOR."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STEVENSON, in one of his Fables, imagines a court presided over by the Great White Magistrate. It was a very brief session, and the novelist did not again use the idea. Mr. HUGH CARTON, whose name, we are informed by the wrapper of the book, that new and most trustworthy medium of communication between the candid publisher (unwilling that merit should shine unobserved) and the hesitating purchaser (who needs only the truth to send his hand to his purse) is a pseudonym covering the identity of "one of the leading clerics of our day," has however made a whole book of it. In *The Grand Assize* (HEINEMANN) Mr. CARTON imagines a Day of Judgment, on which the careers and influences of a number of social types are weighed and punishment inflicted—for all are guilty. The Plutocrat, the Daughter of Joy, the Bookmaker, the Party Politician, the Musical Comedy entrepreneur, the Agitator, even the Cleric (although not, I am sure, he of the wrapper) are called to justice. Everything for and against them is then said, either by themselves or the advocate, and sentence is passed. The result is a book curiously rich in sympathy, fearless and fine, and provocative of much thought. That it is in essence a tract is nothing against it; for many of the best novels belong to that genus, and HOGARTH, of whom now and then the reader is forced to think, was a tractarian to the core. I take off my hat to "HUGH CARTON" and wish that more parsons were as humane and understanding as he.

Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD seems as a writer to possess two quite distinct literary methods. There is his style high-

fantastical, which at its best touches a kind of fairylike inspiration, unique and charming—the style, for example, of *Jimbo*. Then, on a lower plane, there is the frankly bogie creepiness of *John Silence*. Between the two he has created a position for himself, half trickster, half wizard, that none else in modern literature could fill. His new book, *Incredible Adventures* (MACMILLAN), is a combination of both methods. Four of the five adventures are of the mystically gruesome kind, removed however from being commonplace ghost-stories by a certain dignity of conception. It is to be admitted that but for this dignity two at least would fall into some peril of bathos. Take the first, *The Regeneration of Lord Ernie*, in which a young tutor, bear-leading a spiritless scion of nobility through Europe, brings his bored charge to a strange mountain village where the inhabitants worship the forces of fire and wind. If you know Mr. BLACKWOOD's work, as you surely do, I need not detail to you what happens. Told as he tells it, at considerable, even undue, length, but with a wonderful sense of the mysterious, of the feeling of the wind-swept mountain and its roaring fires, the thing is undeniably impressive. But in other less expert hands it would become ludicrous. There is one tale of finer texture than the others. It is called *Wayfarers*, and is a quite beautiful little fantasy on the old theme that love is longer than life. This is what Mr. BLACKWOOD can do to perfection. It redeems a volume that, for all its originality, does not otherwise display his art quite at its best.

*Antarctic Adventure* (FISHER UNWIN), by RAYMOND E. PRIESTLEY, tells the story of SCOTT's Northern party. That party, as you probably remember, spent an unexpected winter underground, owing to the failure of the ship to



relieve it. Its story was shortly told by its leader, Lieutenant CAMPBELL, in *Scott's Last Expedition*—the official report of a sailor to his commanding officer. Mr. PRIESTLEY is more communicative. As one of the famous six who went through it, he gives us, from his comfortable rooms in Cambridge, the full tale of that extraordinary adventure. He had a good angle of observation in the igloo, for it was he who doled out the eight birthday lumps of sugar and the other few ridiculous luxuries which relieved the monotony of seal. He was, in fact, the commissariat officer. How he must have been loved—and hated! To what a large extent also (one begins to realise) the ultimate safety of the party must have been due to his management. I recommend to boys and grown-ups a story as absorbing as *Robinson Crusoe*, and as heartening to the pride of Englishmen as the other stories which we are hearing now from places less remote. For boys in particular *The Voyages of Captain Scott* (SMITH ELDER) has been written by CHARLES TURLEY, a compilation excellently made from the original diaries; to which Sir J. M. BARRIE has written a true BARRIE preface describing the boyhood of SCOTT. I can think of no better present for a nephew.

*The Woman in the Bazaar* (CASSELL), by Mrs. PERRIN, is a story of the Anglo-Indian life in which she always moves at ease. It is *Captain George Coventry's* first wife, the golden-haired and "phenomenally" (as the newspaper-men will go on saying) innocent *Rafella* of the high-perched Cotswold vicarage, who eventually finds her deplorable way down to the Bazaar. If *George* (that beastly prig) at the psychological moment of their first

serious quarrel, instead of threatening and laughing like a drunken man and reeling back into the room, had reeled forward and gone into the matter quietly, the entirely virtuous, if idiotic, *Rafella* would not have flown into the practised arms of that unscrupulous barrister, *Kennard*, who, as everybody knew, had left a mournful trail of dishonoured wives all over India, his legal knowledge presumably saving him at once from the inconvenience of marrying his victims and from the physical violence of outraged Anglo-Indian chivalry. And when *George*, now a colonel and on the verge of a quarrel with the second *Mrs. Coventry* about a young ass of a *tertium quid*, caught sight of poor *Rafella* at a window in the Bazaar, he was so genuinely upset that he rushed back to his wife, forgave her (nothing in particular) and lived happily ever after. Which, of course, is just one of those things that thrusts the avenging hatchet into the hand of the Militant.

I suppose that the "culture" (using this word in the strictly English sense) of Streatham Hill may perhaps be a trifle thinner than that of certain other suburbs, and, keeping this well in mind, I must try to believe that *Candytuft*—I mean *Veronica* (HUTCHINSON) is meant for romantic comedy and is not a one-Act farce hastily expanded by its author into three-hundred-page fiction form.

The plot turns on a not very serious marital estrangement. *C. I. M. V.* (she had called herself *Veronica* suddenly one day after reading *RUSKIN*) decided that she must have an intellectual companion and (rather daringly) that he must be of the male sex. So her husband's best friend dressed himself up as a fantastic and extremely repulsive-looking poet with a red wig and padded waistcoat and indulged in fantastic rhodomantades in order to disillusionise her. Well enough on the knock-about stage, of course. But, if I am to treat *C. I. M. V.* from the mildly satiric standpoint, which I fancy that MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY would prefer me to adopt, *Mr. Shakespeare Waddilove* is rather a big mouthful to swallow, even if I can accommodate my throat to the supposition that the lady would have allowed her husband to choose her Platonic friend for her and promise beforehand to give him a two months' trial. She did come from Streatham, I know, before she went to live in the country; but still the trams run all the way from Streatham to Charing Cross—and that padded waistcoat!

However there are some amusing passages in *Candytuft*—I mean *Veronica*, and so I shut both eyes and gulped as hard as I could.

Do you know *Mrs. Shovell*? *Violet Ashwin* she was, and married young *Charlie Shovell*, some sort of a publisher and really rather a nice fool. She is an absolute dear. Gay and loyal and adorably kind. No, not a bit sentimental. Shy and yet has a way with her, and, thank Heaven, not the least bit of a scalp-hunter. We did think that *Master Charles*, who was distinctly by way of being a philanderer, mightn't perhaps run quite straight.

But she's done wonders with him. Might I introduce you? Certainly? Then get *Duke Jones* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON), by ETHEL SIDGWICK. She's entirely responsible for these nice people, and for *Lady Ashwin*, *Violet's* utter beast of a mother, and *Sir Claude*, that brick of a man and doctor, and insufferable *Honoria* and naughty bewitching *Lisette*, who came badly to grief and was pulled out of a really rotten hole by *Jones*. *B. M. Jones* (M for Marmaduke) was the fellow who worshipped *Violet* at sight and was ever after her faithful dog. . . . I've put down this book with real regret. I can't help worrying as to whether there really is such a person as *Violet* because I might have the fortune to meet her. Really, Miss SIDGWICK has an extraordinary power of making you feel friends (or bitter enemies) with her puppets, who aren't puppets at all. I've had the bad luck to miss *A Eady of Leisure*, to which *Duke Jones* is a sequel, but I'll readily take the responsibility of advising you to get it first.

Those who do not accept Archbishop LANG's view that the KAISER is too sacred a subject for mirth should spend sixpence and a quarter of an hour on *Keep Smiling* (NASH). In dealing with the inexhaustible theme of WILLIAM'S Lie Factory, MESSRS. WALTER EMANUEL and JOHN HASSALL are at their best.



Sergeant Instructor. "WHAT'S YER NAME?"

Sir Angelo Framlington, R.A. "FRAMPINGTON."

Sergeant. "WELL, 'OLD YER 'EAD UP, FRAMPINGTON."



## CHARIVARIA.

WE are told that "it is confidently believed by the advisers to the Treasury that the new issue of £1 notes cannot be successfully imitated." We think that it is a mistake to put our artists on their mettle in this way.

\* \*

A black eagle, a contemporary tells us, was seen one day last week at Westgate-on-Sea. A Prussian bird, no doubt, in mourning for lost Calais.

\* \*

The German Government has declared timber contraband of war owing to its alleged scarcity in Germany. Surely, as DOUGLAS JERKOLD suggested on another occasion, the German authorities could find plenty of wood in their own country if they only put their heads together?

\* \*

The news that "Bantam" battalions are now being formed all over England is said to have greatly interested General KLUCK.

\* \*

The report that the PRIME MINISTER spent last week-end in the country is said to have caused intense annoyance to the KAISER, who considered that it showed a lack of respect for His War.

\* \*

A map of the United Kingdom published in the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* depicts the Mersey as being located in the West of Ireland. Frankly, we are surprised at the Germans showing any Mersey anywhere.

\* \*

Mr. JOHN WARD has been accused of perpetrating a mixed metaphor when he warned the Government, the other day, that "they would wake up and find the horse had bolted with the money." Is it not, however, a fact that when a horse bolts he sometimes takes a bit between the teeth?

\* \*

The financial expert of *The Observer*, in referring to the War Loan, said:—"From all over the country the small investor rallied in his thousands." But he had just said that "the applicants were enormous." Possibly the truth is somewhere between the two—say about 11½ stone.

\* \*

A football pavilion in Bromley Road, Catford, was entirely destroyed by fire

last week. We are trying to bear the blow bravely.

\* \*

There would seem to be no limit to the influence of the Censor. Here is the latest example of his activities:—

"MEXICO

GENERAL BLANCO EVACUATES  
THE CAPITAL."

We must confess that we fail to see what British interest is served by withholding the General's name.

\* \*

The German IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR has now repeated, in the presence of a

## IN A GOOD CAUSE.

THE least that we others can do is to see that those who have joined the colours don't have too dull a time in camp during the long evenings. Messrs. JOHN BROADWOOD AND SONS are organizing concerts which will serve the further good purpose of helping many professional musicians whose incomes have been reduced by the war. It is hoped to give 200 of these entertainments during the winter. Each is estimated to cost about £10. The Directors of Messrs. BROADWOOD have privately subscribed £500 towards the carrying out of this scheme, and they would be glad to receive generous help from the public. Subscriptions should be addressed to them at Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.

## OUR WAR ENQUIRY BUREAU.

*Answers to Correspondents.*

*Mother of the Gracchi.*—If your son is under age, below the standard height, is obliged to wear coloured glasses, suffers much from face-ache, and frequently has carbuncles, we fear his chances of obtaining a commission in the Household Cavalry are nil.

*Anxious to help.*—The pistols used by your grandfather during the Peninsular War would not, we are afraid, be of any use to your nephew in the present campaign.

*All-British Matron.*—We regret that we do not quite understand from your letter whether it is your new Vicar that you suspect of pro-German proclivities, or the pew-opener. We advise you to

communicate with the nearest Rural Dean or Archdeacon.

*Troubled Parent.*—We fear that your boy will be obliged to dispense with his hot-water bottle now that he has joined the Army, and it would be no use your writing to his commanding officer about the matter.

*Aunt Alice.*—Lord KITCHENER hardly ever accepts invitations to tea-parties, but it was nice of you to think of asking him.

"Dans l'Est, nous avons dû refuser une suspension d'armes, probablement destinée à l'inhumation des blessés."

To judge from this extract from *Le Nord Maritime* the French still lack a true appreciation of German culture.



OWING TO THE OUTCRY AGAINST HIGH-PLACED ALIENS A WEALTHY GERMAN TRIES TO LOOK AS LITTLE HIGH-PLACED AS POSSIBLE.

full-dress meeting of the Reichstag, the old falsehood about Great Britain being responsible for the War. This, we believe, is what is known as Lying in State.

\* \*

And the statement that Germany need have no fears of a food famine may be described, we take it, as a Cereal Story.

\* \*

SVEN HEDIN has received the honorary degree of Doctor from Breslau University—as a reward, presumably, for doctoring the truth.

\* \*

"GERMAN PREPARATIONS IN  
BELGIUM.

6-MILE GUNS IN POSITION."—*Star*.

It sounds like a 30,000 foot cinema film.



## TRUTHFUL WILLIE.

[Suggested by an American's interview with the Crown Prince and also by WORDSWORTH'S "We are Seven."]

A SIMPLE earnest-minded youth,  
Who wore in both his eyes  
A calm pellucid lake of Truth—  
What should he know of lies?

I met a gentle German Prince,  
His name was Truthful WILL,  
An honest type—and, ever since,  
His candour haunts me still.

"About this War—come tell me, Sir,  
If you would be so kind,  
Just any notions which occur  
To your exalted mind."

"Frankly, I cannot bear," said he,  
"The very thought of strife;  
It seems so sad; it seems to me  
A wicked waste of life.

"Thank Father's God that I can say  
My constant aim was Peace;  
I simply lived to see the Day  
(*Den Tag*) when wars would cease.

"But, just as I was well in train  
To realise my dream,  
Came England, all for lust of gain,  
And spoilt my beauteous scheme.

"But tell me how the rumours run;  
Be frank and tell the worst  
Touching myself; you speak to one  
With whom the Truth comes first."

"Prince," I replied, "the vulgar view  
Pictured you on your toes  
Eager for gore; they say that you  
Were ever bellicose.

"'Twas you, the critics say, who led  
The loud War Party's cry  
For blood and iron." "Oh!" he said,  
"Oh what a dreadful lie!

"'War Party'? Well, I'm Father's pet,  
And, if such things had been,  
He must have let me know, and yet  
I can't think what you mean."

"But your BERNHARDI," I replied,  
"He preached the Great War Game."  
"BERNHARDI"! who was he?" he cried;  
"I never heard his name!"

"Dear Father must be told of him;  
Father, who loathes all war,  
Is looking rather grey and grim,  
But that should make him roar!"

So, with a smile that knew no art,  
He left me well content  
Thus to have communed, heart to heart,  
With one so innocent.

And still I marvelled, having scanned  
Those eyes so full of Truth,  
"Oh *why* do men misunderstand  
This bright and blameless youth?"

O. S.

## NEWS FROM THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

Northern France.

As you will see from our address, here we are among the War Correspondents. But there is a mistake somewhere: either there are not enough Germans to go round, or else they—Headquarters, you know—simply hate the idea of throwing the flower of the British Army into the full glare of the shrapnel. Anyhow, we haven't actually been engaged yet, though our Private Smithson has collected three bits of shrapnel and a German rifle; and we have all heard artillery fire (off). Which makes us think that these rumours of war aren't just a scare got up to help recruiting.

Some doubt exists among us as to our precise function out here. Here we are (as I may have mentioned) a magnificent battalion of young giants, complete with rifles—every man has at least one and Private Smithson has two—webbing equipment, canteens, muffers, cameras, sleeping caps (average, six per man) and even boots; and yet they can't decide exactly what to do with us. Mind you, we are absolute devils for a fight; we have already been reservé troops to five different divisions and thought nothing of it. We are not quite sure whether we get five medals for this or one medal with five bars. Not that we really care; such considerations do not affect us. As Edward—the mascot of the section—observed to me the other day, "I don't care two beans about medals; I want to go home."

But you ask what do we actually do? Let no man believe that we are out here on a holiday. On the contrary we give ourselves over entirely to warlike pursuits. Some days we slope arms by numbers; and other days we clean dixies and indent for new boots. Night by night we guard our approaches and prod the tyres of oncoming motors with fixed bayonets. Every morning the man who held up General FRENCH tells us about it with bated breath over our bated breakfasts. It is one of the finest traditions of the corps that General FRENCH is held up by us every night. We have our own sentries' word for it. This is especially interesting in view of the persistent reports that he is in a totally different part of France. As he gives a different name every night and varies considerably in appearance we feel that there must be something behind it all.

Thompson, who is no end of a fire-eater and wants to be invalided home with a bullet in his left shoulder—he is engaged—has invented a scheme for getting to the front by sheer initiative. Our officers have quite a pedantic veneration for orders, field-marshal and other obsolete pink apron-strings. We are thus thrown back on our sergeants, a fine body of men whose one weakness is an enthusiasm for chocolate. Acting on this knowledge certain tactful and public-spirited privates in our midst will present the sergeants with two sticks of chocolate per sergeant on the understanding that they thereafter form the battalion into fours and march them circumstantially to the trenches. There are, by all accounts, such supplies of these that a few here and there are bound to be empty. Having occupied these we will all expose our left shoulders, and, having gleaned a whole shrubbery of laurels, return to Divisional H.-Q. The sergeants, such as survive, will then be court-martialled and shot at dawn, while the rest of the regiment will be honourably exiled to England in glorious disgrace. All that remains is for Thompson to approach the sergeants with chocolate.

We notice a stray poster which advertises the thrilling romance, *I Hid my Love*. Is the idea that he should elude conscription? or simply Zeppelins?





## THE INNOCENT.

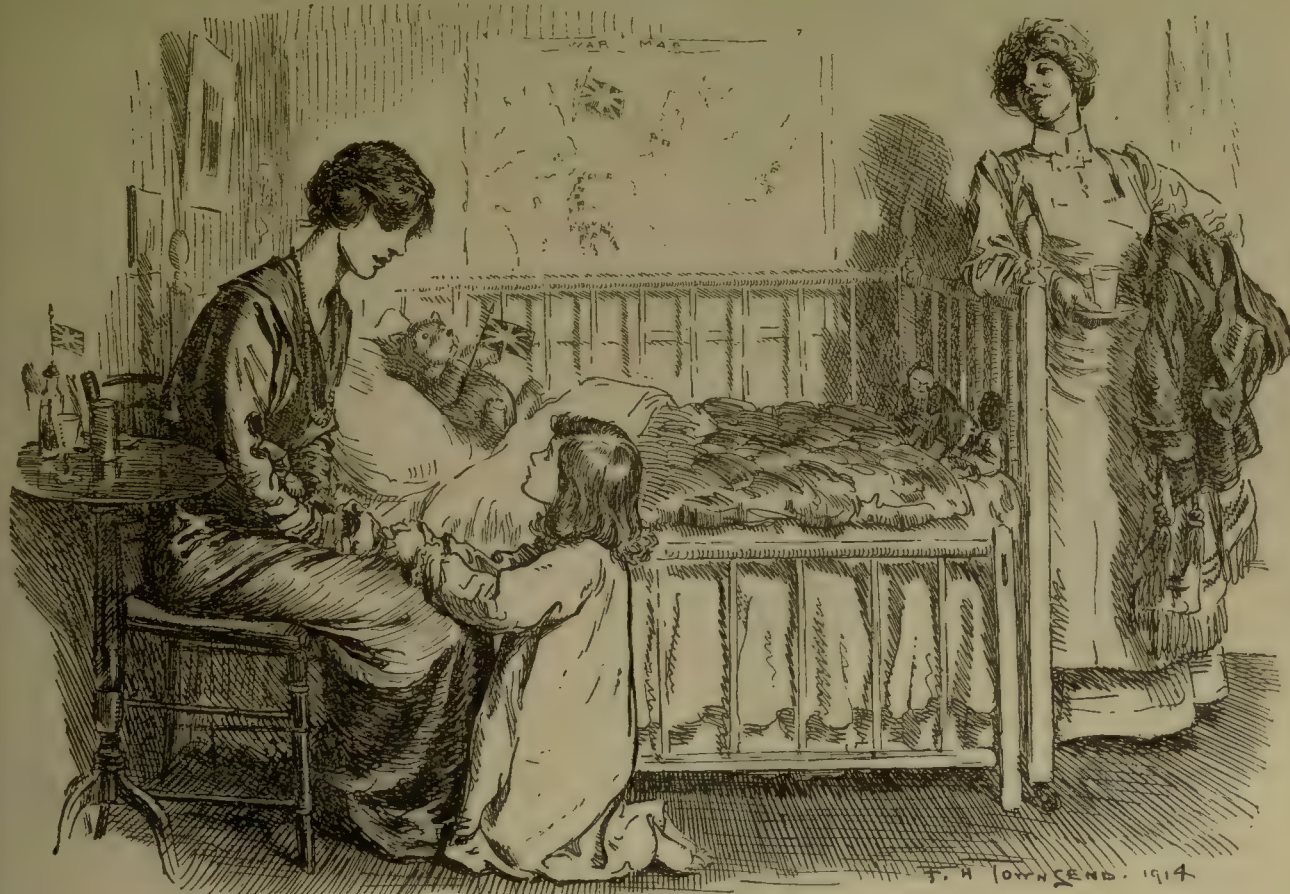
CROWN PRINCE. "THIS OUGHT TO MAKE FATHER LAUGH!"

[In an alleged interview the Crown Prince is reported to have said, "As to being a war agitator, I am truly sorry that people don't know me better. There is no 'War Party' in Germany now—nor has there ever been."]









"— AND PLEASE GOD MAKE ME A GOOD GIRL AMEN. HOW WOULD IT BE, MOTHER, TO GIVE THE GERMANS CIGARETTES FILLED WITH GUNPOWDER? "

### A RASH ASSUMPTION.

ON the morning of November 27th I awoke to find my chest covered with a pretty pink pattern. It blended so well with the colour of my pyjama-jacket that for some minutes I was lost in admiration of the pleasing effect. Then it occurred to me that coming diseases cast their rashes before them, and I sprang from the bed in an agony of apprehension. I rushed to the mirror and opened my mouth to look at my tongue. There it was. I took some of it out. It looked quite healthy, so I put it back again. Then I gazed long and earnestly down my throat. It was quite hollow as usual. Next I got the clinical thermometer and sucked it for quite a long time. When I removed it I saw my temperature was about 86. Then I found I was reading it upside down and that I was only normal. I felt disappointed. After that I tried my pulse. It took me some time to locate it, but it hadn't run down; it was still going quite regularly—andante ma non troppo, two beats in the bar. I whistled "Tipperary" to it, and it kept perfect time.

But still the rash remained. It would neither get out nor get under. I felt perfectly well, and yet I knew I must be ill. I could not understand the complete absence of other symptoms.

At last a bright idea struck me. It was just possible that I might refuse food. I knew that would be a symptom. At any rate I would go down to breakfast and see. I dressed rapidly; I simply tore my clothes on to me. I shaved hastily; I literally tore the whiskers out of me. Then I tore downstairs.

On the table was an egg. I removed the lid and looked inside. It was full of evil odours. I refused it. Then I knew for certain I was ill. I tore back to my bedroom and tore off my clothes. I unshaved. I tumbled into bed and tried hard to shiver. I tried so hard that I perspired. As I was really ill I knew that I had to get hot and cold alternately ever so many times. I did my best to live up to all the symptoms I had ever heard of. I tried to get delirious and talk nonsense, but I failed ignominiously. How I cursed my public school education!

In my extremity I even endeavoured

to imagine that I saw things which were not there. . . .

And then I saw something which really was there. It was my pin-cushion. It looked unusually crowded even for a pin-cushion, and I got out of bed to investigate the matter closer. I counted forty-five—yes, forty-five—little flags, and then memory came back to me. The previous day I had bought forty-five miniature Belgian flags at one time and another during the day. Each charming but inexperienced vendor had insisted on pinning my purchase wherever there happened to be an unoccupied space on my manly (thanks to my tailor) bosom. I remembered being conscious of a prickly sensation on each occasion, but I attributed it to rapturous thrills running about the region of my heart.

To make sure that my explanation was correct I went once again to the mirror and hastily counted my rash. There were forty-five of it!

"HUGE GERMAN SURRENDERS."  
"Evening Standard" Poster.

Probably he had eaten too many sausages.



## LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST.

I wish you knew my sister-in-law; she is probably one of the sweetest girls that ever breathed. Yet we are none of us perfect, and Grace has a drawback. She cannot forget that I am a poet. A fortnight ago she wrote to me:—

"DEAR EDWIN,—I am in such a fix. You remember Mary Smith? She has persuaded a young doctor friend of hers to start an album for original poems. He is such a nice fellow, though perhaps not very fond of poetry, if left to himself. But he has bought the album and has asked her to write on the first page. So she has come to me about it; and I am writing to ask if you would be a great brick and help us, because we get mixed up so with the feet, and I know it is nothing to you to write poetry. Could you possibly let me have it by return?"

Yours affectionately,  
GRACE.

P.S.—*Entre nous*, she is rather keen on him, I think."

Somehow, when Grace's note reached me at the Local Government Board (she has a habit of addressing her communications to me there, in faintly perfumed envelopes much appreciated by the messengers), I was not in a poetical mood. For the past three weeks my branch had been engaged on the subject of Drains in the Eastern Counties, and that very morning I was completing an exhaustive minute dealing with the probable effects of an improved system of sanitation on the public health of the Borough of Ipswich. Still, I felt that something must be done. So I consulted Jones. Jones is, like myself, a poet; he is also the official whom Ministers of the Crown are accustomed, when hard pressed, to consult on the subject of Infantile Mortality amongst Suburban Undertakers; why, I cannot say, though many think it is on the strength of his having been a Philpott's Theological Prizeman at Oxford. I scribbled him a line in pencil: "Come over into number thirteen and help us; and bring your cigarettes." He came, and before leaving the office at 4.30 I was enabled to comply with my sister-in-law's request. I wrote as follows:—

"DEAR GRACE,—I do not remember Mary Smith. On the other hand, since in poetry, as in boxing and battling, the proper management of the feet is everything, and requires more practice than either you or your friend have

apparently been able to devote to it, I have much pleasure in coming to the rescue. In dealing with members of the medical profession it is never wise to beat about the bush; superfluous subtlety merely irritates them. I have therefore endeavoured to make the poem just the artless outpouring of the innocent passion of such a girl as I imagine your friend Mary Smith to be. Here it is.

## TO GEORGE.

How I love you, how I love you,  
Oh, you therapeutic dove, you!  
How I long to snuggle coily on your chest;  
And reposing there to woo you,  
Till, with soft responsive coo, you  
Bid me share your warm but hygienic nest!  
Though I might have oft been married,  
I have tarried, I have tarried,  
Hoping still that I should catch you on the hop;

ginger beer to any considerable extent. But George will not notice these discrepancies. He is not hypercritical."

Two days later I heard from Grace again.

DEAR EDWIN,—Thank you so much for the verses, though perhaps they are a little—well, a little outspoken, aren't they? Unfortunately, Mary's friend is not named George or Harris. He is not even English, but a very nice dark brown man from Asia, a Hindu, I think, and only *trying* to be a doctor at present. As soon as he is one he is going back again. I ought to have told you this before, as I feel it might have helped you. But thanks very much all the same.

Yours affectionately, GRACE."

When I showed this to Jones he expressed his chagrin with a freedom and resource surprising even in a Civil Servant; but, having put our hands to the plough, we felt we could hardly leave Mary Smith in the lurch. So we set to again, and I posted the following poem to Grace:—

## FAREWELL.

Though, O budding Inter-M.B.,  
You may now perchance *pro tem*. be  
Not indifferent to a simple English  
maid,  
Soon the daughters dark and dingy  
Of the land of Ranjitsinhji,  
Will be throwing her completely in  
the shade.

And shall Mary thus be stranded,  
When she had you almost landed  
(Yes, the metaphors are mixed, but  
never mind)?  
Oh, imagine her emotion  
When the cruel Indian Ocean  
Separates you from the girl you left  
behind.

It was nearly a week before I heard from Grace. Then she wrote—

"DEAR EDWIN,—It was really *too* sweet of you to send the second set. We have discovered, however, that Mary's friend is a Parsee, and therefore a worshipper of the sun, and she thinks the last line in the first verse would offend his family's religious scruples. She fears, too, that he might not endorse the epithet 'dingy' as applied by you to his female compatriots. So we have decided not to write in his album. I think however that the first poem (with modifications) would do for the album of a friend of my own, whose name, as it happens, is George. So I have asked the vicar to tone it down for me. He is a Durham man. Do you mind?"

Yours affectionately, GRACE."

I read her letter, and breathed a deep sigh. Then seizing a telegraph form, I wired: "Have no objection to Durham vicars. Am ordering salt-cellar. Do not write again. EDWIN."



Flag-bearer. "FEEL COLD, AN' WANT YER SHIRT, DO YER? GARN! WHERE'S YER PATRIOTISM?"

For to pining, lonely Mary  
To be George's own canary  
Would be sweeter than the sweetest ginger pop.

"'George'—in the title and body of the poem—can of course be altered, if necessary; but something, I know not what, tells me that that is his name, and that it is probably followed by Harris. I may be mistaken, but George Harris, as I feel I know him, is a simple, muscular young man, addicted to tennis and his bicycle, fairly good at diagnosing whooping cough or a broken leg. He likes his pipe and reads the *Referee* on Sunday mornings. Mary, however, will change all that. She will furnish in fumed oak, art flower-pots, and the poems of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, and so will lead him gradually to higher and better things. I wish her all success. Yours, EDWIN.

P.S.—It is true that doves seldom marry canaries, nor do the latter drink



## ANOTHER WAR SCARE.

Peter goes to a dame's school in Armadale Gardens, round the corner.

On Tuesdays and Fridays he comes home at twelve, changes into his football things, and goes off to play soccer till one.

Yesterday, Friday, he came in as usual and, after changing, he put his head round the door of my study and shouted excitedly,

"Daddy!"

"Well, old chap," I said, "out with I'm busy."

"Have you heard? Italy joins Austria. Official."

"Heavens above!" I said. "Official, did you say?"

"Yes," he said. "Can't stop now."

"Hi! Peter," I shouted, "do get me a paper; it won't take you —" But the banging of the front door cut my appeal short.

I couldn't get a paper myself. I had a cold, and had been ordered to stay indoors, and I had an article to finish by three o'clock.

"Italy with Austria and Germany," I groaned. "It's monstrous."

I got up, kicked the waste-paper basket over and walked up and down the room. I knew Peter wouldn't tell a lie. Even for fun he wouldn't say anything like that if it weren't true.

I called Honor. She was in the drawing-room arranging the flowers. She came hurriedly with a bunch of them in her hand. I don't know one flower from one another, but they were big floppy red things.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Matter? Italy's declared for the enemy," I said. "It's official."

"Is that all?" she said. "I thought at least you couldn't find some of your writing things."

"What!" I said, "you can stand there with those ridiculous red blobs in one hand and — and nothing in the other and talk like that!"

"They're not blobs," said Honor, "they're peonies. And if that's all that's the matter I'm busy. I must get my flowers done before lunch."

"Bah!" I said, turning to my table again. "Hang lunch; I can't eat any. Italy, our staunch friend for years, throws in her lot with Austria, her hereditary foe, and you talk of lunch."

"It's macaroni cheese," said Honor calmly, "and you know you love it."

"Shade of GARIBALDI! Macaroni! You dare," I said "to mix that miserable Italian trash with good honest English cheese on such a day, when Italy is mobilising her millions of soldiers and sailors against us and our Allies. It's rank sacrilege."

"Don't get excited," said Honor; "besides the cheese is American Cheddar."

"You trifle with me," I said. "If you send any of the wretched stuff in here I shall trample on it."

"Aren't you coming in to lunch, then?" she said.

"No, I'm not," I said. "I can't eat anything, and I doubt if I can write a word after this."

"What earthly difference would having lunch make?" said Honor.

"None to you," I said. "You can gorge yourself on macaroni cheese while the Empire totters."

I kicked the fallen waste-paper basket across the room. I don't suppose I added more than fifty or sixty words to my article in the next hour-and-three-quarters.

Then I heard Peter whistling in the

hall. He had finished lunch and was just off to school again.

I called him. "Look here, old man," I said, "you might get me a paper at the station before going to school. I want to see about Italy joining Austria. It's awful."

"You don't need a paper," said Peter; "look on the map and you'll see that Italy joins Austria," and he fled. It was well for him that he fled.

"Any more of that macaroni cheese left?" I said, rushing into the dining-room. "I've just swallowed the oldest joke in the world and I want to take away the taste of it."

"During 1912 we imported 2,290,206,240 foreign eggs. It is estimated that over 60% of these are no longer available."—*Advt.*

Heaven preserve us from the other 40%.



Village Worthy (discussing possibilities of invasion). "WELL, THERE CAN'T BE NO BATTLE IN THESE PARTS, JARGUE, FOR THERE BAIN'T NO FIELD SUITABLE, AS YOU MAY SAY; AN' SQUIRE 'E WON'T LEND 'EM THE USE OF 'IS PARK."



## THE LAST LINE.

V.

At last! We are "recognised" by the War Office! Our months of toil are not to go unrewarded. Two hours every evening at the end of an ordinary civilian day's work, all Saturday afternoon and the whole of Sunday, we have given these up cheerfully, supported by the hope of ultimate recognition. And now it is come!

The terms of the War Office are generous. They are these. Provided that we buy our own rifles and equipment and continue to pay our own training expenses; provided that we use no military terms and make no attempt to wear any clothing which may look to the Germans at all like a soldier's uniform; provided that the War Office is at perfect liberty to employ upon those of us within the age-limits a conscription for whole-time service which it has no intention of employing upon the more patriotic man who spends his week-ends playing golf; these provisions complied with, we—*are allowed to go on living!*

That startles you? I thought it would. You looked down upon us. Recognition, you told yourself, would only mean that we were immediately to be employed as waterproof sheeting for the new huts or concrete foundations for the new guns. Aha! Now you wish you had joined us. We are allowed to go on living!

But I was forgetting. The War Office is being even more generous than that. In return for our not bothering them any more, it will allow us to wear (and pay for) a small red armlet with "G.R." on it; the red colour, I suppose, informing the Germans that we have just been vaccinated, and the "G. R." ("got rash") warning them that the left arm is irritable.

James is annoyed about it. This is silly of him. As I point out, our soldiers have already earned a reputation abroad for gaiety and high spirits, and it is all to the good that the War Office should show that it has a sense of humour equally keen. When the invasion comes, and music-halls, cinemas and football matches are closed down, the amusement of the country (as the War Office has foreseen) will depend entirely upon us. Let us, then, obey rigidly the seven commandments of "recognition" and see how funny we can be.

For instance:—

AT HEADQUARTERS.

[The Brigadier and the Adjutant—I beg pardon (don't shoot)—Father and Father's Help are discovered in conversation.]

Father (explaining orders). The Battalion will advance to-morrow towards Harwich, where the enemy—

Father's Help. Excuse me, Sir, but isn't that rather too military? How would this do?—"The brethren will walk out towards Harwich to-morrow, where the Band of Hope from another parish has already assembled."

IN THE FIELD.

Churchwarden Jones. Advance in half-pew rushes from the right!

Sidesman Tomkins. No. 1 half-pew, advance . . . At the congregation in front at a thousand yards.

Parishioner Brown (to his neighbour). I say, how many bullets have you brought with you?

Parishioner Smith. Fifteen. Fact is, I'm jolly hard up just now. Emily's been ill again, and one thing and another . . . I did have twenty, but the baby swallowed two . . . You might lend me some, old man. I promise to pay you back at the end of the month.

Parishioner Brown. I'll lend you a couple, but that's really all I can spare . . . Look at Boko swanking away like a bally millionaire. That's his tenth shot this afternoon. Fairly chucking his money about.

Parishioner Robinson. I'll give you a hundred cartridges in exchange for your bayonet if you like. Sickening the Germans coming just now; it's my birthday next week and I'd been practically promised one by Aunt Sarah.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD.

Elder Perks, C.B. (that is to say, "completely bald"). What the blank blanket do those blanks think they're doing?

Lay-Helper Snooks. I beg your pardon, Sir, for reminding you, but military terms are not allowed to be used.

Elder Perks. Quite right, Snooks; I forgot myself. Kindly request the organist to sound the Assemble. Those naughty lads are running in the wrong direction.

AT THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS.

German Officer (to prisoner). You are a civilian and you are caught bearing arms. Have you anything to offer in your defence?

Prisoner. Civilian be blowed! I'm recognised by the War Office. Look at my— Oh lor, it's come off again!

German Officer. Well?

Prisoner. I know appearances are against me, but—

German Officer. What is your rank?

Prisoner. Er—Chairman of the Committee.

German Officer. I thought so. (To Sergeant) Take him away and shoot

him. (To Prisoner) Any last message you wish to leave will be delivered.

Prisoner (drawing himself up nobly). Tell my wife not to mourn me. Tell her that I die happy (his voice breaks for a moment) knowing that my death (with deep emotion) is—technically—(a happy smile illuminates his face) an illegal one.

And so I tell James not to worry. If the worst befalls him—and all the time when I was writing "prisoner" above I seemed to see James in that position—if the worst befalls him, his partner will at least be able to bring an action against somebody. For we are not "civilians." We are—well, I don't quite know what we are. A. A. M.

## OUR MIGHTY PENMEN.

(In acknowledgment of the services of some of the gifted representatives of "The Daily Mail" and "The Daily Chronicle.")

Correspondents, though banned at the Front,

Are so manfully doing their "stunt"

In searching for news

That the Limerick Muse

Thus honours their skill in the hunt.

The despatches of Mr. ELIAS

Are so laudably free from all bias

That their moderate strain

Has given much pain

To the shade of the late ANANIAS.

K. OF K., who by birth is a Kerry man,  
Much approves of the work of Z.

FERRIMAN,

For it holds the just mean

That's betwixt and between

The extremes of Cassandra and Merryman.

For news that is fresh from the spot

Commend me to great ALAN BOTT;

The stuff that he wires

Stokes our patriot fires

Without being ever too hot.

The despatches of good Mr. PERRIS  
Have the flavour of syrupy "sherris";

They enrapture the mind

Of the sane and refined—

Especially ELLALINE TERRISS.

In Rotterdam city JAMES DUNN

Keeps his vigilant eye on the Hun,

And fires off despatches

In generous batches,

Like a humanized 15-inch gun.

It is futile to cavil or carp

At Sir ALFRED, whose surname is SHARPE;

For he soothes us or stings

As the nightingale sings,

Or as angels perform on the harp.





THE MASTER WORD.





### THE ZEPPELIN MENACE.

A SMART LONDON CELLAR IN WAR-TIME. PICTURED BY A BERLIN ARTIST.

#### THE FOUR SEA LORDS.

(For the information of an ever-thirsty public.)

##### FIRST SEA LORD.

THIS is the man whose work is War;  
He plans it out in a room on shore—  
He and his Staff (all brainy chaps)  
With miniature flags and monster  
maps,  
And a crew whose tackle is Hydro-  
graphic,  
With charts for steering our ocean  
traffic.  
But the task that most engrosses him  
Is to keep his Fleet in fighting trim;  
To see that his airmen learn the knack  
Of plomping bombs on a Zeppelin's  
back;  
To make his sailors good at gunnery,  
And so to sink each floating hunnery.

##### SECOND SEA LORD.

HERE is the man who mans the Fleet  
With jolly young tars that can't be  
beat;  
He has them trained and taught the  
rules;  
He looks to their hospitals, barracks,  
schools;

He notes what rumorous Osborne's  
doing,

And if it has mumps or measles brewing.  
He fills each officer's vacant billet  
(Provided the First Lord doesn't fill it);  
And he casts a fatherly eye, between,  
On that fine old corps, the Royal  
Marines.

This is the job that once was JELlicoe's,  
But now he has one a bit more bellicose.

##### THIRD SEA LORD.

SHIPS are the care of the Third Sea Lord,  
And all Material kept on board.

'Tis he must see that the big guns boom  
And the wheels go round in the engine-  
room;

'Tis he must find, for cloudy forays,  
Aeroplanes and Astra Torres;  
And, long ere anything's sent to sea,  
Tot up a bill for you and me.

##### FOURTH SEA LORD.

THE Fourth Sea Lord has a deal to  
plan,  
For he's, chief of all, the Transport  
man.

He finds the Fleet in coal and victuals  
(Supplying the beer—if not the skittles);  
He sees to the bad'uns that get im-  
prisoned,

And settles what uniform's worn (or  
isn't) . . .

Even the stubl'ornest own the sway  
Of the Lord of Food and the Lord of  
Pay!

#### SEARCHLIGHTS ON THE MERSEY.

A LONG lean bar of silver spans  
The ebon-rippled water-way,  
And like a lost moon's errant ray  
Strikes on the passing caravans—

Ghost-ships that from the desert seas  
Loom silent through the steady  
beams,  
Pale phantoms of elusive dreams  
Cargued with ancient memories.

Through the long night across the cool  
Black waters to their shrouded berth,  
Bearing the treasures of the earth,  
Glide the fair ships to Liverpool.

"Londoner" in *The Evening News*:—

"Long live King Leopold, a faithful prince  
if ever there was one, as loyal to his brave  
Belgians as they, gallant souls that they are,  
are loyal to him. Does he, I wonder, ever  
take a look at his family pedigree?"  
Because, if so, he would discover that  
his name was really Albert.





## THE KING AT THE FRONT.

"TOMMY" (having learned the language). "VIVE LE ROI!"









*Michael (gloomily).* "MUMMY, I DO HOPE I SHAN'T DIE SOON."

*Mummy.* "DARLING! SO DO I—BUT WHY?"

*Michael.* "IT WOULD BE TOO AWFUL TO DIE A CIVILIAN."

### THE ENTENTE IN BEING.

WE were sitting in a little restaurant in the gay city—which is not a gay city any more, but a city of dejection, a city that knows there is a war going on and not so long since could hear the guns. There are, however, corners where, for the moment, contentment or, at any rate, visitations of mirth are possible, and this little restaurant is one of them. Well, we were sitting there waiting for coffee, the room (for it was late) now empty save for the table behind me, where two elderly French bourgeois and a middle-aged woman were seated, when suddenly the occupant of the chair which backed into mine and had been backing into it so often during the evening that I had punctuated my eating with comments on other people's clumsy bulkiness; suddenly, as I say, this occupant, turning completely round, forced his face against mine and, cigarette in hand, asked me for a light. I could see nothing but face—a waste of plump ruddy face set deep between vast

shoulders, a face garnished with grey beard and moustache, and sparkling moist eyes behind highly magnifying spectacles. Very few teeth and no hair. But the countenance as a whole radiated benignance and enthusiasm; and one thing, at any rate, was clear, and that was that none of my resentment as to the restlessness of the chair had been telepathed.

Would I do him the honour of giving him a light? he asked, the face so close to mine that we were practically touching. I reached out for a match. Oh, no, he said, not at all; he desired the privilege of taking the light from my cigarette, because I was an Englishman and it was an honour to meet me, and—and — "Vive l'Angleterre!" This was all very strange and disturbing to me; but we live in stirring times, and nothing ever will be the same again. So I gave him the light quite calmly and with great presence of mind said, "Vive la France!" Then he grasped my hand and thanked me for the presence of the English army in his country, the credit for which I endeavoured fruit-

lessly to disclaim, and we all stood up and bowed to each other severally and collectively, and resumed our own lives again.

But the incident had been so unexpected that I, at any rate, could not be quite normal just yet, for I could not understand why, out of four of us, all English, and one a member of the other sex, so magnetic to Frenchmen, I should have been selected either as the most typical or the most likely to be cordial—I who only a week or so ago was told reflectively by a student of men, gazing steadfastly upon me, that my destiny must be to be more amused by other people than to amuse them. Especially, too, as earlier in the evening there had been two of our men—real men—in khaki in the room. Yet there it was: I, a dreary civilian, had been carefully selected as the truest representative of Angleterre and all its bravery and chivalry, even to the risk of dislocation of the perilously short neck of the speaker.

It was therefore my turn to behave, and I whispered to the waiter to fill



three more glasses with his excellent *Fine de la maison* (not the least remarkable in Paris) and place them on the next table, with our compliments. This he did, and the explosion of courtesy and felicitations that followed was terrific. It flung us all to our feet, bowing and smiling. We clinked glasses, each of us clinking six others; we said "*Vive la France!*" and "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" We tried to assume expressions consonant with the finest types of our respective nations. I felt everything that was noblest in the English character rushing to my cheeks; everything that was most gallant and spirited in the French temperament suffused the face of my friend until I saw nothing for him but instant apoplexy. Meanwhile he grasped my hand in his, which was very puffy and warm, and again thanked me for all that *ces braves Anglais* had done to save Paris and *la belle France*.

Down we all sat again, and I whispered to our party that perhaps this was enough and we had better creep away. But there was more in store. Before the bill could be made out—never a very swift matter at this house—I caught sight of a portent and knew the worst. I saw a waiter entering the room with a tray on which was a bottle of champagne and seven glasses. My heart sank, for if there is one thing I cannot do, it is to drink the sweet champagne so dear to the bourgeois palate. And after the old *fine*, not before it! To the French mind these irregularities are nothing; but to me, to us . . .

There however it was, and, in a moment, the genial enthusiast was again on his feet. Would we not join them, he asked, in drinking to the good health and success of the Allies in a glass of champagne? Of course we would. We were all on our feet again, all clinking glasses again, all crying "*Vive la France!*" "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" to which we added, "*A bas les Allemands!*" all shaking hands and looking our best, exactly as before. But this time there was no following national segregation, but we sat down in three animated groups and talked as though a ban against social intercourse in operation for years had sud-

denly been lifted. The room buzzed. We were introduced one by one to Madame, who not only was my friend's wife, but, he told us proudly, helped in his business, whatever that might be; and Madame, on closer inspection, turned out to be one of the capable but somewhat hard French women of her class, with a suggestion somewhere about the mouth that she had doubts as to whether the champagne had been quite a necessary expense—whether things had not gone well enough without it, and my contribution of *fine* the fitting conclusion. Still she made a brave show at cordiality. Then we were introduced to the other gentleman,



FAITH.

who was Madame's cousin and had a son at the Front, and, on hearing this, we shook hands with him again, and so gradually we disentangled and at last got into our coats and made our adieux.

When I had shaken his feather-bed hand for the last time my new friend gave me his card. It lies before me now as I write and I do not mean to part with it:—

BAPTISTE GRIMAUD,  
DÉLÉGUÉ CANTONAL,  
9A PLACE GAMBETTA.

*Pompes Funèbres.*

Well, if ever I come to die in Paris I know who shall bury me. I would not let any one else do it for the world. Warm hearts are not so common as all that!

## A FOOTNOTE TO HERODOTUS.

It has been discovered by a Berlin research student that "Germany" is a mere corruption of "Cyrmania," and that the KAISER is descended from CYRUS, King of Persia.

We are inclined to agree as to the "mania" part, and we think the "corruption" must be that of the modern representatives of the ancient Orientals, whose education consisted in riding, shooting—and telling the truth.

The *Almanach de Bouverie Street*, however, informs us that the ever-frowning WAR LORD derives from the monarch of the rocky brow, who counted his men by nations at break of day, and when the sun set where were they? If the Hohenxerxes family are still on the look-out for places in the sun, they will find their ancestral homes for the most part unoccupied in the sufficiently arid regions around Ecbatana and Persepolis, now crying aloud for Kultur and Kraut.

We are still waiting to hear that VON HAFIZ and OMAR ZU KHAYYAM, as well as SHAKESPEARE, have been proved to be Germans, and that the Herr WOLFF of the Berlin Lie Bureau traces back to the foster-mother of ROMULUS—and Romance.

## Ultimatum.

Mr. Punch begs to remind the 1,793 correspondents who have lately sent him delightful plays upon the word "wet" [DE WET the man and "de wet" the rain (ha-ha)] that the same idea had already occurred to 15,825 correspondents during the Boer War. Time is a great healer, but twelve years is not long enough.

Mr. C. G. GREY writes in *The Daily Express* on the Freidrichshafen air-raid:—

"The raid itself was one of those simple affairs which might have been done by any aviator possessing skill and pluck, only fortunately for these three officers nobody else did it."

And the disparaging comment was one of those simple affairs which might have been done by any journalist possessing—and—, only fortunately nobody else did it.



## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

WAKING at six, I lie and wait  
Until the papers come at eight.  
I skim them with an anxious eye  
Ere duly to my bath I hie,  
Postponing till I'm fully dressed  
My study of the daily pest.  
Then, seated at my frugal board,  
My rasher served, my tea outpoured,  
I disentangle news official  
From reams of comment unjudicial,  
Until at half-past nine I rise  
Bemused by all this "wild surmise,"  
And for my daily treadmill bound  
Fare eastward on the underground.  
But, whether in the train or when  
I reach my dim official den,  
Placards designed to thrill and scare  
Affront my vision everywhere,  
And double windows can't keep out  
The newsboy's penetrating shout.  
For when the morning papers fail  
The evening press takes up the tale,  
And, fired by furious competition,  
Edition following on edition,  
The headline demons strain and strive  
Without a check from ten till five,  
Extracting from stale news some phrase  
To shock, to startle or amaze,  
Or found a daring innuendo—  
All swelling in one long crescendo,  
Till, shortly after five o'clock,  
When business people homeward flock,  
From all superfluous verbiage freed  
Comes JOFFRE's calm laconic screed,  
And all the bellows of the town  
Quelled by the voice of Truth die  
down,  
Enabling you and me to win  
Twelve hours' release from Rumour's din.

## A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR THE QUEEN.

A FEW days ago, when sitting in Committee on ways and means in the matter of Christmas presents, Joan and I made out that the extra taxes which we should be called upon to disgorge this year would amount to £3 16s. 1d.

"That's curious!" Joan remarked, comparing our calculation with some figures on another slip of paper before her. "Isn't three pounds sixteen and a penny half of seven pounds twelve and twopence?"

"It is," I admitted. "But why?"

"Because last year," said Joan, "our Christmas presents cost us exactly seven pounds twelve and twopence. In other words it means that we can only afford—owing to the extra taxes—to spend half that sum on presents this year."

I nodded.

"Well," continued Joan, "I have a splendid idea. Our folk, I know,

won't expect proper presents this year. How would it be if we——"

"I know what you mean," I chimed in. "Give them half-presents! Half a lace scarf to your mother, one fur glove only to your father, afternoon-tea saucers to Aunt Emma, a Keats Calendar for 182½ days to Uncle Peter, kilt-lengths instead of dress-lengths to Cook and Phœbe, and so on, all with promissory notes for the balance attached."

"I don't mean anything of the sort," said Joan. "We shall give no half-presents. We shall give one whole present where it will be needed far more than by our relations. It will have a face-value of three pounds sixteen and a penny, but virtually it will represent a sum of seven pounds twelve and twopence."

I coughed a sceptic's cough.

"You don't believe me," said Joan. "Now, will you be content to give me, here and now, a cheque for three pounds sixteen and a penny, and credit your conscience with double that

sum? Will you be willing to leave its disposal to me if I guarantee that that shall be the full extent of your liability?"

"Absolutely!" I replied with enthusiasm. "Can't you arrange to settle the rates, the electric-light bill and the coal bill on the same terms?"

"No," said Joan gravely, "my principle only applies to presents. Here's your cheque-book and here's my fountain-pen."

"What is your principle?" I asked as I meekly complied with her demand.

"What did Mr. ASQUITH say in 1912?" was all the answer Joan vouchsafed, so I decided to follow that eminent statesman's advice and wait and see.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I came down to breakfast two days later Joan passed me *The Times*. "Read that," she said, indicating a paragraph in the "Personal" column marked in pencil.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer," I read out, "acknowledges the receipt



PERCY REYNOLDS.

"RUN AWAY, YOU LITTLE BOYS; DON'T COME HERE SHIMPING ABOUT!"



of two pounds and three shillings conscience-money from ——"

"Oh! I've marked the wrong paragraph," exclaimed Joan. "It's the one underneath." Then I saw—

"The Hon. Treasurer of the QUEEN'S 'Work for Women' Fund, 33, Portland Place, W., gratefully acknowledges the receipt of Treasury notes and postal orders to the value of £3 16s. 1d. forwarded by an anonymous donor."

When I looked up Joan was smiling significantly.

"Very nice," I commented, "but I see they've only acknowledged the original amount I gave you. I thought you were going to double it."

"And so I have," said Joan. "He (or she) gives twice who gives quickly."

### THE TERRORS OF WAR.

[Being privileged extracts from two of next season's War Romances.]

From *Pot-bank and Potsdam*:—

Edwin Clayhanger strolled dully down the Square. A squat dirty boy shrieked: "Sentinel. Result of Bursley Match. War News—Official." Edwin snatched a pink paper and under an anti-Zeppelin gas-lamp read that Knipe had defeated Bursley Rovers by four goals to none. He crumpled the paper in his hand and threw it disgustedly into the gutter, outside Bates the cheesemonger's. Sam Bates emerged, picked up the paper and confided to his assistant that "Young Edwin's brain is going, like old Mr. Clayhanger's."

Chill mists enveloped the pot-banks. The glare of the Hanbridge furnaces was subdued to a faint glimmer. The shout of a laughing crowd outside the Blood Tub drew Edwin closer. He perceived in the midst of the throng an elephant covered with Union Jacks. On its back stood Denry Machin, the famous Card of the Five Towns, thrice Mayor of Bursley.

"Boys," cried the Card, "you can see the circus elephant free. You can listen to me free. Hanbridge is going to raise a Pot-bank Company for Kitchener's Army. They want us to raise one to match it. We're going one better. Bursley will raise a Pot-bank Regiment. I just want a thousand men to be going along with. Don't all speak at once."

The crowd shrieked with laughter at Bursley's only humorist.

Edwin Clayhanger thought deeply. For three years he had been waiting to marry Hilda Lessways. Now the thought of 528 pages of married life with her overwhelmed him. Up went his hand.

"We're doing fine," cried the Card.

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine more and off we march to Potsdam in the morning."

From *The Military Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*:—

I shrank down into a corner of the reserve trench. The fifteen inches of half-frozen mud caused my old wound from an Afghan bullet to ache viciously. I longed for some wounded to arrive—anything to end this chilly inactivity. A tall officer in staff uniform jumped into the trench beside me.

"You are wishing yourself back in Baker Street," he remarked.

"How did you know?" I exclaimed.

"Why, Holmes, what are you doing here?"

"Business, my dear Watson, business. Moriarty is becoming troublesome again."

"But he was drowned."

"Far too clever to be drowned in that pool. Merely stranded on the edge like myself. But I had made England too hot for him. You can guess his name."

"Not the K——!"

"Watson, Watson, Moriarty was my mental equal. Now he calls himself von Kluck."

I was overwhelmed.

Just then a little group of the staff arrived. I recognised amongst them the figures of General J—— and Field-Marshal F——, and saluted.

"The spy in staff uniform is the third on your left, Sir," said Holmes casually.

The Field-Marshal beckoned a firing party.

As the shots rang out I whispered, "How did you know he wasn't English?"

"Watson, Watson, did you not see that he had no handkerchief in his sleeve?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is all important, Captain Holmes," said the British Commander, "that we should ascertain what army is opposing our right wing. Our airmen are useless in this fog. I detail you for this duty."

Holmes saluted. "Come, Watson," he said, and led me through the fog towards the enemy's lines. We had not walked a mile when we reached a fine chateau.

"You are cold, Watson," said Holmes. "Light a fire in the front room whilst I scout for Uhlans."

In a moment he returned to me after having looked round the house. It was, I think, the first time the Chateau had known the scent of shag tobacco. A glow of heat rushed through me. I felt another man.

"Better than the trenches," said Holmes, penetrating to my inmost

thought. We sat for an hour and then I said, "Holmes, your mission."

"Ah, I forgot. Come on."

He led me into the thickening fog, and in a few minutes I was surprised to find myself in the British lines. The General emerged as we approached. Holmes saluted. "The Crown Prince's army is on the enemy's left, Sir. It is now in rapid retreat."

The General shook him warmly by the hand.

"But, Holmes," I said, as we went away, "we have done nothing. The lives of thousands of our men may depend on this."

"My dear Watson," said Holmes, tapping the dottle of his pipe into his hand. "I used my eyes. In the house we visited the silver had almost all vanished. Inference—Crown Prince. But two solid silver spoons had been left on the table. Inference—Crown Prince in a hurry. Really, I am ashamed to explain a deduction which an intelligent child could have made."

### KARL.

Karl has emerged from the obscurity in which for years he has been wrapped and has become a topic of conversation, a link with the past, a popular alien enemy and a common nuisance.

Once upon a time, when we were first told about Karl, those of us who didn't say that it was an extraordinary coincidence observed that the world is a small place after all; but now, when the narrator reaches that part of the story where he tells us that we "can imagine his surprise when"—I usually interrupt him to say that he must forgive me, but really I cannot.

Karl was a German waiter at all the restaurants where my friends and my friends' friends were in the habit of dining. In time of peace not one of our mutual friends ever mentioned Karl to me, nobody ever wrote excitedly to tell me that they had seen him getting into a bus in the Strand; but now—

My sister-in-law's brother has the distinction of being the first among us to meet Karl since the outbreak of war. He was at Waterloo Station one morning when some German prisoners were being brought through from ——, and as he passed them someone, speaking with a familiar voice and a strong German accent, addressed him by name. You can imagine his surprise when—

Karl, my sister-in-law said her brother told her, had spoken of being pleased to be among us once more, but this was apparently only another





## CARRYING ON.

*Old Sportsman.* "WELL, TOM, BACK INTO HARNESS AGAIN?"

*Tom (retired Huntsman).* "YES, SIR; ONLY SECOND WHIP NOW. DIDN'T THINK TO SEE YOU HUNTIN' AGAIN, SIR."

*Old Sportsman.* "JUST TRYING TO KEEP THINGS GOING TILL THE LADS COME BACK AGAIN."

German lie, for when next I heard of him he was back in the trenches again. A friend of my brother's fiancée, who was superintending the removal of some German wounded to Paris, was surprised to find himself addressed by name by a young German whose face seemed vaguely familiar. You can imagine his astonishment when, etc. Karl, my brother said the friend of his fiancée told her, was only too glad to have fallen into English hands.

It was in a hospital ship in the North Sea that my cousin met him. The situation remained unchanged. He addressed my cousin by name and said he was longing to be back in England again.

Two days afterwards I heard that a friend of mine had seen him in Holland, where the unlucky fellow was interned, having deserted with the intention of returning to us.

I made it my business to let my friends know—those friends of mine who had not already heard from some-

one who had met him—that he was securely interned in Holland, and we should know no more of him until the war was over, and after that I had for some time the pleasure of forgetting his existence. Unfortunately, however, I had overlooked Stephen.

Stephen and I were talking of the war (and incidentally having dinner together) when he told me that a man he knew had told him of a strange coincidence of which his nephew had told him. A friend of his who was at the Front had been in the habit of dining at a certain restaurant where a German waiter—

"Karl," I said.

"You've heard about it?" he asked.

"Only yesterday," I said, "I met a friend who knew someone who was present at the inquest."

"The inquest!"

"Yes," I said. "He shot himself through the heart with one of the seven hundred and twenty-five rifles which were found in her dress-basket."

I didn't allow him to interrupt me.

"He had only recently become engaged to her, I believe. She had been a trusted nurse and governess in many English families for many years, etc., etc. Some day I will tell you all about her. It's a long, long story and rather depressing. But about Karl. His mind had undoubtedly become unhinged and, after escaping from Holland, he found his way to the house where she was employed, learnt that she had been arrested (you see, the red stitches on her handkerchief, which everyone had supposed were laundry marks, turned out to be plans of Hampton Court Maze and the most direct route to Swan and Selfinsons), and, seizing the rifle, he rushed from the house (it was the night the Russians passed through Aberdeen and Upper Norwood) and—"

Stephen apologised to me.

"Karl shall be no more," he said.

"Karl the ubiquitous is dead."

"Evening papers please copy," I added.



## THE SEARCH FOR PADDINGTON.

I do not say that the expedition I propose to describe was accompanied by any very great risk. The streets, of course, were dark and the taxis and motor-buses were quite up to the usual average in number and well above it in speed. Still, when your mind is full of stories of shrapnel and Black Marias, you feel able to affront motor vehicles, even in darkened streets, with a feeling of comparative security. It is not so much danger as mystery that makes this story remarkable.

There were two of us, and we found ourselves taking tea in the N.W. district, that is to say in one of those parts (there are millions of them) which lie about the Abbey Road. One of us had knitted belts for soldiers; another knew a hero who had received the D.S.O., and all of us had been brought into close connection with Belgian refugees whose cheerful courage under terrible suffering formed the burden of our talk. Not to know a Belgian in these days is a mark of social outlawry, and you cannot know them without admiring them. The fire was warm, the room was comfortable, and the minutes ticked themselves away in the usual place on the mantelpiece.

"How long," said one of us, "will it take us to walk from here to Paddington?"

"To walk?" said our hostess in a tone of mild surprise.

"Yes," I said, "to walk. We are the ones for adventure. We are country folk, and we don't get a chance of a walk in St. John's Wood every day."

"I don't want to hurry you," said our hostess, "but if you really want to walk you must start at once."

We did. We went out, turned to the right, and plunged head-first towards the brooding darkness of Maida Vale.

"Are you sure," said my companion, "that you know the way?"

"No," I said, "I am not sure. Is one sure of anything in this life? But Paddington is a big place. We can't miss it. Think of its immense glass roof and take courage. We are bound to get there sooner or later."

"Yes," she said, "but we want to get there for the 5.50."

"True," I said. "We must limit our wanderings. I will ask this gentleman. He is standing at a corner. He has leisure and must know the way to Paddington."

I approached the gentleman and addressed him. "Sir," I said, "can you tell me the best way to get to Paddington?"

He looked at me suspiciously. "The station?" he said.

"Yes," I said, "Paddington station."

"Are you going to walk?"

I said we were.

"Ah," he said, "that makes a difference. If you wanted a bus now I might help you; but I'm lame, you see—only got one real leg. Run over by a van a matter of ten years ago, and I don't do much hard walking myself. Still you can't go far wrong if you take the first on the left."

We tore ourselves away, took the first on the left and walked on, ever on, through a wilderness of silent and unfamiliar houses. At last we came upon a baker's cart. "Ask him," said my fellow-traveller, pointing to the baker's man. I asked him.

"Are we right," I said, "for Paddington?"

"Oh yes," he said, "you're right enough. You'll get there in time, but you'll have to walk round the world first. My advice is to go in the opposite direction and take the second on the right, close to the dairy; you can't miss it."

Again we fled into the blackness. Paddington had shrunk to the size of a needle and we were in a huge bottle of hay, an oriental bottle full of weird surprises in the shape of sultans, genies, princesses, mosques, one-eyed porters, but

never a hint of a railway station. How, indeed, could there be a railway station in Bagdad five hundred years ago?

"Ask again," said the other one.

I addressed a gentleman who was hurrying over a bridge. "Can you," I said, "direct me to Paddington station?"

He murmured something unintelligible and pointed to his ears.

I repeated my question loudly and again he murmured. At last I made out his words: "Stone deaf, stone deaf."

"Great heavens," I said, "all the infirmities of the world are come out against us. The man with one leg—the stone-deaf man. What next, what next?"

The second wayfarer seized my arm. "Look," she said, pointing to the sky. There, before our eyes, merging into the foggy infinity of the heavens, was the glass roof of our dreams. We ran like hares. We collided with everybody. Both of us had our feet trodden on by soldiers. We shouted at porters and they shouted back at us, and at last we flung ourselves into a train.

"You don't often come by this train," said a friendly fellow-passenger.

"No," I said, "I generally come by the 6.50."

"This is the 6.50," he said.

## THE FORLORN HOPE.

*(Sympathetically addressed to the Hamburg Colonial Institute, which "has undertaken the task of showing that Germany has conducted her operations in the spirit of the most enlightened humanity.")*

In this war of the civilised nations

That extends from the East to the West,

Have arisen full many occasions

For a man to put forth of his best;

When the battle was raging its roughest,

Men have spared themselves never a jot,

But, gentlemen, yours is the toughest

Affair of the lot.

Your countrymen's road through the trenches

Has not proved too easy a course,

For they seem to be hindered by FRENCH'S

No longer contemptible force,

But their work with the gun and the sabre,

Their frenzied attempts to break through,

Are child's play compared with the labour

Allotted to you.

One fears that your gallant intentions

Will meet with a general scorn,

For I doubt if all history mentions

A hope so extremely forlorn;

But, should you succeed in acquitting

The Huns and their bellicose boss,

All the world will unite in admitting

You merit your Cross.

## War Stringency.

From the catalogue of a G. W. R. salvage sale:—

"696. 2 bags tares and 1 grass seed."

We have bought the grass seed and are planting it in our garden. If anybody hears of another for sale we shall be glad to know.

"ZOUAVES CARRY WOOD AT POINT OF BAYONNET."

Daily Paper.

We always keep a cork tip on ours in case of accidents.





"SEE 'IM? WELL, WHEN 'E SEZ 'OO GOES THERE?' IF YOU 'RE A ENGLISHMAN YOU 'AS TO SAY 'FRIEND!' AND IF YOU 'RE A GERMAN YOU 'AS TO SAY 'FOE!'"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE aspect of the present problem (as this sounds a little too like a leading article, I should explain that I mean the Christmas present problem) has this year been very satisfactorily settled. Everybody buys some books at this time; and when you know that for two shillings and sixpence you can now purchase the best and most characteristic work of two-score famous writers and artists, and, moreover, that the said half-crown will go to one of the most sensible and practical of all the Funds, naturally *Princess Mary's Gift Book* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is going to figure large in this year's list of things-not-to-forget. Honestly and without hyperbole, I question if a better collection has ever been brought together. From the first page (on which you will find a charming portrait by Mr. J. J. SHANNON of the gracious young lady to whose timely inspiration the volume is due) to the last, everyone seems to have given his or her best. Not only this, but the precise kind of best that we most like to have from them. To take a few examples at random, here is a song of *Big Steamers* by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, with the jolliest ship-pictures by Mr. NORMAN WILKINSON; a Zulu tale by Sir RIDER HAGGARD; a *Pimpernel* story by the Baroness ORCZY; and a comic upside-down dream of a little London child by Mr. PETT RIDGE. This last has drawings by Mr. LEWIS BAUMER that are fully worthy of it; indeed it cannot but be a proud sensation for the peculiarly gallant heart of Mr. Punch to find that he is represented by so many of his knights of the pencil in this worthy cause. It is satisfactory to learn that the originals of the drawings in the book will shortly be on sale

at the Leicester Galleries in aid of the QUEEN'S Work for Women Fund. Upon the assured success of a delightful book the reviewer begs to offer to its only begetter his most respectful congratulations.

The *Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield*, published by MURRAY, is the third volume of the work, the two earlier ones having been edited by the late Mr. MONEY-PENNY. Mr. GEORGE BUCKLE now "takes up the wondrous tale," and maintains at a high level its historic interest and literary charm. He finds DISRAELI, after the fantastic flights of early manhood, in an assured position. He was within measurable distance of assuming the Leadership of a Party which, long dallying with the harsh appellation Protectionist, now decided to be known as Conservative, a compromise hotly resented by good Tories. A flash of the old vanity flickers over a letter written from the Carlton Club to his wife: "The Ministry have resigned. All *Coningsby* and Young England the general exclamation here." Alone he did it, partly by writing a novel, incidentally by forming a Party of which Lord JOHN MANNERS was a representative member. On the opening of the Session, January 19th, 1847, DISRAELI took his seat on the Front Opposition Bench in embarrassing contiguity to PEEL, acutely suffering, it may be supposed, from the combined influence of *Coningsby* and Young England. One of those Parliamentary descriptive writers held in light esteem in their day, but to whom historians turn for light and colour, notes a significant change in DISRAELI's attire. "The motley coloured garments he wore at the close of the previous Session were exchanged for a suit of black unapproachably perfect." Also "he appeared to have



doffed the vanity of the coxcomb with the plumage of the peacock." Evidently he felt that his carefully-designed sartorial extravagances had played their appointed part in attracting notice. In manner of speech as in fashion of clothing he assumed ways more compatible with the position of a responsible statesman.

At last, after long struggle, he stood on safe ground. But the fight was not over yet. The personal antipathy and distrust with which he was regarded in Tory circles were unabated. He had proved an invaluable auxiliary in the battle against Free Trade; but having defeated PEELE the Protectionists did not want any more of DISRAELI. His old friend, Sir GEORGE BENTINCK, whose patronage had been invaluable as investing him with an air of respectability, stood by him to the last. Resigning the post of Leader of the Protectionists, he nominated DISRAELI as his successor. The Tory rank and file would have none of him. Lord STANLEY, acknowledged leader of the Party in the House of Lords and the country, hesitated and chaffered, in the end reluctantly giving in. Something of the same thing happened when, six years later, STANLEY, now succeeded to the earldom of Derby, formed an Administration and proposed to make DIZZY Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons. Among the most strenuous objectors to the proposal was QUEEN VICTORIA. But DISRAELI was invincible because he was indispensable. How courageously and with what matchless skill he fought against overwhelming odds, and won the day, is a fascinating story that in the skilled hands of Mr. BUCKLE loses no point of interest.

Captain HARRY GRAHAM is one of the authors whose work I never argue about. If, as has happened occasionally, I meet those who do not find him amusing, I conceal my own personal opinion that, with the possible exception of Mr. STEPHEN LEACOCK, he is the most rollickingly funny person at present writing the King's English; but now, being in a position to air my private views without fear of contradiction, I make the statement boldly, and put, in as Exhibit A of my evidence, *The Complete Sportsman* (ARNOLD). Like other earlier volumes from the same source it is compiled from the occasional papers of *Reginald Drake Biffin*, and the sportsman who tries to get on without it is positively courting disaster. The first thing he knows, he will be talking to well-informed people about a flock of sparrows or a covey of weasels, and their quiet smiles will show him that he has been guilty of a ludicrous blunder. If he had read his *Biffin* he would have known that the correct terms are a "susurrion of sparrows" and a "pop of weasels." These are small matters, perhaps, but your sportsman cannot be too accurate. Mr. *Biffin* treats of practically every branch of sport, from elephant-snaring to Sunday bridge, in the easy chatty style which made *The Perfect Gentleman* the inseparable companion of all who desire to comport themselves correctly in Society. Nor is

the usual complement of anecdotes lacking. The practical value of these cannot be over-estimated. A careful perusal of the tragic story of the late *Lord Bloxham*, to take but one instance, will certainly save the lives of many deep-sea fishermen who have fallen into the foolish habit of angling for sharks with a line fastened to one of their waistcoat buttons to save the trouble of holding it.

Mr. WILLIAM CAINE has a very nice and persistent sense of humour, and his last book, *But She Meant Well* (LANE), shows him in his most natural and therefore best vein. His lady of the good intentions was one *Hannah Neighbour*, an incorrigible infant whose eminently virtuous resolves produced the most vicious results without the adventitious aid of any extraordinary circumstances. There is generally about people who mean well something pathetic and something else which is worse, and these characteristics are apt to become so exaggerated in fiction as to be almost offensive. Mr. CAINE's young person is not of that sort; she is no prig, and her fault is not weakness but irrepressible activity. To whatever extent she annoyed me, I was always possessed with the morbid desire to see some even worse result attending her efforts; and all the while I had to give her credit for infecting the other characters of the story with a remarkable vitality. I congratulate the author upon his presentation of the problem, how can you deal with such a misguided child so that you may at the same time check dangerous proclivities and yet do justice to her excellent motives? Still more was I pleased with his frank, if abominable, admission that in order properly to inculcate discipline it is necessary for the most part to ignore motives and let justice be blowed.



He. "I'M JUST ABOUT FED-UP WITH ALL THIS TALK ABOUT RECRUITIN'. WHO'S GOIN' TO CARRY ON THE WORK OF THE COUNTRY IF ALL THE PEOPLE OF BRAINS GO TO THE FRONT?"

The reappearance of *Dorothea* as a volume in the new collected edition (CONSTABLE) of the works of Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS has at this moment a strange aptness. For you may remember that *Dorothea*, herself of Dutch-English extraction, married into a Prussian family. Nay, more, into the family of a Prussian general. A very obvious interest attaches to the impression made by these people upon the mind of the author. Of the old General we find him writing that "his lofty soul had accepted the theory of the unity on earth of the good, the true and the beautiful." Who, I ask you, would have supposed it? But throughout the book these *Von Rodens* stand as the perfect family, gently chivalrous, cultured and altogether charming. Then one remembers in explanation that *Dorothea* was written some time ago, and that this was the old-fashioned *Kultur*. There you have the German tragedy in a nutshell. Of *Dorothea* herself I will say little. Probably you already know her, and may agree with me in considering her an unattractive prig, whose place in the list of Mr. MAARTENS' heroines is decidedly at the wrong end. But those amazing pathetic Prussians! and the conflicting emotions they stir in your heart as you read!



## CHARIVARIA.

*T. P.'s Weekly*, in some sprightly lines, suggests that *Punch* should appear daily. This would certainly not be a whit more strange than to issue a *T. P.'s Weekly Christmas Number* as is done by our contemporary.

Answer to a Correspondent.—Yes, khaki is the fashionable colour for plum-puddings for the Front.

*Post hoc propter hoc?* Extract from the Eye-Witness's description of the King's visit to France:—"Another sight which excited the King's keen interest was the large bathing establishment at one of the divisional headquarters . . . From here the procession returned to General Headquarters, where his Majesty received General Foch and presented him with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath."

Sir JOHN FRENCH's praise of the Berkshire Regiment will surprise no one, least of all *Mr. Punch's* Toby.

REUTER tells us that when DE WET arrived at Johannesburg he was looking haggard and somewhat depressed. This lends colour to the rumour that he was annoyed at being captured.

In a letter published by a German newspaper a Landwehr officer writes:—"On the German front officers and men do not salute in the usual way, but by saying, 'God punish England,' while the reply is, 'May He punish England.'"  
This admission that the Germans themselves cannot do it is significant.

*Die Post*, in a reference to our million recruits, says, "Mere figures will not frighten us." Frankly, some of the figures of the stout Landwehr men frighten us.

At last in Constantinople there are signs that it is being realised that the Germans are driving the Turkish Army to Suez-side.

When the Germans and the Russians both claim to have won the same battle, what can one do? asks a correspondent. We can only suggest that the matter should be referred to the Hague Tribunal.

An item of war news which the President of the Society for the Promotion

of Propriety thinks the Censor might very well have censored: "To the south of Lask the Russian troops took Shertzoff"

"The Grenadier Guard, 6 ft. 7 in. high, whom the Prince of Wales noticed in hospital, is not the tallest man in the British Army, that distinction being claimed for Corporal Frank Millin, 2nd Coldstream Guards, who is 6 ft. 8½ in." This, again, is the sort of paragraph which might have been censored with advantage, for we are quite sure that, if the PRINCE OF WALES's giant sees it, it will cause a relapse.

For the first time for many years



"I'M AFRAID IT'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE SAME PLACE AS MY GERMAN PIPE WENT—THE DUSTBIN. IT SUITED ME, TOO."

there were no charges of murder at the December Sessions at the Old Bailey. It looks as if yet another of our industries has been filched by the Germans.

The SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY announces that candidates for assistant-clerkships, Royal Navy, who have completed a period of not less than three months' actual military service with His Majesty's Forces since mobilisation, will be granted fifty marks in the examination. It seems a most unpatriotic proceeding to pay them in German money.

*The Nursing Times* must really be more careful or we shall have the German newspapers drawing attention to atrocities by the French. In its issue of the 5th inst. our contemporary says:—"The 'Train unit' whose names we gave some weeks ago have waited

all this time for their call for duty . . . And now the French authorities have cut the train—and the staff—in two!"

Reply to those who think it absurd to take precautions against invasion:—It's the Hun-expected that always happens.

A great fall of cliff occurred last week between Beachy Head and Seaford, and the Germans are pointing out that the break-up of England has now begun in earnest.

## Mr. Wells on Men's Wear.

"Her thoughts came back to the dancing little figure in purple-striped pyjamas. She had a scared sense of irrevocable breaches."

*The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman.*

An obvious misprint in the last word.

## The Quickest Route.

"THE KING'S JOURNEY."

CROSSES CHANNEL IN TORPIDO."  
*Cumberland Evening Mail.*

This is the method which the KAISER means to try for his coming invasion of England.

"Professor G. Sims Woodhead, the Board's consultative bacteriological adviser, to whom the report had been submitted, said: 'I consider Dr. Mair's work contains a germ of great promise.'"  
*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

We hope the Professor will not lose sight of the promising young microbe.

"For any enemy ship to try to get into Dover at the present time would be like entering the mouth of hell.  
[We understand that the Admiralty have received no confirmation of this.]"  
*Daily Telegraph.*

We hope that none of our contemporaries will blame the Admiralty for its lack of information.

"Rev. Owen S. Watkins, one of the Wesleyan Methodist Chaplains with the Expeditionary Force (already mentioned in the dispatches), tells some most extraordinary stories of his experiences at the Front."  
*Public Opinion.*

We remember now some mention of this "Expeditionary Force" being made in despatches, and we wondered at the time why the Censor allowed such a public reference to it.

The Russians quietly evacuated Lodz without the loss of a single man. The Germans allege that they captured it after strenuous fighting.

"And how can man lie better Than facing fearful Lodz?"



## BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

[Lines for *King Albert's Book*, published to-day for the benefit of *The Daily Telegraph's* Belgian Relief Fund.]

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes  
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,  
And trust that out of night and death shall rise  
The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,  
That God has given you, for a priceless dower,  
To live in these great times and have your part  
In Freedom's crowning hour.

That you may tell your sons who see the light  
High in the heaven, their heritage to take:—  
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!  
I saw the morning break!"

O. S.

## FINANCIAL STRATEGY.

IN some respects one is no doubt compelled to admire the foresight of those gentlemen who are writing the History of the War while it is in progress, but as Mabel (my wife and very able colleague) justly observes, no History of the War, however copious or however fully illustrated, can be considered complete without a few salient details of the campaign by which The Snookeries (our domestic stronghold in Tooting) was saved from the fate of Belgium.

That omission I propose to remedy. Peace hath her strategy no less than War.

For some time prior to the Declaration of War it was evident that the butcher, the baker, and other foes of our domestic happiness were gathering for an onslaught. The attitude of the butcher was particularly uncompromising: I do not hesitate to describe it as distinctly Hun-ish. Diplomacy gave little hope of preserving peace, so that I was not altogether surprised when the war opened with a heavy bombardment. A brigade of small accounts advanced in skirmishing order, but were disposed of without trouble.

Mabel suggested a temporary withdrawal to the sand-dunes of Mudville-on-Sea, but I pointed out that this meant sacrificing part of our scanty store of ammunition and had the further disadvantage of cutting us off from our base of supplies in the City, to say nothing of losing touch with Uncle Robert, who has so often proved a staunch ally in a crisis.

We therefore resolved to entrench ourselves behind the Moratorium and prepared for a stubborn resistance. From this strong position we were able to sustain without loss a brisk fire of explosive missives which continued unchecked for some weeks. Speaking quite candidly, and dropping the language of the Press Bureau for the moment, there has never been a time when the postman's rat-tat has occasioned me less emotion.

The defences of the Moratorium did not save us from sundry annoying raids upon our supplies, the butcher being peculiarly active in this kind of warfare. I repeat, the butcher is a true Hun and must be sternly dealt with after the Peace. I was forced to silence him temporarily with a few shots from my new one-pounders.

I would like to say what a valuable weapon the one-pounder has proved in this campaign. It is wonderfully mobile and saves the waste of heavier ammunition. My only regret is that we were not armed with more of them.

Towards the end of August the rate-man and the gas-man mounted heavy ordnance upon official heights. They got our range to a nicety and threatened us in flank. I despatched Mabel at once to Uncle Robert, and with his assistance we were enabled to silence the enemy's howitzers, not, however, before the rate-man—a remorseless and persistent foe—had landed a "sheriff's officer" (as we jocularly term his missiles) into our dining-room. Little material damage was done, but for some days the effect upon the *moral* of our forces was apparent.

I must not forget to speak of Mabel's brilliant victory over the milkman, whose attack she frustrated by a threat to open negotiations for obtaining supplies from his hated rival. When these troubles are happily over I must certainly see that Mabel receives a decoration.

Towards the end of October our entrenchments behind the Moratorium became untenable, but by that time we had received substantial reinforcements and were easily able to hold our own against the enemy's reckless frontal attacks. The landlord suddenly unmasked a very strong battery which created some consternation. He himself appeared in force, but, thanks to the vigilance of my outposts, I was enabled to make a strategic retirement by the back-garden gate, leaving Mabel to foil the enemy by a *ruse-de-guerre*. (Dear Mabel is wonderfully clever at these things.) I succeeded in regaining my position under cover of darkness.

The attacks of the landlord were renewed with such vigour that I called a council of war to discuss the situation. Retreat being out of the question, Mabel suggested a levy of our last reserves, and the charwoman (who is a discreet person of considerable experience in such matters) was mobilised. In this way we secured a sufficient force to rout the landlord on his next appearance.

The last few days have been comparatively quiet. Mabel's dressmaker and my tailor have reaffirmed their neutrality, and we have promise of further support, if needed, from Uncle Robert. Thus, although the enemy appear to contemplate a new attack in the future, we are full of confidence.

In conclusion, I must not forget to refer to the very able way in which Mabel out-maneuvred the coal-man. Before he could unlimber, she had deftly poured in a rapid fire of sympathy for the slackness of trade from which she *knew* he must be suffering, and followed this up by an order for two tons of the best Wallsend.

I think I am justified in advancing the theory that there are no flies on dear Mabel.

## OFF THE FALKLANDS, DECEMBER 8TH.

[To an old nautical air, with Mr. Punch's loud congratulations to Vice-Admiral Sir DOVETON STURDEE and his brave sailors.]

HARDENED steel are our ships;

Gallant tars are our men;

We never are wordy

(STURDEE, boys, STURDEE!),

But quietly conquer again and again.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Hon. Treasurer of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street (where many Belgian children are being cared for) desires to express his sincere thanks to Mr. Punch's readers for their generous response to the appeal for help which was recently made in these pages.





## THE SINEWS OF WAR.

PRIVATE ATKINS. "FOR WHAT WE HAVE RECEIVED—AND ARE GOING TO RECEIVE—  
HERE'S TO THE A.S.C."









Child (much impressed by martial emblems opposite). "MOTHER, IS THAT A SOLDIER?" Mother. "No, DARLING." Child. "WHY NOT?"

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. X.

(From Mrs. JAMES PROSSER, 25, Paradise Road, Brixton.)

KAISER,—Jim's gone. I don't know if you'll like to hear it, him being a good fighter. I'd warrant him to take the shine out of any two Germans I ever met. They're big men, the Germans, but they mostly run to fat after their *premier jewness*, as the Belgian lady over the way said last week when we was a-talking about 'em. I don't know what she meant, but she didn't look as if it was anything in the way of a compliment. That's why I've wrote it down here.

Anyhow, Jim's gone. I saw him off with a lot of others, and they was all singing and shouting as loud as their lungs would let 'em—not drink, mind you, so don't you run away with that notion, but just high spirits and health and happiness. First it was "Tipperary," and that made me feel so mournful I had to give Jim a good old hug, and the little un pulling at my dress all the time and calling out, "Let me have a go at him, Mother," and "Don't give 'em all to Mother, Dad; keep half-a-dozen for me," just as sensible as a Christian, which is more than you can say of some. His name's Henery, the full name, not Henry, and we had him christened so, to make sure. He's going on for five years now, and he's got a leg and a chest on him to suit twice his years. I'm not saying that because I'm his mother, but because it's the truth. After they'd sung "Tipperary" they sang a lot of other songs. There was one in particklar that I liked, it had such a go with it. Jim told me it was made up by one of their own men, music and all. I misremember most of it, but there was two lines stuck in my head:—

General FRENCH is a regular blazer,  
He's going to dust the German KAISER.

There was a lot more about themselves and their officers and their colonel, who was second to none and was making tracks for the German Hun, all as funny and clever as you could make it. I couldn't help laughing to see 'em all so jolly. Then the engine give a whistle and the guard said, "Stand back," and waved his green flag, and the train moved out, and the men cheered and we cheered back, and at last they was gone, and the little un was saying, "Don't mind me, mother. Have a good cry and get it over;" and then we went home, and he kept talking all the way of what he's going to do when he grows up to be a soldier himself.

Well, Jim's gone, but I wouldn't have had him stay at home not for ever so much. He was earning good money, too, in his job, but that's going to be kept open for him so as he can drop into it again when he comes back. And I'm going to keep his home open for him so as he can drop into that when he comes back; there's enough money coming in to make certain of that, what with allowances and my work. Mind you, I *like* to work; it keeps you from thinking too much, and me and the little un manage splendid together. He helps about the house better nor half-a-dozen housemaids, and he's so managing it would make you die of laughing to see him. The only trouble is he can't bear going to bed; but I tell him if he don't the KAISER'll catch him, and then he's off with his clothes and into his cot like a flash of lightning.

There, I've talked about myself and the little un and all the time I meant to tell you about Jim. However, you'll know him right enough if ever you come up against him. He's a handsome man with black hair and no moustache, and he's got a scar over his right eye where he tumbled against the fender when he was four years old.

Yours without love,

SARAH PROSSER.



## THE WATCH DOGS.

IX.

DEAR CHARLES,—As the men, for reasons best known to themselves, will suddenly chant on the march—"We're here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here," goodness knows when (if ever) we shall get to the Front; so this is yet another letter for you from the Back, where we are, much against our will, kept to deal kindly but firmly with the German invader as, home-sick and sea-sick, he alights gloomily on our shores. If, by the way, I have given hints in this correspondence as to the disposition of any part of our troops, it is a comfort to think that the artful spy who gets hold of them will have the utmost difficulty in making up his mind as to the real or fictitious existence of (1) my Division; (2) my Brigade; (3) my Battalion; (4) my Company; or even (5) me.

Meanwhile we are in a very difficult position, such as I believe few soldiers have ever been called upon to face. You will remember how, four months ago, we collected ourselves together in accordance with our long-standing engagement to protect these islands against the foreign trespasser, the condition of our contract being that our service should begin (as charity should) and end (as charity often does) at home. In the bad old days when I was at the Bar I should of course have known that contracts are apt to turn round on those who make them; but now I am only a plain soldier and I am unable to understand why I should be made to stay at home when I desire to go and make a nuisance of myself abroad. But the real trouble comes from this, that some six weeks ago I received written and explicit orders to the effect that I was to sail forthwith.

Suppose this had happened to you and you had been given special leave of forty-eight hours to make all necessary preparations, would not you have gone where your more impressionable acquaintances and friends were gathered together in the greatest numbers, informing them of the position and doing, on the strength of it, a quiet but irretrievable swank? No ostentation, mark you, and nothing approaching a boast, but just a suspicion of a brave careless laugh, a voice just slightly choked with emotion and but

a formal reluctance to accept the numerous and costly gifts proffered by relatives who at less emotional times would have grudged you a Christmas card?

We did. We went home and were made a fuss of; we took our leave and nice things were said to us, tears welled, and hands, peculiarly firm or peculiarly tender as the case might be, held ours for rather longer than the customary period. With a brave "Pooh! Pooh! It doesn't matter in the least," we went off at last, off amid deafening cheers to the unknown future. . . .



Genial Pedestrian. "A BRIGHT MOON TO-NIGHT, CONSTABLE."  
Morbid P.C. "YES, SIR. LET'S HOPE IT DON'T DRAW THE FIRE OF 'OSTILE AIR-CRAFT!"

The following week-end we were home again as before, but, since the joy of a temporary reprieve may outweigh even the annoyance of an anticlimax, they were pleased to see us and gave us another farewell only slightly less emotional than the last. But on the third of this series of week-ends a note of insincerity crept into the "Good-bye, old man," and the hand-pressure was slightly curtailed.

Alas! there have been even more week-ends since that. I trust it is only our self-consciousness makes us think that we are looked upon as frauds, who have obtained by false pretences the field-glasses, electric torches, knitted wares, tears, hand-clasps and choicest

superlatives of our friends. It becomes worse as time passes; we do not go home now, and we would even refrain from writing if we could hope by that means to have our whereabouts unknown and our existence doubtful. If the authorities won't part with us, they might at least give us an address which would make it look as if they had—something like "Capt. Blank, Blankth Blank Regt., Blankth Fighting Force, c/o G.P.O." What will happen is that we shall go suddenly and without time to explain, and, when our friends are told, their faces will cloud over, not with sorrow at our departure but with annoyance at being pestered with the news of it again. It is a hard life, is a soldier's!

One bold bad private informed our most youthful orderly officer, upon being asked if he had had a sufficient breakfast: "Yes, thank you, Sir: a glass of water and a woodbine;" otherwise personal idiosyncracies become less marked, since individualities become merged in the corporate machine. The battalion is cross as a whole, nervy as a whole, laughs as a whole, almost sneezes or has indigestion as a whole. Recalling the good old days of annual camps, when energy used to be rewarded with free beer rather than demanded as a matter of course, the battalion as often as not sings as a whole while route-marching at ease past the C.O.:—

"Nobody knows how dry we are,  
Nobody knows how dry we are,  
Nobody knows how dry we are,  
AND NOBODY SEEMS TO CARE."

While the conduct of all of us becomes every day more disciplined, our speech, I have to report with regret, becomes more loose. Emphasis is an

essential of military life, and it must be such emphasis as the least intelligent may readily appreciate. Sometimes I tremble to think in what terms I may inadvertently ask some gentle soul later on in life to pass the marmalade, or with what expletives I may comment upon some little defect in domestic life. My literary friend, John, has shamelessly compiled a short phrase-book for our use abroad, reproducing our present regrettable idioms. One inquiry, to be addressed to the local peasant by the leading officer, runs thus:—"Can you tell me, Sir, where the enemy is at present to be found?"—"Où sont les Boches sanguinaires?"





## AT A MILITARY WEDDING.

*Usher (to Uninvited Guest).* "BRIDE'S FRIENDS TO THE RIGHT; BRIDEGROOM'S TO THE LEFT."

*Uninvited Guest.* "I'M AFRAID I'M A NEUTRAL."

The other point of view as to going to the Front was put last Sunday with unconscious aptness. At breakfast we had read aloud to us a letter written with inspiring realism by a Watch Dog who is actually there and seeing life in all its detail in the trenches. Having listened to it with rapt attention, we then marched to church and (actually) sang with unanimous fervour:—

"The trivial round, the common task  
Will furnish all we need to ask. . . ."

Nevertheless more to be feared than the enraged German is the sceptical scornful Aunt of

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Washington," Saturday.—The American Ambassador at Constantinople reports that Turkey has acquiesced in the departure of several Canadian missionaries, whose safe conduct was requested by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador here."—*People.*

This is headed "Millionaires Released," and shows how well the clergy are paid in Canada.

## LITTLE BROTHER.

(*The Indian Jackal.*)

PANTHER, tiger, wolf and bear,  
They live where the hills are high,  
Where the eagle swings in the upper air  
And the gay dacoit is nigh;  
But we live down in the delta lands,  
A decenter place to be—  
The frogs and the bats and Little Brother,  
The pariah dogs and me.  
He was a Rajah once on a time  
Who is Little Brother now;  
And I know it is all for monstrous crime  
Or shamefully broken vow  
That he slinks in the dust and eats alone  
With a pious tongue and free;  
For a holy man is Little Brother,  
As beggars ought to be.  
But whether he lurks in the morning light  
Where the tall plantations grow,  
Or wanders the village fields by nights  
Telling of ancient woe;

Or whether he's making a sporting run

For me and a dog or two,  
An uncanny beast is Little Brother  
For Christian eyes to view.

For there comes an hour at the full  
o' the moon

When the Boh-tree blossoms fall,  
And a devil comes out of the afternoon  
And has him a night in thrall;  
And he hunts till dawn like a questing hound

For souls that have lost their way;  
And it's well to be clear of Little Brother  
Till the good gods bring the day.

Wherefore I think I will end my song

Wishing him fair good night,  
For Little Brother's got something wrong

That'll never on earth come right;  
And this perhaps is the honest truth,  
And the wisest folk agree,  
The less I know about Little Brother  
The better by far for me.



## HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE TRENCHES.

OLD mother mine, at times I find  
Pauses when fighting's done  
That make me lonesome and inclined  
To think of those I left behind—  
And most of all of one.

At home you're knitting woolly things—  
They're meant for me for choice;  
There's rain outside, the kettle sings  
In sobs and frolics till it brings  
Whispers that seem a voice.

Cheer up! I'm calling, far away;  
And, wireless, you can hear.  
Cheer up! you know you'd have me  
stay  
And keep on trying day by day;  
We're winning, never fear.

Although to have me back's your  
prayer—  
I'm willing it should be—  
You'd never breathe a word to spare  
Yourself, and stop me playing fair;  
You're braver far than me.

So let your dear face twist a smile  
The way it used to do;  
And keep on cheery all the while,  
Rememb'ring hating's not your style—  
Germans have mothers too.

And when the work is through, and  
when  
I'm coming home to find  
The one who sent me out, ah! then  
I'll make you (bless you) laugh again,  
Old sweetheart left behind.

## HIGH JINKS AT HAPPY-THOUGHT HALL.

[An inevitable article in any decent magazine at this time of the year. Read it carefully, and then have an uproarious time in your own little house.]

IT was a merry party assembled at Happy-Thought Hall for Christmas. The Squire liked company, and the friends whom he had asked down for the festive season had all stayed at Happy-Thought Hall before, and were therefore well acquainted with each other. No wonder, then, that the wit flowed fast and furious, and that the guests all agreed afterwards that they had never spent such a jolly Christmas, and that the best of all possible hosts was Squire Tregarthen!

But first we must introduce some of the Squire's guests to our readers. The Reverend Arthur Manley, a clever young clergyman with a taste for gardening, was talking in one corner to Miss Phipps, a pretty girl of some twenty summers. Captain Bolsover, a smart cavalry officer, together with Professor and Mrs. Smith-Smythe from Oxford, formed a small party in another corner. Handsome Jack Ellison was, as usual,

in deep conversation with the beautiful Miss Holden, who, it was agreed among the ladies of the party, was not altogether indifferent to his fine figure and remarkable prospects. There were other guests, but as they chiefly played the part of audience in the events which followed their names will not be of any special interest to our readers. Suffice it to say that they were all intelligent, well-dressed and ready for any sort of fun.

(Now, thank heaven, we can begin.)

A burst of laughter from Captain Bolsover attracted general attention, and everybody turned in his direction.

"By Jove, Professor, that's good," he said, as he slapped his knee; "you must tell the others that."

"It was just a little incident that happened to me to-day as I was coming down here," said the Professor, as he beamed round on the company. "I happened to be rather late for my train, and as I bought my ticket I asked the clerk what time it was. He replied, 'If it takes six seconds for a clock to strike six, how long will it take to strike twelve?' I said twelve seconds, but it seems I was wrong."

The others all said twelve seconds too, but they were all wrong. Can you guess the right answer?



Clock, when striking six. The other hand may be filled in by your small boy. He will find it very amusing.

FIG. 1.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE PROFESSOR'S DELIGHTFUL STORY OF THE BOOKING-CLERK'S ANSWER.

When the laughter had died down, the Reverend Arthur Manley said:

"That reminds me of an amusing experience which occurred to my housekeeper last Friday. She was ordering a little fish for my lunch, and the fishmonger, when asked the price of herrings, replied, 'Three ha'pence for one and a-half,' to which my housekeeper said, 'Then I will have twelve.' How much did she pay?" He smiled happily at the company.

"One-and-sixpence, of course," said Miss Phipps.

"No, no; ninepence," cried the Squire with a hearty laugh.

Captain Bolsover made it come to £1 3s. 2½d., and the Professor thought

fourpence. But once again they were all wrong. What do you make it come to?



Having, proper for cooking. Shad fin represents half-herring.

FIG. 2.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE CURATE'S INGENIOUS PROBLEM OF THE FISHMONGER.

It was now Captain Bolsover's turn for an amusing puzzle, and the others turned eagerly towards him.

"What was that one about a door?" said the Squire. "You were telling me when we were out shooting yesterday, Bolsover."

Captain Bolsover looked surprised.

"Ah, no, it was young Reggie Worlock," said the Squire with a hearty laugh.

"Oh, do tell us, Squire," said everybody.

"It was just a little riddle, my dear," said the Squire to Miss Phipps, always a favourite of his. "When is a door not a door?"

Miss Phipps said when it was a cucumber; but she was wrong. So were the others. See if you can be more successful.

"Yes, that's very good," said Captain Bolsover; "it reminds me of something which occurred during the Boer War."

Everybody listened eagerly.

"We were just going into action, and I happened to turn round to my men, and say, 'Now, then, boys, give 'em beans!' To my amusement one of them replied smartly, 'How many blue beans make five?' We were all so interested working it out that we never got into action at all."

"But that's easy," said the Professor. "Five."

"Four," said Miss Phipps. (She would. Silly kid.)

"Six," said the Squire.

Which was right?

Blue.



Beans. Sometimes rolled (rather vulgarly) Kidney Beans. Means of the shape.

FIG. 3.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE CAPTAIN'S THRILLING STORY OF THE BOER WAR.

Jack Ellison had been silent during the laughter and jollity, always such a feature of Happy-Thought Hall at Christmas time, but now he contributed an ingenious puzzle to the amusement of the company.





*Little Tomkins (to Herculean Coalheaver).* "WHY DON'T YOU COME UP THE GREEN A COUPLE O' NIGH'S A WEEK AN' DO A BIT O' SHOOTIN' AN' DRILLIN'? YOU'D GET AS FIT AS A FIDDLE."

"I met a man in a motor-'bus," he said in a quiet voice, "who told me that he had four sons. The eldest son, Abraham, had a dog who used to go and visit the three brothers occasionally. The dog, my informant told me, was very unwilling to go over the same ground twice, and yet being in a hurry wished to take the shortest journey possible. How did he manage it?"

For a little while the company was puzzled. Then, after deep thought, the Professor said:

"It depends on where they lived."

"Yes," said Ellison. "I forgot to say that my acquaintance drew me a map." He produced a paper from his pocket. "Here it is."

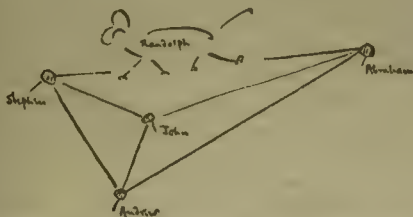


FIG. 4.—TO ILLUSTRATE THE JOURNEY OF THE SAGACIOUS HOUND.

The others immediately began to puzzle over the answer, Miss Phipps being unusually foolish, even for her. It was some time before they discovered the correct route. What do you think it is?

"Well," said the Squire, with a hearty laugh, "it's time for bed."

One by one they filed off, saying what a delightful evening they had had. Jack Ellison was particularly emphatic, for the beautiful Miss Holden had promised to be his wife. He, for one, will never forget Christmas at Happy-Thought Hall.

[NOTE.—The originals of the drawings are on sale from the Author at five guineas apiece.]

A. A. M.

#### STABLE INFORMATION.

LAST winter I wasn't familiar with Brown,

Our intercourse didn't extend  
Past a grunt if we met on the journey  
to town

And a nod when I chose to unbend;  
But times are *mutata*, and now I've  
begun

To cultivate Brown more and more,

For Brown has a son who is friends  
with the son  
Of a man at the Office of War.

When a fog is concealing how matters  
progress

And editors wearily use  
(Upholding the goodly repute of the  
Press)

A headline from yesterday's news,  
Brown's knowledge enables his friends  
to decide

What the future is holding in store,  
For we gather that KITCHENER loves  
to confide

In that man at the Office of War.

And I in my turn spread the tidings  
about;

To the heart that is apt to be glum  
And the spirit that suffers severely  
from doubt

Like a sunbeam in winter I come;  
"The Teuton," I whisper, "will suffer  
eclipse

In the course of a fortnight—no  
more;

I have had it—well, almost direct from  
the lips

Of the Chief of the Office of War."





### UNRECORDED EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR.

GERMAN SOLDIERS BEING ROUSED TO ENTHUSIASM BY THE "HYMN OF HATE."

#### MAILS FOR A MAILED FIST.

[The rumours of an invasion of this country, which have been prevalent during the last few days, are presumably responsible for these letters addressed to the KAISER, which have been intercepted.]

*Northsea Cove, Suffolk.*

KIND SIR,—Should your troops land in this neighbourhood, would you please ask them not to fire off guns between 3 and 4 P.M., as during that hour I have my afternoon rest, and I do not sleep very well.

Yours truly,

WILHELMINA TIMMINS.

SIR,—Hearing that you are thinking of sending over an army, we have formed a small Reception Committee to provide for its comfort, and knowing how concerned you are for the welfare of your troops we think you will be glad to learn that complete arrangements have been made for conveying them to, and accommodating them at, a salubrious spot called Tipperary, immediately on their arrival.

(Signed) J. PUSHER, *Secretary,*  
Eastern and Home Counties Resorts  
Association.

Professor Burgess-Brown, the well-known swimming expert, presents his compliments. He would be pleased to call at Kiel Harbour (or other appointed place) in order to teach the art of natation to German soldiers who may, after arrival in England, suddenly find themselves deprived of their troopships when wishing to return.

DEAR SIR,—We hear that a number of your friends are coming to England, and shall accordingly welcome an enquiry for our advice, which is always at the disposal of the travelling public. We do not know whether you propose personally to come over, but we should certainly recommend this course, as by travelling *vid* an English port you could get a boat *direct* to St. Helena and thus save the wearisome changing to which you might be exposed in sailing from the Continent.

Yours obediently,

THE WORLD'S TOURS, LIMITED.

*Headquarters, Poppy Patrol Boy Scouts,*  
*Cliffe, Norfolk.*

DEAR SIR,—I don't think there is much use in your troops landing. In

this county alone there are two hundred and ninety-five more scouts than there were in August, and they are still coming in. Of course come if you like, but don't say I didn't warn you.

Yours, T. SMITH,

Patrol Leader.

*Imperial Studios, Yarmouth.*

SIR,—Hearing that your troops are thinking of visiting the above town, we should be glad to take you, in small or large groups. We understand that your excursion will be only a half-day one, but we have facilities for the immediate development of negatives.

Yours obediently,

GEORGE GELATINE JONES.

WARNING! TO THE KAISER.

*From the Huntsman of the Bungay*  
*Foxhounds.*

Send your men over if you like. Let them turn their guns on all our ancient buildings, destroy crops, blow up bridges; but MIND, if one of your Huns raises a rifle to any Norfolk or Suffolk fox, there will be trouble of a serious kind.





**KILLED!**

[With Mr. Punch's compliments to General BORTH.]









*Old Lady (to District Visitor).* "DID YOU HEAR A STRANGE NOISE THIS MORNING, MISS, AT ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK? I THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THEM AIREOPLANES; AND MY NEIGHBOUR WAS SO SURE IT WAS ONE HE WENT DOWN AND LET HIS DOG LOOSE."

### MINOR WAR GAINS.

THE year that is stormily ending  
Has brought us full measure of grief,  
And yet we must thank it for sending  
At times unexpected relief;  
These boons are not felt in the trenches  
Or make our home burdens less hard;  
They're not a bonanza, but merit a stanza

Or two from the doggerel bard.

The names of musicians and mummers  
No longer are loud on our lips;  
By the side of our buglers and drummers  
CARUSO endures an eclipse;  
And the legions of freaks and of faddists

Who hailed him with rapturous awe,  
O wonder of wonders, are finding out blunders,

And worse, in the writings of SHAW!

Good BEGGIE, no longer upraising  
His plea for the "uplift" of Hodge,  
Has ceased for a season from praising  
LLOYD GEORGE and Sir OLIVER LODGE;

And there hasn't been much in the papers

About the next novel from CAINE  
(No doubt he's in Flanders, the guest of commanders

Who reverence infinite brain).

JOHN WARD has forgiven the Curragh  
(The Curragh's forgotten JOHN WARD);

No longer he cries "Wurra Wurra!"

At sight of an officer's sword;  
MACDONALD, the terror of tigers,  
Sits silent and meek as a mouse,  
And the great von KEIRHARDI is curiously tardy

In "voicing" his spleen in the House.

The screeds of professors and jurists  
Have quite disappeared from the Press;

'Tis little we hear of Futurists,  
And frankly we care even less;  
Why, TREVELYAN, the martyr to candour,

Who lately his office resigned,  
Though waters were heaving has sunk without leaving  
The tiniest ripple behind.

In fine, though there fall to our fighters

Too many hard buffets and bumps,  
'Tis a comfort to think that our blighters

Are down in the deadliest dumps;  
And whatever the future may bring us  
In profits or pleasures or pains  
The ill wind that's blowing to-day is bestowing

A number of negative gains.

### THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS CARD.

"ARE we sending Christmas cards this year? Yes," said Blathers, "but not next year, or the year after that, as we shall be retrenching. They are quite modest trifles, yet at the mere sight of the envelope each recipient will, cheerfully, I hope, pay twopence towards the sinews of war. One hundred of these contributions will amount, I am told, to sixteen shillings and eightpence; not much, but it is my little offering to the country in her hour of need. This is the card I propose to send out in a sealed and unstamped cover":—

MR. AND MRS. BLATHERS WISH YOU

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS 1914, 1915 AND 1916,

AND

A BRIGHT NEW YEAR 1915, 1916 AND 1917.

*The Ferns, Tooting.*

"The Russian mining engineers who have been sent to Galicia since the occupation report that the oil districts will suffice to supply the whole of South-Western Russia. The working of the fields will start in the spring; moreover salt and iron abound, also sporadically, silver, copper, lead and the rarer metals."

*Cork Examiner.*

For vermicelli, however, it will still be necessary to go to Italy.



## OUR NATIONAL GUESTS.

## III.

To the list of things that the Belgians in Crashie Howe do not understand, along with oatmeal, honey in the comb, and tapioca, must now be added the Scottish climate. They do not complain, but they are puzzled, and after sixty-five consecutive hours of rain they wonder wistfully if it is always like this. We simply dare not tell them the truth.

By every post we are busy hunting for lost relatives who are scattered before the shattering fist of the KAISER over Great Britain, Belgium, Holland and France. We have not been very successful so far, but one or two we have found, at points as far apart as York and Milford Haven, and, best of all, we have unearthed a great-grandmother, last seen in an open coal boat off Ostend, who is now in comfortable quarters in a village in Ayrshire.

Our language difficulties have not been assisted by the arrival of a family from Antwerp who talk nothing but Walloon, but, on the other hand, the progress of the children is now beginning to afford certain frail lines of communication. The least of them, Elise, can already count up to twenty in English (with a strong Scoto-Flemish accent), and so it came about that when I took my little nieces round to pay calls, relations were at once established on a numerical basis.

"One, two, three," said Sheila, holding out her hand.

"Four," retorted Juliette, gurgling with delight.

"Five, six, seven," shouted Betty.

"Eight, nine?" enquired Juliette. . . . At the next cottage, where we were all rather shy, we began tentatively with "One?" But we finally gained so much confidence that by the time we reached our last visit we ran it up to ten at a single burst, and were consequently received with open arms.

One of our main concerns has been the Santa Claus question, and that is a matter which touches us closely, as we have among our number eleven children of Santa Claus age. There are a good many pitfalls here, and it is now unfortunately too late to warn other people of the chief of them. For the fact is—as we found to our amazement—that Santa Claus (you must, by the way, call him St. Nicholas; after all, it is his proper name) comes to Belgium

and Russia, not on December 25th, but on December 6th. All our attempts to explain this phenomenon by the difference in the Russian calendar, though ingenious, have failed; it doesn't work out at all. Still, for some reason, that is how it is, and we cannot but be grateful to St. Nicholas for this delicate attention to our allies, by which no doubt they get the pick of the toys, even though we were nearly let in by him. Indeed Pierre had practically given up hope. He had told his mother that he was afraid St. Nicholas would never find his way to Scotland, it was too far.



Weary Variety Agent. "AND WHAT'S YOUR PARTICULAR CLAIM TO ORIGINALITY?"

Artiste. I'M THE ONLY COMEDIAN WHO HAS SO FAR REFRAINED FROM ADDRESSING THE ORCHESTRA AS 'YOU IN THE TRENCH.'"

Then there is another thing which might easily have been overlooked. It's no use putting out stockings, as we prefer to do in our insular way; one must put out shoes. At first sight it looks as if we in this country have the pull over our allies here, for one pair of little shoes does not hold much stuff. But fortunately it is the happy custom in all lands to allow of overflow to any extent. And finally St. Nicholas never comes down the chimney; he pops in through the window (which should be left slightly open at the bottom so that he can get in his thumb and prize it up). Also he never drove a reindeer in his life. He rides a horse. And this is of the first importance, for the one condition attaching to his benevolence is that you must put out a good wisp

of hay for the horse, along with your shoes, or else he will simply pass on and you will get nothing at all.

Having collected and considered all these facts we were fully prepared to meet the situation—even down to the small gingerbread animals which always grace the day—on December 6th, and to deal faithfully with the little rows of clogs, bulging with hay, which awaited us on St. Nicholas Eve.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, 1914.

"It's perfectly simple," said the Reverend Henry, adopting his lofty style. "We must cut the whole lot. There is no other course."

"I don't consider that your opinion is of any value whatever," said Eileen. "In fact you ought not to be allowed to take part in this discussion. Every one knows that you have always tried to get out of Christmas presents, and now you are merely using a grave national emergency to further your private ends."

The Reverend Henry was squashed; but Mrs. Sidney had a perfect right to speak, for she has been without doubt the most persistent and painstaking Christmas provider in the family, and has never been known to miss a single relation even at the longest range.

"I quite agree with Henry," said she. "This is no time for Christmas presents—except to hospitals and Belgians and men at the Front."

"You mean that you would scratch the whole lot," said I, "even the pocket diary for 1915 that I send to Uncle William?"

"Yes, even that. You can send the diary to Sidney" (who is in Flanders). "I have always wanted him to keep a diary."

"What about the children?" said I. "The children must realise," said the Reverend Henry solemnly, "what it means for the nation to be at war."

"Oh, no," Laura broke in impetuously. "How can they realise? How can you expect Kathleen to realise?"

"Do you know," said the Reverend Henry, "that only last Sunday my niece Kathleen was marching all over the house singing at the top of her voice, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary: the Bible tells me so'?" Obviously she realises.

"But what about——" Eileen was beginning.



"Let's have a scrap of paper," said I, "a contract that we can all sign, and then we can put down the exceptions to the rule."

Henry was already hard at work with a sheet of foolscap.

"... not to exchange, give, receive or swap in celebration of Christmas, 1914, any gift, donation, subscription, contribution, grant, token or emblem within the family and its connections; and further not to permit any gift, donation, subscription, contribution, grant, token or emblem to emanate from any member of the family to such as are outside."

"Good so far," said I.

"The following recipients to be accepted," Henry went on,

"(1) All Hospitals; (2) Belgians; (3) His Majesty's Forces—"

"(4) The Poor and Needy," suggested Eileen.

"(5) The Aged and Infirm," said I. "I only want to get in Great-aunt Amelia. She mustn't be allowed to draw a blank."

"That's true," said Henry; "we'll fix the age limit at ninety-one. That'll bring her in."

"(6) Children of such tender age that they are unable to realise the national emergency," said Mrs. Sidney.

"Quite so," said Henry. "What would you suggest as the age limit? Three?"

"Four," said Laura simultaneously. "I should like to suggest five," said I, "to bring in Kathleen."

"Let's make it seven," said Mrs. Henry. "I can hardly believe that Peter realises, you know."

"Stop a bit," said I. "If you take in Peter you can't possibly leave out Tom. Make it eight-and-a-half."

"That seems a little hard on Alice, doesn't it?" said Eileen.

"Any advance on eight-and-a-half?" called Henry from the writing-desk. And from that moment the discussion assumed the character of an auction, Laura finally running it up to thirteen (which brings in the twins) to the general satisfaction.

When the contract was signed, witnessed and posted on its way to the other signatories there was a general sense of relief that Christmas would not be very different from usual after all. Henry growled a good deal. But we know our Reverend Henry: he will do his duty when the time comes.

"The Prince of Wales noticed a private in his own regiment, the Grenadier Guards, who is six feet inches in height. He is six feet inches in height."—*Scotsman*.

It sounds silly, but the writer evidently means it.



### THE RULING PASSION.

*Voice from below.* "FOR 'EAVEN'S SAKE, MUM, GET BACK. THE FIRE-ESCAPE WILL BE 'ERE IN FIVE MINUTES."

*Endangered Female.* "FIVE MINUTES? THEN THROW ME BACK MY KNITTING."

### THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

A PHILISTINE? Then you will smile  
At this old willow-pattern plate  
And junks of long-forgotten date  
That anchor off Pagoda Isle;

At little pig-tailed simpering rakes  
Who kiss their hands (three miles  
away)  
To dainty beauties of Cathay  
Beside those un-foreshortened lakes.

With hand on heart they smile and sue.  
Their topsy-turvy world, you say,  
Is out of all perspective? Nay,  
'Tis we who look at life askew.

Dreams lose their spell; hard facts we prize

In our humdrum philosophy;  
But, could we change, who would  
not be

A suitor for those azure eyes?

Who would not sail with fairy freight  
Piloting some flat-bottomed barge—  
A size too small, or else too large—  
On this old willow-pattern plate?

"The 'Figaro' publishes a telegram from Petrograd which contradicts the German announcement that Lodz is occupied by the Germans."—*Lancashire Evening Post*.  
And quite right too.



### A MARNE FOOTNOTE.

THERE WAS a battlefield, I was told, with a ruined village near it, about as far from Paris as Sevenoaks is from London, and I decided to see it. The preliminaries, they said, would be difficult, but only patience was needed—patience and one's papers all in order. It would be necessary to go to the War Bureau, opposite the Invalides.

I went to the War Bureau opposite the Invalides one afternoon. I rang the bell and a smiling French soldier opened the door. Within were long passages and other smiling French soldiers in little knots guarding the approaches, all very bureaucratic. The head of the first knot referred me to the second knot; the head of the second referred me to a third. The head of this knot, which guarded the approach to the particular military mandarin whom I needed or thought I needed, smiled more than any of them, and, having heard my story, said that that was certainly the place to obtain leave. But it was unwise and even impossible to go by any other way than road, as the railway was needed for soldiers and munitions of war, and therefore I must bring my chauffeur with me, with his papers, which must be examined and passed.

My chauffeur? I possessed no such thing. Necessary then to provide myself with a chauffeur at once. Out I went in a fusillade of courtesies and sought a chauffeur. I visited a taxi rank and stopped this man and that, but all shied at the distance. At last one said that his garage would provide me with a car. So off to the garage we went, and there I had an interview with a manager, who declined to believe that permission for the expedition would be made at all, except possibly to oblige a person of great importance. Was I a person of great importance? he asked me. Was I? I wondered. No, I thought not. Very well then, he considered it best to drop the project.

I came away and hailed another taxi, driven by a shaggy grey hearthrug. I told him my difficulties, and he at once offered to drive me anywhere and made no bones about the distance whatever. So it was arranged that he should come for me on the morrow—say Tuesday, at a quarter to eleven, and we would then get through the preliminaries and my lunch comfortably by noon and be off and away. So do hearthrugs talk with foreigners—light-heartedly and confident. But Heaven disposes. For when we reached the Bureau at a minute after eleven the next morning the smiling janitor told us we were too late. Too late at eleven? Yes, the office in ques-

tion was closed between eleven and two; we must return at two.

"But the day will be over," I said; "the light will have gone. Another day lost!" Nothing on earth can crystallize and solidify so swiftly and implacably as the French official face. At these words his smile vanished. He was not angry or threatening—merely granite. Those were the rules, and how could anyone question them? At two, he repeated; and again I left the building, this time not bowing quite so effusively, but suppressing a thousand criticisms which might have been spoken were not the French our allies.

Three hours to kill in a city where everything is shut. No Louvre, no Carnavalet! However, the time went, chiefly over lunch, and at two we were there again, the hearthrug and I, and were shown into a waiting-room where far too many other persons had already assembled. To me this congestion seemed deplorable; but the hearthrug merely grinned. It was all a new experience to him, and his meter was registering the time. We waited, I suppose, forty minutes and then came our turn, and we were led to a little room where sat a typical elderly French officer at a table. He had white moustaches and was in uniform with blue and red about it. I bowed, he bowed, the hearthrug grovelled. I explained my need, and he replied instantly that I had come to the wrong place; the right place was the Conciergerie.

Another rebuff! In England I might have told him that it was one of his own idiotic men who had told me otherwise, but of what use would that be in France? In France a thing is or is not, and there is no getting round it if it is not. French officials are portcullises, and they drop as suddenly and as effectively. Knowing this, so far from showing resentment or irritation, I bowed and made my thanks as though I had come for no other purpose than a dose of frustration; and again we left this cursed Bureau.

I re-entered the taxi, which, judging by the meter, I should very soon have completely paid for, and we hurtled away (for the hearthrug was a demon driver) to Paris's Scotland Yard. Here were more passages, more little rooms, more inflexible officials. I had bowed to half-a-dozen and explained my errand before at last the right one was reached, and him the hearthrug grovelled to again and called "Mon Colonel." He sat at a table in a little room, and beside him, all on the same side of the table, sat three civilians. On the wall behind was a map of France. What they did all day, I wondered, and how much they were

paid for it; for we were the only clients, and the suggestion of the place was one of anecdote and persiflage rather than toil. They acted with the utmost unanimity. First "Mon Colonel" scrutinised my passport, and then the others, in turn, scrutinised it. What did I want to go to — for? (The name is suppressed because it is two or three months since the battle was fought there.) I replied that my motive was pure curiosity. Did I know it was a very dull town? I wanted to see the battlefield. That would be *triste* too. Yes, I knew, but I was interested. "Mon Colonel" shrugged and wrote on a piece of paper and passed the paper to the first civilian, who wrote something else and passed it on, and finally the last one got it and discovered a mistake in the second civilian's writing, and the mistake had to be initialled by all the lot, each making great play with a blotter; and at last the precious document was handed to me and I was really free to start. But it was now dark.

The road from — leaves the town by a hill, crosses a canal, and then mounts and winds, and mounts again, and dips and mounts, between fields of stubble, with circular straw-stacks as their only occupants. The first intimation of anything untoward, besides the want of life, was the spire of the little white village of — on the distant hill, which surely had been damaged. As one drew nearer it was clear that not only had the spire been damaged, but that the houses had been damaged too. The place seemed empty and under a ban.

I stopped the car outside, at the remains of a burned shed, and walked along the desolate main street. All the windows were broken; the walls were indented with little holes or perforated with big ones. The roofs were in ruins. Here was the post-office; it is now half demolished and boarded up. There was the inn; it is now empty and forlorn. Half the great clock face leant against a wall. Everyone had fled—it is a "deserted village" with a vengeance: nothing left but a few fowls. Everything was damaged; but the church had suffered most. Half of the shingled spire was destroyed, most of the roof, and the great bronze bell lay among the *débris* on the ground. It is as though the enemy's policy was to intimidate the simple folk through the failure of their supernatural stronghold. "If the church is so pregnable, then what chance have we?"—that is the question which it was hoped would be asked; or so I imagined as I stood before this ruined





*Pompous Lady.* "I SHALL DESCEND AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE."

*Tommy (aside).* "TAKES 'ERSELF FOR A BLOOMIN' ZEPPELIN!"

sanctuary. Where, I wondered, are those villagers now, and what chances are there of the rebuilding of these old peaceful homes, so secure and placid only four months ago?

And then I walked to the battlefield a few hundred yards away, and only too distinguishable as such by the little cheap tricolors on the hastily-dug graves among the stubble and the ricks. Hitherto I had always associated these ricks with the art of CLAUDE MONET, and seeing the one had recalled the other; but henceforward I shall think of those poor pathetic graves sprinkled among them, at all kinds of odd angles to each other—for evidently the holes were dug parallel with the bodies beside them—each with a little wooden cross hastily tacked together, and on some the remnants of the soldier's coat or cap, or even boots, and on some the blue, white and red. As far as one can distinguish, these little crosses break the view: some against the sky-line, for it is hilly about here, others against the dark soil.

It was a day of lucid November sun-

shine. The sky was blue and the air mild. A heavy dew lay on the earth. Not a sound could be heard; not a leaf fluttered. No sign of life. We were alone, save for the stubble and the ricks and the wooden crosses and the little flags. How near the dead seemed: nearer than in any cemetery.

Suddenly a distant booming sounded; then another and another. It was the guns at either Soissons or Rheims—the first thunder of man's hatred of man I had ever heard.

So I, too, non-combatant, as *Aunc-Domini* forces me to be, know something of war—a very little, it is true, but enough to make a difference when I read the letters from the trenches or meet a Belgian village refugee.

"General Joffre then engaged in a short conversation with several journalists, and when they referred to the military medal which M. Poincaré pinned on his chest, he said: 'g All this counts for nothing.'"

*Manchester Guardian.*

But on the other  $\frac{1}{2}$  we offer our respectful congratulations.

### THE PROPHETS.

I HAVE a friend, a gloomy soul,  
Who daily wails about the war,  
Taking the line that, on the whole,  
Our luck is rotten at the core,  
And into each success  
Reads some disaster, rather more than  
less.

Another friend I have, whose heart  
Beats with "abashless" confidence,  
Who sees the KAISER in the cart  
And hung in chains "a fortnight  
hence";

He saw this months ago,  
And some day hopes to say, "I told  
you so."

When Horacitus brings a cloud,  
Democritus provides the sun;  
Or should the Hopeful crow too loud,  
I listen to the Mournful One;  
And thus, between the two,  
I find a fairly rational point of view.

### Faces We have no Use For.

"Once or twice he sighed a little, although he had an uninterrupted view of a profile as regular as a canoe."—*New Magazine.*



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME."

No, he was not a shirker, as you thought. Nor was he engaged in making munitions of war, or khaki, or woollens, or military boots, or in exporting cocoa to the enemy *via* neutral Holland—that roaring monopoly of the Pacificist. His business was to spy at spies—a task that called for as much coolness and courage as any job at the Front. And so when the officious flapper presented him with a white feather he had no use for it except as a pipe-cleaner.

For his purpose *Christopher Brent* had taken up his residence at a "select boarding establishment" on the East Coast, which contained the following members of the German Secret Service: *Mrs. Sanderson*, proprietress; *Carl*, her son, clerk in the British Admiralty; *Fräulein Schroeder*, boarder, and *Fritz*, waiter. Their design, if I rightly penetrated its darkness, was to give information of the whereabouts of a certain section of the Expeditionary Force which was "coming through from the North"; to supply Berlin with plans of the coast defences; and finally to give a signal to a German submarine by the firing of the house, which would incidentally mean the roasting alive of its innocent contents. All this (for the sake of *ARISTOTLE* and the *Unities*) was to take place in a single day, though I for one could not believe that either the pigeon post or the ordinary mail would be equal to the strain.

Their utensils included a Marconi instrument concealed in the chimney; a bomb; a revolver; maps of the mine-field and harbour; a carrier-pigeon, and a knife for disposing of the cliff-sentry.

To frustrate their schemes something more was needed than the wit of *Brent* and his ally, the widow *Leigh*; something more, even, than his skill in shooting pigeons in flight with an air-rifle. The vacuum was supplied by the crass stupidity of the *EMPEROR*'s minions. Even when full credit is given to *Brent* for letting his bath overflow so as to flood the public salon and render it untenable, it was surely unwise of *Mrs. Sanderson* to offer her private parlour for the use of the boarders on the very day set apart for the execution of her plans which were centred in this room. It was also gross carelessness on the part of her son, when he had *Brent*, with hands up, at his mercy, to place his own revolver on the table and to use, in exchange, the unloaded weapon which he had taken from his opponent's pocket. It was puerile, too, to accept without proof the verbal assurances of the widow

*Leigh* that she was one of themselves, a loyal German spy. And *Fritz* committed an unpardonable error in giving away the site of the Marconi apparatus by his undisguised suspicion of anybody who took any interest in the fireplace.

And so their schemes all went agley; the whole pack was arrested; and when the curtain fell on a happy group of boarders in midnight *deshabille* there was every promise that the misdeameanants would receive a month's imprisonment or at least a caution to be of good behaviour for the future.

I understand, on good authority, that the tendency of the public at this juncture of the War is to demand light refreshment. Well, they have it



"HANDS UP!"

"HANDS UP YOURSELF!"

*Carl Sanderson* . . . Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY.  
*Christopher Brent* . . . Mr. DENNIS EADIE.

here. For, though the subject deals with a serious problem of the hour, it can be treated, and is treated, with a very permissible humour that just stops short of farce. Some of the stage-devices, as I am assured by my betters, may have a touch of antiquity, but their application is as modern as can well be, and I should indeed be ungrateful if after an entertainment so smoothly and dexterously administered I were to be captious about origins or other matters of pedantry.

Mr. DENNIS EADIE, as *Brent*, both in his real character of detective and in the assumed futility of his disguise as a genial idiot, was equally excellent, and again proved his gift for quick-change artistry. Miss MARY JERROLD'S *Fräulein Schroeder* was extraordinarily Teutonic in all but her quiet humour, which she seemed to have caught from the country of her adoption. The *Fritz* of Mr. HENRY EDWARDS was another delightful sketch, though his actual German birth and his allegation

of Dutch nationality were both belied by the red Italian corpuscles with which the authors had inoculated him. Miss JEAN CADELL, as usual, played a pale and fatuous spinster, but this time, in the part of *Miss Myrtle*, she had her chance, and seized it bravely. When that typical British boarder, Mr. John Preston, M.P. (interpreted with great relish and vigour by Mr. HUBERT HARBEN), remarked, "I call a spade a spade," she replied, "And I suppose you would call a dinner-napkin a *serviette*"—one of the pleasantest remarks in a play where the good things said were many and unforced.

I have not mentioned the admirable performance—its merits might easily be missed—of Mr. STANLEY LOGAN as a Territorial Tommy; or the very natural manners of Mrs. ROBERT BROUGH as *Mrs. Sanderson*; or the quiet art of Miss RUTH MACKAY in a part (*Miriam Leigh*) that offered a too-limited scope to her exceptional talents. Miss ISOBEL ELSOM contributed her share of the rather perfunctory love-interest with a very pretty sincerity; and Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY, in the ungrateful part of the spy *Carl*, did his work soundly, with a lofty sacrifice of his own obvious good-nature. Indeed, it was a very excellent cast.

I should like to congratulate the authors, Messrs. LECHMERE WORRALL and HAROLD TERRY, on having given the public what they want, without lapsing into banality. The attraction of the first two Acts was not, perhaps, fully sustained in the third, but they gave us quite a cheerful evening; and at the fall of the curtain the audience was so importunate in their applause that Mr. DENNIS EADIE had to break it to them that, though the loss of their company would give him pain, he thought the time had come for them to go away.

I did not notice Mr. REGINALD McKENNA in the stalls, but it was a great night for him and the Home Office. O. S.

## Raison de Plus.

SAYS the sleek humanitarian: "Any sacrifice I'd make  
For the voluntary system—up to going  
to the stake,"  
Which inspires the obvious comment  
that contingencies like this  
Turn the coming of conscription to  
unmitigated bliss.

"The remaining characters were taken by Mr. Herbert Lomas as *Ever*, a splendid actor. . . ."—*Manchester City News*.

You should see Sir HERBERT TREE as *Always*.





## LANGUAGE-KULTUR.

Voice from the darkness. "DOAND SHOOD! DOAND SHOOD! VE VOS DE VILTSHIRES."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF *The Prussian Officer*, a study of morbidly vicious cruelty practised by a captain of Cavalry on his helpless orderly (and the first of a sheaf of collected stories, short or shortish, by Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE, issued by Messrs. DUCKWORTH), had been written since the declaration of war it would certainly be discounted as a product of the prevailing *odium bellicosum*. But it appeared well in the piping times of peace, and I remember it (as I remember others of the collection) with a freshness which only attaches to work that lifts itself out of the common ruck. An almost too poignant intensity of realism, expressed in a distinguished and fastidious idiom, characterises Mr. LAWRENCE's method. It is a realism not of minutely recorded outward happenings, trivial or exciting, but of fiercely contested agonies of the spirit. None of these stories is a story in the accepted mode. They are studies in (dare one use the overworked word?) psychological portraiture. I don't know any other writer who realises passion and suffering with such objective force. The word "suffering" drops from his pen in curiously unexpected contexts. The fact of it seems to obsess him. Yet it is no morbid obsession. He seems to be dominated by sympathy in its literal meaning, and it gives his work a surprising richness of texture. . . . I dare press this book upon all such as need something more than mere yarns, who have an eye for admirably sincere workmanship and are interested in their fellows—fellows of all sorts, soldiers, keepers, travellers, clergymen, colliers, with womenfolk to match.

On a map of the North you may be able to find an island named after one *Margaret*. It should lie, though I have sought it in vain, just about where the florid details of the Norwegian coast-line run up to those blank spaces that are dotted over, it would seem, only by the occasional foot-prints of polar bears. Anyhow it was so christened by two bold mariners who lived in the *Spacious Days* (MURRAY) of QUEEN ELIZABETH. That they both loved the lady (ELIZABETH, of course, too—but I mean *Margaret*) may be assumed; but that they should eventually, with one accord, desire to resign their claims upon her affection must be read to be understood. I for one did not quarrel with them on this score. For had not their mistress in the meantime found companionship more suitable than theirs? Besides, if even the author is so little courteous to his heroine as to invite her to appear only in two chapters between the third and the twenty-seventh, why should two rough sea-dogs—or you and I—be more attentive? And indeed it is a correct picture of his period that Mr. RALPH DURAND is concerned to present rather than a love story. In the writing of the love scenes considered necessary to the mechanism of the plot he seems very little at his ease; and so marked at times is his discomfort that I must confess to having felt some irritation when my willingness to be convinced was not met halfway. In the handling of his sheets and oars I like the author better, though even here I miss what might have brought me into a companionship with his people as close as I could wish on a most adventurous journey of nearly four hundred pages. But perhaps that is my fault; and, at the least, here is a straightforward sea story—as honest as the sea and as clean.



*Llanyglo* was a child with fair hair and blue eyes, and how she grew and what she learnt, and all the changes of her dresses and her soul, are set forth by Mr. OLIVER ONIONS in *Mushroom Town* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). She differed from the children of other novelists who grow up to be men and women, because she was made of bricks and mortar and iron girders and romantic scenery and ozone (especially ozone), and the people who lived with her or took trips to see her are treated as a mere emblematical garnish of her character and growth. *Llanyglo* is a daughter of Wales, but she is not any town that you may happen to have seen, although possibly Blackpool and Douglas and Llandudno have met her, and turned up their noses at her, as she turned up her nose at them. Lancashire built and conquered her, to be conquered and annually recuperated in turn. *Cymrua capta ferum* . . . might have been the motto of her municipal arms. Exactly how Mr. ONIONS exhibits the romantic spectacle of her development, with the strange knowledge she picked up, as from virgin wildness she became first select and then popular, I cannot hope to explain. Suffice it to say that the process is epitomised in sketches of the various people who helped in the moulding of her—the drunken *Kerr* brothers, who built a house in a single night; *Howell Gruffydd*, the wily grocer; *Dafydd Dafis*, the harper; and *John Willie Garden*, son of the shrewd cotton-spinner who first saw the possibilities of the place, and won the heart of the untamed gipsy girl, *Ynys*. This is surely Mr. ONIONS' best novel since *Good Boy Seldom*; and as *Llanyglo* is safely ensconced on the West coast you should go there at once for the winter season.

*Spragge's Canyon* (SMITH, ELDER), takes its title, as you might guess, from the canyon where the *Spragges* lived. It was a delightful spot, a kind of earthly paradise (snakes included), and the *Spragge* family had made it all themselves out of unclaimed land on the Californian coast. Wherefore the *Spragges* loved it with a love only equalled perhaps by the same emotion in the breast of Mr. H. A. VACHELL, who has written a book about it. The *Spragges* of the tale are Mrs. *Spragge*, widow of the pioneer, and her son *George*. With them on the ranch lived also a cousin, *Samantha*, a big-built capable young woman, destined by Providence and Mrs. *Spragge* to be the helpmate of *George*. But *George*, though he was strong and handsome and a perfect marvel with rattlesnakes (which he collected as a subsidiary source of income), was also a bit of a fool; and when, on one of his rare townward excursions, he got talking to *Hazel Goodrich* in a street car, her pale attractiveness and general lure proved too much for him. Accordingly *Hazel* was asked down to the ranch on a visit (I am taking it on trust that Mr. VACHELL knows the Californian etiquette in these

matters) and has the time of her life, flirting with the love-lorn *George*, impressing his mother, and generally scoring off poor *Samantha*. At least so she thought. Really, however, Mrs. *Spragge* had taken *Hazel's* measure in one, and was all the time quietly fighting her visitor for her son's future. This fight, and the character of the mother who makes it, are the best things in the book. I shall not tell you who wins. Personally I had expected a comedy climax, and was unprepared for creeps. But *George*, I may remind you, collected snakes. A good and virile tale.

Sir MELVILLE MACNAGHTEN hopes, in his Introduction to *Days of my Years* (ARNOLD), that his reminiscences "may



#### THE COMPLETE SALESMAN.

*Lady* (rather difficult to please). "I LIKE THIS ONE, BUT—I SEE IT'S PRINTED IN GERMANY."

*Salesman*. "WELL, IF YOU LIKE IT, MADAM, I WOULDN'T TAKE TOO MUCH NOTICE OF THAT STATEMENT. IT'S PROBABLY ONLY ANOTHER GERMAN LIE!"

There is something so human and simple in Sir MELVILLE'S method of narration that it is with an effort that one realises what an important person he really was, and what extraordinary ability he must have had to win and hold his high position. Even when he disparages blood-hounds I reluctantly submit to his superior knowledge and abandon one of my most cherished illusions. I hate to do it, but if he says that a blood-hound is no more use in tracking criminals than a Shetland pony would be, I must try to believe him.

#### Revenge.

"After Herr Von Holman Bethwig's wild speech in the German Reichstag the Government might change their minds."

*Cork Constitution.*

It isn't much one can do to the GERMAN CHANCELLOR just now, but these misprints of his name always annoy him, and every little helps.



# THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK



September 9, 1876.

England indignantly protests against the atrocities committed  
by the Turk in Bulgaria.



# The Unspeakable Turk.



ONE BUBBLE MORE!!

The Turk, once again, makes illusory promises of Reform.

January 6, 1877.



# The Unspeakable Turk.

3



EVERYBODY'S FRIEND!

During the Russo-Turkish War a strict neutrality is preserved by Germany.

March 2, 1878.





### THE SUBLIME—"SUPER"!

(REHEARSAL OF GRAND MILITARY DRAMA.)

STAGE MANAGER. "WHAT ARE YOU TO DO, SIR? WHY, GET WELL TO THE BACK, AND—WAVE YOUR BANNER!!!"

The Turk makes a great show of denouncing the revolt of Arabi in Egypt.

September 16, 1882



# The Unspeakable Turk.

5



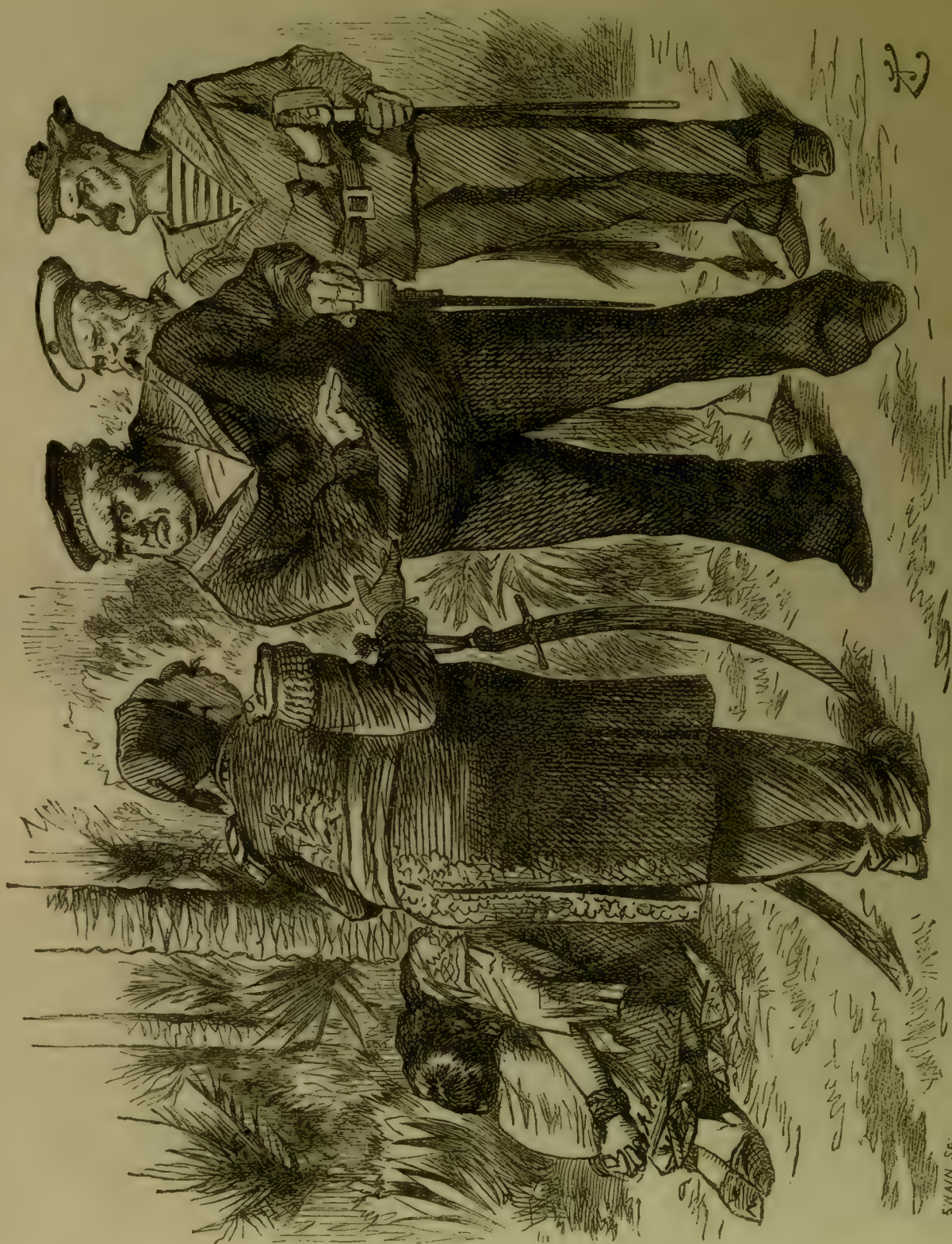
COOPED UP!

The Powers, despite the protests of Greece, leave it to the Turk to restore order in the Island of Crete.

October 26, 1889.



# The Unspeakable Turk.



"DEEDS—NOT WORDS!"

JOHN BULL. "LOOK HERE,—WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PALAVER! ARE YOU GOING TO LET THE GIRL GO, OR HAVE WE GOT TO MAKE YOU?"

SWAIN SC.



## The Unspeakable Turk.

7



A FREE HAND.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK. "HA, HA. THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT! I CAN GET TO BUSINESS AGAIN."



## The Unspeakable Turk.



## A TURKISH BATH.

SULTAN. "THEY GAVE IT ME PRETTY HOT IN THAT ARMENIAN ROOM! BUT—BISMILLAH! THIS IS—PHEW!!"

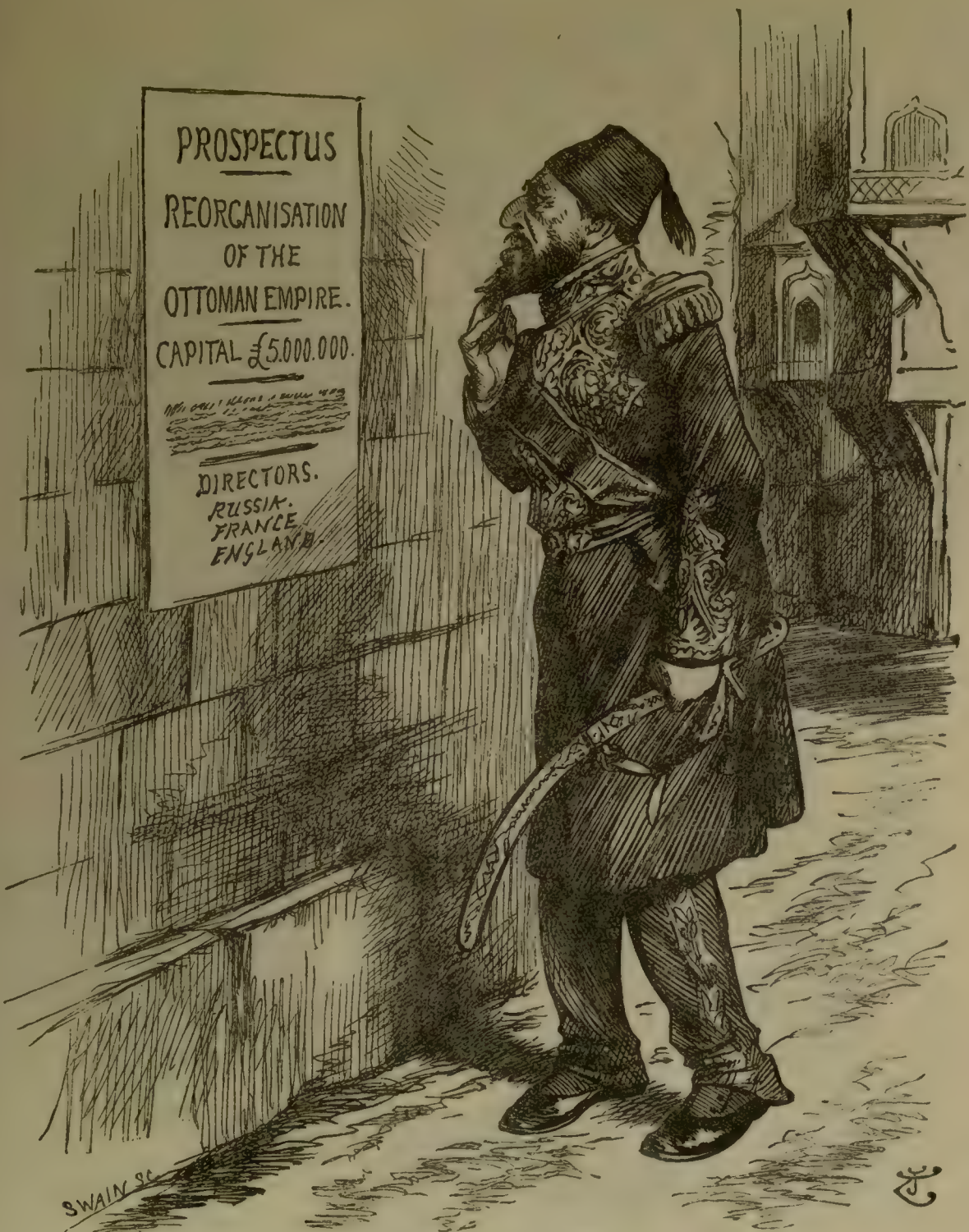
A very "sick man" is the Turk. He goes from bad to worse.

August 22, 1896.



## The Unspeakable Turk.

9



### "TURKEY LIMITED."

SULTAN. MAKE ME INTO A LIMITED COMPANY? H'M—AH—S'POSE THEY'LL ALLOW ME TO JOIN THE BOARD AFTER ALLOTMENT!"

The Powers consider the advisability of placing the Turk "under control."

November 28, 1896.



# The Unspeakable Turk.



## TENDER MERCIES!

DAME EUROPA (to LITTLE CRETE). "DON'T CRY, MY LITTLE MAN. I'VE ASKED THIS NICE, KIND TURKISH POLICEMAN TO STAY AND TAKE CARE OF YOU!"

The Turk is given another chance to mend his ways.

March 13, 1897



## The Unspeakable Turk.

11



### THE SLAVE OF DUTY!

ADMIRAL JOHN BULL. "NOW THEN, OUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GO!"

THE UNSPEAKABLE. "WHAT! LEAVE MY BEAUTIFUL CRETE IN A STATE OF DISORDER? NEVER!"

The incorrigible Turk is deprived of his power to misrule in Crete.

September 24, 1898.





### THE MITYLENE MARCH.

(SOLO FOR THE FRENCH HORN.)

THE SULTAN. "I DON'T LIKE SOLOS! GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED EUROPEAN CONCERTO!"

France sends a fleet to Mitylene and compels the Turk  
to respect the rights of certain French subjects.

November 13, 1901.





BETWEEN RUSSIA AND THE DEEP SEA.

Trouble again confronts the Turk. Macedonia, weary of his oppression, rises in revolt. Russia keeps an eye upon him.

September 9, 1903.





### THE OPTIMIST.

ABDUL HAMID. "WHAT, ALL THE FLEETS COMING HERE? THAT WILL BE FUN! I DO HOPE THEY'LL HAVE FIREWORKS!"

The Powers decide on a Naval Demonstration to compel the Turk to settle the Macedonian difficulty.

November 22 1905.





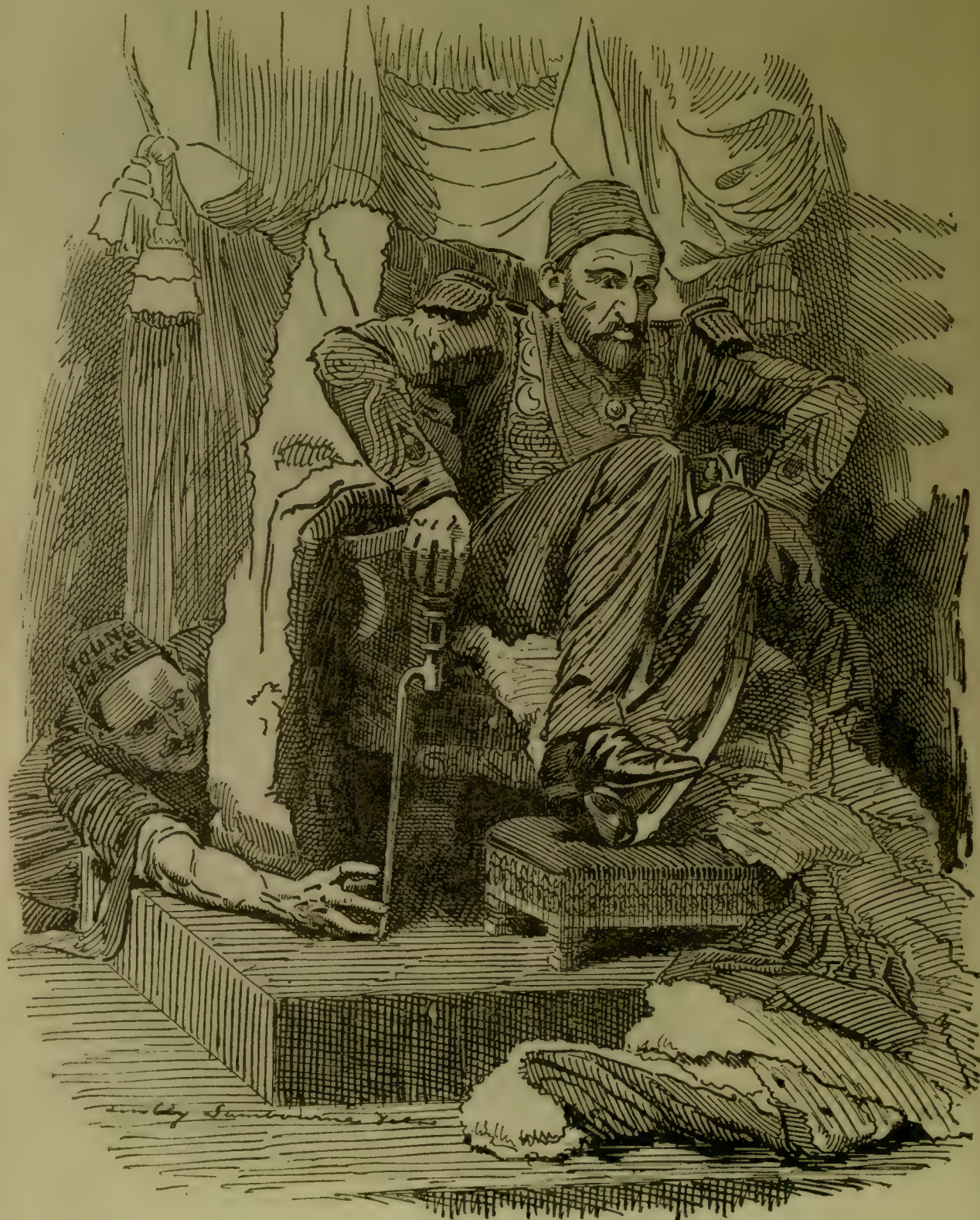
OUT OF BOUNDS.

JOHN BULL. "SHOO! SHOO!"

The Turk tries to grab a bit of Egypt, but his bluster is unsuccessful.  
Under pressure he retires, as usual.

May 9, 1906.



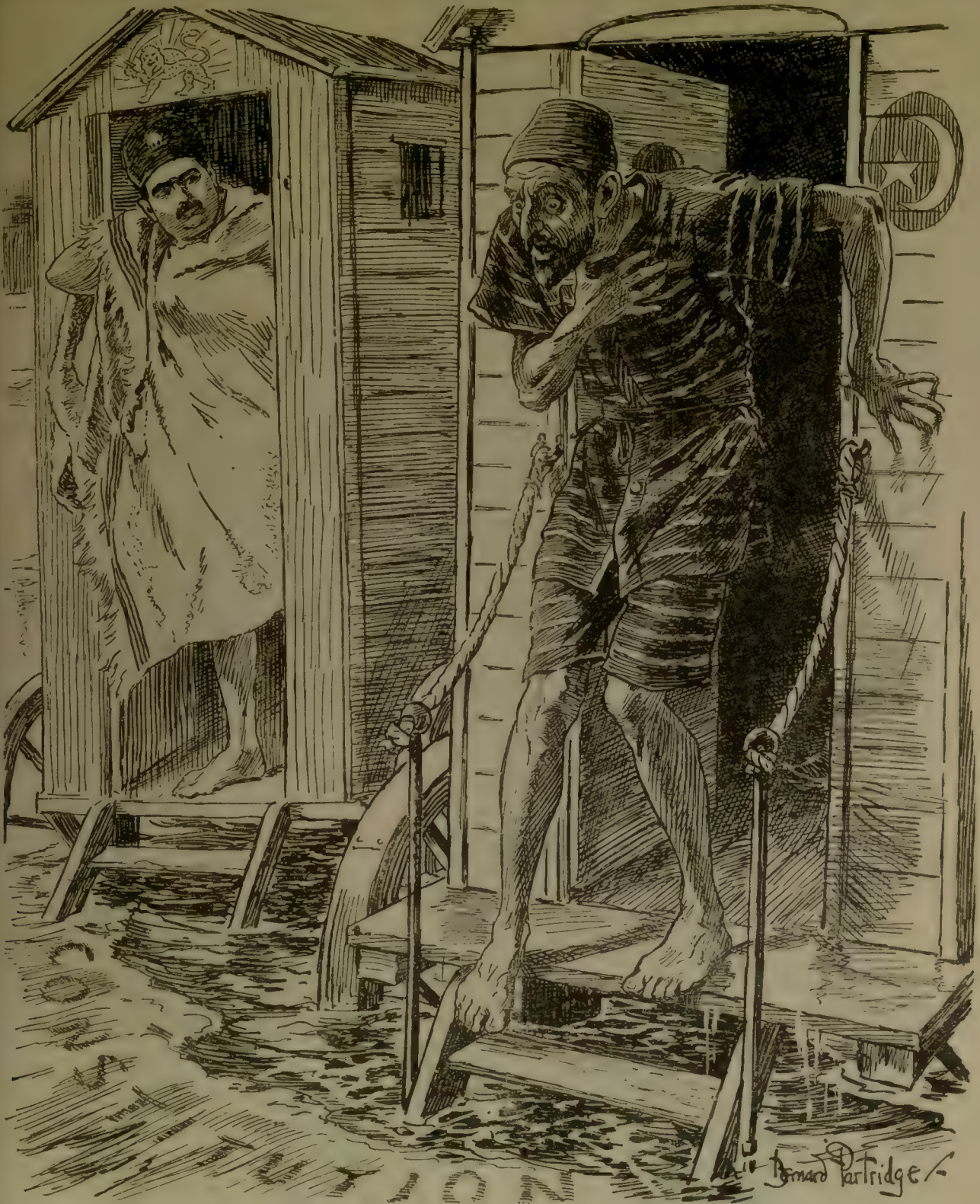


THE THRONE PERILOUS.

The condition of the Turk is very critical. Internal disorders indicate a serious danger of collapse.

July 29, 1908.





THE SALT-WATER CURE.

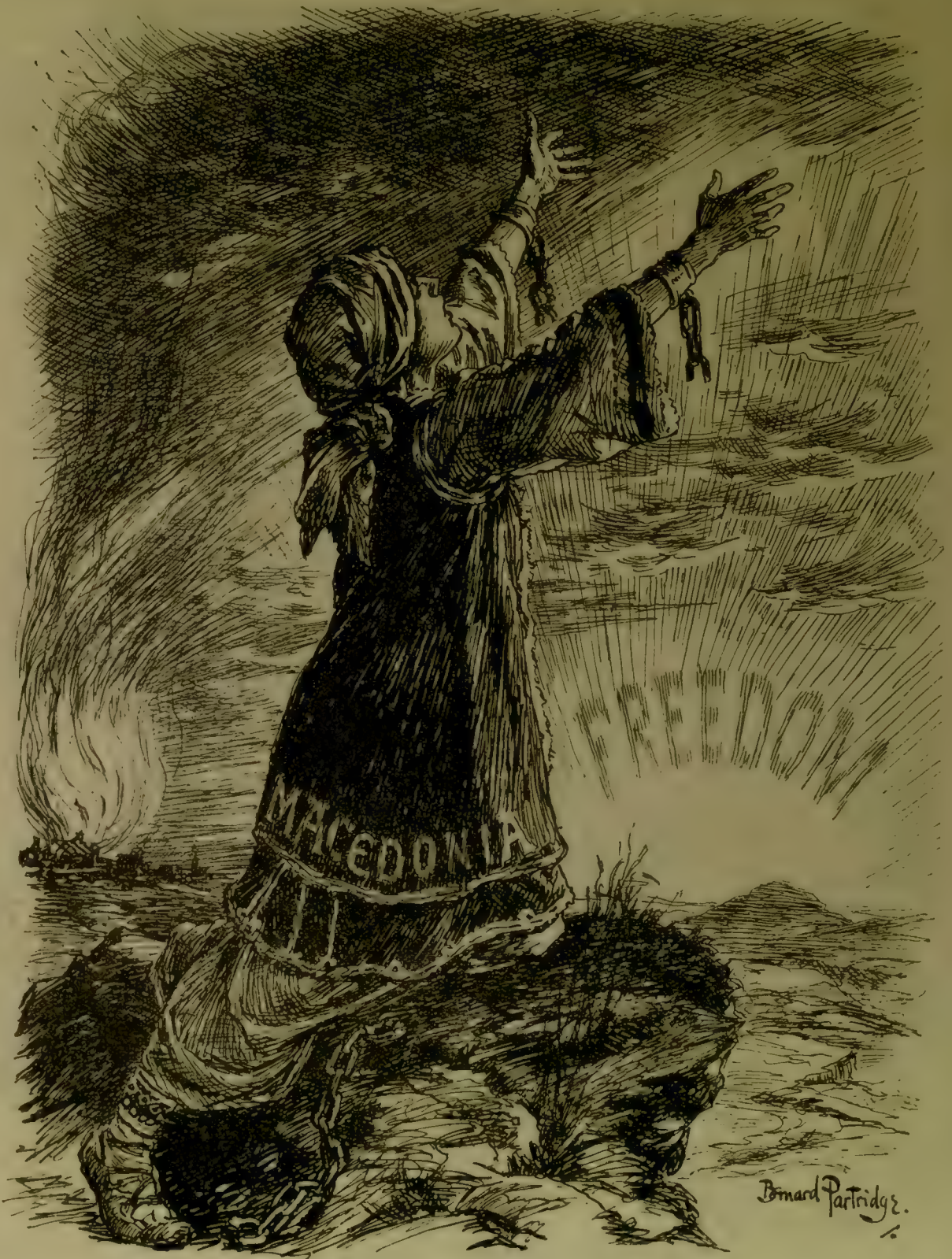
SHAH OF PERSIA. "Go on in, ABDUL—JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING. YOU CAN ALWAYS COME OUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT."

SICK MAN OF EUROPE. "YES, I KNOW. BUT ONE GETS SO WET!"

The Turk makes another specious effort to amend his constitution.

August 12, 1908.





AT LAST!

The liberation of Macedonia from the tyranny of the Turk  
is at last accomplished

November 27, 1912.





**ARMAGEDDON: A DIVERSION.**

**TURKEY.** "GOOD! IF ONLY ALL THOSE OTHER CHRISTIAN NATIONS GET AT ONE ANOTHER'S THROATS, I MAY HAVE A DOG'S CHANCE YET."

The Turk still has a gleam of hope.

December 4, 1912.





NO EFFECTS.

BALKAN LEAGUER. "IT'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT."  
TURKEY. "MONEY, DEAR BOY? SEARCH ME!"





Bernard Partridge.

SETTLED.

DAME EUROPA. "YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE MOST TROUBLESOME BOY IN THE SCHOOL. NOW GO AND CONSOLIDATE YOURSELF."

TURKEY. "PLEASE, MA'AM, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

DAME EUROPA. "IT MEANS GOING INTO THAT CORNER—AND STOPPING THERE!"

The Turk is driven to confine his energies to Asia Minor.

April 2, 1913.





**"DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES."**

KING OF THE HELLENES. "OUR SUCCESS WAS, AS YOU KNOW, ENTIRELY DUE TO YOU."

GERMAN EMPEROR. "THANKS, THANKS." (Aside) "I SUPPOSE HE CAN'T BE REFERRING TO OUR ORGANISATION OF THE *TURKISH* ARMY."

The decisive defeat of the Turk by the Greeks and their Allies  
is a bitter blow to Germany

September 17, 1913





ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE.

TURKEY (to Greece). "AHA! MY YOUNG FRIEND, ALONE AT LAST! NOW WE CAN ARRANGE A REALLY NICE TREATY."

The Turk makes a desperate effort to get Greece into a quiet corner.

October 8, 1913.



## The Unspeakable Turk.



## HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

THE KAISER (to Turkey, reassuringly). "LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO EXPLODE."  
 TURKEY. "YES, I QUITE SEE THAT. BUT WHERE SHALL I BE WHEN IT'S ALL OVER?"

There is, indeed, no health in the Turk.

November 11, 1914.



## CHARIVARIA.

An exceptionally well-informed Berlin newspaper has discovered that, owing to the war, Ireland is suffering from a horse famine, and many of the natives are now to be seen driving cattle.

An appeal is being made in Germany for cat-skins for the troops. In their Navy, on the other hand, they often get the cat itself.

In offering congratulations to the "Green Howards" on the work they have been doing at the Front, Major-General CAPPER said, "I knew it was a regiment I could hang my hat on at any time of the day or night." The expression is perhaps a little unfortunate; it sounds as if they had been pegging out.

Private F. NAILOR, of the Royal Berkshires, was at his home at Sandhurst last week when the postman brought a letter from the War Office reporting that he had been killed in action. While his being alive is, of course, in these circumstances an act of gross insubordination, the Army Council will, we understand, content itself with an intimation that it must not happen again.

A cigar presented by the KAISER to Lord LONSDALE has been sold at Henley in aid of the local Red Cross Hospital, and has become the property of a butcher at the price of £14 10s. Will it, we wonder, now be inscribed, "From a brother butcher"?

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* Western Australia is interning her alien enemies on "Rottnest Island." If there is anything in a name, this does seem a rather unhappy choice, in view of the well-known sensitiveness of the German.

It is curious how in war time really important occurrences are apt to escape one's notice. For example, it was not until we read an article in a contemporary last week on "The Demise of the Slim Skirt" that we realised that Fat Skirts were now the vogue.

Of all forms of cruelty the most hideous is that which is perpetrated on defenceless little children, and we hear with

regret that the Register of Births in Liverpool now includes the following names:—Kitchener Ernest Pickles, Jellicoe Jardine, French Donaldson, and Joffre Venmore.

With reference to our recent remarks about Mr. J. WARD's so-called mixed metaphor of a horse bolting with money, a gentleman writes to us from Epsom to say that he has personally put money on more than one horse which bolted.

The War would certainly seem to have led to better feeling in the Labour world between masters and men, and from a recent paragraph in *The Daily Mail* we learn that there is now a London Association of Master Decorators.



Orderly. "YOUR MAJESTY, I HAVE BEEN SENT TO ASK FOR DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TO BE HELD AT BUCKINGHAM PAL—"

Wilhelm. — ! — ! — !

The idea is a pretty one. Iron Crosses, perhaps?

The War has worked other wonders. Not the least of these, a Stock Exchange friend points out, is that lots of Bulls and Bears are now comrades in arms.

"NEW PHASE IN RUSSIA.  
GERMANS CHANGING THEIR DISPOSITIONS."  
*Daily Mail.*

We are glad to hear this, for they used to have simply beastly ones.

Another secret revealed by Mr. HAMILTON FYFE:—

"As usual when they take the initiative, the Russian troops swept the enemy before them. They first cleared out the trenches and then pursued the Germans."—*Daily Mail.*

In the West we still cling to the old-fashioned method of first clearing out the Germans and then pursuing the trenches.

## SOME LITERARY WAR-NOTES.

MESSRS. HARRAP have just brought out *William the Silent*. This is not a biography of the KAISER.

Nor is *The Hound of Heaven*, a new edition of which is announced by Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Mr. EDWARD CRESSY's *Discoveries and Inventions of the Twentieth Century* makes no mention, curiously enough, of the WOLFF Bureau. We look in vain, too, among the Yuletide publications for a book of Fairy Tales by WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN. This does not speak well for the alertness of our publishers.

MESSRS. JACK, we see, have produced a *Life of Nelson*. It is now, we consider, up to Messrs. NELSON to produce a volume with some such title as *We All Love Jack*.

At last the Germans are reported to have scored a little success in the United States. An American coon is said to have been so much impressed by the achievements of the Germans that he has sent a song to the KAISER, the opening words of which are "My Hunny!"

The War is responsible for a splendid boom in the study of geography. An English lady who visited some of the Belgian wounded at a certain London hospital the other day

asked one of them where he was hit, and on receiving the reply, "*Au pied*," is said to have spent hours trying to find the place on the map.

Which reminds us that, owing to the new names which the various belligerents are giving to towns which they have conquered (like Lemberg) or temporarily occupied (like Ostend), several map-makers are reported to be suffering from nervous breakdown.

## The Kaiser's Thanks.

"The Archbishop of York and Germany." Heading in "*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*." Other pluralists, like the Bishop of SODOR AND MAN, are not at all jealous, nor are we at all surprised.

"They drank the full-flavoured soup with scarcely a sound."—*The Story-Teller*. Another example of true British refinement.



## THE OLD SEA-ROVER SPEAKS.

[Referring to our victory off the Falkland Islands, the *Tägliche Rundschau* remarks: "On board our North Sea ships our sailors will clench their teeth and all hearts will burn with the feeling, 'England the enemy! Up and at the enemy!'" The gallant bombardment of defenceless towns on our East Coast would appear to be the immediate outcome of this intelligent attitude.]

BEHIND your lock-gates stowed away,  
Out of the great tides' ebb and flow,  
How could you guess, this many a day,  
Who was your leading naval foe?  
But now you learn, a little late—  
So loud the rumours from the sea grow—  
England's the thing you have to hate,  
And not (for instance) Montenegro.

The facts are just as you've been told;  
Further disguise would be but vain;  
We have a *penchant* from of old  
For being masters on the main;  
It is a custom which we caught  
From certain sea-kings who begat us,  
And that is why we like the thought  
That you propose to "up and at" us.

Come where you will—the seas are wide;  
And choose your Day—they're all alike;  
You'll find us ready where we ride  
In calm or storm and wait to strike;  
But—if of shame your shameless Huns  
Can yet retrieve some casual traces—  
Please fight our men and ships and guns,  
Not women-folk and watering-places. O. S.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XI.

(From the GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.)

MOST INTERNALLY (INNIGST) BELOVED FATHER,—Here in my headquarters we learnt with sorrow that you have been suffering from a bronchial catarrh. Anxious as we were at first, our minds were relieved when we heard that you had behaved very violently to those about you, for in that we recognised our good old father as we knew him from long since, and we said to ourselves that you could not fail soon to be in the saddle again with all your accustomed energy. And now comes the report that you are indeed yourself again, like *Richard III.* in our great German, SHAKESPEARE.

Now that all danger is past I cannot forbear giving you from my heart a word of warning, begging you not with rashness to risk your so valuable life. Do not laugh and imagine that I am pulling your leg (*dass ich Dir das Bein ziehe*). Nothing is further from my thoughts; I am quite serious. You must remember that you are not so young as you were and that this rushing to and fro between France and Poland, which to a man of my age would be a mere trifle, bringing with it only enjoyment, must be for a man who is between fifty and sixty a task well calculated to search out and expose his corporeally weak points so as to bring satisfaction, not to us, but to the enemy. Such a burden must no longer be placed only upon your back, for there are others whose bones are young and who are willing to share it with you. Why should we be compelled to sit still or merely to beat our back with fists while you, dear Father, undergo these too terrible fatigues? I myself, for instance, if I may say so with the most humble respect, am ready to represent you in all departments whenever you call upon me. I can scatter any number of Iron Crosses,

and am willing to make speeches which will prove to our hated enemies, as well as to America and Italy, that God is the good old friend of our HOHENZOLLERN family and that He will pay no attention (why should He?) to anything that the English, the French, the Russians, the Servians and the Belgians may say. Is it not lucky for the Austrians and the Turks that they are on our side and can share in the high protection that we enjoy? To save you trouble I would even go so far as to open a session of the *Reichstag*, though for my own part I never could see much use in that absurd institution. Still we have it now under our thumb (*unter unserm Daumen*), and even the Socialists are ready to feed out of our hands and to allow us to kick them about the floor. He who says that war is barbarous and useless can learn by this example that it is not so. If you wish me to invite one or two Socialists (not more) to a State dinner I will even go so far as that. You see how deeply prepared I am to oblige you. And if you want to finish your cure by taking a complete rest from the serious work of being Commander-in-Chief, even in that point I am not unwilling to sacrifice myself to the highest interests of the Fatherland by replacing your august person both in the field and in the council chamber. You have only to say the word and I shall be there.

May I now add a few words about the War? Somehow it does not seem that we are getting on as we have been led to expect. Mind, I am not blaming anybody, certainly not your most gracious fatherly Majesty, but I must say that all the books which we were told to read showed us quite a different war, a war laid out on the system of 1870. At this stage, in 1870, everything was over except the siege of Paris and the shouting, but now we do not appear to be making progress anywhere. Why do these degenerate races hold back our holy and with-love-of-Fatherland-inspired troops? Perhaps the new MOLTKE has not been quite so sure in his touch or so triumphant in his plans as the old one—but then that ought not to have made much difference, because you and I have been there to keep him straight. FALKENHAYN, no doubt, might have been expected to do better, for you had opened your whole mind to him, but he too seems only able to knock his head against a stone wall (*seinen Kopf gegen eine Mauer stossen*) and the result is that we are everywhere getting it in the neck (*dass wir es überall in dem Hals kriegen*), and that process is not pleasant for a true Hohenzollern. It is possible that RUPERT OF BAVARIA has been allowed to talk too much. One CROWN PRINCE is enough even for a German army. Have you any idea what we ought to do to secure victory somewhere?

I am sending you a box of lozenges, which I have always found excellent for a cough. I beg also that you will not forget how efficacious is flannel when worn next to the skin.

Your most devoted Son,

WILHELM, KRONPRINZ.

## SEASONABLE GIFTS.

### I. THE MOTTLE.

A new and ingenious development of the old-fashioned hot-water bottle. The ordinary hot-water bottle warms but a small portion of the bed. The Mottle, possessing a motor attachment, can be wound up and it will then travel all over the bed, diffusing an agreeable warmth everywhere. May be used as an engine in the nursery by day. 33s. 6d. The CHESTERTON, for large-size beds, 44s. 11d. This kind also makes an excellent gift for soldiers in the trenches. It will travel half-a-mile before requiring further petrol.





## FULFILMENT.

AUSTRIA. "I SAID ALL ALONG THIS WAS GOING TO BE A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION."









THE STEAM-ROLLER (ENGLISH) AT WORK.



"NOTHING, MADAM, I ASSURE YOU—DIDN'T FEEL IT."



THE PATRIOTIC MIND AT WORK.



"BUT, YOUNG MAN, IF YOU CAN STAND HARDSHIPS LIKE THAT, HOW IS IT YOU ARE NOT AT THE FRONT?"

**LIGHT REFRESHMENT: AN INTERLUDE.**

By SPECIAL CONSTABLE XXX.

I WAS sitting grimly in my sentry-box guarding a power station and a sausage factory. The latter is considered to be a likely point of attack on the part of the Huns. Should it be destroyed, a vital source of food supply for our army (they would reason) would be cut off.

Incidentally, the sausage factory is much more exciting to guard than the electric light works. One sees the raw material arriving and being unloaded. One sees the sausage king swishing up in his richly-appointed limousine, giving porkly orders to his deferential subordinates, and then whisking off—no doubt to confer with the War Office.

An old lady with a million wrinkles approached me and seemed desirous of entering into conversation. We are

strictly forbidden to talk with civilians unless first accosted. After that it is a matter for individual discretion.

I therefore left it to her to make the first advance. She began: "'Ave you got to sit there the 'ole of the afternoon, dearie?"

I confirmed that apprehension.

"Well, I do call it a shame; and you looking so blue with the cold."

With that I was in cordial agreement.

"Are they going to bring you tea, dearie, at 'arf-time?"

Alas, no. Under sergeant's sanction we might be permitted to buy a porkpie from opposite, but this must be taken as unofficial and in confidence.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked.

"Zeppelins, Madam," I replied.

"Zeppelins—what would they be?"

She nodded a vigorous understanding of my explanation.

"And when they drop their nasty bombs, what will you do then, dearie?"

Our orders were to draw our truncheons, arrest them and convey them to the nearest police-station. I made this very clear.

"And what do you think they will do to them?"

I considered that they would get at least a month with hard labour, and no option of a fine.

"I should think so! The brutes—trying to take away the poor man's food! And as for that CROWN PRINCE, when you get 'im, just you 'it 'im right over the 'ead with your truncheon!"

We are not allowed to hit over the head on ordinary occasions, but in the case of the CROWN PRINCE attacking (and conceivably looting) our sausage factory, no doubt the rule would be relaxed. I undertook to follow her advice, and she left greatly relieved.



## A CAPTURE.

EVEN without his khaki I should have known the wee lieutenant for an infant in arms, and I began to hope, directly I had been detached by our hostess to cover his left wing, that he was that happy warrior for whom I was seeking. He saw me looking at the red ribbon which adorned the left wing in question and which our gardener's wife told me the other day was "a poor trumpery sort of thing if KITCHENER meant it as an honour to them."

"I'm not a kicker," he assured me, and I let him talk inoculation happily until we commenced to move forward in files.

"You live here, don't you?" he said as soon as Maria (not black) had served us with soup, and when I assented his next remark made me hopeful.

"And you know all the people round here, I suppose?"

"Nearly everyone I should think within five miles of the village."

"I've been here a fortnight and this is the first time I have been out—not out-of-doors, of course—I mean meeting people."

At that moment my neighbour upon the left commenced a bombardment which interrupted us but, when a pause came at last, the wee lieutenant broke it in a low and solemn voice.

"I suppose you couldn't tell me why a deaf man can't tickle nine children?"

So suddenly had matters come to a head that I sat staring, and the wee lieutenant, misunderstanding my interest, grew red.

"I'm not mad, really and truly, but that thing is positively getting on my brain. I'm not very keen on riddles and so forth, but I happened to hear someone ask that one the other day, and I didn't catch the answer. Somehow it has worried me ever since. Why can't he tickle them?"

I shook my head. "I never saw anybody attempt it, deaf or otherwise. Hadn't you better ask the person who propounded the question?"

"I—I can't very well—I wish I could. I thought, if you knew the answer to the riddle, you might know the person who asked it. It's very hard to get to know people by yourself, isn't it?"

I lured him into the open. "How did you come to hear it?"

He pondered in silence for a moment with his frank eyes bent upon his plate.

"I don't mind telling you, but I shouldn't like everyone to know; they might think me a bit of a fool."

I promised discretion.

"Well, the other morning I was up on the common kicking a football about with some of the men—it's good for them and keeps them from getting too much beer, and I like it myself—

Langley to take us by surprise, and when I got to a cottage with its blinds down and a light inside I peeped in, and there were two or three people, and she was there, and, of course, I had to knock to ask if any cavalry had gone by."

"And she didn't come to the door!"

"No, you're right there; somebody else did, but I heard my one—I mean the Jersey one—I mean the Yellow one—ask somebody that riddle; but the

person—the sister or whatever she was who came to the door—finished me off before I heard the answer, and somehow or other it's been running through my head ever since. It isn't the girl, you know, it's—it's the aggravation of it. I asked our sergeant the other day and he doesn't know. One of these days I shall be giving it as an order—'Deaf section! Tickle nine children!' Do you—do you know who lives in that cottage?"

"Nobody."

"But she—they were there that night."

"Yes, but they don't really live there. We call them the Swallows because they migrate so much. Baby Swallow is very pretty, isn't she? and, by-the-by, she's rather afraid that you may be worrying about that riddle."

"Me—I?"

This was the moment for which I had been waiting, but the wee lieutenant took cover, hunting his dessert fork on the floor long after Maria had brought up reinforcements.

"Why, yes, she ought to have said, 'dumb,' not 'deaf.' I've forgotten the answer—something about 'gesticulate.' She's coming to tea with me to-morrow. Would you like me to ask her what the answer is,

and write it down for you?"

Our hostess gave the signal for our half company to retire, the other half to stay down in the smoke, and I added, as I went out, "That will lay the riddle nicely, won't it? If it had been the girl and not the aggravation, I should have asked you to tea too."

The wee lieutenant surrendered at that, blushing above the door-handle.

"I—I—I say, I should like to get the answer first-hand. Won't you ask me to tea, please?"

I don't yet know what it feels like to capture a prisoner of war, but that's how I assisted at the taking of a prisoner of love.



The Jester. "HALLO, SONNY! CHOOSIN' YER TURKEY?"  
Diminutive Patriot. "GARN! YER DON'T CATCH ME 'AVIN' TURKEY THESE DAYS. WY, I'D AS SOON EAT A GERMAN SAUSAGE!"

football, I mean, not beer—and some people came and sat down to watch on the roller, and there was a Yellow Jersey among them."

"But what a curious place for a cow—on a roller."

The wee lieutenant twinkled. "And she was rather nice, you know."

I nodded, thinking to myself that this young man would never make "an Eye-Witness with Headquarters," whatever else the fortunes of war might bring him.

"Well, that evening we were out scouting, trying to find out where a party of cavalry had got to that had been reported coming out from King's



## KEEPING IN THE LIMELIGHT.

It was a grand meeting of the literary gents. They had all heard about the War from their publishers, and there had been one or two suggestive allusions in *The Author*. The question of the moment was, "How can we help?" The chairman was the President of the Society of Authors, who knew everybody by sight.

The first to rise was Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE, but he failed to catch the Chairman's eye, which had been secured by Mr. H. G. WELLS. This well-known strategist rose to point out that what England wanted in the event of an invasion was the man, the gun and the trench. When he said man he meant an adult male of the human species. A gun was a firearm from which bullets were discharged by an explosion of gunpowder. A trench, he averred, amid loud protests from the ex-Manager of the Haymarket Theatre, was a long narrow cut in the earth. He had already pointed out these facts to the War Office, but had received no reply. Apparently Earl KITCHENER required time for the information to soak in. Was it or was it not a national scandal? His new nov— (Deleted by Chairman).

After a little coaxing, Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS was persuaded to rise to his feet. He said deferentially in the first place that he was not a savage. (General cheering, in which might be detected a note of sincere relief.) He lived at Torquay. (Oh, oh.) He had never been to London before, and was surprised to find it such a large place. (General silence.) He had been a pacifist—(Hear, hear)—but he now thought the GERMAN EMPEROR was a humbug. He wished it to be known that his attitude was now one of great 'umbleness. The war could go on as far as he was concerned. (Applause.) Although he had given up writing about Dartmoor he had that morning applied for the post of Military Member of the Invasion Committee of the Torquay Division of Devonshire. (Profound sensation.) He didn't know if he should get it, but his friend, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, with whom he used once to collab— (Deleted by Chairman).

Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE then took the floor, but was interrupted by the arrival of the Military Member of the Invasion Committee of the Thorpe-le-Soken Division of Essex.

Hanging his feathered helmet on the door-peg and thrusting his sword and scabbard into the umbrella-stand, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT took a seat at the table, afterwards putting out his chest. Mr. WELLS was observed to sink into



## THE SUPREME TEST.

*The Civilian.* "I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT. FANCY MARCHIN' THIRTY MILES WITH THE RIFLE, AND THAT PACK ON YER BACK!"

*The Tommy.* "YES, AND MIND YOU—IT'S TIPPERARY ALL THE WAY!"

an elaborately assumed apathy. But in his eyes was a bitter envy.

Mr. BENNETT, after clearing his throat, said that he had settled the War. Everybody was to do what they were told and what that was would be told them in due course. He and the War Office had had it out. He had insisted on something being done, and the War Office, which wasn't such a fool as some authors thought (with a meaning look at Mr. WELLS), had been most affable. Everything now was all right. His next book was to be a war nov— (Deleted by Chairman).

Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE then rose to his feet simultaneously with Mr. WM. LE QUEUX.

Mr. WM. LE QUEUX said that he owned an autograph portrait of the KAISER. It was signed "Yours with the belt, BILL." The speaker would sell it on behalf of the War Funds and humbly

apologised to his brother authors for having knocked about so much in his youth with emperors and persons of that kind. It should not occur again. He pointed out that he had foretold this War, and that his famous book, *The Great War of*—whenever it was—was to be brought up to date in the form of— (Deleted by Chairman).

At this juncture it was brought to the Chairman's notice that Mr. H. G. WELLS was missing. An anxious search revealed the fact that the ornamental sword and plumed casque of the Military Member of the Invasion Committee of the Thorpe-le-Soken Division of Essex had disappeared at the same time, and the meeting broke up in disorder.

## Our Sporting Press Again.

"Sporting rifles have been bought in Paris for pheasant-shooting."—*Daily News*.



## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

I WAS sitting in front of the fire—dozing, I daresay—when he was announced.

"Father Christmas."

He came in awkwardly and shook me by the hand.

"Forgive my unceremonious entry," he said. "I know I ought to have come down the chimney, but—well, you understand."

"Things are different this year," I suggested.

"Very different," he said gloomily. He put his sack down and took a seat on the other side of the fire-place.

"Anything for me?" I wondered, with an eye on the sack between us.

"Ah, there's no difference *there*," he said, brightening up as he drew out a big flat-parcel. "The blotter from Aunt Emily. You needn't open it now; it's exactly the same as last year's."

I had been prepared for it. I took a letter from my pocket and dropped it in the sack.

"My letter of thanks for it," I explained. "Exactly the same as last year's too."

Father Christmas sighed and gazed into the fire.

"All the same," he said at last, "it's different, even with your Aunt Emily."

"Tell me all about it. To begin with, why didn't you come down the chimney?"

"The reindeer." He threw up his hands in despair. "Gone!"

"How?"

"Billeted."

I looked at him in surprise.

"Or do I mean 'billeted'?" he said.

"Anyway, the War Office did it."

"Requisitioned, perhaps."

"That's it. They requisitioned 'em. What you and I would call taking 'em."

"I see. So you have to walk. But you could still come down the chimney."

"Well, I *could*; but it would mean climbing up there first. And that wouldn't seem so natural. It would make it more like a practical joke, and I haven't the heart for practical jokes this year, when nobody really wants me at all."

"Not want you?" I protested. "What rubbish!"

Father Christmas dipped his hand into his sack and brought out a card of greeting. Carefully adjusting a pair of horn spectacles to his nose he prepared to read.

"Listen to this," he said. "It's from Alfred to Eliza." He looked at me over his glasses. "I don't know if you know them at all?"

"I don't think so."

"An ordinary printed card with robins and snow and so forth on it. And it says"—his voice trembled with indignation—"it says, 'Wishing you a very happy —' Censored, Sir! Censored, at my time of life. There's your War Office again."

"I think that's a joke of the publisher's," I said soothingly.

"Oh, if it's humour, I don't mind. Nobody is more partial to mirth and jollity than I am." He began to chuckle to himself. "There's my joke about the 'rain, dear'; I don't know if you know that?"

I said I didn't; he wanted cheering up. But though he was happy while he was telling it to me he soon became depressed again.

"Look here," I said sternly, "this is absurd of you. Christmas is chiefly a children's festival. Grown-ups won't give each other so many presents this year, but we shall still remember the children, and we shall give you plenty to do seeing after *them*. Why," I went on boastfully, "you've got four of my presents in there at this moment. The book for Margery, and the box of soldiers, and the Jumping Tiger and——"

Father Christmas held up his hand and stopped me.

"It's no good," he said, "you can't deceive me. After a good many years at the business I'm rather sensitive to impressions." He wagged a finger at me. "Now then, uncle. Was your whole heart in it when you bought that box of soldiers, or did you do it with an effort, telling yourself that the children mustn't be forgotten—and knowing quite well that you *had* forgotten them?"

"One has a—a good deal to think about just now," I said uneasily.

"Oh, I'm not blaming you; everybody's the same; but it makes it much less jolly for *me*, that's all. You see, I can't help knowing. Why, even your Aunt Emily, when she bought you that delightful blotter . . . which you have your foot on . . . even *she* bought it in a different way from last year's. Last year she gave a lot of happy thought to it, and decided in the middle of the night that a blotter was the one thing you wanted. This year she said, 'I suppose he'd better have his usual blotter, or he'll think I've forgotten him.' Kind of her, of course (as, no doubt, you've said in your letter), but not the jolly Christmas spirit."

"I suppose not," I said.

Father Christmas sighed again and got up.

"Well, I must be trotting along.

Perhaps next year they'll want me again. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. You're quite sure there's nothing else for me?"

"Quite sure," he said, glancing into his bag. "Hullo, what's this?"

He drew out a letter. It had O.H.M.S. on it, and was addressed to "Father Christmas."

"For me? Fancy my not seeing that before. Whatever can it be?" He fixed his spectacles again and began to read.

"A commission, perhaps," I said humorously.

"It is a commission!" he cried excitedly. "To go to the Front and deliver Christmas presents to the troops! They've got hundreds of thousands all ready for them!"

"And given in what spirit?" I smiled.

"Ah, my boy! No doubt about the spirit of *that*." He slung his sack on to his shoulder and faced me—his old jolly self again. "This will be something like. I suppose I shall have the reindeer again for this. Did I ever tell you the joke—ah! so I did, so I did. Well, good night to you."

He hurried out of the room chuckling to himself. I sat down in front of the fire again, but in a moment he was back.

"Just thought of something very funny," he said, "Simply had to come back and tell you. The troops—hee-hee-hee—won't have any stockings to hang up, so—ha-ha-ha—they'll have to hang up their puttees! Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

He passed through the door again, and his laughter came rolling down the passage.

A. A. M.

## THE SUPPRESSED SUPERMAN.

"WHAT are you reading, Arthur?" I said.

"NIETZSCHE," said Arthur.

I sneezed in response. "Isn't that the chap," I said, "who's really responsible for the war?"

"People like you think so," he said.

"The reading of philosophy," I said, "was never in my line. Give me the exact sciences; EUCLID for me every time."

"Hopelessly moth-eaten," said he. "Most of the schools have dropped him in favour of geometry."

"Bah," I said, "a quibble. But tell me, wasn't it NIETZSCHE who taught the Germans to think they were supermen or whatever you call 'em'?"

"Contrary to the opinion of the man in the street," said Arthur, looking at me rather meaningly, "NIETZSCHE did not write merely for the benefit of German people, nor did he approve, I



FOR ALL PERSONS.



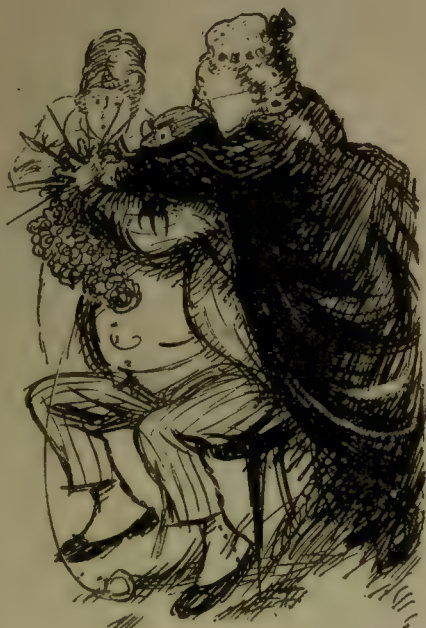
I KNIT.



THOU KNITTEST.



HE KNITS.



WE KNIT.



YOU KNIT.



THEY KNIT.

Gust-  
Shapard





### AN ECHO FROM EAST AFRICA

Sentry (until lately behind the counter in Nairobi, to person approaching post). "HA!T! ADVANCE ONE, AND SIGN THE COUNTERFOIL!"

should say, of the German idea of culture. You've been reading the evening papers; you're a wallower, that's what you are."

"I'm afraid," I said, "you also consider yourself a bit of a superman."

"I admit," he said, "that I've gone a long way."

"Towards Tipperary?"

"Beyond you," he said, tapping the page of NIETZSCHE he was reading; "we're not on the same plane."

"You can always get out and change," I said.

"Such flippancy," said Arthur, "is unbecoming in a lance corporal. What you want is a course of philosophy."

"What you want," I said, "is a course of musketry." Arthur, who, like me, is rising forty-six, is sound enough for home defence, but isn't in any Force yet. So, being a lance corporal in the "United Arts", myself, I feel I can throw advice of this sort at him freely.

"I'm going to give you a mental prescription," he said, taking out a pencil and scribbling on an envelope.

"Have you read this—LUDOVICI's *Who is to be Master of the World?*"

"No, I haven't," I said; "but I can tell you who isn't going to be—in once."

"The Japanese," said Arthur, "think a lot of it."

"I've got a pal," I said, "who'd dearly enjoy a few rounds of mental jiu-jitsu with you. He's got rather advanced ideas."

"Advanced!" said Arthur contemptuously. "We Nietzscheans speak only of being 'complete' or 'nearer completion.'"

It was at this point that Alfred joined in. He was sitting in uniform on the other side of the fire, reading *Ruff's Guide*.

"Who's that talking about poor old LUDOVICI?" he asked.

For a moment I was afraid Alfred thought that LUDOVICI was a horse.

"I was recommending him to this shining light of the Burlington House brigade," said Arthur.

Alfred laughed. "Look here, young fellow," he said, "everybody knows that he (pointing to me) is an antediluvian; but you've gone a bit off the boil yourself, haven't you?"

"What do you mean?" said Arthur, looking rather pained.

"Many Continental theories," said Alfred, "when they die, go to Oxford. I'm afraid your friend LUDOVICI's

theory has been sent down even from there. Have you read Barrow's *Fallacy of the Nietzschean doctrine?*"

"N-no," said Arthur.

"Or Erichsen's *Completion of Self?* You can get the paper edition for a bob."

"I'm sorry to say I haven't," said Arthur, who looked sadly chap-fallen. "But I will. However, for the moment I've got a meeting on—our literary club, you know."

"I'm coming round to raid you one night," I said, "to see if you're all registered."

For reply Arthur slammed the door behind him.

"Alfred," I said, when Arthur had left the house, "you astound me. Who are these new friends and their philosophies, Barrow and the Danish fellow, what's his name?"

"Mere inventions," said Alfred, "but they served."

"Then the fat's in the fire," I said; "he'll find out that you've been pulling his leg before lunch-time to-morrow."

"That's all right," said Alfred. "Our lot's booked for Pirbright to-morrow morning, and we shan't meet again till the other side of Peace."





## THE CHILDREN'S TRUCE.

PEACE. "I'M GLAD THAT THEY, AT LEAST, HAVE THEIR CHRISTMAS UNSPOILED."







### THE PRIZE.

WITH ivy wreathed, a hundred lights  
Shone out; the Convent play was  
finished;  
The waning term this night of nights  
To a few golden hours diminished.

Again the curtain rose. Outshone  
The childish frocks and childish  
tresses  
Of the late cast that had put on  
Demureness and its party dresses.

Rustled a-row upon the stage  
Big girls and little, ranged in sizes,  
All waiting for the Personage  
To make the speech and give the  
prizes.

And there, all rosy from her rôle,  
Betsey with sturdy valiance bore her,  
Nor did she recognize a soul  
But braved the buzzing room before  
her

With such resolve that guest on guest,  
And many a smiling nun behind  
them,  
Met her eyes obviously addressed  
To proving that she did not mind  
them.

(So might a kitchen-kitten see—  
Whose thoughts round housemaids'  
heels are centred—  
The awful drawing-room's company  
He inadvertently has entered.)

Swift from her side the girlish crowd,  
With lovely smiles and limber  
graces,  
Went singly, took their prizes, bowed,  
Returning sweetly to their places.

Then "Betsey-Jane!" and all the rout  
(Her hidden mother grown romantic)  
Beheld that little craft put out  
Upon the polished floor's Atlantic.

The Personage bestowed her prize,  
And Betsey, lowly as the others,  
Bowed o'er her sandals, raised her eyes  
Alight with pride—and met her  
mother's!

She thrust between the honoured row  
Before her in her glad elation;  
Her school-mates gasped to see her go;  
The nuns divined her destination;

The guests made way. Clap following  
clap  
Acclaimed Convention's overleaping  
As Betsey gained her mother's lap  
And gave the prize into her keeping.

### Royalties We Have Never Met.

#### I. THE EMPEROR WILLIAMS.

"The Emperor Williams, who was reported  
to have been at Breslau . . . seems to have  
returned to Berlin."—*Evening Despatch.*



At the "Spotted Dog." "I 'EAR THERE BE TWO HUNDRED SOLDIERS—BORDERERS, THEN  
CALLS 'EM—'AVE COME 'ERE. DO YER RECKON THEY 'LL BE FOR US OR AGIN' US, JARGE?"

### ON EARTH—PEACE.

JUDGE of the passionate hearts of men,  
God of the wintry wind and snow,  
Take back the blood-stained year again,  
Give us the Christmas that we know!

No stir of wings sweeps softly by;  
No angel comes with blinding light;  
Beneath the wild and wintry sky  
No shepherds watch their flocks to-  
night.

In the dull thunder of the wind  
We hear the cruel guns afar,  
But in the glowering heavens we find  
No guiding, solitary star.

But lo! on this our Lord's birth-day,  
Lit by the glory whence she came,  
Peace, like a warrior, stands at bay,  
A swift, defiant, living flame!

Full-armed she stands in shining mail,  
Erect, serene, unfaltering still,  
Shod with a strength that cannot fail,  
Strong with a fierce o'ermastering  
will.

Where shattered homes and ruins be  
She fights through dark and desperate  
days;  
Beside the watchers on the sea  
She guards the Channel's narrow  
ways.

Through iron hail and shattering shell,  
Where the dull earth is stained with  
red,  
Fearless she fronts the gates of Hell  
And shields the unforgotten dead.

So stands she, with her all at stake,  
And battles for her own dear life,  
That by one victory she may make  
For evermore an end of strife.



## SANTA CLAUS AT THE FRONT.

SEASONABLE GIFTS FOR OFFICERS.

By AUNT PARKER.

As Christmas draws nearer, the problem of what gifts to send to our brave men at the Front becomes more acute. For of course they must all have presents, no matter what decision is come to as to the manner of spending the dear old festival at home.

As an aid to the generous there is nothing like a walk down Bongent Street, where will be found many ingenious novelties designed especially for the mirthful anniversary which will so soon be on us with all its associations of peace and goodwill to men.

It is no part of my duty to recommend shops and their wares, but it is a pleasure to put on record some of the things on which my roving eyes settled as I traversed London's most luxurious thoroughfare. Every taste is there considered, but for the moment my interest is solely in gifts for our brave officers—and privates too, if they have wealthy enough friends.

At Messrs. Baskerville's, for example, I perceived a host of captivating articles calculated to make glad the heart of any fighting man. In one window was a Service Smoker's Companion which cannot be too highly extolled, especially as this War is, as everyone knows, being waged very largely on the beneficent Indian weed. The equipment consists of four delightful gold-mounted pipes, each guaranteed to be made of briar over eighty years old; a gold-mounted pencil; a gold cigar-case and fifty cigars; a gold cigarette-case and 1,000 cigarettes; a gold cigar-cutter; a gold mechanical lighter; a gold and amber cigar-holder; a gold and amber cigarette-holder; a smoker's knife and two gold ash-trays—the whole neatly packed in a leather case and weighing only nine pounds. No soldier—at any rate, no officer—should be without it. Cheered by its presence he would fight twice as well, and any horrid old pipe that he might possess and, however tired of it, be forced still to smoke for want of a new one, he would be able to give to a Tommy. The same set is obtainable in silver at a lower cost; but my advice to everyone is to take the gold one.

Many of our brave fellows are supplied with helmets, belts and mufflers by the loving hands of their friends;

but for those who cannot knit, Messrs. Tyke and Taylor have a most attractive show of all the woollen articles with which it has been decreed that our warriors shall cover their bodies. Their ten-guinea Campaign Abdominal Belt could not be improved upon, little strands of real gold thread being woven into the ordinary fabric. I foretell an enormous sale for this fascinating article, and also for the Service Muffler at seven guineas, which has real gold tassels at each end.

Messrs. Cartersons are concentrating their energies on letter-paper for the Front. In a compact and very tasteful morocco case is a sufficient supply of paper, envelopes and blotting-paper for a considerable correspond-

where, the first thought has been for our brave soldiers at the Front, and particularly the gallant officers. Wrist watches of every shape are to be seen, each thoughtfully provided with its strap—for Mr. Jones forgets nothing. In addition to wrist watches are wrist compasses for the other arm, and for the ankles a speedometer and barometer. Thus fitted, the officer knows practically all that can be learned. I need not say that all are in gold; but a few special sets in radium can be obtained. Even these, however, are not ruinous, for with Mr. Luke Jones reasonable prices are a fetish.

The full assurance of securing the best possible value at the lowest possible price adds yet another reason for visiting the charming premises of Messrs.

Slimmer and Bang. Their Service knick-knacks cannot be overpraised. Glancing hastily around, I noticed several with devices all calculated not only to be useful but to amuse at the Front, wherever our stalwart representatives are gathered.

One of the most practical is a boot-cleaning set in strong pigskin with gold clasps, including, very ingeniously, a bottle of patent-leather reviver. Another pigskin, indispensable at the Front, holds a complete tea-set. It resembles the old tea-basket, but weighs at least five ounces less (no small matter on the march, I am told) and is more compact. With such a gift as this,

no officer need ever again go without tea in the trenches. Messrs. Slimmer and Bang are to be congratulated.

Anything more charming than the Service card-cases at Messrs. Slosson and Kay's I have never seen. One side is intended for paper notes, of which every officer at the Front is in constant need; the other half is reserved for his visiting-cards, which it is *de rigueur*, I am told, to leave on the enemy after every visit to their trenches. Some officers go so far as to place their cards on the point of their bayonet—a characteristic British touch. Messrs. Slosson and Kay also have charming combinations of drinking-flask and ear-syringe in all the more precious metals, and field-glasses studded with diamonds. For home use the same firm has a most delightful Special Constable's gold-mounted truncheon, which unscrews for liquid refreshment, of which our S. C.'s are often in need.

Messrs. Kyte and Kyte have a really dinky little Game Book especially pre-



THE CHRISTMAS GHOST, 1914.

*The Spectral Duke (to guest in haunted room). "HA, HA! BEHOLD, I AM HERE!"*

*Guest. "YES, YES—SO I SEE. BUT I'M AWFULLY BUSY JUST NOW. GIVE US A LOOK UP NEXT YEAR."*

ence. A gold ink-pot, a gold pen and a gold pencil are also included, together with sealing-wax and nibs, and a very clever little rubber-stamp with the words, "Somewhere at the Front." A writing pad for the knee when in action completes this timely budget. Those interesting letters from officers and men, which now form so popular a section of each paper, are likely soon to be noticeably increased in numbers. Fortunate indeed is the man who gets one of Messrs. Cartersons' Front Correspondence Companions! The total weight is only a little over two pounds, which is, of course, nothing.

In another of Cartersons' windows I noticed a very delightful Field Tantalus, which can easily be attached to a shoulder-strap or, better still, be carried by an orderly.

The moment the threshold of Mr. Luke Jones' establishment is crossed, both eye and mind are in a state of ecstasy in the presence of so much Christmas enterprise. Here, as else-





"AND WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU, SIR?"

"I'M LOOKING FOR MY FATHER. HAS HE BEEN IN HERE? HE'S AN OLD MAN 'BOUT THIRTY-SEBEN."

pared for the War and as a Christmas gift. It differs at first sight very little from the ordinary game book of an English shoot, but on examination we find that the game is of larger size. The divisions include all ranks of the German army, so that an exact analysis of one's bag can be kept. Messrs. Kyte and Kyte also make a Service Fountain Pen which not only acts as a pen but also as a clinical thermometer and pipe-cleaner. It has furthermore an attachment for removing stones from horses' feet. Made in gold, it is a most becoming Yuletide gift.

## A CREDIBILITY INDEX.

"THIS Poland business is still rather hard to follow," said my wife plaintively, after consulting the latest newspaper map pinned over the mantelpiece, "and I know it's tremendously important. I wish they wouldn't keep fighting in small villages that aren't marked; and really beyond the bare fact that both armies repeatedly surround one another simultaneously it is not at all easy to gather just what they are at."

"The whole thing would be as clear as day," said my sister-in-law, who likes to be regarded as an authority on

land operations—I am myself our Naval Expert—"if only one knew what to believe. Have the Germans occupied Przyszow or have they not?"

"I think they must have done. Last night's paper said that it was believed that Przyszewow was officially occupied, and it says here that it is officially stated that Przyszewow is believed to be occupied."

"It's only partially official," said I, who had carefully collated the reports on the point. "It was semi-official from Amsterdam, official from Berlin, considered to emanate from a good source in Rome, and unofficially denied in Petrograd."

"It *must* be true," said my wife.

"You were always a good believer, dear," said I. "I doubt if I know any one who has believed as much in sheer quantity as you have since the war began. You know you swallowed that yarn about——"

"Don't you think," my wife broke in hastily (for she simply hates to be reminded of the Russians in England), "that we ought to have a sort of index to judge these rumours by?"

"I see," said I. "One hundred for absolute reliability. Nil for the perfect and utter lie."

The table which resulted was hung up beside the map for reference; I recommend it for general use.

London, Paris or Petrograd (official) . . . . .	100
" " " (semi-official) . . . . .	50
Berlin (official) . . . . .	25
It is believed in military circles here that— . . . . .	24
A correspondent who has just returned from the firing-line tells me that— . . . . .	18
It is freely stated in Brussels that— . . . . .	17
Our correspondent at Amsterdam wires that— . . . . .	13
Our correspondent at Rome announces that— . . . . .	11
Berlin (unofficial) . . . . .	10
I learn from a neutral merchant that— . . . . .	7
A story is current in Venice to the effect that— . . . . .	5
It is rumoured that— . . . . .	4
I have heard to-day from a reliable source that— . . . . .	3
I learn on unassailable authority that— . . . . .	2
It is rumoured in Rotterdam that— . . . . .	1
Wolff's Bureau states that— . . . . .	1

We didn't put in my wife's other sister who lives on the East coast, because I don't like to hurt people's feelings. My wife hears from her frequently. Her average is about nineteen to one against, so that her proper place on the list would be bracketed with the story from Venice.



## TREASURES IN STORE.

He is a great man in the Pantomime world. As he rose from his roll-top desk with the evident intention of kicking me, I hastened to explain that I was only a harmless reporter come to look at some of the new lyrics.

"Ah," said he, "that alters the case. I thought you were another topical songster. Now here's a clever little piece about the Navy."

I stretched out my hand for it.

"No," he said. "So much depends on intelligent expression and emphasis that I'd better read it to you. I think of calling this one 'The Battle of the Brino.'"

"The seas roll high, and the smoke around does hang,

And the Dreadnoughts steam along in line;  
The big guns boom and the little fellows bang,  
And the shells go bumping in the brino!

The flags run up, and the Admiral says, 'Now, Sirs,

Buck up and send the Huns to Davy Jones!'  
Then the Captain cheers, and the men hitch up their trousers,

And they all give Hohenzollern three groans!

"There it is;" and the Great Man fairly purred with satisfaction. "*Une petite pièce de tout droit*, isn't it?" he said. "I gave you a hint of the tune. It needs a stirring one."

"It does," said I, delighted to be able to agree with him on one point. "And you have other songs equally topical?"

He pointed to a bale in the corner that I had taken for a new carpet. "I've had a good few to choose from," he said. "I fancy this one is about the best. My leading low-comedian writes all his own lyrics—extraordinarily adequate little man. He opens briskly:—

"Pip-pip, girls!

As I was walking down the street,

Because it couldn't walk down me,

One day last week I chanced to meet

A German en-ee-mee.

He had a notebook in his hand (not a sausage)

And I said, 'Ere's a spy! Wot O!'

So I gripped him by the collar and—

And—then—I—let—him—go!

For he (ha! ha! he! he!)

Was bigger than me, you see,

So I thought it well to run and tell

The speshul constabularee!

"Yes," he gasped, "I thought that 'ud hit you. That's what I call a real live piece of work. Here's another—in the old-fashioned style. Not quite so much snap about it. But my fourth low-comedian thinks he can make it go. It's called, 'When Father Threw his Wages at the Cat.'"

"We're not a happy family, we're always on the nag,

Our miseries are dreadful to relate;

I've got two little sisters who are both a mass of blisters

From settling disagreements in the grate;

This afternoon my Uncle Charlie kicked me down the stairs

And walloped me for crumpling up the mat;  
But this, though far from nice, is simply nothing to the crisis

When father threw his wages at the cat!

There have been other ructions, and especially the day

That mother lent our dicky to the sweep,  
When all of us were weeping and the baby gave up sleeping

Because it was impossible to sleep;  
But all the rows that ever raged in any British home

Were never half so horrible as that  
Which made the coppers rally to the storming of our alley

When father threw his wages at the cat!"

"Is that out of date?" said I. "If so, I like the old style best."

He grunted. "It'll pass," he said; "but the other's the business."

"Well, give me pleasure first," said I. "As a true Briton I can always take it sadly."

## BARBARA'S BIRTHDAY BEAR.

Barbara's birthday comes once a year,  
And Barbara's age you may surely know

If into the toy-box depths you'll peer  
And count the Teddy-bears all in a row.

For by Barbara's law, which we all obey,

She claims each year, as the birthday-due

That her loyal subjects must cheerfully pay,

A new Teddy-bear for the toy-box Zoo.

Some of them growl and some of them squeak,

And one can play on a rub-a-dub drum,

But till Barbara's birthday last Wednesday week

Not one of the Teddy-bears was dumb.

The latest addition to Barbara's bears

Was a splendid fellow when well displayed

In one of the smallest of nursery chairs,

And his label declared he was "English made."

Barbara called him her "bestest bear,"  
But he tumbled soon from this place of pride;

For she squeezed him here and she pounded him there,

And "Daddy, he doesn't growl," she cried.

Barbara shook him and flung him down;  
She turned her back and refused to play;

And to every argument said with a frown,

"He's my worstest bear; he can go away."

We took him back, and we asked instead

For "A bear like this, that can growl, you see;"

But the shopman smiled and he darkly said,

"All growls are made, Sir, in Germany."\*

\* No doubt this defect in the British industry has by now been made good.

## THE NEW REPORTING.

TONBURY V. HAILEYBRIDGE.

(A Rugby Match reported after the style of the German General Staff. The passages in brackets are the work of a neutral correspondent.)

OUR brave Tonburians kicked off against the wind and immediately assumed a strong offensive along the whole line, forcing the enemy to evacuate his positions. When we reached their Twenty-five it became clear, after a furious struggle, that a decision was inevitably about to be postponed on account of the unexpected strength of their defence. (One try to Haileybridge which was converted.)

After some fierce scrummaging in mid-field, in which we had all the best of it, it was found necessary, owing to strategic reasons, for our forces to occupy entirely new positions some thirty yards nearer to our own touch-line. Thereafter there was nothing whatever to report. (Try to Haileybridge.)

When the game was resumed it soon became evident that the situation was developing according to our expectations. (A dropped goal to Haileybridge.)

Fighting continued, but there was no new development to report. (Two tries.)

At half-time the head-master heartily congratulated the Tonbury Fifteen upon the magnificent victories they were gaining against superior forces, and assured them that it would soon be over, and they would all be back in time for tea. He then conferred their caps upon the whole Fifteen and an extra tassel upon the Captain. It is understood that the school-house will be decorated with bunting.

The second half was largely a repetition of the first. We continued to keep up a powerful pressure all along the line, varied only by frequent occupation of new strategic lines, occasional postponements of decision, several stages of development according to anticipation, and some rapid re-grouping of our forces. The whistle found us pressing heavily, just outside the goal-line (the Tonbury one).

(Result: Haileybridge, 43 points; Tonbury, nil.)



## THE BERLIN CHRISTMAS SEASON.

## YULE LOGS.

Made from the finest Belgian church carved oak. A Prussian General writes: "This wood burns admirably. I speak from personal observation of experiments carried out under my orders."

An admirably suitable present for this year is a

## WAR MAP.

Those we offer are calculated to be particularly popular, the little Imperial flags *not being detachable but painted on to the map*—at Paris, London, Petersburg, etc. Thus, whatever may be happening in the field, you may continue cheerful.

## AMERICAN MIRRORS.

As many of our most exalted customers complain of the quality of these goods, considering them too crude and glaring in their effect, we have prepared, with the help of our Ambassador at Washington, a special glass which provides a less realistic reflection. Sold in various shapes—the Kaiser mirror, the Dernburg reflector, etc. Try one.

## A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR.

## CALAIS-BEACH PEBBLE BROOCHES.

(We regret to announce that at the last moment our buyer writes that he is unable to procure the last-named article.)

## TOPICAL GEOGRAPHY.

## STUDIES IN THE ART OF DRAGGING-IN.

["Though the Falkland Islands are dreary and uninviting enough, they have added their quota to the gaiety of the world. It should not be forgotten that Miss Ellaline Terris is a native of Stanley, the capital of the islands."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.]

THE town of Bonn, in Rhenish Prussia, which has recently been in evidence owing to the enterprise of French aviators, is the seat of a university, of an Old Catholic bishopric and a school of agriculture. But it owes its chief title to fame to the fact that it was the birthplace of BEETHOVEN, the eminent composer. BEETHOVEN was a man of a serious character, but thanks to the genius of Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, who impersonated the illustrious symphonist in one of his notable productions, he has contributed substantially to the general gaiety.

Scarborough's unhappy plight under the shells of the German Navy will not soon be forgotten, and the sympathies of us all are with the unfortunate townsfolk of the Northern resort. Brighton, however, which shares with Scarborough the claim to be called the Queen of Watering Places, is unharmed and no doubt will remain a favourite



## THE JOY OF BILLETING IN A FRENCH CHATEAU.

Time, 6 a.m.

Brigade Major. "I SAY, SIR, MAY I FINISH DRESSING IN HERE? THEY'RE SHELLIN' THE NORTH BEDROOMS!"

recreation ground for tired Londoners on Sunday, among whom that mirth-provoking comedian, Mr. GEORGE GRAVES, is often to be seen.

The strategical and political importance of Egypt has of late somewhat overshadowed its picturesque aspect. But Memphis, Luxor, the Pyramids are still names to conjure with, as anyone will readily admit who recalls the wonderful stage pictures in *Bella Donna*, in which the rôle of good genius was sustained with such consummate skill and sympathy by Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER, whose smile is as irresistible as the sword of his Macedonian namesake.

Tokio, the capital of the Japanese Empire, has re-emerged into prominence owing to the celebrations over the fall of Tsingtau. But it must

never be forgotten that Miss GERTIE MILLAR's *espièglerie* has caused many critics to compare her with the famous Japanese actress, Madame SADA YACCO, who, so far as we know, was born at Tokio and is one of its brightest jewels.

All eyes have recently been turned towards Ypres, and every one not of Teutonic caste must regret the damage that has been wrought there by the War. The word Ypres, however, to many persons, is chiefly interesting as giving its name to the old tower at Rye, in Sussex, where Mr. HENRY JAMES, whose sprightly and fertile pen has added so much to the dubiety of nations, has long resided.

"Il verso di Shaeekspere 'Rules, Britain, on the suaves.'"—*Corriere delle Puglie*.

Not KIPLING's after all, you see.



## TOO MUCH NOTICE.

I DECIDED to go home by bus. My season-ticket had expired painlessly the previous day, and twice already that morning I had had to satisfy the curiosity of the railway officials as to my name and address. Although I had explained to them that I was on half-salary and promised to renew business relations with the company as soon as the War was over or Uncle Peter died—which ever event happened first—they simply would not listen to me, and hence my decision to adopt some other means of transport. I signalled to a bus to stop, and, as the driver, seeing my signal, at once put on his top speed, I just managed to fling myself on to the spring-board as the vehicle tore past.

I ran up to the first storey, and sat down in the front seat. Then I took out my cigarette-case and was about to light a cigarette when a printed notice caught my eye—

PASSENGERS WISHING  
TO SMOKE  
ARE KINDLY  
REQUESTED  
TO OCCUPY THE  
REAR SEATS.

If the notice had been put a little less politely I should have ignored it; but I can refuse nothing to those who are kind to me, so I refrained from lighting up, and contented myself with looking round to see if there was a rear seat vacant. There wasn't. A cluster of happy, smoking faces confronted me. I turned round again, and wished I had learnt to take snuff.

"Cheer-o, Bert!" said a refined voice just behind my ear, and at the same moment a walking-stick playfully tapped the head of the young fellow sitting next me. My neighbour faced about, kicked me on the shin, dug the point of his umbrella into my calf, knocked off my *pince-nez* with his newspaper, and spread himself over the back of the seat.

"Allo, Alf!" he said. "Thought it must've been you. Look 'ere, I want to see you——"

"Perhaps," I interrupted, "your friend would like to change places with me. Then you can scrutinise him at your ease—and mine."

"You're a sport," remarked Bert.

He spoke truly. Little did he guess he was addressing a Double-Blue—bowls and quoits. Alf and I changed

places, and my attention at once became absorbed by a notice headed

## BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS.

I had just reached the exciting part when two girls arrived on the landing.

"There aren't two together; we shall have to divide," I heard one say.

"Excuse me," I said, rising. "Don't divide. I'll get into a single seat if you care to take this double one."

I was rewarded with the now almost obsolete formula of "Thank you," and moved a seat further back. Here I found some fresh reading material provided for me in the shape of a notice to the effect that

PASSENGERS ARE WARNED  
NOT TO PUT THEIR ARMS  
OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUS.

When I had probed its beauties to

say I should have worked my passage to the notice you refer to. I haven't reached it yet."

"Look 'ere," said the conductor, thrusting me into the vacant smoker's seat and pointing with what I at first took to be a saveloy, but which upon closer inspection proved to be his forefinger, "what does that say?"

TO AVOID ACCIDENTS PASSENGERS  
SHOULD REMAIN SEATED WHILE  
THE BUS IS PASSING UNDER RAIL-  
WAY BRIDGES.

There nar. Some of you blokes never look any farther than the end of your noses."

"Then if I had your nose," I retorted, "I should need a telescope to see even as far as that."

I was much disappointed that, just as I got to the caustic part, the exigencies of his profession demanded that he should punch six tickets in rapid succession. My repartee was consequently drowned amid a perfect *carillon* of bells. But meanwhile I had found another notice—

TO STOP THE BUS  
STRIKE THE BELL  
ONCE.

It was a friendly and sensible notice, for, to tell the truth, I was beginning to feel afraid of a bus that carried so much free literature. It could not hope to be a thoroughly reliable bus

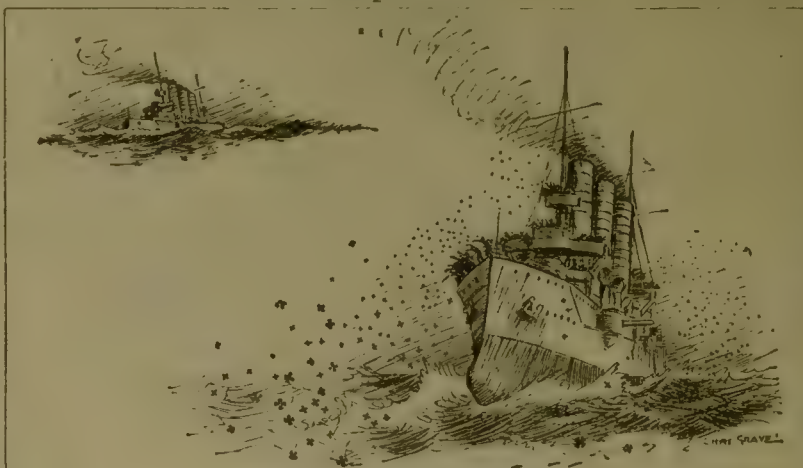
and a library at the same time. I therefore determined to forfeit several divisions of my ticket, and give my "season" one more chance. I got up and struck the bell once. As the driver didn't know it was just an ordinary passenger that struck it he pulled up immediately. I had got halfway down the staircase when somebody—it must have been that offensive conductor—gave the game away, for the bus jerked badly and started off again at a rare pace. So did I. But as I flew through the air I could not help catching a fleeting glimpse of a final advisory notice—

PASSENGERS ARE CAUTIONED  
AGAINST ALIGHTING FROM  
THE BUS WHILE IN MOTION.

From *The Evening Standard's* racing news:

"That's Enough, 19st 2lb (Mr. R. Cavello)  
J. Killalee 0"

We agree with the horse.



THE IRON CROSS EPIDEMIO.

CAPTAIN OF A GERMAN CRUISER, HURRYING HOME AFTER SHELLING HEALTH-RESORT, GIVES ORDERS TO LIGHTEN THE SHIP FOR THE SAKE OF SPEED.

the utmost depth I again turned round to see if there was a vacant seat among the smokers. To my joy I saw one. Quickly I rose and hastened to secure it, but at the same moment the bus turned a sharp corner and I sustained a violent blow on the back of my head which left me half-stunned.

The conductor, who had just appeared on deck to collect fares, helped me to my feet. Then he rounded on me.

"Why don't you read the notices?" he said by way of peroration. "Then it wouldn't've appened."

"The notices?" I repeated, handing him my fare. "I've done nothing else but read notices ever since I got on this wretched reading-room. I know where I may smoke and where I may not. I know that I must beware of pickpockets, and I know that I mustn't waggle my arms over the side-rails. Further, I have read Mr. Pinkerton's personal assurance that his Pills are the Best. If I'd had more time I dare-





General. "GLAD TO SEE YOU WALKING, MY LAD. I ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE A MAN WHO CONSIDERS HIS HORSE."

Recruit. "THANK YOU, SIR. BUT MY NEAR SIDE STIRRUP'S BROKE, AND I CAN'T GET ON."

General. "THEN WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU GET ON WITH THE OFF-SIDE ONE?"

Recruit (after some consideration). "BUT I'D BE SITTING WRONG WAY ROUND."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM sorry that I cannot now be the first to call *King Albert's Book* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) The Golden Book. But, since this term has already been applied, I can only applaud it. I suppose never in the history of books has such an one as this been put together, just as never in the line of kings has monarch received, under such circumstances, so rare a tribute. If in the Belgian heart, from ruler to refugee, there is room for more pride than should of right be there already, surely these pages, voicing the homage of all that counts in the world to-day, will bring it. We are all KING ALBERT'S men now, and in this book we have a welcome chance of proving our fealty. You will observe that I say nothing about the volume as commercial value for the three shillings that it costs to buy. One glance at the list of those who contribute (a kind of international supplement to *Who's Who*) is all that is needed to satisfy you on this point. *The Daily Telegraph* is primarily responsible for gathering together a greater assembly of the names that matter than was ever collected between covers. To the proprietors, to Mr. HALL CAINE, who edits the book, and to the printers (especially for the illustrations in colour, which are triumphs of reproduction) I can only offer my thanks and congratulatory good wishes. Certainly, *The Daily Telegraph* Belgian Fund, to which will go the entire proceeds of the sale, deserves well the shillings that this splendid effort will bring to it. *King Albert's Book* is indeed a noble tribute to nobility—one that for every sake

will become an historic souvenir of the Great Days. And (if I may confess the secret wickedness of my heart as I read) how I should love to see the Berlin Press notices!

When Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT stated on page 25 of *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* (MURRAY) that his was not a hunting-trip, but a scientific expedition, I winked solemnly, so often have I read books in which science is used as an excuse for a slaughter that to the unbloodthirsty seems to be more than a little indiscriminate. Now, however, there is nothing to do but to withdraw that wink and to say that Mr. ROOSEVELT and his companions killed only for the sake of food and specimens, though on one very exciting occasion a man called JULIO displayed a most unwholesome desire to slay anybody or anything. This renegade's lust for murder was merely a side-show, but it serves vividly to illustrate the dangers and risks that the travellers took as they fought their way along the River of Doubt. No escape is possible from the buoyancy of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S style; as frankly as any schoolboy enjoying a holiday he revelled in the ups and downs of his adventures; and if his enthusiasm for the important work that he was helping to accomplish occasionally leads him to relate trivialities, and also prevents him from advancing a few kilometres without adding up the total number he has travelled, the essential fact remains that his tale of exploit and exploration is told with a *joie de vivre* that carries everything before it. Among the many discoveries that he made is one from which time has taken away any cause for surprise. "There was," he says, "a German lieutenant



with the Paraguayan officers—one of several German officers who are now engaged in helping the Paraguayans with their army." *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* is packed with wonderfully good photographs, two of which introduce us to a game played by the Parecis Indians, of which the initial rule requires the "kicker-off" to lie flat on the ground and butt the ball with his head. One wonders if Brazil's future battles will be won in the playing-fields of the Parecis.

The opening lines of the Preface to Sir CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD'S book of reminiscences contain so good a story that I cannot forbear to quote them. The tale concerns the famous conductor HANS VON BUELOW, who (says Sir CHARLES) was once taking the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra through a rehearsal at which some ladies had been invited to be present. They indulged in whisperings and chatterings which greatly disturbed the players. BUELOW turned round and said, "Ladies, we are not here to save the Capitol, but to make music." Pretty neat that for a Prussian! It is an example of the many excellent tales to be found in *Pages from an Unwritten Diary* (ARNOLD). Some of the best of them concern this same BUELOW, and have done much to disprove my personal belief in the non-existence of German humour. But throughout his book Sir CHARLES is the best of good company. Whether he is chatting about Royalty—there is a rather moving little anecdote of QUEEN VICTORIA and TENNYSON that was new to me—or telling again the often-told history of the Cambridge Greek Plays and the A.D.C., he has a happy pen for a point, and even the chestnuts inevitable in such a collection are served with a flavour of originality. I must be allowed to quote one more of VON BUELOW'S good things. A gushing lady at a musical party begged for an introduction to the great man. Which being given, "Oh, Monsieur von Bülow," she said, "*vous connaissez Monsieur Wagner, n'est-ce pas?*" Bowing, and without a shade of surprise, BUELOW answered at once, "*Mais oui, Madame; c'est le mari de ma femme!*" A great man!

I am quite prepared to accept Mr. LINDSAY BASHFORD'S *Cupid in the Car* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) as a nice unpretentious diary of a motor-tour on and about the Franco-German Frontier, ingeniously done into novel form and wholesomely seasoned with adventure and the arrangement of marriages shortly to take place. And I distinctly like his taciturn paragon of a chauffeur, *Eugene*—a nephew of *Enery Straker* the voluble, as I should judge from a certain family resemblance and, by the way, much too intelligent to murder his French phrases in the hopeless manner which the author, none too scrupulous in these little touches, suggests. But whether Mr. BASHFORD hasn't spoilt an enthusiastic travel book without producing quite a plaus-

ible novel—a defect of tactics rather than of capacity—and whether the book doesn't show too many signs of the hustle and vibration of the car are questions that intrude themselves; and certainly one has a right to jib at the Preface, which seems to suggest that the novel, written before war broke out, was to enlighten the public, by a sugar-coated method, as to the general terrain of the conflict inevitable at some future date, so that we might "better picture the work our loved ones were doing at the Front." If this were indeed so, then it was distinctly un tactful that the only British officer who appears should be a tosh-talking General obviously too fond of his food. The fact is that the topical preface is being overdone these days.

My only complaint against *The Flute of Arcady* (STANLEY

PAUL) is that Miss KATE HORN, who wrote it, seems somewhat to have disregarded the classic advice of Mr. Curdle to *Nicholas Nickleby* in the matter of observing the unities. It struck me, indeed, that she had begun it as a Cinderella-tale and then found that there wasn't enough of this to go round. Thus the early chapters roused my sympathetic interest for *Charlotte Clairvaux* (the bullied companion of the hateful cat, *Mrs. Menzies*) and her admiring suitor, *Dr. Shuckford*. I felt deeply for poor *Charlotte*, and longed for the moment when the doctor, who was eminently desirable, would fold her in his manly arms. But this moment came confusingly early, in the third chapter, and left us with three-quarters of the book to fill up. So *Charlotte*, for no reason—that I could see—but this of space, refuses her *Shuckford*, and off go she and *Mrs. Menzies* to Versailles, where they meet a good number of pleasantly-drawn people, and encounter a variety of adventures, some amusing, some merely farcical. Without doubt Miss HORN has a pretty wit, but I admired its exercise far more in character than incident.

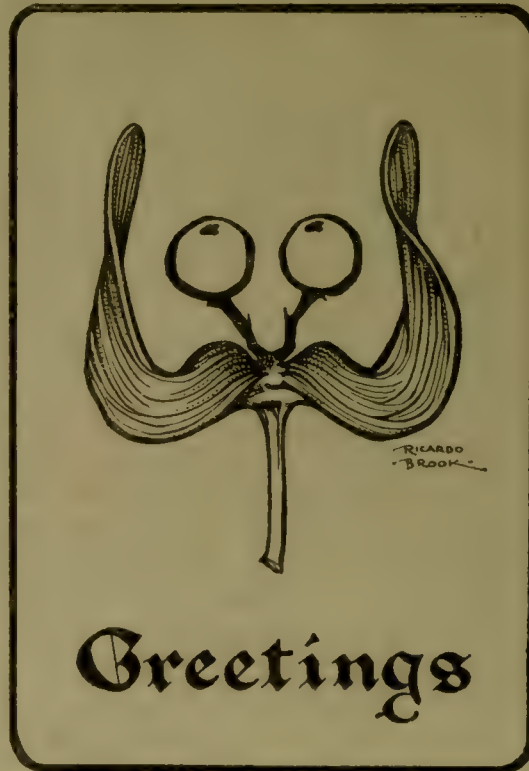
There is, for example, a delightful new version of *Mrs. Malaprop* in the lady whose ambition it was "to live in a mayonnaise in a good part of London." I loved her, and the terrible French infant, and the nuns, and the old countess and the other Versailles folk. But of the incidents, fantastic adventures with elephants and such, one sometimes feels that their humour is, as the author says of *M. de Lafontaine's* smile, a thing that seemed to be jerked out by machinery. Yet I am bound to confess that it made me laugh. So why grumble?

*The Times*, describing the attempted escape of a German officer in the disguise of 'Safety Matches,' says: "There was nothing in the box to excite suspicion." Except, of course, the officer.

"Never again will one rigid form of civilisation prevail. . . . The world has grown too big to rest content with one standard."

*Evening Standard.*

Hence *The Evening Standard*.



THE WILHELM MISTLETOE.

A CARD OF TEUTONIC ORIGIN NOT LIKELY TO HAVE A BIG SALE OVER HERE THIS SEASON.



## CHARIVARIA.

ABDUL the D—d is said to feel it keenly that, when the British decided to appoint a Sultan in Egypt, they did not remember that he was out of a job.

Meanwhile ABBAS Pasha is reported to have had a presentiment that he would one day be replaced by KAMEL Pasha. It is said that for some time past he would start nervously whenever he heard the band of a Highland regiment playing "The Kamel's a-coming."

We have very little doubt that the German newspapers are publishing photographs of Whitby Abbey, and claiming the entire credit for its ruined condition.

It remained for *The Times* to chronicle the Germans' most astounding feat. It happened at Hartlepool. "A chimney nearly 200 feet in height, on the North-Eastern Railway hydraulic power-station, was," our contemporary tells us, "grazed by a projectile about 100 yards above its base."

The Archbishop of YORK, who was one of the KAISER's few apologists, is said to feel keenly that potentate's ingratitude in selecting for bombardment two unprotected bathing-places in his Grace's diocese.

It is widely rumoured that WILHELM is conferring a special medal on the perpetrators of this and similar outrages, to be called the Kaiser-ye-Hun medal.

Some of the German newspapers have been organising a symposium on the subject of how to spend the coming Christmas. Herr ARTHUR VON GWINNER, director of the Deutsche Bank, is evidently something of a humourist. "More than ever," he says, "in the exercise of works of love and charity." We rather doubt whether the Herr Direktor's irony will be appreciated in high quarters.

A message from Amsterdam says that there are signs in Berlin of discontent with the German Chancellor and his staff, and patriots are calling for a "clean sweep." The difficulty, of course, is that, while there are plenty of sweeps in Germany, it is not easy to find a clean one.

"Immediately after his arrival at

Rome," says *The Liverpool Echo*, "Prince Buelow proceeded to the Villa Malte, his usual residence at Rome, where he will stay until he takes up his quarters at the Caffarelli police." Our alleged harsh treatment of aliens fades into insignificance by the side of this!

General Baron VON BISEING, the Governor-General of Belgium, has informed a German journal that the KAISER has "very specially commanded him to help the weak and oppressed in Belgium." By whom, we wonder, are the Belgians being oppressed?



"BUT YOU AREN'T TALL ENOUGH."  
 "WELL, CAN I GO AS A DRUMMER-BOY?"  
 "I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR THAT."  
 "WELL, THEN—DASH IT ALL! I'LL GO AS A MASCOT."

The same journal announces that General VON DIEDENHOFEN, the commander at Karlsruhe, has issued a proclamation expressing his "indignation at the dishonourable conduct" of three German Red-Cross Nurses who have married wounded French prisoners. It certainly does look like taking advantage of the poor fellows when they were more or less helpless.

We hear that considerable ill-feeling has been caused in certain quarters of Paris by a thoughtless English newspaper calling the Germans "the Apaches of Europe."

A German critic has been expatiating on the trouble we must have in feeding an Army with so many different tastes

and creeds. Commenting on this, *The Evening Standard* says: "This is not a surprising matter from our point of view, but the German cast-iron system does not lend itself either in thought or practice to adaptability." Some people, we believe, imagine the Germans feed, without exception, on Pickelhauben.

A little while ago the Germans were claiming our SHAKESPEARE. We now hear that a forthcoming production at His Majesty's Theatre has set them longing, in view of the scarcity of the metal, for our *Copperfield*.

MR. THOMAS BURT, M.P., Father of the House of Commons, has decided to resign his seat in Parliament. This does not however mean that the House will be left an orphan. Another father will be found at once.

It is rumoured that, after the War is over, a statue is to be erected to the Censor at Blankenberghe, in Belgium.

A tale from the Front. "The enemy are continuing to fortify the coast, Sir," said the subaltern. "I don't care if they fiftify it," roared his commanding officer; "it'll make no difference." This shows the British spirit.

## A Sensational Statement.

"General Smuts stated that there were in the field at the present time, not including those training, more than — men."

*Daily Telegraph.*

This is headed "South Africa's Forces," and may have been an actual piece of news until

it reached the Censor.

## Another Impending Apology.

We read beneath a photograph in *The Graphic*:—

"MISS PAULINE PRIM—the cat in the Aldwych Pantomime, as she is in real life."

## The Troubles of Neutrality.

From a recent Geography Examination paper:—

"Holland is a low country: in fact it is such a very low country that it is no wonder that it is damned all round."

A correspondent writes:—

"It is to be hoped that nothing further will be heard of these various proposals to intern the KAISER at St. Helena. One would have thought that there had been quite sufficient desecration already of places of historic interest."



## THE WAR-LORD'S NEW YEAR'S EVE.

KAISER, what vigil will you keep to-night?  
Before the altar will you lay again  
Your "shining armour," and renew your plight  
To wear it ever clean of stain?

Or, while your priesthood chants the Hymn of Hate,  
Like incense will you lift to God your breath  
In praise that you are privileged by fate  
To do His little ones to death?

Will Brother HENRY, knowing well the scene  
That saw your cruisers' latest gallant feat,  
Kneel at your side, and ask with pious mien  
A special blessing on the fleet?

Will you make "resolutions?"—saying, "Lo!  
I will be humble. Though my own bright sword  
Has shattered Belgium, yet will I bestow  
The credit on a higher Lord.

"What am I but His minister of doom?  
The smoke of burning temples shall ascend,  
With none to intercept the savoury fume,  
Straight upward to my honoured Friend."

Or does your heart admit, in hours like these,  
God is not mocked with words; His judgment  
stands;

Nor all the waters of His cleansing seas  
Can wash the blood-guilt from your hands?

Make your account with Him as best you can.  
What other hope has this Now Year to give?  
For outraged earth has laid on you a ban  
Not to be lifted while you live. O. S.

## UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XII.

(From the EX-SULTAN OF TURKEY.)

MY BROTHER,—There are many who in these days gnash their teeth against you and pursue with malice and reproach the words you utter and the deeds you perform, so that verily the tempests of the world beat about your head. It may please you, therefore, to know that there is one man at least whose affectionate admiration for you has suffered no decrease, nay, has rather been augmented a hundredfold by the events of the past half-year. Need I say that I am that man?

It is true that I have been shorn of my honours and privileges, that I live in exile as a prisoner and that the vile insulters of fallen majesty compass me about. I who once dwelt in splendour and issued my commands to the legions of the faithful am treated with contumely by a filthy pack of time-servers, and have nothing that I can call my own except, for the moment, the air that I breathe. Oh, for an hour of the old liberty and power! It would amuse me to see the faces of ENVER and of my wretched brother MOHAMMED as I ordered them to execution—they and their gang of villainous parasites. By the bowstring of my fathers, but that would be a great and worthy killing! Pardon the fond day-dreams of a poor and lonely old man whose only crime has been that he loved his country too well and treated his enemies with a kindness not to be understood by those black and revengeful hearts.

I remember that in the old days there were not wanting

those who warned me against you. "Beware," they said, "of the GERMAN EMPEROR. He will use you for his own purposes, and will then cast you aside like an orange that has been squeezed." But I paid no heed to their jealous imaginings, and I had my reward. Not, indeed, that you were able to save me when the wicked burst upon me and cast me down. The stroke was too sudden, and you, alas, were too far. But the memory of our delightful friendship is still with me to sustain and comfort me in my tribulations. I still have some of the letters in which you poured out your heart to me, and when melancholy oppresses me I take them from my breast and read them over and over again.

It is a joy to me to know that there is a firm alliance between my brave Turks and your magnanimous soldiers. I doubt not that Allah, the good old friend of the Turks, will continue to bless you and give you victory after victory over your enemies. It is no less a joy to learn how gloriously and how sagaciously you are conducting this war. They tell me that your ships have bombarded the coast towns of England, and that five or six hundred of the inhabitants have fallen before your avenging shells. What matters it that these towns were not fortified in the strict and stupid sense, and that there were many women and children amongst those you slew? The towns were fortified in the sense that they were hostile to your high benevolence, and as for women and children you need not even dream of excusing yourself to me. These English are no better than Armenians. It is necessary to extirpate them, and the younger you catch them the less time they have for devising wickedness against the Chosen of Allah. As for women, they need hardly be taken into account. In all these matters I know by your actions that you agree. You must proceed on your noble course until the last of these infidels is swept away to perdition.

May I condole with you on the loss of your four ships of war by the guns of the British Admiral STURDEE? That was, indeed, a cowardly blow, and it is hard to understand why it was allowed.

Farewell then, my Brother. Be assured again of the undying friendship and admiration of the poor exile,

ABDUL HAMID.

## KILL OR CURE.

[Reports continue to reach us from our brave troops in the field that they "never felt fitter," are "in the best of spirits," and so forth.]

HAVE you a bronchial cough, or cold,  
And is your ailment chronic  
Past every sort of cure that's sold?  
We'll tell you of a tonic.  
Just wing our agents here a wire  
And book "A Fortnight Under Teuton Fire."

Do you admit with anxious mind  
Your liver's loss of movement,  
And that in consequence you find  
Your temper needs improvement?  
Then leave awhile your stool or bench  
And try our "Month Inside a Flooded Trench."

Are you a broken nervous wreck,  
Run short of red corpuscles,  
Painfully scraggy in the neck,  
And much in need of muscles?  
Come to us now—for now's your chance—  
And take our "Lively Tour Through Northern  
France."





**DISHONOURED.**

CAPTAIN OF THE *EMDEN*. "DIRTY WORK!"



### THE REAL HERO OF THE WAR.

THERE is an impression about that among the candidates for the position of real hero of the war KING ALBERT might have a chance; or even Lord KITCHENER or Sir JOHN FRENCH. But I have my doubts, after all that I have heard—and I love to hear it and to watch the different ways in which the tellers narrate it: some so frankly proud, some just as proud, but trying to conceal their pride. After all that I have heard I am bound to believe that for the real hero of the war we must look elsewhere. Not much is printed of this young fellow's deeds; one gets them chiefly by word of mouth and very largely in club smoking-rooms. In railway carriages too, and at dinner-parties. These are the places where the champions most do congregate and hold forth. And from what they say he is a most gallant and worthy warrior. Versatile as well, for not only does he fight and bag his Bosch, but he is wounded and imprisoned. Sometimes he rides a motor cycle, sometimes he flies, sometime he has charge of a gun, sometimes he is doing Red Cross work, and again he helps to bring up the supplies with the A.S.C. He has been everywhere. He was at Mons and he was at Cambrai. He marched into Ypres and is rather angry when the Germans are blamed for shelling the Cloth Hall, because he tells you that there was a big French gun firmly established behind it, and only by shelling the building could the enemy hope to destroy that dangerous piece of ordnance. He saw something of the bombardment of Rheims and he watched the monitors at work on the Belgian coast.

And not only does he perform some of the best deeds and often get rewarded for them, but he is a good medium for news too. He hears things. He's somewhere about when General — says something of the deepest significance to General —. He knows men high up in the War Office. He refers lightly to KITCHENER, and staff officers apparently tell him many of their secrets. He speaks quite casually and familiarly of WINSTON and what WINSTON said yesterday, for he often has the latest Admiralty news too. It was he who had the luck to be in the passage when Lord FISHER and another Sea Lord executed their historic waltz on the receipt of the news of STURDEE's coup. I don't pretend that he is always as worthy of credence as he was then; for he has spread some false rumours too. He was, in fact, one of the busiest eye-witnesses (once or twice removed) of the triumphant progress of millions of Russians through

Scotland and England some months ago: He is not unaware of the loss of battleships of which nothing has yet been officially stated. In fact, his unofficial news is terrific and sometimes must be taken with salt. But denials do not much abash him. He was prepared for them and can explain them.

His letters are interesting and cover a vast amount of ground. They are sometimes very well written, and in differing moods he abuses the enemy and pities them. He never grumbles but is sometimes perplexed by overwork in the trenches. He hates having to stand long in water and has lost more comrades than he likes to think about. One day he was quite close to General JOFFRE, whom he regards as a sagacious leader, cautious and far-sighted; another day he was close to Sir JOHN FRENCH, and nothing could exceed the confidence which his appearance kindled in him. On the morning of the KING's arrival at the Front he was puzzled by the evolutions of our air scouts, who seemed to have gone mad; but it turned out that they were saluting HIS MAJESTY. Some of his last letters were from the neighbourhood of Auchy and described the fighting for the canal. He is a little inconsistent now and then, and one day says he has more cigarettes than he can smoke, and the next bewails the steady shortage of tobacco. As to his heroic actions he is reticent; but we know that many of the finest deeds have been performed by him. He has saved lives and guns and is in sight of the V.C.

And what is his name? Well, I can't say what his name is, because it is not always the same; but I can tell you how he is always described by those who relate his adventures; his prowess, his news, his suspicions and his fears. He is always referred to as "My son."

"My son," when all is said, is the real hero of the war.

It is all very well to warn the British public (naturalised or otherwise) against supporting and comforting the enemy, but it might have more effect if those in authority set the example.

"The British Government declares that in the event of the Austrian Government being in need of funds, Great Britain is ready to provide them."—*Japan Chronicle*.

"King George has sent a warmly-worded telegram of congratulation to the new Sultan of Turkey."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

Paragraphs such as these, for instance, do not provide the proper inspiration.

"There are increasing rumours of serious fiction between the Austrians and the Germans."—*Natal Times*.

Their *forte*, however, is humorous fiction.

### R. G. A.

OVER the hills where the grey hills  
rise  
Smoke wreaths climb to the cloudless  
skies;  
White in the glare of the noonday  
sun,  
Climbing in companies, one by one,  
From the strong guns,  
The long guns,  
That wake with break of day  
And dutifully drop their shells a dozen  
miles away.

Far beneath where our airmen fly,  
Slowly the Garrison guns go by,  
Breaking through bramble and thorn  
and gorse,  
Towed by engines or dragged by  
horse,  
The great guns,  
The late guns,  
That slowly rumble up  
To enable Messrs. VICKERS to converse  
with Messrs. KRUPP.

Garrison cannon is never swift  
(Shells are a deuce of a weight to  
lift);  
When they are ready to open shop,  
Where they are planted, there they  
stop,  
The grey guns,  
The gay guns,  
That know what they're about,  
To wait at fifteen hundred yards and  
clear the trenches out.

4-7's and 9-4's,  
Taking to camping out of doors;  
Out of the shelter of steel-built sheds,  
Sleeping out in their concrete beds—  
The proud guns,  
The loud guns,  
Whose echo wakes the hills,  
And shakes the tiles and scatters glass  
on distant window-sills.

Little cannon of envious mind  
May mock at the gunners who come  
behind;  
Let them wait till we've lined our  
pets  
On to the forts and the walls of Metz;  
The siege guns,  
The liege guns,  
The guns to batter down  
The barricades and bastions of any  
German town.

Though there be others who do good  
work,  
Harassing German, trouncing Turk,  
Let us but honour one toast to-day—  
The men and the guns of the R.G.A.!  
The vast guns,  
The last guns,  
When Spring is coming in,  
To roll down every Eastern road  
a-booming to Berlin!





### THE TEMPTATIONS OF A SOLDIER.

Fond Mother (who has just seen her son, a very youthful subaltern, off to the front). "I GOT HIM AWAY FROM HIS FATHER FOR A MOMENT AND SAID TO HIM, 'DARLING, DON'T GO TOO NEAR THE FIRING-LINE, WILL YOU?'"

#### NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

**THE STRATEGIST'S MUZZLE.**—For use in the Home—the Club—the Railway Train. Fitted with best calf leather gag—easily attached—efficiency guaranteed, 4s. 11d. With chloroform attachment for violent cases, 8s. 11d. BELLOC size, 22s. 6d.

Recommended by the Censor.

**THE ALLIES' MUSICAL BOX.**—Beautifully decorated in all the national colours. A boon to organizers of war concerts. Plays all the National Anthems of the Allies simultaneously, thus allowing the audience to keep their seats for the bulk of the evening. A blessing to wounded soldiers and rheumatic subjects. 10s. 11d. carriage paid.

**THE COIN DETECTOR.**—This ingenious little contrivance rings a bell once when brought within a yard of silver coins and twice when in the proximity of gold coins. Absolutely indispensable

to collectors for Relief Funds. 2s. 11½d. post free.

Testimonial from Lady Isobel Tompkins:—

"Since using your invaluable detector in my collecting work I understand that there has been quite a run on the banks and post-offices in this neighbourhood for postal orders and the new notes. With the addition of an indicator of paper-money your machine would be perfection."

**HAPPY FAMILIES.**—The game of the season—with portraits of all our political leaders. Any four assorted leaders of different views make a happy family. 10½d.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE says:—"I never knew a more aggravating game."

**GERMAN HAPPY FAMILIES.**—Intensely amusing; peals of laughter come from the table when one asks for Mr. Kayser, the butcher; Mr. Prince, the looter; Mr. Tirpitz, the pirate, 10½d.

**BURKE'S NORMAN BLOOD.**—The presentation book of the season. Invaluable to the newly naturalised. 3s. 6d. net.

From certain Regimental Orders we extract the following:—

"There is no objection to the following being written on the Field Service Post Card: 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.'"

All the same, the danger of conveying news to the enemy must not be overlooked. Many German soldiers, we hear, are under the impression that it is still August, and that they will be in Paris by the beginning of September.

"In the early hours of Wednesday morning, what is supposed to have been a traction engine when proceeding southward, struck the west side of the parapet with great force."

Abwick Gazette.

When proceeding northward it has more the appearance of a sewing-machine.



## THE WATCH DOGS.

X.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I write on Christmas Day from a second-grade Infants' School, the grade referring obviously to the school and not to the infants. We sit round the old Yule hot-water pipe, and from the next classroom come the heavenly strains of the gramophone, one of those veteran but sturdy machines which none of life's rough usages can completely silence or even shake in its loyal determination to go on *and keep on going on* at all costs. Having duly impressed "Good King Wenceslas" upon us, it is now rendering an emotional waltz, of which, though now and then it may drop a note or two, it mislays none of the pathos.

It was a present to the Mess, intended for our entertainment in the trenches, though I cannot think who was going to carry it there. The tune serves to recall the distant past, when we used to wear silk socks and shining pumps, to glide hither and thither on hard floors, and talk in the intervals, talk, talk, talk with all the desperate resource of exhausted heroes who know that they have only to hang on five more minutes and they are saved. Suppose we had by now been in those trenches and had been listening to this obstinate old box slowly but confidently assuring and reassuring us that there is

and was and always will be our one-two-three home in the one-two-three, one-two-three West! I can see the picture; I can see the tears of happiness coursing down our weather-beaten cheeks as we say to ourselves, "Goodness knows, it's uncomfortable enough here, but thank heaven we aren't in that ball-room anyway."

In a corner of this room is a bridge-four. The C.O. is sitting in an authoritative, relentless silence. His tactical dispositions have been made and they are going to be pushed through to the end, cost what it may to the enemy or his own side. His partner is Second-Lieutenant Combes, deviously thinking to himself with all the superior knowledge of youth, "What rotten dispositions these C.O.'s do make!" but endeavouring to conceal his feelings by the manipulation of his face and a more than usually heavy interspersion of "Sirs" in his conversation. The enemy are ill-assorted allies: Captain Parr, a dashing player of great courage

and very ready tongue, and Lieutenant Sumners, one of those grim, earnest fighters whom no event however sudden or stupendous can surprise into speech. This latter is a real soldier whose life is conducted in every particular on the lines laid down in military text-books. He asks himself always, "Is it soldierly?" and never "Is it common-sense?" He is at present in trouble with his superior officer for having frozen on to his ace of trumps long after he should have parted with it. But those text-books say, "Keep your best forces in reserve," and so the little trumps must needs be put in the firing line first.

As to the other officers of your acquaintance, each is making merry, as the season demands, in his own fashion.

tion, heavily wooded in the treble, with sudden and sharp elevations and depressions in the bass, and the possibility of an ambush at every turn. His reconnoitring party returns; he starts to move forward again with scouts always in advance. He halts; he advances again and proceeds (for he too is a trained soldier) by short rushes about five bars at a time . . . At last the situation develops and he pauses to collect all his available forces and get them well in hand. I can almost hear the order being passed along the line—"Prepare to charge"—almost catch the bugle-call as his ten fingers rush forth to the assault, forth to death or glory, to triumph or utter confusion . . . As to what follows, I have always thought the rally after a charge was an anti-

climax, even when it consists of a rapid "Rule Britannia!" passing off evenly, without a hitch.

I find, looking round my fellow-officers, that I have omitted the final touch, the last stirring detail to complete the picture of the soldier's hard but eventful life. In the one easy, or easy-ish, chair sits the Major, that gallant gentleman whose sole but exacting business in life it is to gallop like the devil into the far distance when it is rumoured that the battalion will deploy. He sits now at leisure, but even at leisure he is not at ease: silent, with every nerve and fibre strained to the utmost tension, he crouches over his work. He is at his darning; ay, with real wool and a real needle he is darning his socks. The colour of his work may not be harmonious, but it is a thorough job; he has done what even few women would do, he has darned not only the hole in his hosiery but his left hand also.

As for the men, they have been dealt with by a select body under the formidable title of the Christmas Festivities Committee. It has provided each man with a little beer, a lot of turkey and much too much plum pudding. Having disengaged the birds into their separate units, it has then left the man to himself for the day, thus showing, in my opinion, a wise discretion rarely found in committees, even military committees.

Yours ever, HENRY.

"Exchange, charming country parish, North Yorks. Easy distance sea. Income safe."—Advt. in "Guardian."

Yes, but what about the rectory?



Visitor. "COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT TIME THE TIDE IS UP?"

Odd job man. "WELL, SIR, THEY DO EXPECK 'IGH WATER AT SIX; BUT THEN YOU KNOW WOT THESE 'ERE RUMOURS ARE NOWADAYS."

One is studying, not for the first time, a map on the wall showing the inner truth of the currents in the Pacific; another is observing, for his information and further guidance, the process of manufacture of lead pencils as illustrated by samples in a glass-case. Others are being more jovial still; having exhausted the pictures and advertisements of the sixpenny Society papers, they are now actually reading the letter-press. The machine-gun officer, as I gather from his occasional remarks, is asleep as usual.

And now the gramophone has ceased; but, alas! Captain d'Arcy has begun—on the piano. As I write, the scheme of communication between his right and his left flanks has broken down. Like a prudent officer, he suspends operations, gives the "stand-fast!" and sends out a cautious patrol to reconnoitre the position. He even cedes a little of the ground he has gained. Glancing at his music, I must admit that he is in a dangerous situa-



## GALLERY



Lady in black. "OUR JIM'S KILLED SEVEN GERMANS—AND HE'D NEVER KILLED ANYONE BEFORE HE WENT TO FRANCE!"

### THE PEACE-MAKER.

THE Anonymous War is not to be followed by an Anonymous Peace. I have Twyerley's own authority for this statement.

I may go farther and make public the interesting fact that Twyerley himself has the matter in hand, and readers of *The Daily Booster* will at an early date receive precise instructions how and where to secure Part I. of *The History of the Peace* before it is out of print. It is well known that all publications issuing from that Napoleonic brain are out of print within an hour or two of their appearance, but Twyerley takes precautions to safeguard readers of *The Booster* against any such catastrophic disappointment.

In approaching the Peace problem at this stage Twyerley is displaying his customary foresight. The military authorities frustrated Twyerley's public-spirited attempt to let the readers of *The Booster* into the secret of General JOFFRE'S strategy — ruthlessly suppressing his daily column on *The Position at the Front*. He has resolved that the diplomatists shall not repeat the offence; he will be beforehand with them.

If Twyerley had been listened to in times of peace there would have been no war; the fact is undeniable. Since war has come, however, the danger of a patched-up peace must be avoided at all costs. In order that there shall be no mistake Twyerley has prepared a map of Europe-as-it-must-be-and-shall-be or Twyerley and his myriad readers will know the reason why. (The map is presented gratis with Part I. of the *History* and may also be had, varnished and mounted on rollers, for clubs and military academies.)

Twyerley at work upon the map is a thrilling spectacle. With his remorseless scissors he hovers over Germany and Austria in a way that would make the two KAISERS blench. Snip! away goes Alsace-Lorraine and a slice of the Palatinate; another snip! and Galicia flutters into the arms of Russia.

The *History* is to be completed in twenty-four parts, if the Allies' plenipotentiaries possess the capabilities with which Twyerley credits them; but he has prudently provided for extensions in case of need.

Anyway, whether the *Treaty of Peace* be signed in twelve months or twelve years, the final part of the *History* will go to press on the morrow.

Armed with the *History*, readers of *The Booster* will be able to follow step by step the contest in the council-chamber, when it takes place. They will be able to paint the large white map with the special box of colours supplied at a small additional cost. That, as Twyerley justly observes, is an ideal means of teaching the new geography of Europe to children. Even the youngest member of a household where the *History* is taken regularly will be in a position to say what loss of territory the KAISERS and Turkey must suffer. (Twyerley had some idea of running a Prize Competition on these lines but was reluctant to embarrass the Government.)

Several entire chapters will be devoted to "Famous Scraps of Paper" from NEBUCHADNEZZAR to the Treaty of Bucharest. Illustrations of unique interest have been secured. For instance, the Peace of Westphalia carries a reproduction of the original document, portraits and biographies of the signatories, and a statistical table of the Westphalian ham industry. Similarly, the Treaty of Utrecht is accompanied by a view of that interesting town and several pages of original designs for Utrecht velvet.



Thus, what Twyerley calls "the human interest" is amply catered for.

The section "International Law for the Million" presents its subject in a novel tabloid form, as exhaustive as it is entertaining. I know for a fact that an army of clerks has been engaged at the British Museum for some weeks looking up the data.

Following the part which contains concise accounts of every European nation from the earliest times, comes "Points for Plenipotentiaries," occupying several entire numbers. Here is where the genius of Twyerley shines at its brightest, and personally I think that the British representatives at the Peace Congress should be provided beforehand with these invaluable pages. With Twyerley at their elbows, so to speak, they should be equal to the task of checkmating the wily foreigner.

I wish the KAISER could see Twyerley scissoring his territory to shreds!

### A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

I DISLIKE many things—snakes, for example, and German spies, and the income tax, and cold fat mutton; but even more than any of these I dislike William Smith.

As all the world knows, special constables hunt in couples at nights, a precaution adopted in order that, if either of the two is slain in the execution of his duty, the other may be in a position to report on the following morning the exact hour and manner of his decease, thus satisfying the thirst of the authorities for the latest information, and relieving his departed companion's relatives of further anxiety in regard to his fate.

William Smith is the special constable who hunts with me. As to whom or what we are hunting, or what we should do to them or they would do to us if we caught them or they caught us, we are rather vague; but we endeavour to carry out our duty. Our total bag to date has been one Royal Mail, and even him we merely let off with a caution.

Three days ago, by an unfortunate coincidence, William Smith overtook me at the end of the High Street, just as our sergeant was coming round the corner in the opposite direction. At sight of the latter we halted, dropped our parcels in the mud, stiffened to attention and saluted. The last was a thing we ought not to have done, even allowing for his leggings, which were (and are still) of a distinctly upper-military type. But in the special constabulary your sergeant is a man to be placated. His powers are enormous. He can, if he likes, spoil your

beauty sleep at both ends by detailing you for duty from 12 to 4 A.M.; or, on the other hand, he can forget you altogether for a fortnight. Thus we always avoid meeting him if possible; failing that, we always salute him.

"Ha!" exclaimed our sergeant.

We shuddered, and William Smith, who is smaller than myself, tried to escape his gaze by forming two deep.

"What the devil are you playing at?" growled our sergeant. Though one of the more prominent sidesmen at our local church, he has developed quite the manner of an officer, almost, at times, I like to think, of a general officer. William Smith formed single rank again.

Our sergeant took out his notebook. "I'm glad I happened to meet you two," he said.

We shivered, but otherwise remained at attention.

"Let me see," he went on, consulting his list, "you are on together again tomorrow night at 12."

It was the last straw. Forgetting his rank, forgetting his leggings, forgetting the possibilities of his language, forgetting myself, I spoke.

"I protest," I said.

The eyes of our sergeant bulged with wrath, pushing his pince-nez off his nose and causing them to clatter to the pavement. But a special constable is a man of more than ordinary courage. "Allow me," I murmured, and I stooped, picked them up and handed them back to him.

"Explain yourself," he muttered hoarsely.

"For the past three months," I said, "I have endured fifty-six of the darkest hours of the night, cut off from any possibility of human aid, in the company of William Smith, a conversational egoist of the lowest and most determined type. Throughout this period he has inflicted on me atrocities before which those of the Germans pale into insignificance. During the first month he described to me in detail the achievements and diseases from birth upwards of all his children—a revolting record. He next proceeded to deal exhaustively with the construction and working of his gramophone, his bathroom geyser, his patent knife-machine and his vacuum carpet-cleaner; also with his methods of drying wet boots, marking his under-linen, circumventing the water-rate collector and inducing fertility in reluctant pullets. This brought us to the middle of November. Finally, during the last four weeks he has wandered into the ramifications of his wife's early-Victorian family tree, of which we are still in the lower branches.

"I cannot retaliate in kind. I have

no children, poultry, pedigree wives, nor any of the other articles, except boots and shirts, in which the soul of William Smith rejoices. There is but one remedy open to me, and of this, unless you detail me for duty with someone else, I propose to avail myself at the first convenient opportunity. I shall kill William Smith."

I stopped and saluted again.

And then a wonderful thing happened. I discovered that beneath our sergeant's military leggings there still beat the rudiments of a human heart. Yes, as I looked at him I saw his softened eyes suffused with sympathetic tears.

"My poor fellow!" he said in a broken voice.

It was too much. I sank to the pavement, saluting as I fell, and knew no more. When I recovered consciousness in hospital I found in the pocket of my coat an envelope containing the following: "Promoted to the rank of corporal and invalided for three weeks, after which you will take duty with your chauffeur."

William Smith and I have severed diplomatic relations. It is better so.

### REJECTED OFFERINGS.

MY DEAR Mr. Punch,—In these first few days after Christmas many of our readers are no doubt faced, as we have been, with a problem which is quite new to them. I hope they took the precaution—as we did—to write and explain to all likely givers (1) that this was no year for the exchange of Christmas gifts among grown-up people who have no need for them; (2) that it was the opinion of all right-thinking persons that no such gifts should be sent, and (3) that consequently they were sending none and hoped to receive none.

That is all right as far as it goes, but the problem remains of what is to be done with those people who can't be stopped? We have had several painful instances of this sort. The stuff has arrived, the usual sort of non-war stuff, some of which must have cost quite a lot of money, of which it may with truth be said, "your King and Country need you." How were these things to be dealt with, since we felt that we could not keep them?

We found that no general treatment could be applied; we have had to sort them out into groups, before deflecting them into the proper courses.

Books to hospitals. In this case the matron is asked to acknowledge them direct to the original giver.

Smoking Accessories (such as the newest pipe-filler and match-striker and cigarette-case-opener and pouch-





Officer (instructing recruits in signalling). "DIDN'T YOU GET THAT MESSAGE?"

Recruit. "YES, SIR: 'THREE TAUBS AND A ZEPLIN COMIN' OVER THE 'ILL.'"

Officer. "THEN WHY THE DEUCE DIDN'T YOU SEND IT ON?" Recruit. "WELL, SIR, I COULDN'T 'ARDLY BELIEVE IT."

unfolder and cigar-holder-grip), to the nearest male Belgian; and

All other portable presents to the nearest female Belgian. (These two classes may be neatly acknowledged in the columns of the *Courier Belge*.)

All larger presents (of the motor-car, pianola and sewing-machine variety) to be sold by auction for the National Relief Fund. Marked catalogue of the sale to be sent to the giver in proof of their safe arrival. Yours, etc.,

AN ORDINARY ENGLISHMAN.

"The Surveyor reported that the owners of the manure heaps by the Recreation Ground Tennis Courts had by now been covered over with seaweed, etc., thus complying with the Council's wishes."—*Barmouth Advertiser*.

We hope this will be a lesson to them.

The usual formula for beginning a letter is thus neatly rendered by a Hottentot Boy:—

"As I have a line to state just to let you know that I am still soluberious under the superiority of the Supreme-Being, hoping to hear the same likewise from you."

We recommend it very heartily as a good opening for New Year's Eve correspondence.

## THE IMPERIAL INFANTICIDE.

It was a mighty Emperor  
Of ancient pedigree  
Who said, "The future of our race  
Lies on the rolling sea!"  
And straightway laboured to fulfil  
His royal guarantee.

And when the Day had dawned, for  
which  
He long had toiled and planned,  
Unto his Grand High Admiral  
He issued his command:  
"Go forth, and smite the enemy  
Upon his native strand."

Sailing by night and veiled in mist,  
His swiftest ships of war  
Rained death on two defenceless  
towns

For half an hour or more,  
Till they had slain and wounded babes  
And women by the score.

The Fatherland was filled with joy  
By this heroic deed;  
It gloated o'er the slaughtered babes  
Of Albion's hated breed;  
And Iron Crosses fell in showers  
On those who 'd made them bleed.

But honest neutrals everywhere  
Were sickened and dismayed;  
The Turk, not squeamish as a rule,  
No special glee betrayed;  
And even Mr. BERNARD SHAW  
Failed to defend the raid!

Then more in sorrow than in wrath  
The EMPEROR made moan:  
"Though martyred and misunderstood  
I tread my way alone,  
At least I have the sympathy  
Of God on His high throne."

Then from the pillar and the cloud  
Came accents clear and plain:  
"The Massacre of Innocents  
Passes the guilt of CAIN;  
And those who sin with HEROD earn  
His everlasting stain."

Two announcements at Hereford:—

"Cathedral Service, Sunday, Dec. 13th.  
Preacher: Rev. H. M. Spooner.

Baptist Chapel.

Lecture: "Slips of Speech and Trips in Type."

"Yes," said the President of New College on his way to the Cathedral, "I know something about slips of speech, but what *are* tips in tripe?"





### GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

HOW MABEL PICTURED HER BIG BROTHER'S ARRIVAL FOR WEEK-END LEAVE FROM THE FRONT.

#### THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

I RODE into Pincher River on an August afternoon,  
The pinto's hoofs on the prairie drumming a drowsy tune,  
By the shacks and the Chinks' truck-gardens to the Atha-  
basca saloon.

And a bunch of the boys was standing around by the old  
Scotch store,  
Standing and spitting and swearing by old Macallister's  
door—  
And the name on their lips was Britain—the word that  
they spoke was War.

War! . . . Do you think I waited to talk about wrong or  
right  
When I knew my own old country was up to the neck in  
a fight?  
I said, "So long!"—and I beat it—"I'm hitting the trail  
to-night."

I wasn't long at my packing, I hadn't much time to dress,  
And the cash I had at disposal was a ten-spot—more or less;  
So I didn't wait for my ticket; I booked by the Hoboes'  
Express.

I rode the bumpers at night-time; I beat the ties in the  
day;  
Stealing a ride and bumming a ride all of the blooming  
way,  
And—I left the First Contingent drilling at Valcartier!

I didn't cross in a liner (I hadn't my passage by me!);  
I spotted a Liverpool cargo tramp, smelly and greasy and  
grimy,  
And they wanted hands for the voyage, and the old man  
guessed he'd try me.

She kicked like a ballet-dancer or a range-bred bronco mare;  
She rolled till her engines rattled; she wallowed, but what  
did I care?

It was "Go it, my bucking beauty, if only you take me  
there!"

Then came an autumn morning, grey-blue, windy and  
clear,  
And the fields—the little white houses—green and peaceful  
and dear,  
And the heart inside of me saying, "Take me, Mother, I'm  
here!"

"Here, for I thought you'd want me; I've brought you all  
that I own—

A lean long lump of a carcass that's mostly muscle and  
bone,  
Six-foot-two in my stockings—weigh-in at fourteen stone.

"Here, and I hope you'll have me; take me for what I'm  
worth—

A chap that's a bit of a waster, come from the ends of the  
earth

To fight with the best that's in him for the dear old land  
of his birth!"





THE NEW ARMY TO THE FRONT.







## THE NEXT?

BOMBARDMENT OF LITTLE SHRIMPINGTON BY THE GERMAN FLEET.

(Extract from a Report by the German Admiral.)

*Battle-cruiser "Von Herod."*

SIR,—With regard to the recent magnificent and hoch-compelling exploit of the Imperial Squadron I have the honour to report as follows:—

Our battle-cruisers sighted the strongly-fortified sea-coast town of Little Shrimpington about 12.45, and at once opened a devastating fire. A hostile abbey, situated in a commanding position at the cliff top, and quite unmistakable (as at Whitby), was the first to fall. The shelling of this edifice, to which I learn that the Christians attach considerable importance, for some reason that I am unable to comprehend, cannot fail to produce lively satisfaction among our brave allies at Constantinople.

Next turning our guns upon the golf links, in fifteen rounds we put out of action a nine-hole course for ladies. Much confusion was observed here amongst the enemy; the presence of troops being proved by the movement of several bodies in bright scarlet. It is conjectured from this that the supply of khaki is already exhausted.

Magnificent execution was done upon the extensive sand castles with which the foreshore was covered, and for which indeed it is renowned throughout the island. Our heavy armament was in every case enabled to demolish these, at the same time slaughtering the children and nurses responsible for them. It is to be admitted however that at a more favourable season of the year the execution here, good as it was, would have been considerably better.

Altogether some five hundred shells were fired, as recently at Scarborough, and there can be no doubt that the enemy's casualties, in women especially, must be very considerable. In addition, he is known to have lost heavily in bathing-machines, and several super-rowing boats were seen to sink at their moorings.

Throughout the action the entire absence of any return fire had a most heartening effect upon the personnel of the Imperial fleet, who were thus enabled to work under what may be called conditions ideal to the German fighting spirit. I cannot refrain from expressing my sense of how greatly the magnificent result of the action was due to the patriotic foresight of my chief officer, Fire-direktor Von Ketch, who, having met with a motor accident when touring in England so lately as last



*First Urchin (to Captain who has just bought a new motor-horn). "CARRY YER PARCEL, COLONEL?"*

*Second ditto (in a hoarse whisper). "GARN! CAN'T YER SEE 'E'S A BUGLER?"*

spring at the gates of Shrimpington Hall, had the good fortune to be the guest for several weeks of the Frau Squire and her daughters. Not only was the information thus obtained of the greatest assistance in the general conduct of the operations, but we were enabled to place our first six-inch shell exactly on the dining-room of the Hall at an hour when the occupants were almost certainly assembled for lunch.

The entire action occupied twenty-five minutes, and concluded with the approach of the British patrol, when, acting in accordance with the dictates of Imperial policy, we ran like hares. So satisfactory has been this glorious

and civilian-sanguinary encounter that our brave fellows are now eager to try conclusions with the bath-chairs of Bournemouth or the lobster-pots of Llandudno. It is indeed with true sentiments of fraternal pride that the Imperial Navy is now able to place the torn fragments of the Hague Convention beside those of the Treaties so gloriously deleted by our brothers of the Imperial Army.

I have the honour to be, Sir, etc., etc.

*"Note.—A kilometre is, roughly, five-fifths of a mile."—Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*  
The Press Bureau, while not objecting . . .



## VICTORINE.

VICTORINE, our new general, is a Belgian refugee. She was naturally somewhat broken in spirit on first entering our establishment, but as the days went by she became happier, and so enterprising and ingratiating that we hastened to smother in its infancy a shameful doubt as to whether or not we had introduced into our sympathetic bosoms a potential viper. Morning, noon and night there was continuous scrubbing, polishing and beeswaxing; at all moments one was meeting a pink and breathless Victorine, and the house echoed to an interminable stream of information in the French tongue.

At mealtime, the verdict having been duly pronounced on each successive dish, Victorine would stand by while we ate, and unburden herself confidentially. 'Mon mari' (Jean Baptiste, a co-refugee who had searched all London for a place as *valet de chambre*) was lightly touched upon. Belgium was described in glowing terms, a land of wonders we had not dreamt of.

"Miss will not believe me, but when first we arrive in England all the world cries, 'Oh! regard then the little sheep!' For Mademoiselle must know that in Belgium the sheep are high and big as that" (Victorine sketches in the air the dimensions of a good-sized donkey). "Monsieur mocks himself of me? Monsieur should visit my *pays* where dwell the sheep of a bigness and a fatness to rejoice the heart, and whose wool is of a softness incredible; Monsieur would not then smile thus in his beard." Victorine assumes an attitude of virtuous indignation, disturbed by the ringing of the telephone bell.

"I save myself," she murmurs.

Through the half-open door we hear as usual only scraps of dialogue, all on one side, and very unsatisfying.

"Alloa! J'écoute! Madame, je ne parle que le français—hein?" Long pause. "Alloa! Alloa!" Victorine rattles the instrument impatiently. "Ah! ça y est! Si Madame désire que j'appelle Miss—? Quel nom? Hein? Meesus Tsch—arch—kott. Mon Dieu—"

Victorine lays down the receiver and comes back flushed into the room.

"C'est Meesus Arch-tsch-kott qui demande Miss au téléphone. She desire to know if Miss will take the dinner with her. Are they difficult these English names!"

But English names are not Victorine's sole difficulty. She wrestles (mentally) from time to time with the butcher and the baker and the milkman. The milkman, it seems, is "un peu fou." Victorine

greets him in the mornings in voluble French, and he in return bows elaborately and pretends to drop the milk. We have watched the process from an upper window. Victorine takes a step backward, her hand flies to her heart, and, as she afterwards informs us, "her blood gives but a turn" at this exhibition of British wit. We have been wondering whether it would be judicious to teach her to say, "Get along with yer."

She is very prolific in "ideas," and seems to be chiefly inspired when engaged in the uncongenial pastime of cleaning the grate.

"Know you, Miss, that I have an idea, me?"

"No, really, Victorine."

"Yes," says Victorine, mournfully shaking her head, "but only an idea." Victorine lays down her implements and places her hands on her hips. "If," she says slowly, "this Meesus Schmeest who was with Mr. and Miss before my arrival was a German spy, hein?"

"But why, Victorine?"

Victorine assumes an air of owl-like wisdom.

"See here," she says, placing the forefinger of one hand on the thumb of the other, "first she depart to care for the niece who is suffering—it is generally the mother, but that imports not. Then," counting along her fingers, "during three months she is absent, and, thirdly," sinking her voice, "she sends for her *malles*, which contain doubtless—who knows?—plans of London, designs of the fortresses, and perhaps a telegraphy without wires—Marconi, what do I know? Mademoiselle must admit that it has the air droll?"

We do our best to allay Victorine's anxiety. She however is not at all convinced, and evidently reserves to herself full liberty of action to protect us from German espionage and the effects of our own guilelessness at a later date.

In the rare moments when not at work she is pensive, but her imagination is by no means at rest. She gazes languidly out of the window into "*ce brouillard*," as she fondly calls a slight morning mist. The sparrows interest her.

"See, Miss, a sparrow who carries a piece of bread big as a house; is it then an English sparrow that accomplishes such prodigies?"

Not quite fathoming the drift of Victorine's meditations we suggest that it is perhaps a Belgian refugee sparrow, at which her amusement is so intense that she is obliged to leave the room.

Sometimes her fancy takes great flights, for she is very high-minded

Her weekly bath gives rise to much lofty philosophical reflection, and she has come to the firm conclusion that it is "*mieux que manger*." Also she has great taste, of which she occasionally gives us the benefit. She laughs scornfully at certain *objets d'art* and praises others. Ornaments, if they meet with her approval, are arranged in rigid lines of continuous beauty, less favoured ones being pushed into the background, and books are disposed with assumed carelessness in thoughtful postures. Though it is plain she thinks little of our taste in general, her disapproval is usually silent. It is therefore with almost choking pride that we receive her praise, though it is often, we fear, of a disingenuous nature.

"It is plain that Miss has the eye artistic: that sees itself well in the new basin she has bought to replace the one that fell by hazard and burst itself. Monsieur also has the eye straight. In effect the picture there that Monsieur designs is of a justness, but of a justness! One would say the place itself," leaning back and half closing her eyes. "In Belgium could it not be better done. No. It is I, Victorine, who say it. If Monsieur has the false digestion, by contrary it is evident that he has the head solid."

But Victorine has a fault dark and grievous in the British eye. She jibs at fresh air.

"Surely Mr., and above all Miss, will take a congestion with the window grand-open of that fashion? As for me I have the neuralgias to make fear! Figure to yourself that in the kitchen the three windows (where one would well suffice, go) if open make to pass a hurricane!"

A short lecture follows, in which the ill effects of stuffiness are pointed out, and Victorine is reduced to unconvinced and mutinous silence. As the days pass a little acquiescence in "*cette manie pour les courants d'air*" is visible, but at the slightest approach of cold every aperture through which air may possibly find its way is surreptitiously closed, and it is only when she is out with her husband taking a walk or refreshing the inner man in a "*café*" with "*un peu de stoot*" that we can penetrate by stealth into her bedroom and air it.

Jean Baptiste is for the moment in disgrace because he has not been to see Victorine for a week. He is threatened with all sorts of penalties when he finally decides to present himself. Primarily Victorine is going to present him with *savon*, which appears in the vernacular to be the Belgian equivalent for beans. She is also going to wash him the head.





*First Old Dame.* "WELL, MY DEAR, AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR THE COUNTRY?"

*Second ditto.* "I AM KNITTING SOCKS FOR THE TROOPS."

*First Old Dame (robustly).* "KNITTING! I AM LEARNING TO SHOOT!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Sir John Lubbock, whose *Life*, by Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, MACMILLAN publishes in two volumes, was one of the most honourable men who figured in public life during the last half-century. He was also one of the most widely honoured. Under his name on the title-page of the book appears a prodigious paragraph in small type enumerating the high distinctions bestowed upon him by British and foreign literary and scientific bodies. Forestalling the leisure of a bank-holiday I have counted the list and find it contains no fewer than fifty-two high distinctions, one for every week of the year. These were won not by striking genius or brilliant talent. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, to preserve a name which the crowning honour of the peerage did not displace in the public mind, was by nature and daily habit constitutionally industrious. After Eton he joined his father's banking business. In his diary under date Christmas Day, 1852, being the nineteenth year of his age, he gives an account of how he spends his day. It is too long to quote, but, beginning by "getting up at half-past six," it includes steady reading in natural history, poetry, political economy, science, mathematics and German. Breakfast, luncheon and tea are mentioned in due course; but there is no reference to dinner or supper. These functions were doubtless regarded by the young student as frivolous waste of time.

I knew LUBBOCK personally during his long membership of the House of Commons. He had neither grace of diction nor charm of oratory. But he had a way of getting Bills through all their stages which exceeded the average attained by more attractive speakers. In his references to Parliamentary life he mentions that GLADSTONE, when he proposed to abolish the Income Tax, told him that he intended to meet the deficiency partly by increase of the death duties. That was a fundamental principle of the Budget Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL prepared during his brief Chancellorship of the Exchequer. It was left to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to realise the fascinating scheme, later to be extended by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Another of Lord RANDOLPH'S personally unfulfilled schemes was the introduction of one-pound notes. In a letter dated 16th December, 1886, he confidentially communicated his project to LUBBOCK. When his book reaches its second edition Mr. HUTCHINSON will have an opportunity of correcting a misapprehension set forth on page 48. He writes that, on June 21st, 1895, "all were startled by an announcement that Mr. GLADSTONE had resigned and that Parliament was to be dissolved." The surprise was not unnatural since Lord ROSEBERY was Prime Minister at this memorable crisis.

I can see some good in most people, but none whatever in those chairmen of meetings who, being put up to introduce distinguished speakers, thoroughly well worth listening



to, feel called upon to delay matters by making lengthy speeches themselves. I propose to be quite brief in announcing PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK on *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich* (LANE). Conceive this arch-humourist let loose, if so rough a term may be applied to so delicate a wit, among the sordid and fleshly plutocracy of a progressive American city; imagine his polished satire expending itself on such playful themes as the running of fashionable churches on strictly commercial lines, dogma and ritualism being so directed and adapted as to leave the largest possible dividends on the Special Offertory Cumulative Stock, and your appetite will be whetted for an intellectual feast of the most delicious flavour. For myself, I found a certain quiet but intense delight in the first five stories, episodes in the lives of individual billionaires; but when I came to the last three, which dealt with the class as a collective whole, then I became frankly and noisily hilarious. I am not given to being tiresome in the reading-room; it is another of the unforgivable offences; but I defy any man of intelligence to read those chapters and retain even a fair remnant of self-control.

*The Lighter Side of School Life* (FOULIS) is one of the merriest and shrewdest books that I have met for a long time. Mr. IAN HAY pleasantly dedicates his work "to the members of the most responsible, the least advertised, the worst paid, and the most richly rewarded profession in the world"; and you will not have turned two pages before discovering that the writer of them knows pretty thoroughly what he is writing about. For my own part I claim to have some experience both of school-masters and boys, and I can say at once that the former at least have seldom been dealt with more faithfully than by Mr. HAY. His chapter on "Some Form Masters" is a thing of the purest joy; bitingly true, yet withal of a kindly sympathy with his victims. One would say that he knows boys as well, were it not for the conviction that to imagine any kind of understanding of Boydom is (if my contemporaries will forgive me) the last enchantment of the middle-aged, and the most fallacious. As for the Educational experts, he has all the cold and calculated hate for them that is the mark of experience. I admired especially his treatment of the "craze for practical teaching," the theory which holds, for example, that, instead of postulating a fixed relation between the circumference of a circle and its diameter, a teacher should supply his boys with several ordinary tin canisters, a piece of string and a ruler, and leave the form to work out their own result. Decidedly, Mr. HAY has seen *The Lighter Side of School Life* with the eye of knowledge; and when I mention that your own eyes will here encounter a dozen pictures by Mr. LEWIS BAUMER at his delightful best—well, I suppose, enough said.

At one time, I hope for ever gone, Mr. PERCY WHITE's sense of irony ran away with him. He seemed to have said to himself, "I can write witty dialogue and I have a

shrewd eye for foibles, and if you are not satisfied with that you can take it or leave it." I for one took it, but always with a feeling that he was offering me a sparkling wine of a quality not first-rate, whereas with a little more trouble and expense he could have offered me an unimpeachable brand. Now that *Cairo* (CONSTABLE) has provided me with what I have been waiting for, I am more than delighted to present my acknowledgments. Mr. WHITE's subject is pat to the moment; moreover it is handled with such unobtrusive skill that one absorbs a serious problem without being anxiously conscious that all the play of intrigue and adventure is covering a much deeper motive. When Mr. WHITE sent *Daniel Addington* to Egypt to meet *Abdul Sayed*, who had been at Oxford and was a leader of the Young Egyptian party, he gave himself a chance of which he has taken full advantage. It is true that *Addington* cried a pest on all politics as soon as he fell a

victim to the charms of *Ann Donne*, a widow of excessive sprightliness; but by that time he was too deeply enmeshed in the nets of intrigue to escape the just reward of those amateurs who dabble with critical situations. *Abdul* regarded him as a "milksoy," and so he was from *Abdul's* full-blooded point of view; but I can also see in him a fresh testimony to the courage of our race. For he married the widow *Ann*, and that was a very plucky thing to do.

The only thing that I didn't like about *Molly, My Heart's Delight* (SMITH, ELDER) was the title. But to allow yourself to be put off by this will be to miss one of the pleasantest books of the season. What I might call true fiction has always held a peculiar charm for me. In the present work that clever writer, KATHARINE TYNAN, has been lucky and astute enough

to find an ideal heroine, ready made to her hand, in the person of the charming woman who married DEAN DELANY. Upon the basis of her diaries and letters the romance has been built up, with the excellent result of a blend of art and actuality that is most engaging. *Molly* is the gayest of creatures in her girlhood. We see her character develop gradually, tamed and half broken by her unhappy first marriage (an episode exquisitely treated, so that even the ugly side of it bears yet some precious jewels of charity and long-suffering), tried in the fire of romantic adoration, and finally reaching its appointed destiny in the comradeship with "kind, tender, faithful D.D." Lovers of diaries and memoirs, equally with those who like a graceful tale well told, will find what they want here, from the moment when its heroine goes, a girl-bride, to the romantically gloomy house of Rhoscrow, to that other moment when the placid mistress of the Deanery hears of the death of *Bellamy*, the man whom all her life she really loved. This book of *Molly* should be a "heart's delight" to many.

"ARIZONA BILL VIOLATES TREATIES."

*New York Times.*

So does Potsdam BILL.



"KAISER BACK TO THE FRONT."

(ATTEMPTED ILLUSTRATION TO A RECENT POSTER OF THE EVENING PRESS.)





### PUNCH IN THE TRENCHES.

*Mr. Punch* drew another letter from the heap on his office-desk and opened it.

*Polwheeldle, Cornwall.*

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—An amusing incident happened here yesterday. I was talking to an old countryman, a great character in the village, and I happened to make some remark about the War. "What war?" asked old Jarge. "The European War," I answered in surprise. "Well," he said, "they've got a fine day for it." I thought this would interest you.

Yours etc.,

JOHN BROWN.

"Two hundred and eighteen," said *Mr. Punch* to himself, and took the next letter from the heap.

*Wortleberry, Sussex.*

*Mr. William Smith* presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch* and begs to send him the following dialogue which occurred in this village yesterday:—

*Myself*. "Well, what do you think of the War, Jarge?"

*Jarge*. "What war?"

*Myself* (surprised). "The European War."

*Jarge*. "They've got a fine day for it, anyhow."

*Mr. Smith* thought you would like this.

"Two hundred and nineteen," said *Mr. Punch* to himself "not counting the South African or Crimean ones." He sighed and selected a third letter.

*Sporransprock, Kirkcudbrightshire.*

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—How's this? I asked a native what he thought of the War. On being told which war, he replied, "Eh, mon, ye ken, but they've got a gran'——"

At this point *Mr. Punch* rose from his chair and began to pace the room restlessly.

"There must be more in life than this," he said to himself again and again; "this can't be all."

He looked at his watch.

"Yes," he murmured, "that's it. I shall just have time."

Hastily donning the military overcoat of an Honorary Cornet-Major of the Bouverie Street Roughriders, he left for the Front.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Mud, and then again mud, and then very much more mud.



"Halt! Who goes there?" "Friend," said *Mr. Punch* hopefully. "It's *Mr. Punch*," said a cheerful voice. "Come in."

The Cornet-Major of the B.S.R. glissaded into the trench and found himself shaking hands with a very young subaltern of the —th —s. [*Censored.*]

"Thought I recognised you," he said. "Glad to see you out here, Sir."

"That's really what I came about," said *Mr. Punch*. "I want your advice."

"My advice! Good Lord! . . . Sure you're comfortable there? Now what'll you have? Cigar or barley-sugar?" *Mr. Punch* accepted a cigar.

"We're all for barley-sugar ourselves just now," the subaltern went on. "Seems kiddish, but there it is."

*Mr. Punch* lit his cigar and proceeded to explain himself.

"I say that I have come to consult you," he began. "It seems strange, you think. I am seventy-three, and you are—"

"Twenty-two," said the subaltern. "Nox November."

"And yet Seventy-three comes here to sit at the feet of Twenty-two, and for every encouraging word that Twenty-two offers him Seventy-three will say 'Thank you!'"

"Rats," said Twenty-two for a start.

"Let me explain," said the Venerable One. "There come moments in the life of every man when he says suddenly to himself, 'What am I doing? Is it worth it?'—a moment when the work of which he has for years been proud seems all at once to be of no value whatever." The subaltern murmured something. "No, not necessarily indigestion. There may be other causes. Well, such a moment has just come to me . . . and I wondered." He hesitated, and then added wistfully, "Perhaps you could say something to help me."

"The pen," said the subaltern, coughing slightly, "is mightier than the sword."

"It is," said the Sage. "I've often said so . . . in Peace time."

The subaltern blushed as he searched his mind for the Historic Example.

"Didn't WOLFE say that he would rather have written what's-its-name than taken Quebec?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Yes, he did. And for most of his life the poet would have agreed with him. But, if at the moment when he read of the taking of Quebec you had asked GRAY, I think he would have changed places with WOLFE very willingly . . . And in Bouverie Street," added *Mr. Punch*, "we read of the takings of Quebecs almost every day."

The subaltern was thoughtful for a moment.

"I'll tell you a true story," he said quietly. "There was a man in this trench who had his leg shot off. They couldn't get him away till night, and here he had to wait for the whole of the day . . . He stuck it out . . . And what do you think he stuck it out on?"

"Morphia?" suggested *Mr. Punch*.

"Partly on morphia, and partly on—something else."

"Yes?" said *Mr. Punch* breathlessly.

"Yes—you. He read . . . and he laughed . . . and by-and-by the night came."

A silence came over them both. Then *Mr. Punch* got up quietly.

"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand, "and thank you. That moment I spoke about seems to have gone." He took a book from under his arm and placed it in the other's hands. "I generally give this away with rather a flourish," he confessed. "This time I'll just say, 'Will you take it?' It's all there; all that I think and hope and dream, and that you out here are doing . . . Good luck to you—and let me help some more of you to stick it out."

And with that he returned to Bouverie Street, leaving behind in the trench his

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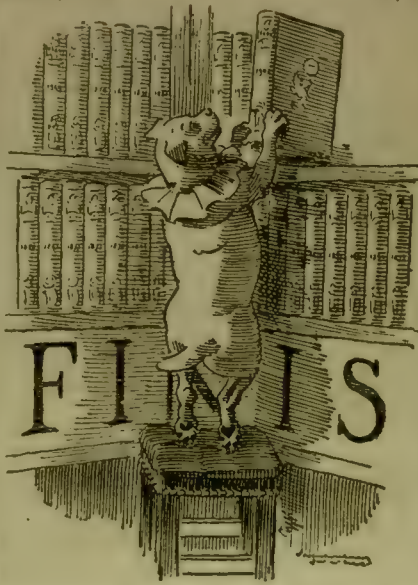


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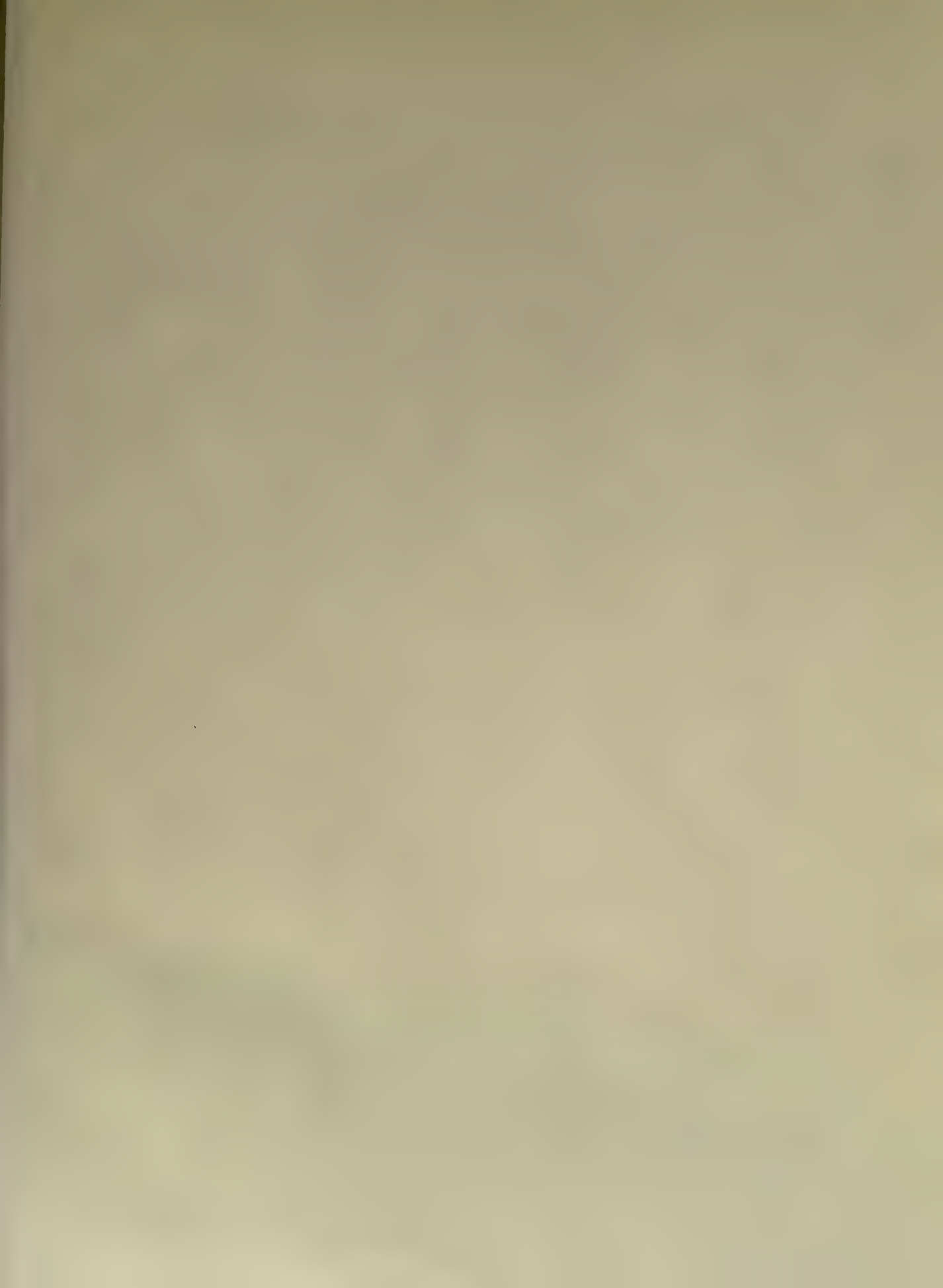


























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